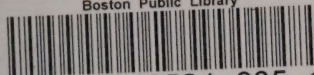


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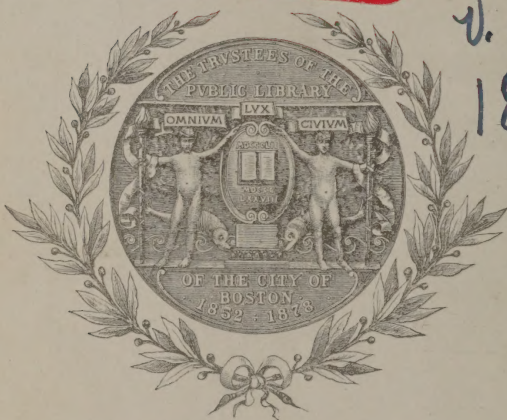
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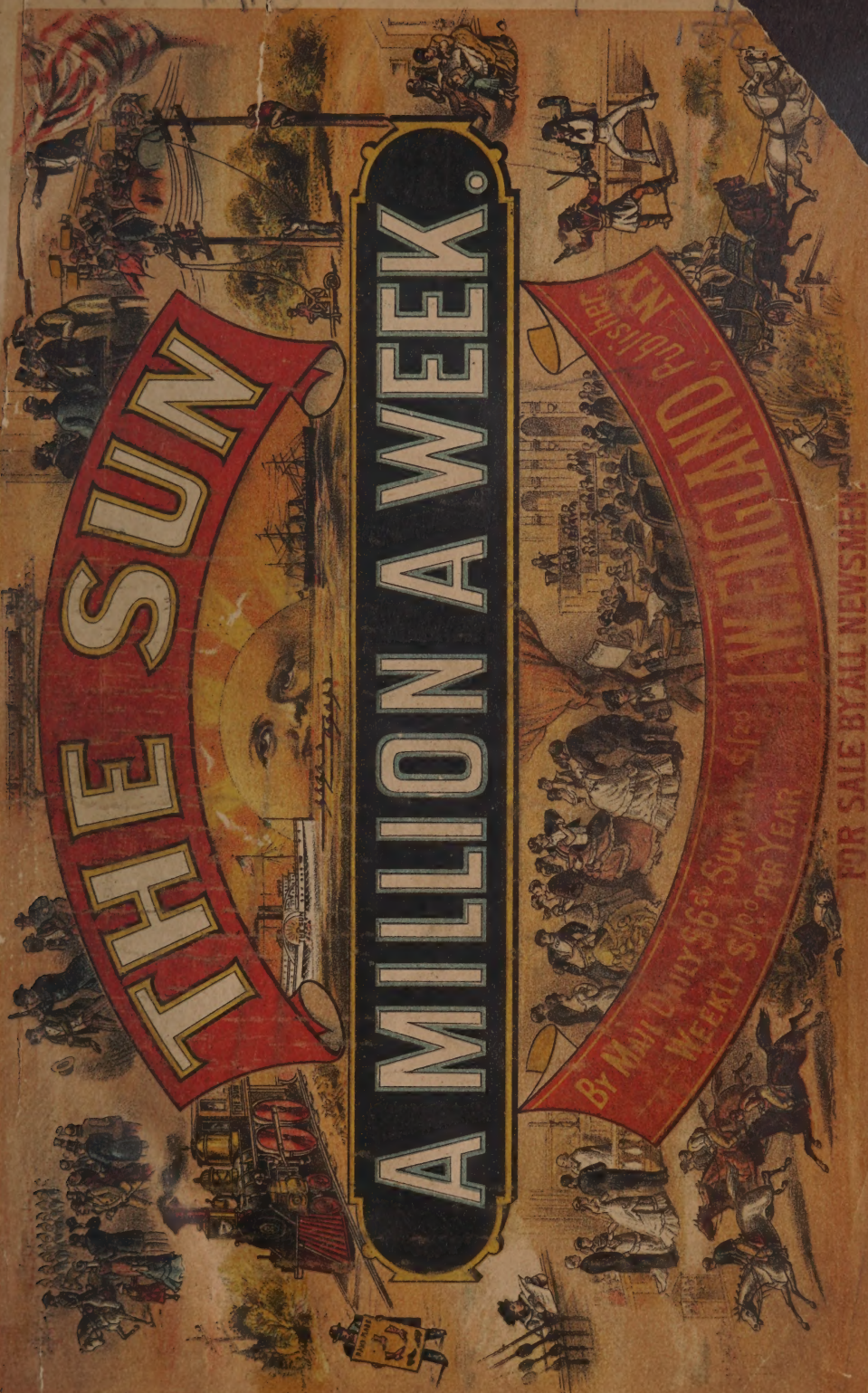
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OVER

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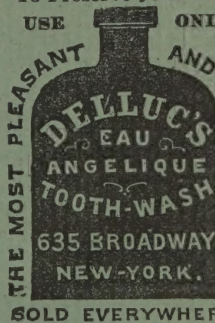


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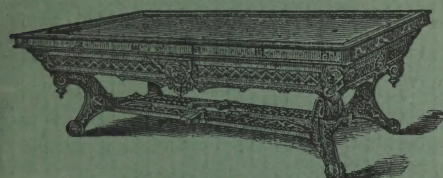


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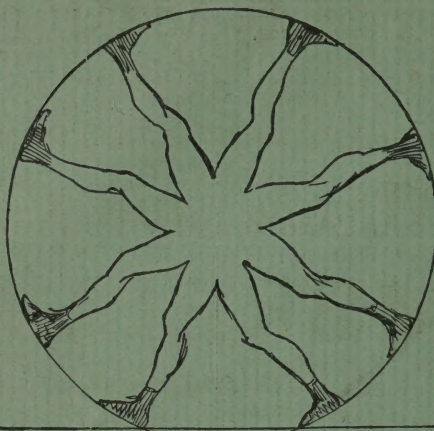
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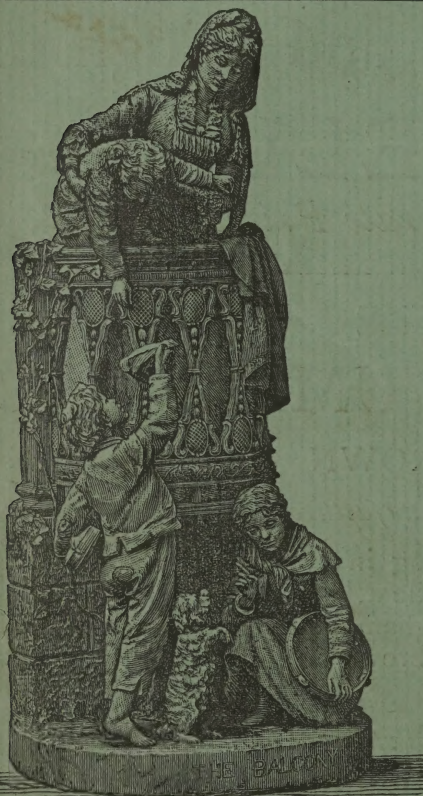
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THIRTY-SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT.

IN THREE PARTS. PART II.

III.

THE wonderment of the farm hands employed by Thomas, and especially of Caleb, on seeing the blackened ruins of the great bowlder the next day was very comical. Thomas had the amusement he foretold for himself in their comments and guesses, until they nearly made him laugh aloud. Caleb came up to him, looking very earnest, and said, "Did n't your father buy High Rock when he bought the farm?"

"I suppose so," said Thomas. "I imagine that was not omitted by name in the deed."

"Well," replied Caleb, "if it had been left out I should n't have thought 't was any great matter, bein' nothin' but a rock. I should n't have expected the other owner would come and steal it nights. But the fact is," and here he looked very mysterious, "I can't find that rock, — 'tain't there. There ain't nothin' there but a heap of ashes. Well enough kind of ashes, and good for manure, I reckon; but where's the rock?"

"The ashes are worth more than the rock was, are they not?" said Thomas, with a little quizzical look, which Caleb noticed, but could not understand.

The question touched his knowledge

as an economist and a good farmer. "I guess likely 't is. Ashes is always good for a grass crop, and there's a pretty likely pile there. But where's the rock?"

Thomas put him off with an inconsequent answer, and then said, "We shall mow the nine acres to-morrow, I suppose."

"Yes, 'n I wish you was goin' to drive the machine. Them horses always seem to get aggravated in that lot more 'n in any other. I dunno, but I guess it's them pesky rocks. They are so thick I have to keep stoppin' to turn out just as I git well a-goin', and it plagues 'em awfully. That Jim just wants to tear round the lot and git it mowed in less than no time."

"We will see if we cannot make it easier for them this year," said Thomas. "Do you want to see a little fun this evening, Caleb?"

Caleb caught the tone in the voice of Thomas, and answered, with a twinkle and a beaming of his wrinkled face and solemn gray eyes much like a rock with a sudden burst of sunlight shooting over its surface, "I reckon I ain't so old yet but that I like fun. I used to be a master hand for it when I was a boy. When the geese come clankin'

round the old red school-house, and two on 'em got hold of corn grains strung on a string, so 't each had one, and then went to pullin' and fightin', the master always knew I had strung 'em and laid 'em there ready."

"All right. I only hope he made you go and cut the corn apart," said Thomas. "But you come round to my house to-night, after supper, — there is daylight, you know, long after six o'clock, — and I will show you something that will make your old hair curl with delight."

"What there is left of it," said Caleb, taking off his hat, and affectionately rubbing the few gray locks time had not snatched from his pate.

If Thomas were never to reap any benefit from his discovery, he at least had some pure pleasure that evening. Caleb appeared at the back door about half past six, and helped Thomas carry the mysterious bottle and a couple of spades down to the nine-acre lot, a quarter of a mile from the house. This lot was broken in every foot of its thick green sod by the elbows and outcrops of a great underlying ledge. The soil between the protrusions was rich, but by reason of them the work of cutting the grass was great. Thomas looked around the field, as they set down the bottle, with an almost fiendish glee, and said in a deep, energetic tone, "Every one of these rocks to me looks like a great sore. I rather think that to-night we will heal them once for all. Dig, old man! Throw back the turf, and we will teach these saucy ledges to keep their noses and knees out of our lots."

Caleb, rather startled by this unusual style of address, did as he was told; and as he threw away the soil down to the surface of the ledge, Thomas poured in some of the contents of the bottle. The dampness of the rock increased the action of the compound, and such a gnashing and grating and smoke arose that Caleb started back, and looked aghast

at his master. Thomas only said, "How many feet deep shall I burn to get a good depth of soil, so that the crops shall grow handsomely?" This cool question restored Caleb's composure.

"I should say five, for certain, and six would not hurt anybody."

"Six it shall be, then. We control this thing now;" and he poured in yet more from the bottle, making such a roaring and such a smoke that they had to keep well to the windward.

"It appears like the bottomless pit," said Caleb, looking half timidly over the edge, "but I s'pose it ain't."

"Not any more than *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*. It has this advantage: that every inch it burns down is so much gain for us. Stay here long enough with me to-night, and I will make this lot as smooth as a lawn; not a rock shall be above the surface anywhere, and Jim and Cherry shall have a mowing that will do their hearts good."

The value of the discovery began to dawn upon Caleb.

"He-ah!" said he, suddenly lifting his head and gazing at Thomas. "I see it: you've done a great thing! With this you can make the whole farm as smooth as a Western prairie."

"That I can, and that I will before we are many years older. This soil is good, only it is cursed with rocks, like a leprosy. Get them out, and what can we not do!"

Caleb gave a wild pirouette of delight — regarding not a certain stiff-jointedness which had crept upon him with the years — so near the edge of the burning rock that Thomas caught hold of him and dragged him back.

"Somebody always gets killed for every new discovery, but you need not be the one, Caleb."

"Hurrah!" shouted the old man in a creaky voice. "And you will sell it round to the other farmers, and we will have this part of the county, which is so near a market, like a garden. It always

has kind o' riled me that we could not raise more, along of these plaguy rocks," and he skipped a loose stone which lay near him into the burning hole. "There! go down into the pit, and come up again good, black soil. It will be our turn now to show the Western farmer some tall crops. Hurrah! I say, this is better than Fourth of July."

His joy was so hearty and of so good a kind that it opened the heart of Thomas. He shook Caleb by the hand, and performed a step or two in the minuet that Caleb was having to himself, saying, "We may see easy days yet as the result of this; and if I can perfect it by finding out one more thing, we will have such prosperous times that no fear of going to the poor-house in our old age shall hang over our heads."

Their mutual enthusiasm thus kindled, the two men went about the lot, and Thomas fulfilled his promise of making it as smooth as a lawn. Each protruding rock met its fate at their hands that night. There was but one drawback; on coming away, they turned for another look. The green sward was dotted with smoking black spots, and Thomas said, "After all, Jim and Cherry will not have a joyful mowing to-morrow."

"Why not?" quoth Caleb.

"All those piles of ashes will make mischief with the knives of the machine. The grit would turn the edge of every blade. This year we must mow it by hand. That is the price we pay even for improvements."

But Caleb retorted bravely, "It will be even then the best piece of work this summer, and the fun 'll be all the better for looking forward to next summer. I hain't ever done a better day's work than I have this evenin'," and he adhered to that declaration, talking about it all the way home, and his parting words to Thomas were a repetition of the bull he was unconscious of having perpetrated.

There was great excitement throughout the country-side for the next few months. Crowds of men came from every direction to see Thomas burn his rocks. Break-Neck Ledge ceased to be a blot on the fairest portion of the Osborn farm. The place that had known it ever since the geological crisis that formed it ages before, now knew it no more. Its towering faces of granite, moss-grown and waving with ferns and knotty birch-trees, were all gone. The chasm was smoothed over, and Mr. Osborn was preparing to sow it with wheat, to test the quality of the ashes made, Jack having suggested that a great deal of the goodness of the ashes must go off in the smoke. It was astonishing how easily Jack seemed to find a weak point, without even looking for it. On the evening of their experiment with the rock-burner he had made Thomas remember with bitterness that the invention was of no use if the rains did not fall, and had jocularly reminded him that to complete it his great discovery must be made. Now he offered this suggestion in the same easy, unconscious way, making Thomas feel uncomfortable without knowing why, and without ascribing the reason to Jack. Thomas did not wish to be turned from his other and greater object to add anything more to this accidental discovery. With the carelessness of one absorbed by another subject, he even did not seek pay for the rock-burning he did on farms adjoining his own.

Janet interested herself greatly in the rock-burning, and could not bear that the chance it offered of making a little money should be neglected. She and Jack came nearer a quarrel than ever before in their lives. As Thomas was so easy about it, she tried to make her cousin take some steps toward procuring a patent; but for once she found him unsympathetic and then rebellious.

"Oh, Janet, what is the use? You cannot make Thomas attend to it himself, and why should I do it?"

"Why? Because you are his true friend, and mine. He has his great farm and his laboratory on his hands, and is trying to do his duty by them both. I will pay your expenses to Washington, if you will only go and secure the services of a good patent lawyer."

"Tom would not let you do that if he knew it, and he would have to know it. I could not take any active steps without him. There would have to be a description of his work and the chemical arrangements that produce the combination, which nobody could give but himself, and papers which he would have to sign. I assure you, Janet, I can do nothing."

She looked at him with mingled entreaty and surprise. She was not used to such treatment from him. He could scarcely bear it, and began to be pathetic.

"Pray do not look injured," said he. "I have done my best with Thomas. The very evening we went out first to make a trial of the compound I foresaw its value, and told him he must get a patent on it. But he did not appear to see the necessity of it then."

"Yet he has a practical side to his character," for a subtle accent in Jack's words conveyed the idea that this was the conduct to be expected from a dreamer, — a man who had no knowledge of business.

Jack chose to bristle a little at this. "I never said he had not."

"No, you did not; nevertheless you suggested the idea to me by your tone."

At this keen reading of his feelings Jack curled up like a leaf in a blaze.

"Let's not quarrel about him, Janet."

"No, we will not. The fact is his mind is so taken up with other and greater researches that he has no time to spend on this, which he says he found by a half accident, and so values little."

Jack knew this perfectly well, but did not choose to admit it.

"But I cannot make him do what he will not, and — Why do you not argue with him yourself? Your influence would have weight, if any one's could," broke in Jack.

"I wish I were a man!" she exclaimed, with sudden energy.

Jack laughed. "If you were, you know, you might not feel the intense interest in him that you do now."

She colored up brightly, to his mingled wrath and admiration, and her answer increased the first sensation, it was so steady, like the clear, sweet eyes that met his dark glance.

"I have talked with him, and that is the way I know that his mind is full of something else. He is simply so absorbed in other things that he cannot feel the force of my arguments. I cannot influence him if I cannot make him see from my point of view. I might tease and tire him into it, but that I will not do."

There was a chance here for conciliation, and Jack was not slow to improve it. He gave her one of his soft glances, full of yearning admiration, while his face relaxed into its fairest mood as he said, "Some women would tease a man to death for a pair of new bonnet strings. You are of loftier mold, my sweet cousin."

Flesh and blood could not withstand Jack when he looked and spoke like that. Janet's face lost the troubled expression he hated to see on it when he was with her, and he did not leave her until they were on the old footing again, and her generous soul had forgotten that he had been either ungracious or severe. Nevertheless, he did not go to Washington, and Janet did.

Caleb was alternately scandalized and delighted with his master. On the day when they mowed the nine-acre lot, he swung his scythe with youthful vigor, keeping up with men whose fathers he had held in his lap; and every time the

line stopped and the rifles rung against the blades, he had a joke and a laugh ready. The sight of the burning rocks filled him with the profoundest satisfaction, and he would go home from work round by the Osborn farm for the sake of gloating over the remains of Break-Neck Ledge and of watching the wheat-sowing over the spot where it had been. But the neglect of Thomas to follow up his discovery and try to make money from it troubled him greatly. He had been at work mowing the aftermath early in September, and he and the other hired men were lying under a tree during the hour between twelve and one, when a pause from work is allowed. Each man had a tin pail near him, in whose cool depths piles of bread and butter and the "pie of North America" had lain during the morning hours. To these were added, in one or two instances, the luxury of cold coffee. Yankee ingenuity having invented a pail with a double bottom, a sort of cellar to be filled with the fluid, when the upper stratum of food was removed and the false bottom taken up, the coffee could be drunk from the pail edge to the satisfaction of the owner. The sight of Thomas going along the road to another part of the farm caused Caleb suddenly to give words to his feelings.

"Where could a man find a better chance for makin' money than he's got now? Everybody is crazy about the new rock-burnin'. Nineteen men came twenty miles, each of 'em, to see it the last time he burned, and there has been seven knockin' at his door this week to git him to come over and burn out their ledges. The thing is a-movin', but he don't seem to care about it. I expected he would n't care for nothin' else. But he hain't lost his interest in the farm nor the critters, a mite. He likes handlin' the animals and trainin' 'em as well as ever. There's that Zeke; he's as hefty a beast to manage as I ever laid eyes on. But Thomas has got the right kind o'

notion: as long as a critter's green, and blunders from not knowin' any better, he is as gentle as a girl. But if they are ugly and chock full of malice, then he shows 'em who is master. And it's merciful in the long run. There ain't no kind o' sense in lettin' a horse get the upper hand of you. That ere Zeke got an awful poundin' last night; but he deserved every knock he got, and he's the better for it this morning. Thomas went to put the saddle on him, and the critter bit him. Thomas whipped him until he was kind o' peaceable, but the old cat wa'n't out of him, by no means. When he got on to him, Zeke tried to rub him off ag'inst everything that was in the yard, not exceptin' the corner of the hen-roost. Thomas was too many for him, and he found it was more comfortin' to his skin to git along in the road at a pretty good trot. But he was even full of wickedness, and pretty soon he fell down, and flung Thomas over his head. For once, Thomas was not quick enough, or else he was a little dizzy from the tumble, and let go of the bridle. Quicker 'n lightnin' the horse got up, — he was n't hurt, bless you, not he, — and whirled round, and set out for home lickity-split; and there Thomas found him bitin' and kickin' the other horses that was tied up and couldn't help themselves, and a-squealin' and thinkin' it was fun. Thomas took a stick as big as his wrist, pretty nigh, and went into Mr. Zeke. I tell you, it was a regular tamin' he got that time, and no mistake; he made him beg before he got through. But it done him a sight of good. He's the placidest kind of a beast this mornin', and he hain't nipped me once when I give him his regular oats. There ain't no knowin' but he'll be a cherubim yet. But as I was sayin', he ought to be interested in his rock-burnin' too." Caleb, having thus given himself rest of mind by speaking out what was in it, turned to his pail, with the calm confidence of the righteous, for a refreshing draught.

Two years passed away, and the traces of time are best shown by the characters themselves.

Jack Osborn alternately seemed the laziest and most indifferent of beings, and then the most active, energetic, and fiery. The lazy moments were the times when his fervent, moody nature gave him a little rest; then he was as careless as he seemed, — as if the ardent spirit had burned itself down and was covered with the white ashes of inaction. But it never burned out. His hatred for Thomas, his love for Janet, his determination to win her for himself, were there ready, and streamed and flashed up into life with greater vigor after one of these quiet periods than before. Then he was Janet's most devoted slave; then he encircled her with little cares and attentions, tokens of regard each slight in itself, but each warm with the fire that burned in him, until it seemed as if he must melt the slight frosty line which always lay between them. Yet he never did. Then, too, he hung round Thomas, stayed with him in his laboratory, and watched his experiments, occasionally giving a really useful hint, but more often being the first to express a fear of failure which Thomas would have begun only dimly to feel.

Jack would say, with his long lashes veiling his great, soft eyes, "Tom, you know more than I do theoretically, but practically you will find yourself wrong there," and he would go on to show the difficulty. Thomas wondered sometimes if he were really only a dreamer, and Jack a practical person. Being so much with Thomas, Jack occasionally fell in with Caleb; but the latter had no prejudices in his favor, and always regarded him with great coolness. Caleb could not have told his reasons for disliking Jack, — he was not philosopher enough for that; but if they could have been dragged to the surface and laid in a line, each would have linked into the other and made a logical chain.

Jack, with his capacity for entering into and understanding the feelings of other men, expressed it to Thomas one day: —

"Your man Friday," said he, "looks upon me as half fish, half flesh. He cannot understand that a man may have two or three contradictory turns and twists in his make-up. I can work faster than most men, and do in six hours what takes them ten. While I am at work, he sees that I do it well and with my whole soul, — so far he understands. But how, when I have done, I can go down to the pine grove and lie there utterly lazy the rest of the time he cannot comprehend. Then he hears the easy way in which I talk with the doctor or the parson, and beat them sometimes in an argument. Then perhaps I flirt with some fool of a girl without an atom of brains, and he cannot see why I should do that when I might use my time to so much better purpose. And so he considers me as a kind of nondescript, at ease in any element, but staying in none."

Thomas looked up half admiringly from a paper of calculations over which he was bending, and said, "You hit it off about right, Jack. You are full of deep depths and high heights. I don't understand you myself half the time. Caleb is so square and straightforward that he cannot see round your corners, and he does n't like a thing he cannot see. Perhaps, too, he has the same feeling I have sometimes, — as if you were not making as much of yourself as you ought. You know he quite considers himself the father of all the young men around here."

"Not make enough of myself!" answered Jack, with sudden vehemence. "If I made any more of myself I should be too much for — the face of the earth. You had better not urge me to strengthen any of my characteristics."

Thomas looked up in amazement at the tone and words; but without meeting his glance, Jack threw himself out

of the room and went down to the pine grove, where he spent some very unimproving hours.

He saw better than Thomas did the success the latter would one day have, and he knew that the moment which crowned his search would forever take Janet from him, and hate for Thomas became stronger, only as yet it had no visible shape. It was there in his heart, and any strong temptation might give it solidity and shape, as water cooled below the freezing-point is all ready to solidify into ice from a sudden vibration.

Thomas looked back over the years with mingled despondency and joy. "They have been full of hard work," thought he, "with some success. Thanks to the dry weather, the Colorado beetle, the early and late frosts, my farm has given me a living, but no more. I have not paid the losses of the two previous years, and am only just keeping my head above water. I have had enough to eat, clothes enough to be warm, if not stylish, and Janet has been true to me through everything, and full of tender courage and hope. My one success has been the discovery of the rock-burner, — an achievement I was not working for, yet it is the only thing that has put any money in my pocket. I am still at work seeking to discover the 'balancings of the clouds,' and the treasures of the rain and the hail. I have not had half the success I crave, yet I have not been entirely unsuccessful. Janet would say that that is as it should be; if a man's life were crowned with success at every turn, he would cease to struggle; and that a kind providence metes out to him only just so much as shall be a bait to lead him on and on. It may be so, though I do not quite agree with her. Ambition is dyed into the grain of our human nature. Men would always work for something. My only thought is that success may be gained after such an agonizing struggle that the prize may not seem worth the wrestle. Still, I shall not care

for my discovery unless I work hard enough to win it."

Janet looked back with some sadness. On the morning of her twenty-sixth birthday she met herself in the glass, and talked to her reflection as if it had been another self. "I am twenty-six," said she, looking steadily at the full blue eyes that met hers, "and I have been engaged two years. I am quietly happy, and yet I feel an aggressive longing to do more with my life. I have books, flowers, my mother, and my lover; all make me happy, but it is a kind of drifting. I am full of these active longings, but I live on passively. I rose once in my might, and surprised Thomas and Jack, and everybody else except Mrs. Green. She was enough of a man, or rather so much of a woman, that she could understand. I insisted that there should be a patent obtained for the rock-burner, and went to Washington myself about it, after beseeching Thomas in vain, and harassing Jack within an inch of his patience — or his impatience. I did it myself, finally, and never have been sorry. Now when Thomas destroys rocks he is paid, and he has acknowledged that all the money he has had during the last year was got in that way. He has been able to buy many new things for his laboratory, and if, some day, he makes his great discovery I shall please myself with thinking that I helped him in a rational and sensible way. It is all well enough to wile him out of his depression when he is downhearted over some defeat in his laboratory, and I act on that 'always-meet-your-husband-with-a-smile' principle, which used to make me so angry in the old sentimental books of advice to wives. But I want to be actively useful. Well — perhaps I can do nothing better than take just as wide a view of my opportunities as I can. Besides meeting him with a smile, I keep him posted in political matters, until he says I ought to vote instead of him, as being the more

intelligent person; and he admits that if it were not for me he should be, like so many men, completely absorbed in his profession, his farm, his laboratory, and know nothing beyond. I must not let myself lose interest in the things which lie outside of my life, for his sake as much as my own. But we cannot be married yet, and I am growing very old!"

This last statement about growing old was said with such pathos that it reacted immediately, and she smiled at herself, and then stopped and looked searchingly at her reflection, remembering she had heard it said that a woman begins to fade at twenty-five. But the keenest glance could detect no sign of the sere and yellow leaf on that fair face. For the inexperienced look of seventeen there was the deeper, sweeter, more varied expression which comes of a broader range of thought, a greater interest in life. The slight figure was rounded and filled out, but had lost none of its grace, and she turned away from the glass with the half-formed thought that if she had fallen off at all in her beauty, Jack Osborn's manner would have told her even before she had seen it herself. But this thought had to be kept in the background, as being a possible injustice to an absent friend. She would not have admitted it if any one had told her, but nevertheless it was getting to be a fact that nearly all her thoughts of Jack had to be pushed into the background. She felt the faults and inconsistencies of his character more and more, yet she would not allow them voice or place, for fear she should be disloyal to the friend of Thomas and herself.

Mrs. Green also had her opinion about the work of the two years, during which Thomas had been engaged to Janet and at work in his laboratory. She had a great respect for her son, because he was a man, — the respect rising out of that feeling of self-inferiority which has been carefully educated into women, —

and its effect was to make her lean on her son in a dependent way one moment, and in the next assert her independent character without any reference to him. In fact, it was having inherited her self-centred, practical nature with his father's thoughtfulness and turn for study that made him the sort of man he was. She approved of Janet's plan of going to Washington about the patent for Thomas, but could not understand why he was not to be told. What would have seemed to most people the bold step — the journey and meeting the lawyer — was only what she would have done herself. She could not see that for Thomas to learn it when too late either for his approval or disapproval would save his pride, and that he would take it as a proof of Janet's willingness to do something to bring about their marriage. She had a high sense of truth and honor, so that she kept a secret in the best way, — by not appearing to have one; but she had great difficulty with this, because she could not make herself see its necessity. Once she forgot herself so far as actually to open her mouth to speak of it, when the cat at that critical moment knocked something down in the pantry; and Mrs. Green, with quick housekeeper's ears, heard, and rushed to investigate. It was in the act of picking up the pieces of a broken dish that she remembered, with something of a shock, how near she had come to breaking her promise.

"Am I growing old and foolish and forgetful," said she, "that I must thank a cat for saving me from a falsehood!" and the cat escaped without even a sharp word.

Looking back over the two years, she would have said, "Thomas has done less with his farm than I expected, and more with his chemicals than I dreamed possible. He says he has not found out what he most wants, but he has done something else that is quite as good. The weather! He can't ever find out

about it. The Lord made it, and there's no use in doing anything more than just taking it. He says the Lord made the rocks, and if it is not sinful to change the face of the earth by melting them, it is not to alter the weather. Change it from wet to dry, from cold to warm? How, I should like to know! He can reason as if he had been through college, because he is a thinker, like his father; but he may reason all day, and he never will find out about the weather. It is not made anywhere round here, so that he can get hold of it. He talks about the strength of cold winds being stored up and changed from motion to heat, and says light, heat, and motion are only different displays of the same force. Well, I have read about it in his books, but 'you can't make a silken purse out of a sow's ear.' And it stands to reason that you can't take a wild, roaring northeast snow-storm in December and store up its strength and turn it into warmth, because cold is not warmth. So he need not talk to me. But if he will earn money with his rock-burner, and not let the farm run down, he'll be more likely to get on in the world than he will with all his weather gauges and cocked hats for catching the wind that he has on the top of the house. It is scandalous, now I think of it, — the number of rattle-traps and whirligigs he has rigged on the roof; and the rattling they make when the wind blows is enough to make one think the roof is coming in. But it is no use talking to him. I tell him sometimes that people will think a madman lives here, or I complain about the rattling; then he says he is sorry, and the wind blew last night at the rate of seventy miles an hour, but it will not do so to-night, and that is all the consolation I get. He does not get up such awful smells as he did a year ago in his laboratory, and he does not talk so much about ozone and hydrogen; so that is one comfort. I said to Janet one day, Which is the worst, to rattle like a fanning-mill,

or smell like a cheese factory? She smiled, and said she did not know. Then I told her she would have to choose if she were going to marry my son, for it had been one thing or the other ever so many years. She said, 'Thomas does not rattle, nor smell like old cheese.' No, said I, but the house does both, and it is almost as bad. I suppose she thinks she will marry him, and not the house. But she will find that the old proverb is right: 'If you love a man you must love his dog.' Wherever Thomas is, there will be a laboratory, too. The fact is, she feels as if he belonged to her now more than he does to me. I remember, when my brothers were married, it amused me to see how they were swallowed by their wives. The women could not realize that before they had even heard of their husbands they were my brothers, to rail at or play with, and with all their weak points known to me. So when I laughed at them, after they were married, for some foible, just as I always had and just as they had at me, the wives would bristle up, and the first I knew I would find they thought I was trespassing on private property. I did not mind it. It was because they loved the men so much, and I dare say I should have done likewise; but it always amused me. My daughter-in-law will do just as my sisters-in-law did. Perhaps it is because women have so few strong interests in life that they hold on so tightly to what they have."

During these two years that Thomas worked hard in his laboratory, as has been said, he by no means forgot other things. His farm and his stock were as well kept up as ever. He lost none of his fondness for animals, and none of his skill in training them. Caleb had occasion to chuckle more than once at the clever way in which Thomas led a refractory steer or colt in the paths of wisdom, until he became a gentle, well-trained animal. Sometimes the process

was comical, in one case almost tragical. He sat with Janet, one evening, on the broad piazza of her house, and watched the stars climb out of the sea and burn in the clear depths of sky above. While Thomas seemed to be suitably impressed with the beauty of the evening, he two or three times gave little laughs which had no apparent cause, and was full of an inward merriment. Janet fell upon him at last with vigor and demanded the cause, averring that she hated a man who went round hiding fun from her.

"Certainly you shall hear," said Thomas. "You may be a farmer's wife some day, and you ought to learn to see what little fun there is in that life. My two-year-old steers, then, are the cause of the indecent mirth to which you object. This morning we wanted them to draw a boat loaded with sea-weed up the beach above high-water mark; so they were fastened on, and I gave the word. They pulled, but did not move it. I did not think it was too heavy, but as they were young and green I was willing to be easy with them. So we threw out part of the load. This we did twice, and then they failed to draw. There was so little left the third time that I was sure the young rascals were 'sogerin,' as they call it. I knew I must be even with them in some way, so I had them fastened on again. This time I stationed a man armed with one of those wooden scoop shovels used in the fish net behind each steer, and told them that when I spoke to the steers it was to be the signal for them. So I spoke, and laid the whip about their shoulders pretty smartly, and the men at the same time gave unearthly yells and administered resounding spanks with the shovels. You can imagine the surprise of the unruly little scamps. They had not expected me to be so smart. With our spanking and shouting and laughing, they danced up the beach and half across the next lot before we could stop them. But it had the desired effect in toning up their morals, so that they did not soger

any more. They were wildly desirous to draw everything all the rest of the day, and if we had hitched them on to the town hall they would have given it a good tug."

An incident of the other kind occurred the next morning after he told the story of the steers to Janet.

He had bought a cow, — a nervous, high-strung creature, whose first owners had abused her instead of treating her with kindness and care. She had a calf, and seemed for a while to respond to the new style of treatment Thomas gave her, and lost much of the savage, nervous unrest she showed at first. The calf when two or three weeks old was taken away from her, as is the custom on grazing and dairy farms. The calf allowed itself to be led away quietly at first, but as it got outside the door commenced bleating. Its cries, although it was hurried out of hearing, drove the cow into a frenzy. She tore at her rope, a new one, until the strands actually gave way, and bursting the latch of her stable-door she came into the open yard, where there were two or three men and some cows. In five seconds, the men had to flee for their lives, and the cows were crowded into a corner of their stables, some of them bleeding from the contact of her sharp horns. Then she raged up and down like a mad thing, foaming and bellying in low, dreadful tones. Thomas decided to leave her for a few hours, thinking she would quiet down if allowed to remain without interference. But the same state of things prevailed at noon, and the huddling cows had not been suffered to stir from their corner for food or drink. The mere sight of anything human brought on fits of frenzy, in which she drove at the high board fence surrounding the yard in a way that made it tremble. Thomas reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of his men, and decided to shoot her. The gun was brought, and he was taking aim through a crevice in the fence, when Jack Os-

born strolled up, and inquired what was going on.

"She will never keep still long enough for you to aim. Let me manage her, Tom. Put your gun down, and see what I can do."

He leaped the fence lightly, and stood at the end of the inclosure opposite to the animal, in a quiet position, and seemed perfectly defenseless. She saw him instantly, and came toward him, bellowing, with red, fiery eyes, her short, straight horns now tearing up the earth, now tossed in the air. As she lowered her head and increased her pace to make the final rush, for the first time they perceived a knife in his hand. He waited until he felt the wind of her rushing upon his face; then he sprang to one side, and, before she could turn, with another spring was on her back. There was a blue quiver of light upon the long, narrow blade of the knife, as it flashed for a second in the air, and then, with unerring aim, it was sheathed in the vital spot at the back of the neck where brain and spinal cord meet. The raging animal plunged forward, to fall on her knees and roll over in the agonies of death.

Thomas and the men were loud in their praise of Jack's skill and activity, all of which he took very coolly, as he wiped his knife and returned it to a sheath-pocket over his hip.

"It is a Spanish knife that a fellow I knew in New York gave me. He said it had been used by a 'matador' in a bull-fight in just this way, and it occurred to me that I should like to try the experiment myself."

"No one but you could have done it," said Thomas, — "a fellow all whalebone and spring steel as you are! You take a five-board fence and kill a mad cow as if you had always been accustomed to that sort of amusement. How did it feel, I should like to know, when she was so near you that you could look into her eyes and feel her breath?"

Jack's eyes gave a flash and his teeth set together as he answered, "I felt that I was not going to let her kill me, and that I should sweep her out of my path."

"The poor thing!" said Thomas, turning to the prostrate beast and touching her smooth side, hardly yet still. "She really went mad, I suppose, and was not responsible for what she did."

"Hear him talk about her as if she had been human!" cried Jack.

Thomas looked up half reproachfully. "There is a great deal of human nature in them, — or of a nature that we share with them, whether it is beast or human. They grow fond of the person who bestows food and favor on them, or they will strike one of their own kind when he is down as quickly as men do; and they are fond of their young in a good deal the same unreasonable, tremendous way that fathers and mothers are."

Jack laughed a little. "I never saw a dog or a baby that was n't devoted to you, Tom, in five minutes after it had seen you. The dog would hang at your heels and the baby in your arms, and forsake their own masters and mothers with calmness."

"I am glad of it. I hope my own children some day will be fond of me."

At this remark the faces of the two men exchanged expressions, as they had once before. Thomas's took a sweet, hopeful look; Jack's smile died out, his brows knit, he gave Thomas a glance almost as keen as the flash on his knife-blade had been a few moments before, and walked away as Caleb came up with ropes to drag off the dead cow. Caleb noticed the look, and thought, "What's the matter with Mr. Cow-Sticker? He looks as if he would like to stick somebody else. Wonder what's the matter with him now."

As long as Jack could see Thomas at work, and yet see that work drawing to

no definite result, his hate lay in his heart, and did nothing but exaggerate his moods of mind. And the work of Thomas went on over a period of two years more, in which research found only failure, and renewed courage, renewed labor, met no apparent result. It was the beginning of the fourth summer, and yet he had labored in vain.

Jack came to Janet's one afternoon, as she sat under the blossoming boughs of the cherry-trees, and lay at her feet pretending to put her work-basket in order while she sewed. He was in one of his worst moods, showing it by the gleam of his eyes, by the way his lips quivered. As he listened to her praise of her lover, his patience under the long trial of waiting, and her belief that he would one day succeed, Jack's eyes fixed on her face with such a fierce look that she involuntarily stopped and gazed at him inquiringly.

"Jack, what is the matter? You look positively dangerous, — like a tiger in a trap. Your eyes look as I fancy the fire does down through the lava cracks in a volcano. Are you going to break out and hurt anybody?"

It was an unexpected thing, this abrupt question. When there was a selfish, personal reason for controlling his conduct he could do it perfectly, and in a second she found him looking up at her with the usual soft, half-veiled look of his dark eyes. He said, laughingly, "It must be biliousness, Janet. I am not equal to any work, and have not been for two days. I need to be fed for a season with calomel, and then I shall lose the volcano aspect. I suppose I am in rather of a mood. Never mind it; let me go on, unless I get actually disagreeable, and then you may roll me down the bank with your pretty foot, and leave me."

"No; I will put a pillow under your head, and give you blue mass with a spoon, from a box my mother keeps on a shelf in her medicine closet."

"You are truly kind," he laughed back; "cold 'pizen' and death at your hands would be a pleasure. Janet, do you suppose the love of life was as strong among the old savage nations as it is with later and more civilized people?"

"What an abrupt change of subject! Wait a moment, until I put the idea into my head." She pressed her forefinger on her forehead and shut her eyes. "It is possible that the added luxuries and pleasures of civilized life may make us feel that we want to live as long as we can to enjoy them. The old Romans were fairly civilized, yet they did not hesitate to commit suicide. Life seemed to lose its charm for them easily, and they evidently had little fear of death."

"That is a fair argument; that would show that their love of pleasure or of what the future might have for them did not incline them to live any longer. But has not the love of life increased because we have been taught to respect it in each other? We are brought up to think that each man has a right to his life, that it is a precious possession; and has not that increased the love for it?"

"I have never arranged my thoughts, but — but I suppose the love of life to be one of the strong instincts originally planted in our natures, — not an outgrowth of any improvement in living."

"It may be so, — one of those blind instincts implanted in us by an unknown power; an instinct that makes the unhappiest wretch put out his hand to save himself, although reason says to him, Death cannot be worse than life. I had better die, now that I have a good chance."

Before he had finished this remark Janet had adjusted herself to his mood, and full of sympathy, though she did not know the feeling that prompted him, would not allow herself to express the dislike she felt at this unnatural and morbid way of talking. Said she, "It

is the old question, whether it is nobler to 'suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' or die and end them. To me it seems nobler to bear than to end them, even if we had not the dread of something after death to make us hesitate about ending them prematurely."

"Then you think that for a man to help himself out of life is cowardly? Yet it must require a high kind of courage to do that,—to rush from known to unknown evils."

"Jack, you make my blood run cold, you talk in such a heathenish way. Do you want to commit suicide, or get somebody else to do it on your account?"

"N-n-no." He stammered for a moment. "But I am rather struck with your suggestion of persuading somebody else to do it. I like the idea; it grows upon me. How nice it would be to persuade people to get out of your path in that way!"

She began to smile, willing to change his cynical tone.

"You are a captivating fellow, Jack; perhaps you could do it. But I did not dream that any one stood in your path. It must be a man. Don't let it make you conceited, Jack, but I cannot imagine any woman hardening her heart against you, and standing in your way."

He could not raise his eyes to her face. Her words went through him like a delicious agony. They told him that he might have power with other women, but none with her. She could not read him so clearly, speak of the situation so calmly, if there were the slightest chance of his ever coming any nearer her than he already had as cousin and friend. He rose suddenly, saying, "One of the features of biliousness is a strong disposition to be abrupt,—in subjects of conversation, and in greetings and farewells. I feel like departing, so I go now without any formal leave-taking, because I may with equal suddenness feel like returning."

He went away, leaving Janet somewhat confounded by his unusual behavior; but her mind had not occasion to dwell on him long. An hour after, as she still sat under the blossoming boughs, with the white petals blowing down on her head and her work, she saw the figure of Thomas coming along the road, and went to meet him. As they came near each other, her observant eye saw an unusual look in his face, ordinarily full of quiet power. There was a little pallor under the large gray eyes; a wrinkle, which was like a fold between his strongly-marked eyebrows, was deeper than ever; the square, firm jaw, with a dimple in the chin, exhibited a greater expression of firmness than usual; yet his face was not that of one who brings bad news. He came close to her, and held out both hands, saying, "Would you like to know how 'the light is parted which scatters the east wind upon the earth,' and the 'secret of the hoarfrost and the snow'?"

She knew instantly what he meant.

"I have wrung from my facts at last," said he, "the secret they held in their hearts, and I came to tell you first of any one."

"Thomas, have you done it at last?"

Then he let the repressed triumph shine out in his face, until he looked like a being who had never known a sorrow or a care.

"I must either cry or laugh," said Janet, looking up at him, with several contending expressions quivering on her lips and beaming from her eyes.

"Laugh, then,—laugh," said he, taking her in his arms. "Have you never heard that men dislike crying?"

She smothered the half-risen sob in an instant, and said archly, "How shall we celebrate the occasion? Go home and burn our umbrellas, with dancings emblematical of our joy at having no more bad weather?"

"That is right,—be your natural, saucy self. You and I feel this thing

so deeply there is simply no use in trying to express ourselves in any known language, and as we will not cry, we had better laugh. Now come back with me, and let me tell my mother; she must know it next," and he drew her along the road with him.

"What, sir, without my hat, and with no gloves?"

"Never mind the conventionalities; it is a warm evening, and if you want a shawl when you come back, my mother will lend you one."

She allowed herself to be swept along by his joyful will.

"Perhaps it would really be more consistent not to heed the conventionalities, as you have been hugging me for half an hour (more or less) right out by the roadside. Do you suppose any one has seen us?"

"This is a country road and rather lonely. Let us believe that none but friendly eyes from your house could have seen us. But I confess that Niagara Falls might have flowed past us within the last twenty minutes, and I should not have known it."

He hurried her along, and she, knowing the kindly promptings of his heart which made him feel that his mother's claims were to be waived only for herself, willingly adopted his pace.

"Your good mother," said she, "how she will feel rewarded for having let you smell up the house in the way you have, and for all her worryings about you when you were sitting up late, studying hard after working all day; and for her little mortifications at the rattletaps and brass spoons on the top of the house!"

"She was not really mortified at those," said Thomas, with a man's wonderment that anything done in the cause of science could be received otherwise than with the profoundest respect; "she has too much sense for that."

"Not really deeply mortified; but she spoke about them to me once. Perhaps

she was afraid I would be annoyed at seeing such odd things on the top of your house."

"You, too? You did not mind it, Janet?"

"Certainly not. You may put cocked hats on every inch of the ridge-pole, and hang brass kettles from all the windows, if you like. I will agree not to dust them, or even disturb them at house-cleaning time."

Mrs. Green received the news with a little dash of incredulity at first, which acted healthily upon Thomas, bringing him out, and making him explain his theories and the workings of his plans until she was presently brought to a state of belief and consequent delight. Then they settled down into that mood which comes when a long-desired object is at last attained, and before any of the numerous drawbacks upon the perfect enjoyment of it have transpired. They amused themselves planning the life they would have under the changed circumstances which the discovery of Thomas would bring about.

"We shall live under serene skies," said he, "and after a few years, when we find that all we labor for will not be wrested from us, we too shall learn a serenity, a calmness, to which we are strangers now. There will be enough of the ills of life still left to keep up necessary discipline; but much of the gnawing care which now so undermines our peace will be taken away."

"How strange it will be to live in an even-tempered climate! What will people do, when they are making calls, if they have not the weather to talk about?" said Janet.

"Truly," replied Thomas, "I forgot that. How very inconsiderate of me!"

"What is the custom in Egypt?" said Mrs. Green. "The weather there, I am told, is the same day after day. We shall have to find out what they do. But I have no doubt, Thomas, that some people will object, and pretend to growl at

your even climate. How cold will it have to be?"

"Not below forty during the winter months, and not above eighty in the summer; and the other six months ranging between these two limits."

"What perfection!" cried Janet. "Then there cannot be those fearfully sudden changes which are enough to try the constitution of a steam-engine."

"Oh, a steam-engine cannot stand it!" said Thomas, quickly. "It takes something as strong and fine as the human constitution. Nothing oxidizes quicker under the east wind, or breaks quicker in severe cold, than iron. But I presume, as mother says, there are people who will pretend to regret the loss of our awful winters. They will talk about bracing weather, and go into hygienic fits over the salutary effects on the human system of a thermometer below zero. The Esquimaux are put through a system of bracing that, according to that theory, ought to make very fine people; but I don't see as it has. Everybody in their sneaking, secret hearts prefers the bright October weather, and none any colder."

"Thomas, how it will surprise the plants! The perennials are so used to having their noses bitten off by Jack Frost that they will expect him at the usual time in the fall. Then he will not come, and they will think, 'Dear me, they must have made a mistake in the almanac!' Then they will blossom a month longer, and look round again for the frost. Finally, they will get tired waiting, and conclude they might as well rest without any nipping. But I am afraid the annuals will blossom until they have the backache, and never give up until they are fairly worn out."

"The change may introduce new habits among plants," said Thomas, thoughtfully, "and the continued mildness of the climate may bring us new semi-tropical growths such as we have never seen. It will be interesting to watch for these."

"How strange the whole thing will

be," said Mrs. Green, "and how it will affect our manner of living! I am afraid I shall have to wrestle all the year round with ants and flies and other pernicious insects."

"Which will not be any worse," said Thomas, "than fighting to keep warm, and to prevent your food and your house-plants from freezing."

"Yes!" cried Janet. "Think how the water-pipes in city houses will not freeze up and split! Last winter, when we were in town, there was a month of fearful, brandy-freezing weather. And what a time we had with the pipes! My mother sat down one night in despair, and exclaimed, 'Well, really, on such nights one thinks with longing of that kind of plumbing which consists of a well and a wooden trough in the back yard!'"

"As to its affecting us physically, it will begin to do that very soon. It must. We shall live out-doors eight months of the year instead of three, and shall not be shut into our houses during the other months, reversing the present style. You young ladies will begin to show a little healthy brown in your faces, and it will become fashionable to be tanned and rosy. More light and more fresh air will tell on our physiques to our advantage. Oh, this question of the weather runs deeper than careless people think!"

And so on, and so on, until it grew late, and Janet said her mother would be alarmed if she did not go home; and then the door opened, and Mrs. Wareham and Jack walked in, declaring that they feared Thomas and Janet might have eloped. Then the story had to be told to them, and all the suppositions and consequences gone over with again; many new ones being added by Jack, who was so brilliant, notwithstanding the black rings under his eyes, that Janet became quite easy about him and the disturbing bilious element in his constitution.

If Thomas had been dilatory about making arrangements for the prompt recognition and use of his rock-burner, he made up for it now by the energy he displayed in bringing his new discovery into notice. No man of the world could have been more earnest in securing attention than he. Scientific men were invited from the neighboring university town, and Thomas entertained them at table hospitably, and in his laboratory scientifically.

It was a new side to the character of Thomas, this capacity to mingle easily and freely with men who had received the advantages of a regular education, although it was in truth a logical result of the forces at work in him, and it did not surprise Janet, who was a good judge of character. Thomas had by nature all gentle and manly instincts; what he needed was a consciousness of success to bring out his fine points and make him a genial, charming companion, and he backed it by his New England hospitality. He had come from a good old line of Puritan ancestors, — men of self-contained and steadfast natures, and women whose refinement never degenerated into weakness, and whose strong love of culture made them powers in their households. Perhaps this is as good an ancestry as a race can have, and as generation succeeds generation the brain and sinew are gradually matured which ripen at last in a man who is a king among men, — not only the patient seeker, the earnest worker, but a charming gentleman. Jack was astonished, not only at the ease of manner Thomas showed, but when the conversation began to be technical and scientific, so as very soon to leave him far behind, to see Thomas going on in good order, and even leading the van.

Mrs. Green seconded Thomas nobly, and sustained a revolution in her domestic affairs which showed skill and executive ability of no ordinary kind. From a household managed only for Thomas

and herself, with meals at regular hours, she became liable to predatory incursions from parties of hungry professors at any time of the day. Thomas would appear an hour after the usual dinner time with ten unexpected gentlemen, and repeat the same performance at supper with a fresh set, and whisper to his mother, "Can't you get something extra to-night, as most of these people have had no dinner?" She delighted their eyes presently with a supper table laden with delicious hot rolls, thin slices of cold ham and salt beef, and coffee, followed by preserved fruit and hot gingerbread; doing it with a serene air, as if it had always been her custom. She endured a servant in her spotless kitchen with a smile, although she knew the soup kettle would be set away unwashed, the tumbler towel used to wipe the platter, and that the hireling would in two days give the really pleasant, old-fashioned room the look which a hireling always does. All this she did without appearing to realize that she was henceforward to administer affairs on a new basis. In some families such a change could not have been accomplished without riotings and disturbances; but where Mrs. Green was prime minister, all things were done decently and in order.

"It seems as impossible to start, to-night," muttered Thomas to himself, "as if I were going on an unlucky errand," and he got out of the wagon for the third time, and went back after the whip. "How could Caleb have harnessed and left everything undone as he did, — no cushion, no whip, no check-rein; and I have made a separate errand back to the carriage-house for each one! I shall only just manage to catch the train, if I drive fast. Go on, Cherry, — zi-i-i-p."

The little mare, well trained by her master, knew that this meant business, and stepped off at once in a square, quick trot, which devoured the road and left a

cloud of dust behind. Thomas was on the way to meet a patent-office lawyer from Washington. This person had signified that he would arrive by a train which reached Northam at midnight.

Thomas was in the best of spirits, and as he drove by Janet's house gave a call well known to her, — two or three sweet notes of a bugle call; he had used it before when he must drive by without stopping. She knew the errand on which he was bound, and answered by flashing a lamp up and down in the window. Her cheeks flushed with the knowledge of his proximity, and her eyes, bright with pleasant thoughts, as she held the lamp above her head, made a picture for the unseen but seeing lover in the darkness outside. An hour or two later she would hear the returning wheels of his wagon, and the little scene would be repeated. If a stranger were with him, a word would explain, and she was not ashamed to show interest and sympathy.

Jack Osborn entered a moment later, in so merry a mood that it seemed like mirth carried over to recklessness, and Janet looked at him once or twice, feeling that he was becoming more and more incomprehensible. For ten or fifteen minutes he kept her and Mrs. Wareham both laughing, and then ran out of the door as unceremoniously as he came in. One thing he did in going out which overstepped the bounds meted out to him by reticent Janet. As he passed her, and she raised her head to say good-night, he bent forward and kissed her swiftly on the lips. His movements were lightning-like, as they often were; she had no second in which to draw back. The passion that inspired him brought the blood to her cheeks, but there was no answering warmth from those sweet lips. He felt it, and as he turned from her his face settled into a white look of resolve, and he whispered to himself, "Only a mile to the pine grove!" She did not see the look or hear the whisper. She heard the door

close and a quick step or two outside, as if he were bounding away at race-horse speed.

Travel on, stout little mare; do your fleet best! If you thread the gorge and the sighing pines with flying steps, you shall save the life of a good friend, a kind master. Put your trim fetlocks each before the other in haste, and make no false step. Alas, alas! as they entered the steep banks of the pine grove, fearing to meet some one in the darkness of the narrow way, Thomas checked her quick feet, and she paced slowly along.

Suddenly, swiftly, as if shot through the thick darkness, something struck the floor of the wagon in the back. There was a confused sound or two, a groan; the mare felt the reins slacken in her hands, and as if she knew something was wrong, as if she smelled blood in the air, she started at a wild pace, and thundered down the road unchecked. Faster and faster; the wagon swayed and rattled, bounded over the ruts and roughnesses, as the animal, growing momentarily wilder, flew on, her nostrils distended and foam flying from her bit. Few teams are abroad on a country road so late; she met no one to stop her, and if she had not been on an accustomed route the frightened beast might have held her course much longer. But she had been often driven to the station, and by a sort of instinct she went there now. The train rolled away from the end of the platform as the little mare tore up and stopped with her feet on the second step of the flight that led from the sidewalk to the platform. One or two belated travelers, natives of the village, the station-master, and the Washington lawyer were the only people there, and the only light a lantern swung by the station-master. All heard the excited rush and rattle of the wagon, and noticed the way the mare stopped herself.

"It's Thomas Green's little mare," announced one of the villagers, coming forward and looking curiously at the

panting animal. "I should think she had been frightened and run away."

"Green?" said the Washingtonian. "That is the name of the man who was to meet me here to-night."

"I guess he stopped to see Janet Wareham a minute, and the horse got away while he was in there," suggested another.

"Likely as not," chorused the others, glad to have a reasonable explanation for a feeling of dread which had crept over them.

"I live pretty near Janet Wareham's," said the first speaker, "and if you are a mind, I'll just drive you along on the road. I think it's more'n likely we shall meet him somewhere this side o' there."

He patted Cherry's neck and soothed her a moment; then gathering up the reins stepped into the wagon. His foot touched something soft. He could see nothing, but he recoiled with an involuntary shiver, and said in a hoarse tone, "Bring that lantern here!"

DO YOU REMEMBER?

"UN BACIO DATO NON È MAI PERDUTO."

BECAUSE we once drove together
In the moonlight over the snow,
With the sharp bells ringing their tinkling chime,
So many a year ago,

So, now, as I hear them jingle,
The winter comes back again,
Though the summer stirs in the heavy trees,
And the wild rose scents the lane.

We gather our furs around us,
Our faces the keen air stings,
And noiseless we fly o'er the snow-hushed world
Almost as if we had wings.

Enough is the joy of mere living,
Enough is the blood's quick thrill;
We are simply happy, — I care not why, —
We are happy beyond our will.

The trees are with icicles jeweled,
The walls are o'er-surfed with snow;
The houses with marble whiteness are roofed,
In their windows the home-lights glow.

Through the tense, clear sky above us
The keen stars flash and gleam,
And wrapped in their silent shroud of snow
The broad fields lie and dream.

And jingling with low, sweet clashing
 Ring the bells as our good horse goes,
 And tossing his head, from his nostrils red
 His frosty breath he blows.

And closely you nestle against me,
 While around your waist my arm
 I have slipped — 't is so bitter, bitter cold —
 It is only to keep us warm.

We talk, and then we are silent;
 And suddenly — you know why —
 I stooped — could I help it? You lifted your face —
 We kissed — there was nobody nigh.

And no one was ever the wiser,
 And no one was ever the worse;
 The skies did not fall, — as perhaps they ought, —
 And we heard no paternal curse.

I never told it — did you, dear? —
 From that day unto this;
 But my memory keeps in its inmost recess,
 Like a perfume, that innocent kiss.

I dare say you have forgotten,
 'T was so many a year ago;
 Or you may not choose to remember it,
 Time may have changed you so.

The world so chills us and kills us,
 Perhaps you may scorn to recall
 That night, with its innocent impulse, —
 Perhaps you'll deny it all.

But if of that fresh, sweet nature
 The veriest vestige survive,
 You remember that moment's madness, —
 You remember that moonlight drive.

W. W. Story.

"EQUALITY."

IN accordance with the advice of Diogenes of Apollonia in the beginning of his treatise on Natural Philosophy, — "It appears to me to be well for every

one who commences any sort of philosophical treatise to lay down some undeniable principle to start with," — we offer this: —

All men are created unequal.

It would be a most interesting study to trace the growth in the world of the doctrine of "equality." That is not the purpose of this essay, any farther than is necessary for definition. We use the term in its popular sense, in the meaning, somewhat vague it is true, which it has had since the middle of the eighteenth century. In the popular apprehension it is apt to be confounded with uniformity; and this not without reason, since in many applications of the theory the tendency is to produce likeness or uniformity. Nature, with equal laws, tends always to diversity; and doubtless the just notion of equality in human affairs consists with unlikeness. Our purpose is to note some of the tendencies of the dogma as it is at present understood by a considerable portion of mankind.

We regard the formulated doctrine as modern. It would be too much to say that some notion of the "equality of men" did not underlie the socialistic and communistic ideas which prevailed from time to time in the ancient world, and broke out with volcanic violence in the Grecian and Roman communities. But those popular movements seem to us rather blind struggles against physical evils, and to be distinguished from those more intelligent actions based upon the theory which began to stir Europe prior to the Reformation.

It is sufficient for our purpose to take the well-defined theory of modern times. Whether the ideal republic of Plato was merely a convenient form for philosophical speculation, or whether, as the greatest authority on political economy in Germany, Dr. William Roscher, thinks, it "was no mere fancy;" whether Plato's notion of the identity of man and the state is compatible with the theory of equality, or whether it is, as many communists say, indispensable to it, we need not here discuss. It is true that in his Republic almost all the social

theories which have been deduced from the modern proclamation of equality are elaborated. There was to be a community of property, and also a community of wives and children. The equality of the sexes was insisted on to the extent of living in common, identical education and pursuits, equal share in all labors, in occupations, and in government. Between the sexes there was allowed only one ultimate difference. The Greeks, as Professor Jowett says, had noble conceptions of womanhood; but Plato's ideal for the sexes had no counterpart in their actual life, nor could they have understood the sort of equality upon which he insisted. The same is true of the Romans throughout their history.

More than any other Oriental peoples the Egyptians of the Ancient Empire entertained the idea of the equality of the sexes; but the equality of man was not conceived by them. Still less did any notion of it exist in the Jewish state. It was the fashion with the socialists of 1793, as it has been with the international assemblages at Geneva in our own day, to trace the genesis of their notions back to the first Christian age. The far-reaching influence of the new gospel in the liberation of the human mind and in promoting just and divinely ordered relations among men is admitted; its origination of the social and political dogma we are considering is denied. We do not find that Christ himself anywhere expressed it or acted on it. He associated with the lowly, the vile, the outcast; he taught that all men, irrespective of rank or possessions, are sinners, and in equal need of help. But he attempted no change in the conditions of society. The "communism" of the early Christians was the temporary relation of a persecuted and isolated sect, drawn together by common necessities and dangers, and by the new enthusiasm of self-surrender.¹ Paul an-

¹ "The community of goods of the first Christians at Jerusalem, so frequently cited and ex-

nounced the universal brotherhood of man, but he as clearly recognized the subordination of society, in the duties of ruler and subject, master and slave, and in all the domestic relations; and although his gospel may be interpreted to contain the elements of revolution, it is not probable that he undertook to inculcate, by the proclamation of "universal brotherhood," anything more than the duty of universal sympathy between all peoples and classes as society then existed.

If Christianity has been and is the force in promoting and shaping civilization that we regard it, we may be sure that it is not as a political agent, or an annuller of the inequalities of life, that we are to expect aid from it. Its office, or rather one of its chief offices on earth, is to diffuse through the world, regardless of condition, or possessions, or talent, or opportunity, sympathy and a recognition of the value of manhood underlying every lot and every diversity, — a value not measured by earthly accidents, but by heavenly standards. This we understand to be "Christian equality." Of course it consists with inequalities of condition, with subordination, discipline, obedience; to obey and serve is as honorable as to command and to be served.

If the religion of Christ should ever be acclimated on earth, the result would not be the removal of hardships and suffering, or of the necessity of self-sacrifice; but the bitterness and discontent at unequal conditions would measurably disappear. At the bar of Christianity the poor man is the equal of the rich, and the learned of the unlearned, since intellectual acquisition is no guarantee tolled, was only a community of use, not of ownership (Acts iv. 32), and throughout a voluntary act of love, not a duty (v. 4); least of all, a *right* which the poorer might assert. Spite of all this, that community of goods produced a chronic state of poverty in the church of Jerusalem." (Principles of Political Economy. By William Roscher. Note to Section LXXXI. English translation. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.)

of moral worth. The content that Christianity would bring to our perturbed society would come from the practical recognition of the truth that all conditions may be equally honorable. The assertion of the dignity of man and of labor is, we imagine, the sum and substance of the equality and communism of the New Testament. But we are to remember that this is not merely a "gospel for the poor."

Whatever the theories of the ancient world were, the development of democratic ideas is sufficiently marked in the fifteenth century, and even in the fourteenth, to rob the eighteenth of the credit of originating the doctrine of equality. To mention only one of the early writers,¹ Marsilio, a physician of Padua, in 1324, said that the laws ought to be made by all the citizens; and he based this sovereignty of the people upon the greater likelihood of laws being better obeyed, and also being good laws, when they were made by the whole body of the persons affected.

In 1750 and 1753, J. J. Rousseau published his two Discourses on questions proposed by the Academy of Dijon: "Has the restoration of sciences contributed to purify or to corrupt manners?" and, "What is the origin of inequality among men, and is it authorized by natural law?" These questions show the direction and the advance of thinking on social topics in the middle of the eighteenth century. Rousseau's *Contrat-Social* and the novel *Emile* were published in 1761.

But almost three quarters of a century before, in 1690, John Locke published his two Treatises on Government. Rousseau was familiar with them. Mr. John

¹ For copious references to authorities on the spread of communistic and socialistic ideas and libertine community of goods and women, in four periods of the world's history, namely, at the time of the decline of Greece, in the degeneration of the Roman republic, among the moderns in the age of the Reformation, and again in our own day, see Roscher's *Political Economy*, notes to Section LXXIX., *et seq.*

Morley, in his admirable study of Rousseau,¹ fully discusses the latter's obligation to Locke; and the exposition leaves Rousseau little credit for originality, but considerable for illogical misconception. He was, in fact, the most illogical of great men, and the most inconsistent even of geniuses. The *Contrat-Social* is a reaction in many things from the *Discourses*, and *Emile* is almost an entire reaction, especially in the theory of education, from both.

His central doctrine of popular sovereignty was taken from Locke. The English philosopher said, in his second Treatise, "To understand political power aright and derive it from its original, we must consider what state all men are naturally in; and that is a state of perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their persons and possessions as they think fit, within the bounds of the law of nature, without asking leave or depending upon the will of any other man, — a state also of equality, wherein all the power and jurisdiction is reciprocal, no one having more than another; there being nothing more evident than that creatures of the same species and rank, promiscuously born to all the advantages of nature and the use of the same faculties, should also be equal one amongst another, without subordination or subjection, unless the Lord and Master of them all should by any manifest declaration of his will set one above another, and confer on him by an evident and clear appointment an undoubted right to dominion and sovereignty." But a state of liberty is not a state of license. We cannot exceed our own rights without assailing the rights of others. There is no such subordination as authorizes us to destroy one another. As every one is bound to preserve himself, so he is bound to preserve the rest of mankind, and except to do justice

upon an offender we may not impair the life, liberty, health, or goods of another. Here Locke deduces the power that one man may have over another; community could not exist if transgressors were not punished. Every wrong-doer places himself in "a state of war." Here is the difference between the state of nature and the state of war, which men, says Locke, have confounded, — alluding probably to Hobbes's notion of the lawlessness of human society in the original condition.

The portion of Locke's Treatise which was not accepted by the French theorists was that relating to property. Property in lands or goods is due wholly and only to the labor man has put into it. By labor he has removed it from the common state in which nature has placed it, and annexed something to it that excludes the common rights of other men.

Rousseau borrowed from Hobbes as well as from Locke in his conception of popular sovereignty; but this was not his only lack of originality. His discourse on primitive society, his unscientific and unhistoric notions about the original condition of man, were those common in the middle of the eighteenth century. All the thinkers and philosophers and fine ladies and gentlemen assumed a certain state of nature, and built upon it, out of words and phrases, an airy and easy reconstruction of society, without a thought of investigating the past, or inquiring into the development of mankind. Every one talked of "the state of nature" as if he knew all about it. "The conditions of primitive man," says Mr. Morley, "were discussed by very incompetent ladies and gentlemen at convivial supper parties, and settled with complete assurance." That was the age when solitary Frenchmen plunged into the wilderness of North America, confidently expecting to recover the golden age under the shelter of a wigwam and in the society of a squaw.

¹ Rousseau. By John Morley. London: Chapman and Hall. 1873. I have used it freely in the glance at this period.

The state of nature of Rousseau was a state in which inequality did not exist, and with a fervid rhetoric he tried to persuade his readers that it was the happier state. He recognized inequality, it is true, as a word of two different meanings: first, physical inequality, difference of age, strength, health, and of intelligence and character; second, moral and political inequality, difference of privileges which some enjoy to the detriment of others, — such as riches, honor, power. The first difference is established by nature, the second by man. So long, however, as the state of nature endures, no disadvantages flow from the natural inequalities.

In Rousseau's account of the means by which equality was lost, the incoming of the ideas of property is prominent. From property arose civil society. With property came in inequality. His exposition of inequality is confused, and it is not possible always to tell whether he means inequality of possessions or of political rights. His contemporary, Morelly, who published the *Basileade* in 1753, was troubled by no such ambiguity. He accepts the doctrine that men are formed by laws, but holds that they are by nature good, and that laws, by establishing a division of the products of nature, broke up the sociability of men, and that all political and moral evils are the result of private property. Political inequality is an accident of inequality of possessions, and the renovation of the latter lies in the abolition of the former.

The opening sentence of the *Contrat-Social* is, "Man is born free, and everywhere he is a slave," a statement which it is difficult to reconcile with the fact that every human being is born helpless, dependent, and into conditions of subjection, conditions that we have no reason to suppose were ever absent from the race. But Rousseau never said, "All men are born equal." He recognized, as we have seen, natural inequality. What he held was that the artificial dif-

ferences springing from the social union were disproportionate to the capacities springing from the original constitution; and that society, as now organized, tends to make the gulf wider between those who have privileges and those who have none.

The well-known theory upon which Rousseau's superstructure rests is that society is the result of a compact, a partnership between men. They have not made an agreement to submit their individual sovereignty to some superior power, but they have made a covenant of brotherhood. It is a contract of association. Men were, and ought to be, equal coöperators, not only in politics, but in industries and all the affairs of life. All the citizens are participants in the sovereign authority. Their sovereignty is inalienable; power may be transmitted, but not will; if the people promise to obey, it dissolves itself by the very act, — if there is a master, there is no longer a people. Sovereignty is also indivisible; it cannot be split up into legislative, judiciary, and executive power.

Society being the result of a compact made by men, it followed that the partners could at any time re-make it, their sovereignty being inalienable. And this the French socialists, misled by *a priori* notions, attempted to do, on the theory of the *Contrat-Social*, as if they had a *tabula rasa*; without regarding the existing constituents of society, or traditions, or historical growths.

Equality, as a phrase, having done duty as a dissolvent, was pressed into service as a constructor. As this is not so much an essay on the nature of equality, as an attempt to indicate some of the modern tendencies to carry out what is illusory in the dogma, perhaps enough has been said of this period. Mr. Morley very well remarks that the doctrine of equality as a demand for a fair chance in the world is unanswerable; but that it is false when it puts him who uses his

chance well on the same level with him who uses it ill. There is no doubt that when Condorcet said, "Not only equality of right, but equality of fact, is the goal of the social art," he uttered the sentiments of the socialists of the Revolution.

The next authoritative announcement of equality, to which it is necessary to refer, is in the American Declaration of Independence, in these words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed." And the Declaration goes on, in temperate and guarded language, to assert the right of a people to change their form of government when it becomes destructive of the ends named.

Although the genesis of these sentiments seems to be French rather than English, and equality is not defined, and critics have differed as to whether the equality clause is independent or qualified by what follows, it is not necessary to suppose that Thomas Jefferson meant anything inconsistent with the admitted facts of nature and of history. It is important to bear in mind that the statesmen of our Revolution were inaugurating a political and not a social revolution, and that the gravamen of their protest was against the authority of a distant crown. Nevertheless, these dogmas, independent of the circumstances in which they were uttered, have exercised and do exercise a very powerful influence upon the thinking of mankind on social and political topics, and are being applied without limitations, and without recognition of the fact that if they are true, in the sense meant by their originators, they are not the whole truth. It is to be noticed that rights are mentioned, but not duties, and that if politic-

al rights only are meant, political duties are not inculcated as of equal moment. It is not announced that political power is a function to be discharged for the good of the whole body, and not a mere right to be enjoyed for the advantage of the possessor; and it is to be noted also that this idea did not enter into the conception of Rousseau.

The dogma that "government derives its just power from the consent of the governed" is entirely consonant with the book theories of the eighteenth century, and needs to be confronted, and practically is confronted, with the equally good dogma that "governments derive their just power from conformity with the principles of justice." We are not to imagine, for instance, that the framers of the Declaration really contemplated the exclusion from political organization of all higher law than that in the "consent of the governed," or the application of the theory, let us say, to a colony composed for the most part of outcasts, murderers, thieves, and prostitutes, or to such states as to-day exist in the Orient. The Declaration was framed for a highly intelligent and virtuous society.

Many writers, and some of them English, have expressed curiosity, if not wonder, at the different fortunes which attended the doctrine of equality in America and in France. The explanation is on the surface, and need not be sought in the fact of a difference of social and political level in the two countries at the start, nor even in the further fact that the colonies were already accustomed to self-government. The simple truth is that the dogmas of the Declaration were not put into the fundamental law. The constitution is the most practical state document ever made. It announces no dogmas, proclaims no theories. It accepted society as it was, with its habits and traditions, raising no abstract questions whether men are born free or equal, or how society ought to be organized. It is simply a working

compact, made by "the people," to promote union, establish justice, and secure the blessings of liberty; and the equality is in the assumption of the right of "the people of the United States," to do this. And yet, in a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a writer makes the amusing statement, "I have never met an American who could deny that, while firmly maintaining that the theory was sound which, in the beautiful language of the constitution, proclaims that all men were born equal, he was," etc.

An enlightening commentary on the meaning of the Declaration, in the minds of the American statesmen of the period, is furnished by the opinions which some of them expressed upon the French Revolution while it was in progress. Gouverneur Morris, minister to France in 1789, was a conservative republican; Thomas Jefferson was a radical democrat. Both of them had a warm sympathy with the French "people" in the Revolution; both hoped for a republic; both recognized, we may reasonably infer, the sufficient cause of the Revolution in the long-continued corruption of court and nobility, and the intolerable sufferings of the lower orders; and both, we have equal reason to believe, thought that a fair accommodation, short of a dissolution of society, was defeated by the imbecility of the king and the treachery and malignity of a considerable portion of the nobility. The Revolution was not caused by theories, however much it may have been excited or guided by them. But both Morris and Jefferson saw the futility of the application of the abstract dogma of equality and the theories of the Social Contract to the reconstruction of government and the reorganization of society in France.

If the aristocracy were malignant, — though numbers of them were far from being so, — there was also a malignant prejudice aroused against them, and M. Taine is not far wrong when he says of

this prejudice, "Its hard, dry kernel consists of the abstract idea of equality."¹ Taine's French Revolution is cynical, and, with all its accumulation of material, omits some facts necessary to a philosophical history; but a passage following that quoted is worth reproducing in this connection: "The treatment of the nobles of the Assembly is the same as the treatment of the Protestants by Louis XIV. . . . One hundred thousand Frenchmen driven out at the end of the seventeenth century, and one hundred thousand driven out at the end of the eighteenth! Mark how an intolerant democracy completes the work of an intolerant monarchy! The moral aristocracy was mowed down in the name of uniformity; the social aristocracy is mowed down in the name of equality. For the second time, an abstract principle, and with the same effect, buries its blade in the heart of a living society."

Notwithstanding the world-wide advertisement of the French experiment, it has taken almost a century for the dogma of equality, at least outside of France, to filter down from the speculative thinkers into a general popular acceptance, as an active principle to be used in the shaping of affairs, and to become more potent in the popular mind than tradition or habit. The attempt is made to apply it to society with a brutal logic; and we might despair as to the result, if we did not know that the world is not ruled by logic. Nothing is so fascinating in the hands of the half informed as a neat dogma; it seems the perfect key to all difficulties. The formula is applied in contempt and ignorance of the past, as if building up were as easy as pulling down, and as if society were a machine to be moved by mechanical appliances, and not a living organism composed of distinct and sensitive beings.

¹ The French Revolution. By H. A. Taine. Vol. i. B. II. chap. ii. sec. iii. Translation. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Along with the spread of a belief in the uniformity of natural law has unfortunately gone a suggestion of parallelism of the moral law to it, and a notion that if we can discover the right formula, human society and government can be organized with a mathematical justice to all the parts. By many the dogma of equality is held to be that formula, and relief from the greater evils of the social state is expected from its logical extension.

Let us now consider some of the present movements and tendencies that are related, more or less, to this belief:—

I. Absolute equality is seen to depend upon absolute supremacy of the state. Prof. Henry Fawcett says, "Excessive dependence on the state is the most prominent characteristic of modern socialism." "These proposals to prohibit inheritance, to abolish private property, and to make the state the owner of all the capital and the administrator of the entire industry of the country are put forward as representing socialism in its ultimate and highest development."¹

Society and government should be recast till they conform to the theory, or, let us say, to its exaggerations. Men can unmake what they have made. There is no higher authority anywhere than the will of the majority, no matter what the majority is in intellect and morals. Fifty-one ignorant men have a natural right to legislate for the one hundred, as against forty-nine intelligent men.

All men being equal, one man is as fit to legislate and execute as another. A recently elected Congressman from Maine vehemently repudiated, in a public address, as a slander the accusation that he was educated. The theory was that, uneducated, he was the proper representative of the average ignorance of his district, and that ignorance ought to

be represented in the legislature in kind. The ignorant know better what they want than the educated know for them. "Their education [that of college men] destroys natural perception and judgment; so that cultivated people are one-sided, and their judgment is often inferior to that of the working people." "Cultured people have made up their minds, and are hard to move." "No lawyer should be elected to a place in any legislative body."²

Experience is of no account, neither is history, nor tradition, nor the accumulated wisdom of ages. On all questions of political economy, finance, morals, the ignorant man stands on a par with the best informed as a legislator. We might cite any number of the results of these illusions. A member of the present house of representatives declared that we "can repair the losses of the war by the issue of a sufficient amount of paper money." An intelligent mechanic of our acquaintance, a leader among the nationals, urging the theory of his party, that banks should be destroyed, and that the government should issue to the people as much "paper money" as they need, denied the right of banks or of any individuals to charge interest on money. Yet he would take rent for the house he owns.

Laws must be the direct expression of the will of the majority, and be altered solely on its will. It would be well, therefore, to have a continuous election, so that, any day, the electors can change their representative for a new man. "If my *caprice* be the source of law, then my *enjoyment* may be the source of the division of the nation's resources."³

Property is the creator of inequality, and this factor in our artificial state can be eliminated only by absorption. It is the duty of the government to provide

¹ Socialism in Germany and the United States, Fortnightly Review, November, 1878.

² Opinions of workingmen, reported in The

Nationals, their Origin and their Aims, The Atlantic Monthly, November, 1878.

³ Stahl's Rechtsphilosophie, quoted by Roscher.

for all the people, and the sovereign people will see to it that it does. The election franchise is a natural right, — a man's weapon to protect himself. It may be asked, If it is just this, and not a sacred trust accorded to be exercised for the benefit of society, why may not a man sell it, if it is for his interest to do so?

What is there illogical in these positions from the premise given? "Communism," says Roscher,¹ "is the logically not inconsistent exaggeration of the principle of equality. Men who hear themselves designated as 'the sovereign people,' and their welfare as the supreme law of the state, are more apt than others to feel more keenly the distance which separates their own misery from the superabundance of others. And, indeed, to what an extent our physical wants are determined by our intellectual mould!"

The tendency of the exaggeration of man's will as the foundation of government is distinctly materialistic; it is a self-sufficiency that shuts out God and the higher law.² We need to remember that the Creator of man, and not man himself, formed society and instituted government; that God is always behind human society, and sustains it; that marriage and the family and all social relations are divinely established; that man's duty, coinciding with his right, is, by the light of history, by experience, by observation of men, and by the aid of revelation, to find out and make operative, as well as he can, the divine law in human affairs. And it may be added that the sovereignty of the people, as a

divine trust, may be as logically deduced from the divine institution of government as the old divine right of kings. Government, by whatever name it is called, is a matter of experience and expediency. If we submit to the will of the majority, it is because it is more convenient to do so; and if the republic or the democracy vindicate itself, it is because it works best on the whole for a particular people. But it needs no prophet to say that it will not work long if God is shut out from it, and man, in a full-blown socialism, is considered the ultimate authority.

II. Equality of education. In our American system there is, not only theoretically, but practically, an equality of opportunity in the public schools, which are free to all children, and rise by gradations from the primaries to the high schools, in which the curriculum in most respects equals, and in variety exceeds, that of many third-class "colleges." In these schools nearly the whole round of learning, in languages, science, and art, is touched. The system has seemed to be the best that could be devised for a free society, where all take part in the government, and where so much depends upon the intelligence of the electors. Certain objections, however, have been made to it. As this essay is intended only to be tentative, we shall state some of them, without indulging in lengthy comments.

(1.) The first charge is superficiality, — a necessary consequence of attempting too much, — and a want of adequate preparation for special pursuits in life.

(2.) A uniformity in mediocrity is

¹ Political Economy, B. I. chap. v. sec. lxxviii.

² And, indeed, if the will of man is all-powerful, if states are to be distinguished from one another only by their boundaries, if everything may be changed like the scenery in a play by a flourish of the magic wand of a system, if man may arbitrarily make the right, if nations can be put through evolutions like regiments of troops, what a field would the world present for attempts at the realizations of the wildest dreams, and what a temptation would be offered to take possession, by

main force, of the government of human affairs, to destroy the rights of property and the rights of capital, to gratify ardent longings without trouble, and to provide the much-coveted means of enjoyment! The Titans have tried to scale the heavens, and have fallen into the most degrading materialism. Purely speculative dogmatism sinks into materialism. (M. Wolowski's Essay on the Historical Method, prefixed to his translation of Roscher's Political Economy.)

alleged from the use of the same textbooks and methods in all schools, for all grades and capacities. This is one of the most common criticisms on our social state by a certain class of writers in England, who take an unflagging interest in our development. One answer to it is this: There is more reason to expect variety of development and character in a generally educated than in an ignorant community; there is no such uniformity as the dull level of ignorance.

(3.) It is said that secular education — and the general schools open to all in a community of mixed religions must be secular — is training the rising generation to be materialists and socialists.

(4.) Perhaps a better founded charge is that a system of equal education, with its superficiality, creates discontent with the condition in which a majority of men must be, — that of labor; — a distaste for trades and for hand-work, an idea that what is called intellectual labor (let us say, casting up accounts in a shop, or writing trashy stories for a sensational newspaper) is more honorable than physical labor; and encourages the false notion that "the elevation of the working classes" implies the removal of men and women from those classes.

We should hesitate to draw adverse conclusions in regard to a system yet so young that its results cannot be fairly estimated. Only after two or three generations can its effects upon the character of a great people be measured. Observations differ, and testimony is difficult to obtain. We think it safe to say that those states are most prosperous which have the best free schools. But if the philosopher inquires as to the general effect upon the national character in respect to the objections named, he must wait for a reply.

III. The pursuit of the chimera of social equality, from the belief that it should logically follow political equality; resulting in extravagance, misap-

plication of natural capacities, a notion that physical labor is dishonorable, or that the state should compel all to labor alike, and in efforts to remove inequalities of condition by legislation.

IV. The equality of the sexes. The stir in the middle of the eighteenth century gave a great impetus to the emancipation of woman; though, curiously enough, Rousseau, in unfolding his plan of education for Sophie in *Emile*, inculcates an almost Oriental subjection of woman, — her education simply that she may please man. The true enfranchisement of woman, that is the recognition (by herself as well as by man) of her real place in the economy of the world, in the full development of her capacities, is the greatest gain to civilization since the Christian era. The movement has its excesses, and the gain has not been without loss. "When we turn to modern literature," writes Mr. Morley, "from the pages in which Fénelon speaks of the education of girls, who does not feel that the world has lost a sacred accent, — that some ineffable essence has passed out from our hearts?"

How far the expectation has been realized that women, in fiction, for instance, would be more accurately described, better understood, and appear as nobler and lovelier beings when women wrote the novels, this is not the place to inquire. The movement has results which are unavoidable in a period of transition, and probably only temporary. The education of woman and the development of her powers hold the greatest promise for the regeneration of society. But this development, yet in its infancy, and pursued with much crudeness and misconception of the end, is not enough. Woman would not only be equal with man, but would be like him; that is, perform in society the functions he now performs. Here, again, the notion of equality is pushed towards uniformity. The reformers admit structural differences in the sexes, though

these, they say, are greatly exaggerated by subjection; but the functional differences are mainly to be eliminated. Women ought to mingle in all the occupations of men, as if the physical differences did not exist. The movement goes to obliterate, as far as possible, the distinction between sexes. Nature is, no doubt, amused at this attempt. A recent writer¹ says, "*The femme libre* [free woman] of the new social order may, indeed, escape the charge of neglecting her family and her household by contending that it is not her vocation to become a wife and a mother! Why, then, we ask, is she constituted a woman at all? Merely that she may become a sort of second-rate man?"

The truth is that this movement, based always upon a misconception of equality, so far as it would change the duties of the sexes, is a retrograde.² One of the most striking features in our progress from barbarism to civilization is the proper adjustment of the work for men and women. One test of a civilization is the difference of this work. This is a question not merely of division of labor, but of differentiation with regard to sex. It not only takes into account structural differences and physiological disadvantages, but it recognizes the finer and higher use of woman in society.

The attainable, not to say the ideal, society requires an increase rather than a decrease of the differences between the

sexes. The differences may be due to physical organization, but the structural divergence is but a faint type of deeper separation in mental and spiritual constitution. That which makes the charm and power of woman, that for which she is created, is as distinctly feminine as that which makes the charm and power of men is masculine. Progress requires constant differentiation, and the line of this is the development of each sex in its special functions, each being true to the highest ideal for itself, which is not that the woman should be a man, or the man a woman. The enjoyment of social life rests very largely upon the encounter and play of the subtle peculiarities which mark the two sexes; and society, in the limited sense of the word, not less than the whole structure of our civilization, requires the development of these peculiarities. It is in diversity, and not in an equality tending to uniformity, that we are to expect the best results from the race.

V. Equality of races; or rather a removal of the inequalities, social and political, arising in the contact of different races by intermarriage.

Perhaps equality is hardly the word to use here, since uniformity is the thing aimed at; but the root of the proposal is in the dogma we are considering. The tendency of the age is to uniformity. The facilities of travel and communication, the new inventions and the use of machinery in manufacturing, bring men

tween the two sexes nothing but an actual superiority should decide, it is to be feared that woman would soon be relegated to a condition as hard as that in which she is found among all barbarous nations. It is precisely family life and higher civilization that have emancipated woman. Those theorists who, led astray by the dark side of higher civilization, preach a community of goods generally contemplate in their simultaneous recommendation of the emancipation of woman a more or less developed form of a community of wives. The grounds of the two institutions are very similar. (Roscher's Political Economy, Section ccl.) Note also that difference in costumes of the sexes is least apparent among lowly civilized peoples.

¹ Biology and Woman's Rights, Quarterly Journal of Science, November, 1878.

² It has been frequently observed that among declining nations the social differences between the two sexes are first obliterated, and afterwards even the intellectual differences. The more masculine the women become, the more effeminate become the men. It is no good symptom when there are almost as many female writers and female rulers as there are male. Such was the case, for instance, in the Hellenistic kingdoms, and in the age of the Cæsars. What to-day is called by many the emancipation of woman would ultimately end in the dissolution of the family, and, if carried out, render poor service to the majority of women. If man and woman were placed entirely on the same level, and if in the competition be-

into close and uniform relations, and induce the disappearance of national characteristics and of race peculiarities. Men, the world over, are getting to dress alike, eat alike, and disbelieve in the same things. It is the sentimental complaint of the traveler that his search for the picturesque is ever more difficult, that race distinctions and habits are in a way to be improved off the face of the earth, and that a most uninteresting monotony is supervening. The complaint is not wholly sentimental, and has a deeper philosophical reason than the mere pleasure in variety on this planet.

We find a striking illustration of the equalizing, not to say leveling, tendency of the age in an able paper by Canon George Rawlinson, of the university of Oxford, contributed recently to an American periodical of a high class and conservative character.¹ This paper proposes, as a remedy for the social and political evils caused by the negro element in our population, the miscegenation of the white and black races, to the end that the black race may be wholly absorbed in the white,—an absorption of four millions by thirty-six millions, which he thinks might reasonably be expected in about a century, when the lower type would disappear altogether.

Perhaps the pleasure of being absorbed is not equal to the pleasure of absorbing, and we cannot say how this proposal will commend itself to the victims of the euthanasia. The results of miscegenation on this continent,—black with red, and white with black,—the results morally, intellectually, and physically, are not such as to make it attractive to the American people.

It is not, however, upon sentimental grounds that we oppose this extension of the exaggerated dogma of equality. Our objection is deeper. Race distinctions ought to be maintained for the

sake of the best development of the race, and for the continuance of that mutual reaction and play of peculiar forces between races which promise the highest development for the whole. It is not for nothing, we may suppose, that differentiation has gone on in the world; and we doubt that either benevolence or self-interest requires this age to attempt to restore an assumed lost uniformity, and fuse the race traits in a tiresome homogeneity.

Life consists in an exchange of relations, and the more varied the relations interchanged, the higher the life. We want not only different races, but different civilizations in different parts of the globe.

A much more philosophical view of the African problem and the proper destiny of the negro race than that of Canon Rawlinson is given by a recent colored writer,² an official in the government of Liberia. We are mistaken, says this excellent observer, in regarding Africa as a land of a homogeneous population, and in confounding the tribes in a promiscuous manner. There are negroes and negroes. "The numerous tribes inhabiting the vast continent of Africa can no more be regarded as in every respect equal than the numerous peoples of Asia or Europe can be so regarded;" and we are not to expect the civilization of Africa to be under one government, but in a great variety of states, developed according to tribal and race affinities. A still greater mistake is this:—

"The mistake which Europeans often make in considering questions of negro improvement and the future of Africa is in supposing that the negro is the European in embryo, in the undeveloped stage, and that when, by and by, he shall enjoy the advantages of civilization and culture, he will become like the Euro-

¹ Duties of Higher towards Lower Races. By George Rawlinson. Princeton Review. November, 1878. New York.

² Africa and the Africans. By Edmund W. Blyden. Fraser's Magazine, August, 1878.

pean; in other words, that the negro is on the same line of progress, in the same groove, with the European, but infinitely in the rear. . . . This view proceeds upon the assumption that the two races are called to the same work, and are alike in potentiality and ultimate development, the negro only needing the element of time, under certain circumstances, to become European. But to our mind it is not a question between the two races of inferiority or superiority. There is no absolute or essential superiority on the one side, or absolute or essential inferiority on the other side. It is a question of difference of endowment and difference of destiny. No amount of training or culture will make the negro a European. On the other hand, no lack of training or deficiency of culture will make the European a negro. The two races are not moving in the same groove, with an immeasurable distance between them, but on parallel lines. They will never meet in the plane of their activities so as to coincide in capacity or performance. They are not *identical*, as some think, but *unequal*; they are *distinct*, but *equal*,—an idea that is in no way incompatible with the scripture truth that God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

The writer goes on, in a strain that is not mere fancy, but that involves one of the truths of inequality, to say that each race is endowed with peculiar talents; that the negro has aptitudes and capacities which the world needs, and will lack until he is normally trained. In the grand symphony of the universe, "there are several sounds not yet brought out, and the feeblest of all is that hitherto produced by the negro; but he alone can furnish it." "When the African shall come forward with his peculiar gifts, they will fill a place never before occupied." In short, the African must be civilized in the line of his capacities. "The present practice of the friends of Africa is, to frame laws according to

their own notions for the government and improvement of this people, whereas God has already enacted the laws for the government of their affairs, which laws should be carefully ascertained, interpreted, and applied; for until they are found out and conformed to, all labor will be ineffective and resultless."

We have thus passed in review some of the tendencies of the age. We have only touched the edges of a vast subject, and shall be quite satisfied if we have suggested thought in the direction indicated. But in this limited view of our complex human problem, it is time to ask if we have not pushed the dogma of equality far enough. Is it not time to look the facts squarely in the face, and conform to them in our efforts for social and political amelioration?

Inequality appears to be the divine order; it always has existed; undoubtedly it will continue; all our theories and *a priori* speculations will not change the nature of things. Even inequality of condition is the basis of progress, the incentive to exertion. Fortunately, if to-day we could make every man white, every woman as like man as nature permits, give to every human being the same opportunity of education, and divide equally among all the accumulated wealth of the world, to-morrow differences, unequal possession, and differentiation would begin again. We are attempting the regeneration of society with a misleading phase; we are wasting our time with a theory that does not fit the facts.

There is an equality, but it is not of outward show; it is independent of condition; it does not destroy property, nor ignore the difference of sex, nor obliterate race traits. It is the equality of men before God, of men before the law; it is the equal honor of all honorable labor. No more pernicious notion ever obtained lodgment in society than the common one that to "rise in the world" is necessarily to change the "condition."

Let there be content with condition; discontent with individual ignorance and imperfection. "We want," says Emerson, "not a farmer, but a man on a farm." What a mischievous idea is that which has grown, even in the United States, that manual labor is discreditable! There is surely some defect in the theory of equality in our society, which makes domestic service to be shunned as if it were a disgrace.

It must be observed, further, that the dogma of equality is not satisfied by the usual admission that one is in favor of an equality of rights and opportunities, but is against the sweeping application of the theory made by the socialists and communists. The obvious reply is that equal rights and a fair chance are not possible without equality of condition, and that property and the whole

artificial constitution of society necessitate inequality of condition. The damage from the current exaggeration of equality is that the attempt to realize the dogma in fact — and the attempt is everywhere on foot — can lead only to mischief and disappointment.

It would be considered a humorous suggestion to advocate inequality as a theory or as a working dogma. Let us recognize it, however, as a fact, and shape the efforts for the improvement of the race in accordance with it, encouraging it in some directions, restraining it from injustice in others. Working by this recognition, we shall save the race from many failures and bitter disappointments, and spare the world the spectacle of republics ending in despotism and experiments in government ending in anarchy.

INTERMEZZO.

SHEER below us, as we stand to-night
 Leaning on the balustrade, the river
 Flows in such still darkness that the stars,
 Painted on its bosom, scarcely quiver.

Far above us, through the violet depths,
 All those silent stars sweep in their places;
 What a solemn shining flight they soar,
 From court to court of the eternal spaces!

Oh, how beautiful you are, my love!
 How your heart bounds with its tender yearning!
 How upon your lips, your cheeks, your eyes,
 The fragrant flame of your full life is burning!

Yet alas, alas, the flame shall fall,
 Love and lover shall be dust and ashes,
 While those stars move mercilessly on,
 And the tide still paints their awful flashes!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE BONANZA FARMS OF THE WEST.

WITHIN the past year or two a new development in agriculture, in the great Northwest, has forced itself upon the public attention, that would seem destined to exercise a most potent influence on the production of all food products, and work a revolution in the great economies of the farm. But not enough was known of this new movement to enable one to form any just estimate of either its force or extent. For the purpose of obtaining the data necessary to a more correct understanding of the operations of what are known as the "bonanza farms," and their present and probable future effects, the writer went upon the ground to make them a study.

On reaching St. Paul I visited the land office of the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad to gather some facts in regard to Southern Minnesota. The land commissioner, James H. Drake, Esq., learning the purpose of my tour in the Northwest, expressed a strong desire that I should go over their road, visit some of the great farms in its neighborhood, and see the country for myself. He spoke enthusiastically of the country, and particularly of the rare opportunities there presented for the investment of capital in agriculture as a first-class financial operation; also of the general and particular attention that great capitalists were giving to the matter, especially on the line of that road, and mentioned a large number who had already embarked in the business, and others who had purchased lands with that object. I desired him to give me a list of some of the names, to which he at once responded with the following memorandum:—

"Thompson and Kendall farm, about 7000 acres; the Rock County farm, near Luverne, Thompson and Warner, 50,000 acres, of which about 6000 acres are

under cultivation; President Drake, of St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad has numerous farms with tenants working on shares; General Bishop, manager of railroad, has 3200 acres under cultivation; George T. Siney, president Metropolitan Bank, New York, has 2000 acres under cultivation, near Sheldon, Iowa; A. E. Orr, of David Dows & Co., New York, has a large farm on the line, and Goldsmidt, the great German banker, Frankfort-on-the-Main, has several large farms; President Drake's son and Horace Thompson's son are each managing large farms, and every director in the organization has his large farms, with tenants cultivating the soil."

The commissioner also placed in my hands a circular, in which he endeavors to prove to the capitalist that investments made in the lands of that road at current prices, and cultivated in wheat and other crops, will pay twenty per cent. upon the whole investment the first year, and fifty-five per cent. the second.

I gladly accepted his invitation, and traveled upon that road to the points he designated, and some others. After running about seventy-five miles upon the borders of a well-wooded stream, we emerged upon an open, treeless, rolling prairie, not unlike the prairies of Kansas; thence to Windom, seventy-two miles further, was a succession of prairie billows, with an occasional lakelet and some dozen apparently flourishing towns.

The morning after my arrival I visited the farm of Richard Barden, Esq., about six miles to the eastward of Windom. Mr. Barden, whom I had the good fortune to meet on the place, is a well-known and prominent grain dealer, residing in St. Paul. He has 2100 acres of land, 1200 of which is in wheat, with a small amount in oats and corn. The work of the farm is done by monthly labor, under

the direction of a superintendent. On the place is a small, neat one-story house, the residence of the superintendent, with two large barns and a long shed. The farm is stocked with a small herd of about twenty-five very fine short-horned cows and two bulls, and a stud of about twenty high-bred mares and horses. There is but a small amount of fencing on the place; the law in Minnesota, as in most of Kansas, allowing the fence question to be decided by the various districts.

About three miles to the south of Mr. Barden's place is the farm of Messrs. Thompson and Shummier, of 1300 acres, with 300 acres in wheat. On the place is a fine two-story double house of wood, occupied by the proprietors. They are young men without families, and sons of well-known capitalists in St. Paul. The place is well stocked and has a small number of sheep. A good part of the work is done by the owners, assisted by other labor in the busier seasons.

We next visited the farm of Thompson and Kendall, about eight miles west of Windom, where we were received by Mr. Kendall, who is a practical farmer and directs the operations. The farm contains 4400 acres, of which 1600 are in wheat, 245 in oats, 265 in barley, 235 in flax, 150 in buckwheat, 40 in turnips, and 40 in sundries; total, 2575 acres.

On the place is a neat one-story white cottage house, the residence of Mr. Kendall and family; also, a large two-story wooden house, for boarding the farm hands, offices, etc.; two large barns; an ice-house with ninety tons of ice; four tenement houses of one story on portions of the farm that had been leased on shares; a corn crib, twenty by one hundred feet, with piggery underneath; two vegetable houses, to contain 3000 bushels; with other large barns, smaller buildings, sheds, and sheep-pens in process of construction. The farm is stocked with 84 head of cattle, a part being good

short-horns; 62 horses, mostly mares; 140 hogs, and 240 sheep, to be increased before winter to 2000, and about 1000 fowls.

At the time of our visit, July 9th, fifteen men were employed; during harvest it was expected that the number would be increased to about eighty. The average number employed during the year is some thirty-five, at a cost of about \$17 per month, their board costing \$4.50 per month.

The yield of wheat, in good seasons, is generally not less than twenty bushels to the acre; this year twelve bushels only are expected. Last year the number one wheat was worth, on the farm, seventy cents; number four, forty cents. (Owing to heavy and unseasonable rains, alternating with hot days, much of the wheat was blasted in Southern Minnesota, and graded as number four.) The oats and barley promised well. Some of the fields of oats were estimated as high as seventy bushels, and barley fifty bushels, to the acre. All but the wheat looked remarkably well. The large amount of flax here growing, as well as in other places, was solely for the oil from the seed. The fibre, which appeared to be long and excellent, was put to no use.

In harvesting the grain fourteen self-binders are used, cutting each a swath of six and a quarter feet, and fifteen acres per day.

Mr. Kendall gave me the following copy of a carefully made up detail statement of the cost per acre of wheat growing:—

ESTIMATE FOR RAISING WHEAT, FURNISHING EVERYTHING.		\$ cts. m.
Plowing $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres per day, \$20 per month wages,		
77 cents per day. Per acre	31	
Interest on team \$375, harness \$25, plow \$50, —		
\$450. Per acre	02	2
Wear and tear, 25 per cent. on outfit. Per acre	11	2
Board, man per day, 20 cents; team, 45 cents.		
Per acre	26	
Stable men's labor and board. Per acre	20	
(Stable men, wear and tear and interest on team and harness for one year included.)		
Sowing 35 acres per day, wages \$20 per month,		
77 cents per day. Per acre	02	2
Board, man 20 cents, team 45 cents per day. Per		
acre	01	9

Wear and tear on seeder \$55, 25 per cent. Per acre	08 9
Interest at 10 per cent. Per acre	2
Harvesting (wire or cord binder) for wire or cord. Per acre	50
15 acres per day, wages \$20 per month, 77 cents per day. Per acre	05 1
Board of man 25 cents, team 50 cents, per day. Per acre	05
Interest on reaper, \$250, at 10 per cent., 150 acres per machine. Per acre	16
Wear and tear on reaper, \$250, at 25 per cent., \$62.50, 150 acres per machine. Per acre	41 6
Shocking man, 77 cents per day, 10 acres per day, and board at 25 cents. Per acre	10 2
Threshing, 25 men at \$2 per day, 40 acres. Per acre	1 25
Board, 25 men at 25 cents per day, 40 acres Per acre	15 6
Interest and wear and tear on thresher and engine. Per acre	10
Marketing man, 77 cents; board, 20 cents; board of team, 45 cents; 4 acres. Per acre	32 5
Freight, 13 cents per 20 bush. Per acre	2 60
Incidentals, including interest and wear and tear on permanent investment. Per acre	2 00
Total cost per acre	\$8 69 6

This estimate makes the cost of an acre of wheat, yielding twenty bushels, placed in Chicago, with an allowance of ten per cent. interest on the whole investment for land, improvements, machinery, tools, and stock, and also of twenty-five per cent. for wear and tear of tools, machinery, and stock, to be \$8.69 6, not including seed. Allowing \$1 for the seed will make the cost of one acre of wheat, yielding twenty bushels, laid down in Chicago, and paying an ordinary interest, or profit, of ten per cent. on the entire investment, \$9.70, or forty-eight cents a bushel. With wheat at eighty-five cents a bushel in Chicago, this would give an additional profit of thirty-seven cents a bushel, or \$7.40 per acre over and above the ten per cent. of ordinary profit included in the \$9.70 of cost. At this rate, the extraordinary profit of \$7.40 per acre on the 1600 acres of wheat on that farm, on the entire investment, would be \$11,840.

But given the entire outfit of farm, stock, and tools, and putting the cost for wages and board for all work, except threshing, at \$20 a month, with threshing at \$2 per day, the cost of plowing per acre was thirty-one cents; of

sowing, three cents; harvesting, sixty-five cents; and threshing, \$1.25; total, \$2.24 per acre. Adding seed at \$1 per acre would give the total cost of wheat growing at \$3.24 per acre, or a little less than twenty-one cents per bushel on sixteen bushels to the acre, which is the general average for the State. Valuing the wheat at seventy cents per bushel on the farm would give a profit of forty-nine cents per bushel, or \$7.84 per acre, or \$12,544 for the 1600 acres of wheat. By either calculation it is seen that Commissioner Drake's estimate of fifty-five per cent. profit per annum is largely within the figure, as the appreciation in the value of the land would much more than repay the expenditures for improvement upon it. With twenty bushels to the acre the profit would be \$17,216, and with twelve bushels to the acre, the amount expected this year, the profit would be \$8256. The total value of 1600 acres of wheat, at seventy cents per bushel and sixteen bushels to the acre, is \$17,920.

These being the results of actual operations, Commissioner Drake's enthusiasm appears to be fully justified.

From Windom to Sioux Falls, ninety-two miles, was through a country of remarkable beauty, with the land rolling in long and gentle swells, covered with fine grasses, and dotted in wide distances with the improvements and shanties of the small farmers. Occasionally were seen the broad fields and large improvements of the great agricultural adventurers, with numbers of small towns upon the line of the road. On my return I stopped at Laverne, 211 miles from St. Paul, and made my way to the bluff to the north, which proved to be about three miles distant. From the edge of the bluff was presented a magnificent stretch of beautiful country, which, from my point of view, appeared to be without swell or billow of any kind, except upon the opposite side of the valley, where there was a gentle rise to an

apparently interminable plain. In this vast stretch the sparsity of the population was very noticeable. About five miles to the southeast were distinctly seen the farm buildings of the Rock County farm, one of my objective points.

The next morning I drove to the farm of the Rock County Farming Company. The company is incorporated, the owners being Messrs. Thompson, Blakely, and Warner, well-known capitalists of St. Paul. I was received by the superintendent, who drove me over the place, and gave such information as was desired. The farm contains 21,000 acres, of which 4625 are now under cultivation, with a large amount of land newly broken, that will be seeded for next year's crop. Of this amount, 3251 acres are in wheat; 312 acres in barley; 550 acres in oats; 312 acres in flax; and 200 in corn. There are ninety-six horses and mules; twenty-six harvesters; three straw-burning steam threshers; and other farming implements, of the total value of \$15,000. On the place are two stations, about two miles apart, each having one house and two large barns, with other necessary buildings for the care of tools, stock, etc. The house at station one is of wood, two stories high, double, painted white, lathed and plastered, containing the office of the superintendent and boarding accommodation for a large number of men. At station two the house is smaller, of one and a half stories, painted brown, without lath or plaster, and fitted up specially for a boarding-house for the farm hands. The farm is immediately on the line of the railroad, and has two railroad station houses. The number of men employed is, for the month of March, twenty; April and May, fifty-six; June to July 20th, forty; July 20th to August 20th, one hundred and fifteen; August 20th to November 15th, seventy; November 15th to the end of February, twelve. The average wages are \$18 per month.

In going over the farm I had an excellent opportunity to observe the difference between good and bad cultivation. In some of the fields a portion of the wheat looked well, and would in all probability yield eighteen to twenty-two bushels to the acre; whilst the other portion was short, thin, choked with weeds, and would not yield more than ten bushels. One part had been well plowed, harrowed, and seeded, showing wheat without weeds, of better growth and good stand. There can be no doubt that much of the partial as well as total failure that I observed might have been very much lessened, if not altogether averted, by better cultivation. Here, as in other places, the corn, oats, and barley gave better promise than the wheat, though some of the fields of wheat had a very good appearance. In a number of places there were gangs of a dozen or more plows engaged in breaking new ground for next year. Each plow was of the sulky pattern, with disk coulter, drawn by three mules or horses, the driver occupying a seat between the wheels. One of the plows was of a new pattern, being without a land side, and cutting a sixteen-inch-wide furrow, four and a half inches deep, which it turned beautifully.

On this farm, and at other points on this road, grasshoppers were doing some damage. Earlier in the season the superintendent had made a raid upon them, and he showed me some black heaps, which he said contained fifty-six bushels of that insect plague, and which he had caught in a tar machine from the side of one quarter section.

Everywhere fruit-growing appeared to be altogether neglected, and vegetable gardens and poultry were scarce.

I was informed that the large farmers on the road obtained "special rates" for their transportation, and that these rates were fifty per cent. below the rates charged to the small farmers; and that their farming implements and machin-

ery were obtained at thirty-three and one third per cent. discount from published prices.

The buildings of some of the small farmers who have been located here for four or five years, or more, had a comfortable appearance; but the new settlers were generally without a sign of comfort. So far as I could learn, in conversation with them and upon inquiry, there was the same distress that I had found in Kansas and other places. In speaking of this matter with the superintendent of the Rock County farm, he told me of an incident in his farm business that illustrated their poverty. Having occasion to find board for some of his men who were at work at a distance too far from either station to be boarded there, he made application to one of the small farmers in the neighborhood. Yes, he would be glad to do it; but before he took them he must get some wood, as he had none; and he had not more than enough flour for one day, and he had no groceries, and the store-keeper would not give him credit. The superintendent then applied to another farmer, who had wood and flour enough to last for a few days, but neither coffee, tea, sugar, lard, nor other groceries, and the grocer would not credit him. The superintendent supplied the farmer with what he needed, and sent the men to him. In town I was told that generally the small farmers were hopelessly in debt, and so I was informed by some of the farmers themselves.

Flour was selling in the towns at \$7 a barrel. I did not anywhere notice any flouring mills.

The valley of the Red River of the North, in the northern part of Dakota and the southern portion of Manitoba, is about three hundred and fifty miles in length, north and south, and sixty miles wide, east and west, of unsurpassed fertility and beauty, the timber being confined to the immediate margins of the streams. The surface is nearly

level, with hardly sufficient dip to afford to all parts a thorough drainage; but much the larger part is well drained by the smaller water-courses that empty into the Red River, giving large bodies of rich vegetable and alluvial loam, well adapted to the growth of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and the vegetables grown in the Northern States. It is too far north for corn. The wetter portions of the valley afford abundant grass, which is used for feeding and cut for hay. It is claimed that the capabilities of this valley are equal to the present wheat production of the whole United States. The Northern Pacific road crosses the valley at Fargo, which lies on the west side of the river, about fifty miles above its southern end, and holds a land grant of forty miles on each side of its track. The St. Paul and Manitoba road traverses the valley from south to north, about ten miles to the east of the river.

The failure of Jay Cooke & Co., in 1873, had the effect of throwing large bodies of the lands belonging to the Northern Pacific road into the hands of the holders of its securities. Among them were the owners of some of the farms hereafter described.

Oliver Dalrymple, of St. Paul, the pioneer in the great farm operations in this country in the Northwest, began fourteen years ago, in Minnesota, near St. Paul, where for a number of years he successfully cultivated a farm of 2500 acres. At the time he commenced his operations near St. Paul, in 1866, he paid \$2 a bushel for his seed wheat, and sold his crop for \$1.83 per bushel; from his first crop paying for the whole investment, and leaving a large surplus.

After the Northern Pacific lands had passed into individual hands, as above referred to, Mr. Dalrymple entered into an arrangement with some of the holders, by which he was to undertake the management of their lands in the growing of wheat and other products, — the

proprietors of the lands to furnish land, stock, and tools, and the capital required for seed, labor, and improvements, — upon condition that when the products of the farms had repaid all the expenditures, with an agreed interest, he was to receive a clear title of one half of each farm with its stock and improvements.

In the spring of 1876 he commenced his operations near Castleton, upon what are known as the Cass farm, of 6355 acres, and the Cheney farm, of 5200 acres. The following year work was begun on the Grandin farm, at Grandin, of 40,000 acres. Subsequently, Mr. Dalrymple obtained in his own right the Alton farm, of 4000 acres, adjoining the Cass farm.

On arriving at Fargo, July 12th, I attempted to find Mr. Dalrymple at his office in that town, but did not succeed, he being at Castleton. Most fortunately, I encountered Mr. J. L. Grandin, who at once cordially invited me to his farm at Grandin, thirty-six miles to the north of Fargo.

That portion of the farm known as the Grandin, in which Mr. Dalrymple has an interest and which he manages, lies on the west side of the Red River, about six miles to the north of Elm River, a tributary. It has a frontage on Red River of four miles, and contains 28,000 acres. A portion, only, is in a solid body; on the western side the alternate government sections being held by other parties. Some six miles farther to the north, on Goose River, another tributary of the Red, is another body of 12,000 acres, which make up the 40,000 acres of the Grandin farm. Twenty-four miles to the west the Grandin brothers, J. L., W. J., and E. B. Grandin, bankers of Tidioite, Pennsylvania, have a farm of nearly 30,000 acres, known as the Mayville farm, in which Mr. Dalrymple has no interest. This last farm is designed for stock raising, being well supplied with water from the heads of the Elm and Goose rivers, and

has at present 250 head of cattle. About 200 acres are in oats and barley, with some wheat, and 600 to 800 tons of hay are cut.

J. L. Grandin is the principal owner of the 40,000 acre, or Grandin farm. At present there are on the farm three stations, or points where are located the farm buildings necessary for the operations in their sections. Station one is in the northeastern part of the 28,000 acre tract, about 250 yards distant from the river. At this station are two dwellings, both of two stories and good size, one being the residence of the local superintendent and the foreman at that station; the other is fitted up specially as a boarding-house for the farm hands. There are also two large barns, the general farm office, a large building for the storage and care of the farm tools, known as machinery hall, a steam feed-mill, blacksmith shop, granary, vegetable store-houses, piggery, sheds, etc., — in all thirteen good, substantial, well-painted buildings, having the appearance, at a short distance, of a considerable village. At this station are two large windmills, one near the superintendent's residence; the other on the bank of the river, about 300 yards distant, that forces water into a tank at the station. On the bank of the river is a store-house for the shipment of grain, with two cars to run on a double wooden tramway, so arranged that the loaded car in descending to the boat will draw up the empty one. Station two is two and one half miles to the south of station one, containing the dwelling of the foreman at that station and a boarding-house, both smaller than at station one, a machinery hall, a large barn, and a blacksmith shop, with other buildings, eight in all, substantial and well painted. At this station is a large water tank, filled by a windmill on the bank of the river, one half mile to the east. On the river-bank at that point is another store-house like that at station one, and for

the same purpose. Station three, one half mile south and one mile west of station two, has one dwelling of one and a half stories for the foreman there located, and cooking arrangements for the men there employed, who find sleeping room in the loft over the machinery hall; beside which is a large barn and other smaller buildings. At this station there was being erected a granary of the capacity of 50,000 bushels. The buildings of this station are of the same substantial character as the others upon the farm. The three stations are connected by telegraph and telephone, and with the general office at station one.

The numbers employed on the place are, from April 1st to May 1st, 150 men; from May 1st to July 15th, twenty men, but if breaking new ground, fifty men; from July 15th to July 30th, 100 men; from August 1st to September 15th, 250 men; from September 15th to November 1st, seventy-five men; from November 1st to April 1st, ten men.

The wages are, from November 1st to April 1st, \$15 per month; from April 1st to May 1st, \$18; from May 1st to August 1st, \$16; from August 1st to August 15th, \$2 per day; from August 15th to September 15th, \$1.50 per day; from September 15th to November 1st, \$18 per month.

The tools, machinery, and animals employed are, sixty-seven plows, of which eleven are gangs of two plows each; sixty-four harrows; thirty-two seeders of eight feet; six mowers; thirty-four self-binding harvesters; seven steam-engines and threshers, adapted to burning straw for fuel; fifty wagons; and 125 head of horses and mules. For thirty days thirty teams of two horses are hired. There are on the place 100 hogs and pigs and thirty head of cattle, but no poultry. This year there are 5300 acres in cultivation, of which 4855 acres are in wheat, 304 acres in oats, 127 acres in barley, and nine acres in potatoes. Amount of hay cut, about 1000 tons.

The men are called up at four o'clock in the morning, breakfast, and get to work at a little after five, and continued till seven P. M., with one hour at noon for dinner, making nearly thirteen hours of work per day.

Every facility was afforded for the fullest observation, and it would be difficult to find a finer sight than was presented by those magnificent fields of grain, standing breast-high, and taking on the golden yellow that precedes the harvest, the top, as far as the eye could reach, as level and smooth as a great table, and when fanned by the wind moving in ripples like a great sea.

It was believed that the yield of wheat would be at least twenty bushels to the acre. Some portions, it was said, would give more than thirty bushels. It certainly was very fine.

The grain grown upon that farm and others near the river was shipped to Fargo by way of the Grandin line of steamers; the river, although narrow and tortuous, affording plenty of water for boats of light draught, the current appearing to run about two and a half or three miles an hour.

On my return to Fargo, by stage, I had for companions two gentlemen from Iowa, who had been examining the valley up to near the British line. They told me that farther to the north the wheat appeared to be even better than at Grandin or nearer Fargo. My attention was again particularly attracted by the numerous and large fields of wheat and oats, some of them a mile square, all along the road, and away from it as far as could be seen from the top of the stage. Inquiry of the driver gave me the information that much the larger portion belonged to men doing business in Fargo, or its neighborhood. It was Dr. A, or Lawyer B, or some merchant, or trader, or speculator, who owned this or that field. There, as elsewhere, everybody had turned wheat grower, or farmer of some kind.

Two miles east of Castleton, and eighteen west of Fargo, is the station of Dalrymple and the site of the Cass, Cheney, and Alton farms, forming one compact body of land upon the two sides of the road, six miles in length north and south, and four miles in width east and west; this being one wheat field for the six miles north and south, and three miles upon the road, except a few small fields of oats and barley.

The Cass farm, owned by Charles W. Cass, of New York city, has 6355 acres, of which 4327 acres are in wheat, and 350 acres in oats and barley; newly broken ground for next year's seeding, 320 acres. The Cheney farm, of 5200, acres owned by Benjamin P. Cheney, Boston, Massachusetts, has 3480 acres in wheat and 320 acres in oats and barley. No new land broken. The Alton farm, of 4000 acres, the exclusive property of Mr. Dalrymple, has about 2000 acres in grain (I have not the exact figures), and 1200 acres of newly broken land.

The Cass and Cheney farms will employ, during harvest and threshing, 235 men; the Alton farm in the same ratio, or about fifty-five men. During the winter season each farm will require two or three men to take care of the stock and look after the machinery and buildings, — say seven men. Where no new land is broken, not more than ten men are needed on either farm between seed time and harvest, — say twenty-five men for the three farms. During seed time the three farms employ about 125 men.

The four farms, being under one management and conducted on the same principle, require the same number of men, animals, and tools for every hundred acres under cultivation, and are under substantially the same rate of expense; so that the report for the Grandin farm will closely indicate the working force and methods of the others. The accounts of each farm are kept altogether separate and distinct. Every-

where was observed the same evidence of good husbandry, substantial and well-kept buildings and improvements, tools and stock, as on the Grandin farm. In none of the fields were weeds to be seen. There are no field fences. The face of the country is one broad, unbroken field, except for an occasional station of the large farms or small farm buildings.

Most persons in reading of fields described by hundreds and thousands of acres can form but little idea of their actual or comparative extent. To assist to a better understanding of the size of these fields and farms, I will state that Manhattan Island, the site of the city of New York, has an area of about twenty-two square miles or 14,000 acres. The fields of grain of the three farms lying together, near Castleton, contain an area of 10,477 acres, or about three fourths of the area of the city of New York. The Grandin farm of 40,000 acres has space enough for three cities like New York. The whole farm property of the Grandins would furnish sites for five such cities. Whatever else may be said of these operations, they certainly are not wanting in grandeur.

It was claimed that the yield of wheat on these three farms would not be less than twenty-two bushels to the acre. Some portions of the fields on the Alton farm were the finest that I had ever seen.

A careful estimate of the cost of wheat growing on the four farms under Mr. Dalrymple's management would show a cost materially less than that given by Mr. Kendall on the Thompson and Kendall farm, which was \$3.24 per acre, the land, stock, and tools being furnished. But on the Thompson and Kendall basis of \$3.24 per acre of cost, with twenty bushels per acre of yield, at seventy cents per bushel, there would be a cost of a little more than sixteen cents a bushel, and a profit of \$10.76 per acre. This would give a profit on the crop of wheat on the four farms of \$157,763,

or for the Grandin farm alone of \$52,239. The total value of the whole amount of wheat at seventy cents would be \$205,268, or for the Grandin farm, \$67,970. But the proprietors confidently expect to realize not less than ninety cents a bushel for their wheat, on account of its superiority and the facilities they can command for transportation and storage. They, also, have "special railroad rates."

Between Fargo and Bismarck, a distance of 194 miles, are many farms of the size of thousands of acres, that are already under partial cultivation, or are being prepared for immediate cultivation under similar conditions. Among those farthest west may be mentioned one at the eighth siding, eighty-three miles from Fargo, the farm of Adams and Russell, with 700 acres in grain; at the thirteenth siding, 143 miles west, the Troy farm, owned by Van Deusen, of Troy, New York, with 1400 acres now broken for next year; at the fourteenth siding, 151 miles west, the farm owned by Steele, of Milwaukee, of 5120 acres, with 750 acres in grain and 1200 acres of new land broken; and at the seventeenth siding, 181 miles west, the Clark farm, owned by capitalists in Philadelphia, who are said to hold vast tracts on both sides of the road, with 500 acres in grain and 1000 of new land broken. These farms I saw from the cars, and I learned that for miles upon either side of the road similar farms and work were to be seen.

The small farmers and their shanties in that region were not numerous; but so far as I could learn, their condition was not relatively better nor worse than in other sections.

In Minnesota, as in Dakota and Kansas, a large portion of the residents of the towns, especially on the lines of the railroads, with the officers, conductors, engineers, and other employees of the roads, were generally adventurers in agriculture, holding and cultivating by

contract, shares, or otherwise, such lands as they could obtain and work.

I found that in most places, from Brainard, Minnesota, to Bismarck, Dakota, in all the great region where wheat is grown so abundantly and cheaply, first-class flour, such as was made from the quality of grain there grown, was selling at about \$7 a barrel. I did not observe any flouring mills upon the lines of the roads.

I particularly noticed the conspicuous absence of women and children on the large farms. In no case was the permanent residence of a family to be found upon them, nor anything that could be called a home, with a possible exception in the case of Mr. Kendall, on the Thompson and Kendall farm. The idea of home does not pertain to them; they are simply business ventures.

Naturally, this will save all expense of schools or churches in their neighborhood, and the school-master and clergyman will there have a perpetual holiday. But I was pleased to see that a Sunday service was held on the Grandin farm, conducted by the book-keeper.

Throughout my tour it was noticed that there was a great abundance of unemployed labor. The morning I left the Grandin farm there were at one time thirteen men at the office door soliciting work, a portion only obtaining it, the others tramping onwards in further search. On one of the farms I inquired of one man what pay he was receiving. He said, eight dollars; but he was promised more during harvest. I then asked him where he expected to get work after the harvest was over. He said he did not expect to be able to find any before the next spring's work commenced.

To weigh well the economic effects of the developments here considered, it must be remembered that they are yet in their infancy; that they are mainly the growth of the last half of the present decade; and we must make some effort to estimate the probable future develop-

ment of the same forces and effects under the present rate of acceleration. All parties engaged in these operations concurred in the statement that great numbers of capitalists who are already large holders of agricultural lands, as well as others who have not yet obtained any, are only waiting the favorable result of the present harvest before they also enter into the business. The amount of new land broken, in all directions, for future seeding is very great.

The two great facts shown by these observations are that those who have gone into wheat growing upon a large scale, making use of the most improved machinery and cheap labor, are making colossal fortunes at seventy cents per bushel for wheat, limited only by the number of acres cultivated and the skill with which the work is done, and that wheat may be grown at large profit for less than forty cents per bushel; but that, on the other hand, the small farmers, depending mainly on their own labor, with limited capital and less machinery, are not making a comfortable subsistence, but are running behindhand, and must go under, and that a further reduction in the market price for food products must hasten their end.

The development of the large farm interest is by no means confined to Kansas, Minnesota, and Dakota. The sections covered in my tour are but three points where these developments have been the most recent as well as of great extent. In Texas there has been a movement in the same direction of perhaps unparalleled magnitude.

California is noted for its great farms of tens of thousands of acres, and the great extent of its area cultivated by tenantry. Throughout the whole region of that portion of our Western country which was not cursed by the existence of slavery there has, within the present decade, been an alarming increase in the number of great land-holders, who, with all the power of capital and cheap labor,

have entered into deadly competition with the small farmer. Before the census of 1870 had been taken, the movement had already begun throughout all the free States, as shown by the following table: in which are presented first, the number of farms of 1000 acres and upwards in the non-slaveholding States west of Ohio, in the years 1860 and 1870; and, second, the number of farms of the same character in the non-slaveholding States east of Ohio, and including that State, as shown by the census reports for 1870.

	1860	1870		1860	1870
California	262	718	Connecticut	4	1
Illinois	194	302	Maine	2	0
Indiana	74	76	Massachusetts	0	3
Iowa	10	38	New Hamp-		
Kansas	1	18	shire	4	6
Michigan	3	5	New Jersey	6	8
Minnesota	0	2	New York	21	38
Nebraska	1	0	Ohio	112	69
Nevada	2	3	Pennsylvania	15	76
Oregon	47	88	Rhode Island	0	2
Utah	0	2	Vermont	11	15
Washington	1	12			
Wisconsin	11	32			
	606	1286		175	216

In the Northwestern States, between 1860 and 1870, the number had more than doubled, and in the northeastern section, the very oldest portion of the agricultural region of our country, the increase had been nineteen per cent.

Of the movement in the present decade enough has been shown to demonstrate that within the last twenty years we have taken immense strides in placing our country in the position in which Europe is found after a thousand years of feudal robbery and tyranny of wealth, — with the lands concentrated in large tracts in the hands of the few, and cultivated by a people who are dependent upon the rich.

Under the operations of what capitalistic economists declare to be a "beneficent competition" and the present great division of labor, the small farmer cannot successfully compete with his gigantic neighbor who commands unlimited resources of capital and cheap labor.

Before the present great division of labor, the farmer and his family, when not employed in planting and reaping, were engaged in spinning and weaving, and the other manufacturing operations of the farm household which provided the family with the food, clothing, and shelter necessary for a comfortable and often luxurious subsistence. But now, through the changes that have been wrought by machinery and new forces, the domestic manufacturing industries have been irretrievably destroyed, or developed under other forms and conditions in the towns and cities, leaving to the farm only the work of producing the raw products of bread and meat. Even these raw products must go into the market for manufacture, under the conditions described in the milling operations in Kansas, before the farmer can use any portion of them for his own food, as must the raw products of cotton and wool before their growers can use them for clothing. But bread and meat do not form more than one fourth part of the subsistence of society, nor of any of the members of society,—not even of the farmers. Therefore the farmer must have such a market for his raw food products as will supply him with all the necessities of life, or he will starve as surely as the manufacturers of cloth, or the makers of boots and shoes. But the imperative laws of the seasons have limited the time for the effective industry of the farmer to about one fourth part of the year, during which time the small farmer must make provision for all his force for the full year, and from the fruit of the labor of himself and his own family solely, during seed time and harvest, must provide for all their wants and comforts until the return of those seasons.

But with the capitalistic farmer it is very different. The facts that I have gathered show that upon the Grandin farm, for example, during the four weeks of seed time, from April 1st to May 1st, there were 150 men employed; and for

the six weeks of harvest, from August 1st to September 15th, there were 250 men, at wages that would barely support the workers during the time they worked; for the five months from November 1st to April 1st, there would be only ten men, as estimated, but in fact only five were employed during that period of the past season, with neither woman nor child at any time. While the small farmer is compelled to feed, clothe, shelter, and altogether provide for the same number of persons for the whole year, the capitalist feeds, clothes, and shelters only about one fourth of the number, in proportion to the amount of work done, and that for less than one fourth of the year. In doing this the capitalist brings to his assistance the most improved and highly developed machinery, such as the small farmer can utilize to but a comparatively slight degree.

Against the unlimited use of this combination of capital, machinery, and cheap labor the individual farmer, either singly or in communities, cannot successfully contend, and must go under. It is a combination of the most powerful social and economic forces known to man, and all efforts for competition must and will fail so long as the three remain united.

The development of the large farm interest has the direct and immediate effect of impoverishing the sections in which the farms exist, and skinning the lands without any compensating benefits. Not one dollar of the gross amount or net profit received from the products of the soil is returned and placed upon the land from which it is taken, except in the construction of the fewest buildings necessary to shelter and protect the laborers in the working season, and for the care of the work stock and the tools. On the whole 5300 cultivated acres of the Grandin farm there was not one family finding a permanent home by virtue of title in the soil, where there should have been at least one to every fifty

acres of plow land, or 106 families. This would give 106 houses in place of the five there at present, and 106 barns in place of three, with other buildings in like proportion; and a population of at least 500, where there is not now one fixed inhabitant, with all the accessories of household comforts and home improvements that do not now exist in the smallest degree.

The large development of the tenant system of farming is an evil of the greatest magnitude. The effects of the system have been too apparent in Europe to require any discussion in these pages. But with us it has features worse than any ever known in Europe. The tenants in England hold leases and occupa-

tions that practically run for life, and often are kept in families for generations, which give encouragement for great improvements, and the farms are practically homesteads. But with us the leases are uniformly for short terms, with no encouragement for improvements, and the farms are never homes. In England the rent has rarely reached, and never exceeded, one quarter the gross product; but in the United States it is commonly one half. Under the English tenant system the land is thoroughly cultivated and improved; with us it is impoverished. There is not one redeeming feature in the whole system in America, and it is in every way worse than in Europe.

OLD CREOLE DAYS AND OTHER NOVELS.

THE fugitive sketches of George Cable, collected under the attractive title of *Old Creole Days*,¹ are as fresh in matter, as vivacious in treatment, and as full of wit as were *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and its audacious fellows when they came, while they are much more humane and delicate in feeling. The scene of all these seven sketches is laid in New Orleans; and certainly no other city on this continent ever began to exhibit such bizarre conjunctions of race and lively clashings of race prejudice as did the Gulf city during the earlier half of the present century, — for a generation or so after the cession of Louisiana. Mr. Cable has availed himself specially of these contrasts to give animation to his legends and reminiscences. French and Spanish creoles, negroes, half-breed Indians, and *Américains* of every grade circulate gayly through his pages, meet and part with immense evo-

lution of electricity; and "we hear them speak each in his own tongue," for the author's mastery over mongrel dialects is something marvelous. Surely never before were such novel and varied vocal effects represented by the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet and a few italics and apostrophes. Mr. Cable draws powerfully upon his readers' emotions also, touching rapidly and surely the stops of laughter and of tears. Some of his plots are better made than others, and occasionally he is almost over-dramatic, relying solely upon the action of his puppets, and hardly pausing or condescending to explain sufficiently, in his own person, to make his motive intelligible. But again, as in the smiling tale of *Madame Delicieuse*, the construction is perfect, — airy as gossamer, and yet firm as steel. The *Belles Demoiselles Plantation* is the most pathetic of the seven legends. *Jean-ah Paquelin* is darker and grimmer in its tragedy, but singularly impressive. *Posson Jone*'s

¹ *Old Creole Days*. By GEORGE CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

exquisitely droll. One and all have an ardor, a spontaneity, a grace of movement, a touch of fire, which are severally present as elements, and summed up in that rarest of endowments, an original and delightful style. Mr. Cable's dialogues are so concise and complete that quotation cannot illustrate them. Each one is a dramatic whole, which to break is to mutilate. A short extract may, however, convey some slight notion of the energy and effectiveness of his descriptive style:—

"The count's grant had once been a long point, round which the Mississippi used to whirl and seethe and foam so that it was horrid to behold. Big whirlpools would open and wheel about in the savage eddies under the low bank, and close up again, and others open and spin and disappear. Great circles of muddy surface would boil up from hundreds of feet below, and gloss over, and seem to float away,—sink, come back again under water, and, with only a soft hiss, surge up again, and again drift off and vanish. Every few minutes the loamy bank would tip down a great load of earth upon its besieger, and fall back a foot,—sometimes a yard,—and the writhing river would press after, until at last the Pointe was quite swallowed up, and the great river glided by in a majestic curve, and asked no more. The bank stood fast, the 'caving' became a forgotten misfortune, and the diminished grant was a long, sweeping, willowy bend, rustling with miles of sugar-cane."

Not even Mr. Cable, however, can be held to have won his double-first until he has acquitted himself of a long romance, and shown that he can suspend his reader's attention, and sustain through at least three hundred pages the same sort of exhilarating interest with which he has so easily invested his detached pieces. Short of his high possibilities, there is a variety of gifts and methods, any one of which faithfully and skillfully employed is worthy of respect, and may

succeed in producing even upon sophisticated minds a genuine, if transient, effect of novelty. The first and most legitimate of these methods prepense is an old and too much discredited one,—the resolute and patient search, namely, for an ingenious plot. This need not even be matter of invention, but only of watchfulness and memory. The permutations and combinations of actual human life are infinite. All the grimy circulating libraries in this land of common schools would not suffice to contain them. Any person who should have taken notes of all the "ower true" tales he ever heard—of all on which he ever felt impelled to make the new and striking commentary, "Truth is stranger than fiction"—would possess plots enough, in the rough, to furnish a Dumas and all his workmen for a life-time. It is not every one, however, who can work up a provided plot, but almost any one can learn to do so. It is mechanical dexterity that is needed here,—the fruit of hard practice backed by dogged determination. There are books, indeed, whose materials are excellent, which are made worthless and woful simply by the indolence of their writers; but there are a great many more in which the author naively relies on his own fancied fascinations, on the indirect revelation of a personality which is supremely self-interesting, to render attractive themes altogether too slight and trite. Just now, to be sure, the *roman intime* is not specially in fashion, and it had better, perhaps, be resigned to the Latins who invented it. But when a writer who has already won the affections of the public, and who has given abundant proof upon other occasions of some dramatic ability, is willing to lay self aside, and hunt the humble by-places of unrecorded fact for strange characters and fates perturbed and implicated by sinister and incalculable events, we have the second-best reason possible for expecting an engrossing result.

And this is precisely what Miss Ingelow has done in her latest prose romance, *Sarah de Berenger*.¹ Her first, *Off the Skellings*, was a novel of conversation and character purely; the incidents, for the most part, simple and domestic, the sentiment mild. In *Fated to be Free*, still working with the same commonplace materials, she sought to heighten their effect by introducing a mystery, — a family secret, which the author herself respected so profoundly that she could not quite make up her mind to disclose it even at the end, and so its importance to the story was never made perfectly clear. In her third attempt, she has proceeded in a much more workman-like manner. She has discovered, or devised, a situation at once extremely new and curious, and not absolutely improbable. An English peasant woman, with an education somewhat above her rank in life, and a soul very much so, marries an exceedingly bad man, a lame cobbler, with a delicate, handsome face, who, after committing almost every crime in the decalogue, is convicted of burglary and sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years. The woman — Hannah Dill by name — has an infant girl born after the father's conviction, and another not quite two years old, and is left, of course, in abject poverty. But before she has regained her strength after her confinement, she falls heir to a little fortune from a far-away relative, — a thriving tradesman in a distant town. It is enough to place herself and her children beyond the reach of want, and she resolves that, at the cost of any sacrifice to herself, she will so use this money as to place them, at least, beyond the reach of shame. She therefore changes her own name and that of the children, taking a homely one herself, and adopting for the little girls, almost at random, the aristocratic *De Berenger*. She then quits the region where her husband's story was known,

and appears at a quiet watering-place on a distant part of the coast in the character of the children's nurse. She dresses and treats them in all respects like the children of gentlefolks, who have been placed in her charge by parents in some foreign land, — presumably India; and her extremely respectable appearance and unremitting devotion to her little charges go far to justify the extraordinary confidence which seems to have been reposed in her. As time goes on, everything favors the success of her self-abnegating stratagem. She falls in with *bona fide* *De Berengers*, who are led by a singular succession of accidents to accept, and in some sort adopt, the little waifs as connections of their family. The rich and eccentric spinster for whom the book (mistakenly, we think) is named having resolved, with a characteristic contempt of evidence, that these are the children of a certain favorite nephew of her own, a scapegrace who died under a cloud in India, proceeds to prefer them to all her authentic heirs-at-law, and in the end bequeaths them her wealth. The plot is really so very skillfully and up to a certain point strongly made that, like an ingenious machine, it seems for a while to go of itself, and to evolve strange incidents and complications without the perceptible interference of the author's hand. The children, who have inherited the delicate personal beauty of their worthless father, grow up, in the refined atmosphere of the rural rectory which becomes their home, sweet-tempered, high-minded, and thorough-bred. The mother, having first managed legally to transfer her little competence to her girls, takes service in the same house, feeds her eyes upon their ripening loveliness, her heart by humble cares for them, and never once betrays her consanguinity. Just as they are blooming into early womanhood, the father is released from prison, having served out his full term. The wife tries for a time to keep herself hidden, but is

¹ *Sarah de Berenger*. A novel. By JEAN INGELow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

at last seen and recognized by her husband. He is apparently a reformed man. The woman for whom he once forsook his wife is dead. He has heard, and fully believes, that his legitimate children are also dead, and his wife's little legacy lost by an unfortunate investment; and she tacitly allows these impressions, but considers it a matter both of conscience and prudence to return to her husband, — quitting abruptly the happy place of service where she had her darlings constantly under her eye, and leaving there no clue to her whereabouts. From this point the story moves faster, and constantly gains in power and pathos. The tale of the cobbler's conversion in prison, the strange explanation and agreement between husband and wife, the sad and stern reconciliation of the injured woman, the curious association in her simple soul of a mystical faith in the criminal's "forgiveness" with an instinctive shrinking, which deepens into intense aversion, whenever he inclines to publish or parade his repentance, — all these are wonderfully well studied and poetically portrayed. The pathos of the story, which becomes extreme at its close, is very finely reserved. It is all in situation, as it should be, — never in phraseology. The mother sees her daughters, whom she had lifted up by her own self-annihilation, only once again before she leaves them in the lot to which they were not born. It is on the morning of the marriage of the elder and of her own death, and even then she is recognized only as the fond old servant, and her true story is never known.

There are some artistic faults in Miss Ingelow's romance. Sarah de Berenger herself must be pronounced a failure. She may very well have existed, or even have been selected from life, but she is not well "taken." There are plenty of absurd people in the world, and no end of inconsequent talk, but hers has not the ring of reality. The right note is never quite reached. Miss

Ingelow seems to have reasoned that we have all known people queer and perverse enough to have assisted, out of their mere wrong-headedness, the unnatural consummation of her story; and so we have. But queer characters are like extraordinary effects in nature, — it is extremely difficult to represent them artistically. When a particularly quaint or glaring object is introduced the whole picture must be toned up to it, or it remains a helpless monstrosity. Miss Austen may possibly not have known this, but she did it perfectly, in Mr. Collins, in Miss Bates, in all her preëminently delightful fools, whose effect she subdued by such fine gradations of folly in the minor characters. The other De Berengers do not so subdue Sarah, and her crowning freak, whereby the poor mother is enabled to complete and confirm her self-sacrifice, appears like a preposterous invention. The story is also marred by much fragmentary and futile discussion of the temperance question. It is not proven that a novel with a purpose can be, under any circumstances, a first-rate novel, but it is quite certain that he who would present his theories in a dramatic form must have the one-sidedness of absolute conviction and be impelled by overmastering zeal. Idle and impartial considerations are only so much rubbish impeding the movement of the play. Just so the question of pauper emigration was dragged into *Off the Skellings*, and dragged out again. It had no vital connection with the tale, and no more had temperance with the tragedy of *Hannah Dill*.

And still Sarah de Berenger is a marked book, more than ordinarily symmetrical and impressive. Indirectly, moreover, and quite independently of the temperance tirades, it suggests thought — as the work of so thoughtful and philanthropic a spirit could hardly fail to do — on more than one doubtful problem of morals and sociology: whether deception is ever justified by beneficent re-

sults, — for of course the first and last word of any honorable man of affairs on such a performance as poor Hannah's would be that it was both virtually impossible and unpardonably wrong; and again, is breeding really so much more than birth that the Dill children could possibly, even under circumstances happy as theirs became, have grown up into the dainty, tender, delicate-minded De Berengers?

Miss Ingelow's answer to the latter query is radically democratic, and contrasts oddly with the depth and strength and deliberateness of proletarian conviction expressed in the work of a new American writer, bearing the significant if somewhat hackneyed title, *A Man's a Man for a' That*.¹ The plot is as threadbare as the name is familiar, yet the book secures attention. Two young Americans travel in Europe and fall in love. Can the reader count the number of American tales of the last five years which may be thus epitomized? The novelty in this case is to be found in a sort of inherent intensity, not to say animosity, of temper, which raises the power of quite ordinary feelings and experiences till they loom up almost epic. A man's a man for a' that here means a man's a gentleman for a' that, and the "a' that" of vulgar origin, sordid fortunes, and a hideous environment is realized and set forth with a certain fierce ability and keen, caustic, bitter appreciation of the ludicrous. On this grim background is limned the figure of a hero, — a little too unnaturally knightly and perfect to be wholly attractive, and yet a breathing man, who interests us, and whom, on the whole, we admire. He is masterful, and yet gentle; honorable and sincere. His one great weakness — that of being unduly sensitive about his social disadvantages — seems hardly to have been regarded as a blem-

ish by his eulogistic biographer, while it is enough to make him possible in a fallen world. He is rather inconsequently and defiantly called Edel Schuyler, — a Knickerbocker name being just as cheap as another in a book, — and his development is traced with a species of fervor and unreserve, and there is a blending of pedantry and passion in the language of many parts of the narrative, which would once have been thought unfeminine, but which rather suffices, under the new régime, to render superfluous the author's distinct profession of unfranchised sex. There is at least nothing weak or slow, and much which is truly and in the best sense of the word romantic, about the loves of Sir Edel and Agnes Condolet, the high-born damsel whom he wins to share his obscurity, but whose immense and abrupt social descent is surely overdrawn. Agnes was too distinguished to have parted with every atom of her prestige, even in lands of primogeniture and technical misalliance, while the utmost difference between gentility and humility of position in any known Lindenhurst could hardly have been great enough to involve tragic consequences. Nevertheless there are some plain truths racily told in the latter part of the book, and an artistic fitness, greater perhaps than the writer herself intended, in the final adjustment, whereby the hero shakes from his feet the dust of an ungrateful and *uninviting* country, offers the use of his wife's money and his own unappreciated talents to the safest side of the least chivalric of causes, and ends his days in literature comfortably and congenially, as a pampered exile and the pet of the most bourgeois of living European monarchs.

The title, *Moondyne*; or, *A Tale of the Under-World*,² is in itself so peculiar and grewsome that it seems fit to forestall any shock of surprise which might

¹ *A Man's a Man for a' That*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

² *Moondyne. A Story from the Under-World*. By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. Boston: Pilot Publishing Company. 1879.

be received from the contents of the book. It is some relief to find that the under-world means Australia, and not either Hades or Skitzland; and when we have learned so much our inarticulate amaze at once begins to shape itself by memories of Geoffrey Hamlin, the Hilliards and Burtons, and It is Never too Late to Mend. There is evidently something about the life and landscape of Australia which powerfully stimulates the imagination. Fifteen or more years have not quite sufficed to bury in oblivion those fresh, early romances of the eccentric Henry Kingsley and the so greatly mutated Reade, and Mr. Boyle O'Reilly's novel is wilder and more wonderful even than they. It is, in fact, furiously improbable, yet it wins the reader's interest and a sort of provisional faith. It is a fable of Titans, having the consistency in absurdity of an exalted dream. A great and generous, if somewhat vague, idea gives it unity, — an idea thoroughly interfused, in this case, with the substance of the story, — that of the complete rehabilitation of condemned criminals by humane treatment. The hero, whose unearthly sobriquet gives the book its name, is a belated demigod, a convict, unjustly sentenced of course, who escapes from penal slavery and finds an asylum in the heart of the gold-bearing mountains of Australia, among savages as gentle and ideal as the Indians of Mr. Schurz's perpetual dream. These are the true lords of the land and its incalculable treasure, and are living on in their golden fastness, defended by their position from the encroachments of penal civilization. How, precisely, the Moondyne was made free of that hoarded gold — compared with which the treasure of the Niebelungen was but a twopenny prize — is not explained; but it is certain that when he reappears in the world he has full command of literally unlimited wealth, which he uses very beneficially. He shapes to his large and merciful views the policy, not of the

convict colony merely, but of the home government. He unravels plots, navigates convict ships, quells mutinies, vindicates the oppressed; himself superior to the tender passion, he favors virtuous attachments, and rewards them by bestowing palaces and principalities with a slight, grave smile; and he perishes in the burning bush in a vain attempt to save the life of his bitterest enemy. Mr. O'Reilly's forte is all dramatic. He excels in the management of exciting incident, of which his tale is prolific, and death in the desert is twice portrayed with a sombre power which equals Blackmore and recalls Browning. In reflective and argumentative writing, on the contrary, he fails almost ludicrously, and his animated narrative is incessantly interrupted and marred by asides wonderful for weak sentiment and bad writing.

Moondyne has a certain careless merit, but it is an uncomfortably *loud* book, and *The Felmeres*¹ is also loud and startling, though differing as widely as possible in pitch and quality of tone from the other. The former is a lusty bass roar, the latter a piercing cry. One wonders at the temerity of the Christian believer who should dare tell at all, much less dream of telling for edification, a story like the following: A girl of the rarest personal and mental gifts is carefully educated by a father whom she passionately reveres in complete scientific atheism. The father is a recluse, driven by great wrongs and sorrows from the world of men, and thus enabled the more triumphantly to carry out the stern and sorry plan of education which he has devised for his child; and the author has succeeded only too well for what we may suppose to have been her own purpose in depicting a noble character, upright, loyal, affectionate, and transparently true, from which every trace of Christian motive and association has been eliminated. From a merely critical point of view,

¹ *The Felmeres*. A Novel. By S. B. ELLIOTT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

the fine and, as one may say, unsullied paganism of Helen Felmore is astonishingly well realized, and we respect the power and intrepidity of the artist who has done it. But over and above this lavish endowment of her creature with every endearing and commanding charm, the author proceeds to contrast her with persecutors of high religious pretensions and honor in the churches, whom she makes cruel, sordid, hypocritical, revengeful, — all which the high-minded heathen whom they rob of joy in life, and finally drive to suicide, is not. And yet the reader is asked — hurriedly and incidentally, indeed, but as if his assent were expected, — to revere the truth which these inquisitors dishonor, and condemn the error which their victim glorifies. It is too much. We pity the tragedy of the tale; we are constrained to approve its execution, but we utterly repudiate its practical application. We cannot help fancying that the author herself lost her bearings a little under the stress of an uncommonly potent story, and was swept aside from her intended course by her own overmastering sympathy with the consistent and heroic spirit whom she had conjured up. It is in vain that she endeavors to right herself by bringing in, near the painful end of the story, a long-lost brother of the heroine, whom she makes a sincere Christian, — a humble and devoted priest. His imperious pleadings, his agonized rehearsal of points of doctrine, have as little effect upon the reader as they had upon the extraordinary woman, foredoomed by the very grandeur of her nature, whom he could by no means shake in her adhesion to the terrible vow once made to stand firm in life and in death by the dearly beloved father who had begotten her fearless spirit, and trained her to such unflinching austerities of mind. The whole conception is at once exceptionally strong and mournfully futile. The book is a failure, — yet not by any means in the way of belittling or insulting the awful

mysteries with which it assumes to deal. It is a failure on so high a level and on so nearly sublime a scale that it recalls irresistibly some of the greatest achievements of the human imagination, and sets the thought wandering in those dim arcana of our nature out of which came the heroic Satan of Milton and the Prometheus of a far elder day.

Miss Elliott, the unquestionably accomplished author of *The Felmeres*, is said to be a daughter of the Bishop of Georgia, and it may be in part the clerical traditions and familiarities which she reveals, as well as her high susceptibility to tragic emotion, which cause her to remind us of Miss Phelps. But she is a far more collected writer than Miss Phelps, though a less practiced one, and the commonplaces which must needs make the fitting of her romance, the talk, the concatenation of events, and the movement from day to day, are managed with an ease and sobriety by which Miss Phelps might well take pattern. We have an opportunity for fresh comparison afforded by the republication, under the title of *Sealed Orders*,¹ of seventeen fugitive sketches by the author of *The Gates Ajar*. Thus collected, they fairly represent the entire range of her power. There is something of her worst in this book, in the way of morbidness of temper and grievous affectations in language, but more of her very best, of impassioned human sympathy, of a noble familiarity with the sorrows and speech of the lowly, of pure pathos and native humor. Miss Phelps excels in short stories and occasional — very occasional — poems. A single thought, or, more correctly, a single emotion, animates every sketch. seizes her mightily as it would seem, and tyrannizes over her until she has dramatized and proclaimed it, when she is ready to receive and transmit another impulse. It is of the nature of inspirations of this order that they come and are spent

¹ *Sealed Orders*. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

quickly, and strike one fully where they strike one first. They will not bear being detained, examined, analyzed, tortured, and drawn out into a protracted agony, like that of *Avis*. In these short pieces, as in her more elaborate works, we have to lament a something faulty, unnatural, — shall we say at once, — unsound, in all Miss Phelps's treatment of the important themes of love and marriage, and also, or perhaps, as the Germans say, *thereby*, an obstinate preference for the gloomy side of life. Here are a few specimen themes: a hunted creature, the victim of cruel chance and his own meek goodness, driven to hard exile and feigned death, that those who have most hurt him might tranquilly enjoy his place and his goods; a vessel drifting rudderless almost within cannon range of its port, week after week, unseen and unspoken, till the crew are starved or hopelessly stricken and aged, and watchers for their coming die of grief upon the shore; another wrecked in full view of home; the soul of one dead trying distressfully, but to no purpose, to make its promised presence felt by a distracted mourner; a Puritan maid withheld by the savage proprieties of her town and time from ministering to her lover while he dies a lingering death. Surely the ability which Miss Phelps undeniably has to win and hold our softened attention to themes so monotonously dreary and uncanny must more than border upon genius.

Nevertheless, the writers who make our hearts bleed, and those others who make our nerves quiver, though these are mostly they who now succeed in fiction, and their effect is quite *en règle*, are alike wearing if we hearken to them too long; and it is in the sad and jaded mood which an overdose of such pungent stuff is well fitted to induce that we are apt wistfully to recall certain slow and dulcet words of the great master of modern criticism: "What we lack is calm and freshness, — a little pure cold

water with which to cool our burning palates. This quality of freshness and delicacy, this limpidity in emotion and sobriety in speech, this soft and quiet shading, as they disappear on all hands from actual life and the works of imagination now produced, become all the more precious when we encounter them in obscurity and in those pleasing compositions where they were last reflected. It would be a mistake to suppose that there is aught of weakness or degeneracy in regretting these vanished charms, these flowers which apparently could only blow in the very last days of an order of society now passed away. . . . In stirring times, in moments of incoherent and confused imagination like the present, it is natural to make for the most important point, to busy one's self with the general working, and everywhere, even in literature, to strike boldly, aim high, and shout through trumpets and speaking-tubes. The modest graces will perhaps come back after a while, — and come with an expression appropriate to their new surroundings. I would fain believe it; but while hoping for the best, I feel sure that it will not be to-morrow that their sentiments and their speech will once more prevail."

Many a to-morrow has come and gone since these patient words were written, and the "modest graces" are as slow in their coming up this way as the Northern spring; and yet, at long intervals, a swallow sings, — a book may be distinguished amid the keen-voiced, gaudily-clad crowd of claimants which Sainte-Beuve himself might possibly have considered hopeful. We think he would so have considered *Delicia*¹ for its delicate truthfulness, its moderation and simplicity, its occasional wit, naïve and irresistible, and thoroughly refined above all; for a certain quaint but high-bred plainness of manner, a blending of perfect polish with utter absence of parade. It

¹ *Delicia*. By B. M. BUTT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

is an English novel, the scene of which is laid in the almost unvisited middle class, and it shows as conclusively as ten of Mr. Matthew Arnold's most persuasive essays could do that the middle class in England are not all Philistines. It has neither a duke nor a navvy; the scene is laid in London, yet it never trespasses either upon Belgravia or Tom-all-alone's. The characters are very deftly balanced and discriminated, their destinies most naturally intertwined. There is not a melodramatic situation in the whole book, hardly, one would say, a dramatic one, until it is remembered how seldom the retiring author speaks in her own person, how entirely and with what entire clearness the tale is told by the *dramatis personæ*.

Beside the simplicity, the shapeliness, and the excellent workmanship of Delicia, the almost inevitable faults of a first book like the Earnest Trifler¹ are especially conspicuous. To say of a young man and woman having a *tête-à-tête* that "he looked at his boots, and his averted attention seemed to relieve her from words that were suggested and vocalized only through his appealing amiability;" to describe an arm-chair as "a comfortable and reverie-breeding receptacle for the person;" to confuse *would* and *should* and *will* and *shall*,—these are things which the apt and clever new writer under discussion will not do in her next book (perhaps), which, in fact, she often amiably forgets to do in the latter half of this one. The new writer is all of clever, and needs, we think, only experience and a more assured and independent command of her capabilities to be highly agreeable. She prepares her entertainment upon a tiny stage, and with a company consisting of two young men of leisure and one young woman in suspense. She has achieved the art of making these three actors converse together at wondrous length, all in the same

light, allusive, ingeniously suggestive, and mysteriously facetious manner, breathing many jokes which they do not stay to point, and potential epigrams which they seem too languid to elaborate. But there cannot be a constant smoke of wit without some little fire; and accordingly, on various occasions, each one of these interlocutors, the earnest trifler himself, and the trifling censor, and the capricious being with whom they trifle or are stern, emit very pretty flashes, as when one says that a certain person was "as homely as if Thomas Nast had made and presented him to his parents." The scenery of the piece is new, and effectively painted. Of the old grave-yard, where one of the most graceful scenes of the little drama passes, it is picturesquely said, "It was dearly old. Time was over and eternity had set in. The grave-stones had ceased to be painstaking and elegant, and had fallen into shiftless attitudes. The very ghosts were taking their ease, and the grief, the anguish, the joy, the sense which afflict mankind seemed distilled into mellow humor and overhanging sunshine. Its manifest disuse; its sunny neglect; its evident desire to bury its own remains under the sods and creepers; its tottering monuments, once upright and firm as the low-lying Christians; its baby-stones, sunken like mumble-the-pegs, all gave the impression that death itself was so old and so obsolete as to have lost its sting." And again:—

"He listened to the swallows and tree-toads; he looked at the pines on the mountains. How sweet the hay was! And a cloud on the horizon had a wonderful complexion! Yet in the gray depths of the evening, and in the blankness of space, an equilibrium like death." (There is a touch of vertigo here; but notice the fine poetic truth of what follows.) "How patient the hills were! What were they waiting for? How breathless the valley! What suspension! What great, what divine indifference!

¹ *An Earnest Trifler*. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

What negation, what sleep! It depressed him; it had in it a species of anguish. If the world were made out of nothing, there seemed plenty of material left, around, above, within him, for another effort, — something better yet."

More and more, certainly, as the tale unfolds, the author drops her docile mannerisms, and yields to an impulse from within. Her young men are differentiated. Her heroine arises out of the haze of piquant inconsistencies in which she has been conventionally smothered,

becomes a free agent, and acts spiritedly and well. We like the author none the less, for this time at least, that she swerves from the point at which her tale might have become more intense and sensational, and would probably have done so had her early studies been less guileless. She moves with an accelerating but always circumspect pace to an end which we recognize as both morally fit and poetically just, and we lay her book aside full of the candid wish to meet her again at no very distant day.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

THE JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ADMINISTRATION, 1825-1829.

I CANNOT begin my reminiscences by saying; as did the author of *Waverley*, "T is sixty years since" I first became a sojourner in the District of Columbia, but more than half a century has elapsed since I first saw the federal capital, during the administration of John Quincy Adams. In those days it was no easy task to reach Washington from distant parts of the country, and the members of Congress from those localities used often to leave their homes three or four weeks before the opening of a session. A few performed the journey in their own carriages, and others rode saddle-horses, which they retained for their use during the session, and then sold. But a large majority of the senators, representatives, correspondents, and claimants who came to Washington traveled in the stage-coaches, and there was always a great demand for seats, just before the commencement of a session, on all the lines which centred at the metropolis.

Traveling by stage-coach, although tedious, especially when the roads were

bad, was not without its attractions. Those who were fellow passengers, even if strangers to one another, gradually entered into conversation, and there was generally some one of them who was acquainted with the route, and was able to impart interesting information concerning the localities through which it passed. There was a sense of freedom, an abundant enjoyment of the surroundings, and commonly a disposition to be obliging and considerate by giving up the best seats to ladies, by consenting to the admission or the exclusion of fresh air, or by the convenient arrangement of the feet. Of course, the least amiable qualities of human nature would sometimes assert themselves, and selfish persons would improve the opportunity for making all of the passengers uncomfortable; but the air of the mail-coaches was generally surcharged with patient good humor.

Occasionally the coach would rattle into a village, the driver giving warning blasts upon his horn that the right of way must be given to the United States mail, and then dash up to the stage tavern, before which would be in waiting a fresh team of horses, to take

the place of those which had drawn the coach from the previous stopping place. Time was always afforded those passengers who desired to partake of libations at the tavern bar, and a good half hour was allowed for dinner, — a substantial meal, for which the charge was never over seventy-five cents. Travelers had to keep a sharp lookout for their hair-covered trunks, or their sole-leather portmanteaus, and see that they were safely strapped on the rack behind the coach, or deposited in the boot beneath the driver's seat. Smaller articles were taken inside, including the large pasteboard bandboxes in which the ladies carried the Leghorn straw bonnets then the rage.

The stage lines which ended at Washington always had fine teams of horses to run in and out of the city, and passengers arriving used to be taken at full speed up to the door of the hotel which they had previously indicated to their driver. There were half a dozen from which to choose, but the favorite establishment was the Indian Queen Hotel, which occupied the site of the present Metropolitan Hotel, and was designated by a large swinging sign, upon which figured Pocahontas, painted in glaring colors. The landlord, Jesse Brown, who used to come to the curb-stone to "welcome the coming guest," was a native of Havre de Grace, who had served his apprenticeship to tavern-keeping at Hagerstown and in Alexandria. A glance at the travelers, as they alighted and were ushered by him into the house, would enable him mentally to assign each one to a room, the advantages of which he would describe ere sending its destined occupant there under the pilotage of a colored servant. When the next meal was ready, the newly arrived guest was met at the door of the dining-room by Mr. Brown, wearing a large white apron, who escorted him to a seat, and then went to the head of the table, where he carved and helped the prin-

cipal dish. The excellences of this — fish, or flesh, or fowl — he would announce, as he would invite those seated at the table to send up their plates for what he knew to be their favorite portions; and he would also invite attention to the dishes on other parts of the table, which were carved and helped by the guests who sat nearest to them. "I have a delicious quarter of mutton from the valley of Virginia," Mr. Brown would announce, in a stentorian tone, which could be heard above the clatter of crockery and the din of steel knives and forks. "Let me send a rare slice, Mr. A." "Colonel B, will you not have a bone?" "Mrs. C, send up your plate for a piece of the kidney." "Mrs. D, there is a fat and tender mongrel goose at the other end of the table." "Joe, pass around the sweet-potatoes." "Colonel E, will you help to that chicken pie before you?" Those at the table thus knew what was before them without reading elaborately printed bills of fare, often containing the names of a dozen dishes that have no existence except in the imagination of the caterer.

The expense of living at the Indian Queen was not great. The price of board was \$1.75 per day, \$10 per week, or \$35 per month. Transient guests were charged fifty cents for breakfast and for supper, and seventy-five cents for dinner. Brandy and whisky were placed on the dinner table in decanters, to be drunk by the guests without additional charge therefor. A bottle of real old madeira, imported into Alexandria, was supplied for \$3; sherry, brandy, and gin were \$1.50 a bottle, and Jamaica rum \$1. At the bar, toddies were made with unadulterated liquor and lump sugar; the XX ale came from the brewery on the bank of Rock Creek; fresh mint for juleps was brought from the country every day, and yet the charge was but twelve and a half cents a drink. On high days and holydays Brown would concoct foaming egg-nog in a mammoth

punch-bowl once owned by Washington, and the guests of the house were all invited to partake. The tavern desk was behind the bar, with rows of large bells hanging by circular springs on the wall, each with a bullet-shaped tongue, which continued to vibrate for some minutes after having been rung, showing to which room it belonged. The bar-keeper prepared the "drinks" called for, saw that the bells were answered, received and delivered letters and cards, and answered questions by the score. He was supposed to know everybody in Washington, where they resided, and at what hours they could be seen.

Washington had then been called by an observing foreigner "the city of magnificent distances," an appellation which was well merited. There was a group of small, shabby houses around the navy yard and the marine barracks; another cluster on the river bank, just above the arsenal, which was to have been the business centre of the metropolis; and Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to Georgetown, with the streets immediately adjacent, was lined with houses, many of them with shops on the ground-floor. The executive departments were located in four brick edifices on the corners of the square in the centre of which was the White House. The imposing building now occupied by the department of the interior had not been commenced, nor had the general post-office replaced a large brick structure, intended for a hotel, but which the pecuniary necessities of the projector forced him to dispose of in a lottery before it was completed. The fortunate ticket was held by minors, whose guardian could neither sell the building nor finish it, and it remained forty years in a dilapidated condition.

Georgetown, situated at the head of the tide-water of the Potomac, was a port of commercial consequence. The lumbering six-horse wagons of the planters of Maryland and the farmers of

Pennsylvania brought loads of wheat and of corn, taking back dry goods, groceries, and salt. Tobacco had been raised in large quantities in the surrounding region during the preceding century, but it had so exhausted the soil that its cultivation had been abandoned as no longer profitable, and the large inspection warehouse at Georgetown was generally empty. The Potomac River above Georgetown was navigated as far as Cumberland by flat-bottomed long boats called "gondolas." These brought down considerable quantities of flour, corn, pork, and iron, much of which was shipped at Georgetown to other ports; but as they could not be taken back against the stream, they were broken up when their cargoes had been delivered, and the materials were sold to the dealers in lumber. During the year 1812, several hundred hogsheads of Louisiana sugar were brought by the way of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Potomac rivers to Georgetown. This was a realization of Washington's idea that the city which he founded and which bore his name would become an *entrepôt* for the products of the Mississippi Valley destined for shipment abroad. He displayed his faith in this belief by the purchase of wharf lots, which would not to-day bring what he paid for them.

Pennsylvania Avenue — the Appian Way of our republic — was graded while Jefferson was president, at a cost of \$14,000; he personally superintended the planting of four rows of Lombardy poplars along that portion of it between the Capitol and the White House, — a row along each curb-stone, and two equidistant rows in the road-way, which was thus divided into three parts, like Unter der Linden at Berlin. In the winter and spring the driveway would often be full of mud-holes, some of them axle-deep, and some of the cross-streets would be almost impassable beds of red clay, worked by passing horses and wheels into a thick mortar. On one oc-

casion, when Mr. Webster and a friend undertook to go to Georgetown in a hackney-coach to attend a dinner party, the vehicle got stuck in a mud-hole, and the driver had to carry his passengers, one at a time, to the sidewalk, where they stood until the empty carriage could be pulled out. Mr. Webster, in narrating this incident years afterwards, used to laugh over his fears that his bearer would fall beneath his weight and ruin his dress-suit. John Randolph used to call Pennsylvania Avenue "the great Serbonian bog," and descant on the dangers of a trip over it, to or from the Union Hotel at Georgetown, in the large stage with seats on the top called the "Royal George."

The principal market, known as the "Marsh Market," occupied the site of the present imposing structure at the corner of Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. The butchers were supplied with meats from the excellent pastures of the valley of Virginia; wild ducks, terrapin, fish, lobsters, and oysters were brought in boats from the lower Potomac; and the neighboring farmers had begun to raise vegetables, following the examples set by the European gardeners at Analostan Island, at Arlington, and at the garden in the southern part of the city kept up to supply the Indian Queen tavern with vegetables. The market prices, as collated from a number of account-books, averaged as follows: beef from three to ten cents per pound, mutton from five to seven, veal from five to nine, pork from six to eight, chickens from twenty-five to sixty-two and one half cents per pair, ducks the same, butter from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound; blackfish from six to eight cents per pound, sea-bass from five to seven, lobsters from five to eight; potatoes from thirty to forty cents per bushel, turnips from three to five cents per bunch, carrots from three to five, beets from four to six, cabbages from three to four cents each, cucumbers two

cents each, water-melons four to sixteen cents each, musk-melons three to five cents each. Wood was generally burned as fuel, although some of the diplomats used "sea-coal" imported from England for their especial use. In 1825 Lehigh coal was first introduced, but it was scarce and high priced.

A much-frequented place of resort for congressmen and others of literary tastes was a book-seller's shop on Pennsylvania Avenue, about half-way between the Capitol and the White House, kept by an Englishman named Pishey Thompson. He was a native of Boston in the Lincolnshire fens, a historical account of which he published before he came to America; and after having acquired a competency at Washington, he returned to his quaint old birth-place to publish a new and handsomely got-up edition of his history. He was a short, stout gentleman, of very courteous manners, with small, black eyes, always neatly dressed in black with snow-white shirt-ruffles. It was his delight to chat with any one acquainted with the early history of Boston in New England, and to tell how many of its pioneer settlers, including the Leveretts, the Wheelwrights, the Coddingtons, the Cottons, the Hutchinsons, the Bellinghams, the Bradstreets, and the Johnsons, were from old Boston or its immediate neighborhood.

The barbers' shops which dotted Pennsylvania Avenue, with others on Capitol Hill and at Georgetown, were also much frequented. Elderly gentlemen then wore powdered wigs, or had their hair combed back and tied *en queue*, while all men who had any pretensions to gentility were shaved every day. Mustaches were unknown, and only military and naval officers sported whiskers, which never came more than two inches below the ears. Barbers and hair-dressers had consequently abundant employment, and their shops were generally a morning rendezvous for persons entertaining congenial political views. The

walls were generally adorned with English caricatures, in which Napoleon and the French were presented in ridiculous aspect. In large cupboards with glass doors there were freshly-dressed wigs, in readiness for the daily visit of their owners, who would exchange them for others which needed the comb and hair-powder. When every high-backed chair was occupied by some one in the hands of a barber, and the seats around the shop were filled with patient waiters, new-comers were greeted with cordial assurances that their turns would soon come, while the freshest bits of gossip were narrated to secure good humor.

Washington had not at that time any organized and uniformed police force, and the peace was preserved by a few constables. The whites were not molested when they indulged in private shooting matches in the streets, or resorted to the cudgel or the cowhide to secure "satisfaction" for some fancied or real insult. The blacks were necessarily subjected to severe police regulations, framed to prevent runaways and to guard against insurrection. Any person of color found abroad after nine o'clock at night without a pass was fined or whipped, and they were not allowed to enter the Capitol inclosure, except when performing menial duties.

There were so few hackney-coaches that on great occasions additional ones were brought from Alexandria and even from Baltimore; but the fares were very low, twenty-five cents being all that was charged for conveying a passenger from the Capitol to the departments or hotels. There was but one letter-carrier, whose route extended from the navy yard to Georgetown, a distance of four miles, and who tramped about with great rapidity. Postage was then rarely paid in advance, but he was always willing to deliver a letter on an assurance that the requisite sum — generally twenty-five cents — would be forthcoming when he next passed that way.

The Capitol was pronounced completed in 1825. The two wings, which were the only portions of the building finished when the British occupied Washington, were burned with their contents, including the congressional library and some works of art. When Congress was convened in special session after the invasion, the two houses assembled in the unfinished hotel previously mentioned, but soon occupied a brick building erected for their temporary use, which was afterwards known as the Old Capitol Prison, and has more recently been reconstructed into dwelling-houses. The Capitol was completed under the direction of Mr. C. Bulfinch, a Boston architect. The free-stone columns for the central porticoes of the building were quarried on Higginson's Island in Acquia Creek, near where it empties into the Potomac, brought to Washington on a large, flat-bottomed boat, and dragged to the Capitol by men, many of the senators and representatives pulling at the drag-ropes.

The tympanum of the eastern pediment was ornamented by a historical group, which Mr. John Quincy Adams designed when secretary of state, after having rejected a number of designs made by artists in competition for an offered premium of \$500. It was executed in marble by Luigi Persico, an Italian sculptor, whose work gave such satisfaction to Mr. Adams that he secured for him an order for the two colossal statues which now flank the central door-way. War is represented by a stalwart gymnast with a profuse development of muscle and a benign expression of countenance, partially encased in ancient Roman armor, while Peace is a matronly dame, somewhat advanced in life and heavy in flesh, who carries an olive-branch as if she desired to use it to keep off flies.

The then recently completed *rotunda* of the Capitol — Mr. Gales took pains to have it called *rotundo* in the National

Intelligencer — was a hall of elegant proportions, ninety-six feet in diameter, and ninety-six feet in height to the apex of its semicircular dome. It had been decorated with remarkable historical bas-reliefs, by Cappellano, Gevelot, and Causici, three Italian artists, two of them pupils of Canova. They undoubtedly possessed artistic ability, and they doubtless desired to produce works of historical value, but they failed ignominiously. Their respective productions were thus interpreted by Grizzly Bear, a Menominee chief. Turning to the eastern door-way, over which there is represented The Landing of the Pilgrims, he said, "There Ingen give hungry white man corn." Then turning to the northern door-way, over which is represented William Penn making a treaty with the Indians, he said, "There Ingen give white man land." Then turning to the western door-way, over which is represented Pocahontas saving the life of Captain Smith, he said, "There Ingen save white man's life." And then turning to the southern door-way, over which is represented Daniel Boone, the pioneer, plunging his hunting-knife into the heart of a red man, while his foot rests on the dead body of another, he said, "And there white man kill Ingen. Ugh!"

The rotunda was then also ornamented by the four historical paintings which now adorn it, by Colonel Trumbull, who was employed by President Adams to clean and varnish them. They are not works of high artistic merit, but in all of them the portraits are accurate, while the costumes and accessories are well made out, and executed with a fidelity that will make future historical painters rejoice. Peculiarly speaking, Colonel Trumbull's paintings and the copper-plate engravings of some of them did not pay. How often the artist must have remembered in his old age the reply of his father, when he solicited permission to go to London and study un-

der West, instancing as an argument the glory and reward of the Athenian artists in the days of Pericles. "My son," replied Governor Trumbull, "America is not Greece."

In 1826, the sons of Benjamin West offered to Congress for a nominal sum one hundred and thirty-nine pictures by their distinguished father, as a nucleus for a national gallery of art; but the offer was not entertained. The following year more consideration was paid to a proposition that Washington Allston be engaged to paint the battle of New Orleans for one of the vacant panels in the rotunda. A protracted debate ensued, and attempts were made by the anti-Jackson men to take away the exclusive character of the resolution by adding other battles as subjects to be painted; but all of these failed, and a square vote was taken on the original proposition, which was defeated by a vote of ninety-eight yeas against one hundred and three nays. It was during this debate that John Randolph, who had in years past eulogized Colonel Trumbull's paintings, unmercifully ridiculed them. In closing his scathing criticism, he said, "As all other great subjects had their *nom de guerre*, the Declaration of Independence should be called *the shin-piece*; for such a collection of legs never came together in any one picture."

When Congress was in session, the rotunda presented a busy and motley scene every morning prior to the convening of the two houses. It was a general rendezvous, and the newspaper correspondents were always in attendance to pick up the floating rumors of the day. Office-seekers were rare at Washington in those days; but there were always a few impecunious, moribund politicians to be found in the rotunda.

The library, on the western side of the rotunda, was the morning rendezvous of the ladies who were acquainted with the congressmen. The original library

having been carefully burned by the British, ex-President Jefferson had improved the opportunity to relieve his pecuniary needs by the sale of a portion of his library for \$23,950, which was a high price for the seven thousand five hundred volumes. The classification of Mr. Jefferson was retained, and the books were arranged on shelves in twelve alcoves, each one devoted to a particular topic.

The senate chamber, now occupied by the supreme court, was admirably adapted for the deliberations of the forty-eight gentlemen who then composed the upper house. Modeled after the theatres of ancient Greece, it possessed excellent acoustic properties, and there was ample accommodation in the galleries for the few strangers who then visited Washington. The senate used to meet at noon, and generally conclude its day's work by three o'clock, while adjournments over from Thursday until the following Monday were frequent. Occasionally set speeches would be made on some important question; but the debates were generally colloquial, and as there were no verbatim reports of the proceedings, senators would change or modify their views during the consideration of a bill without being placed on the record as inconsistent and changeable.

John C. Calhoun was vice-president of the United States, and consequently president of the senate,—a position which to him was very irksome, as he was forced to sit and dumbly listen to debates in which he was eager to participate. He had been talked of by some of the best men in the country as a candidate during the recent presidential election, but the North had not given him any substantial support. He was, by instinct and by education, a parliamentary leader, but he was too nervous and too strong a partisan to preside with impartiality over a deliberative body. Tall, well formed, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, with a

serious expression of countenance rarely brightened by a smile, and with his long, black hair thrown back from his forehead, he looked like an arch-conspirator waiting for the time to come when he could strike the first blow. In his dress he affected a Spartan simplicity, although he used to have four horses harnessed to his carriage, and his entertainments at his residence on Georgetown Heights were very elegant. His private life was irreproachable, although, when secretary of war under Mr. Monroe, he had suffered obloquy because of a profitable building contract which had been dishonestly awarded, during his absence, by his chief clerk to that official's brother-in-law. The two divided a large sum which they obtained from the public treasury without having given any equivalent therefor, and Mr. Calhoun was made to bear the blame.

The prime mover of the senate was Martin Van Buren, of New York, who was beginning to reap the reward of years of subservient intrigues. Making the friends of Calhoun and of Crawford believe that they had each been badly treated by the alliance between Adams and Clay, he united them in the support of General Jackson, and yet no one suspected him. When Mr. Van Buren had first been elected to Congress, Rufus King, of his State, had said to G. F. Mercer, also a member, "Within two weeks Van Buren will become perfectly acquainted with the views and feelings of every member; yet no man will know his."

This prediction was verified, and Mr. Van Buren soon became the directing spirit among the friends of General Jackson, although no one was ever able to quote his views. Taking Aaron Burr as his political model, but leading an irreproachable private life, he rose by his ability to plan and to conduct an intrigue, and by his untiring industry. He was rather under the medium height, with a high forehead, a quick eye, and

pleasing features. He made attitude and deportment a study, and when, on his leaving the senate, his household furniture was sold at auction it was noticed that the carpet before a large looking-glass in his study was worn threadbare. It was there that he had rehearsed his speeches.

Thomas Hart Benton, who had just commenced that thirty years' service in the senate which he so ably recorded after its conclusion, was one of the most prominent members of the body. His figure was massive, and he affected a martial carriage and manners, as he moved about, towering above the other senators. An imperious hauteur, combined with bombastic superciliousness, was his prevailing characteristic; and he evidently believed that the louder and longer he spoke the more impressive were his words. In private life he was gentleness and domestic affection personified, and a desire to have his children profit by the superior advantages for their education in the District of Columbia kept him from his constituents in Missouri, where a new generation of voters grew up, who did not know him, and who would not follow his political lead, while he was ignorant of their views on the question of slavery. In early life Colonel Benton was engaged in a bloody street fight, in which General Jackson headed the opposing party, and the general carried to the grave, imbedded in the flesh of his left arm, a bullet from the pistol of Colonel Benton's brother Jesse. Years afterwards, when General Jackson and Colonel Benton were accidentally seated next to each other in the senate chamber, and were members of the same committee, the hatchet was buried. "Old Bullion," as Mr. Benton was familiarly called, became the devoted friend and champion of "Old Hickory," and whenever a measure upon which the democratic party was not united had to be dragged through the senate it was placed

in the hands of the senator from Missouri.

John Randolph attracted the most attention on the part of strangers. He was at least six feet in height, with long limbs and an ill-proportioned body and a small, round head. Claiming descent from Pocahontas, he wore his coarse, black hair long, parted in the middle, and combed down on either side of his fallow face. His small, black eyes were expressive in their rapid glances, especially when he was engaged in debate, and his high-toned and thin voice would ring through the senate chamber like the shrill scream of an angry vixen. He wore a full suit of heavy, drab-colored English broadcloth, the high, rolling collar of his surtout coat almost concealing his head, while the skirts hung in voluminous folds about his knee-breeches and the white leather tops of his boots. He used to enter the senate chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding-whip, and followed by a favorite hound, which crouched beneath his desk. He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding-gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long, index finger of his right hand at his opponent, as he hurled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim in a low tone, "Tims, more porter!" and the assistant door-keeper would hand him a foaming tumbler of Whitebread's potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon. He was not choice in his selection of epithets, and as Mr. Calhoun took the ground that he did not have the power to call a senator to order, the irate Virginian pronounced President Adams "a traitor," Daniel Webster "a vile slanderer," John Holmes "a dangerous fool," and Edward Livingston "the most contemptible and degraded of beings, whom no

man ought to touch, unless with a pair of tongs." One day, while he was speaking with great freedom of abuse of Mr. Webster, then a member of the house, a senator informed him in an under-tone that Mrs. Webster was in the gallery. He had not the delicacy to desist, however, until he had fully emptied the vials of his wrath. Then he set upon Mr. Speaker Taylor, and after abusing him soundly he turned sarcastically to the gentleman who had informed him of Mrs. Webster's presence, and asked, "Is Mrs. Taylor present, also?"

Henry Clay was the repeated object of Mr. Randolph's denunciations, which he bore patiently until the "Lord of Roanoke" spoke, one day, of the reported alliance between the president and the secretary of state as the "coalition of Blifil and Black George,—the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the blackleg." Mr. Clay at once wrote to know whether he intended to call him a political gambler, or to attach the infamy of such epithets to his private life. Mr. Randolph declined to give any explanation, and a duel was fought, without bloodshed.

Mr. Randolph, on another occasion, just prior to the close of a session, deliberately insulted Mr. James Lloyd, then a senator from Massachusetts, who had, in accordance with the custom, introduced upon the floor of the senate one of his constituents, Major Benjamin Russell, the editor of the *Columbian Sentinel*. The sight of a federal editor aroused Mr. Randolph's anger, and he at once insolently demanded that the floor of the senate be cleared, forcing Major Russell to retire. Mr. Lloyd took the first opportunity to express his opinion of this gratuitous insult, and declared, in very forcible language, that, as he had introduced Major Russell on the floor, he was responsible therefor to the senate, or to Mr. Randolph personally. Although no one had ever attempted to check Mr. Randolph's tor-

rents of personal abuse, Mr. Lloyd's plucky rejoinder was promptly noticed by Mr. King, of Alabama, who at that early stage of his congressional career was called "Miss Nancy," because of the fastidious neatness of his attire. "I call the senator from Massachusetts to order!" said Mr. King. Mr. Randolph indulged in a little gasconade, in which he announced that his carriage was waiting at the door to convey him to Baltimore, and at the conclusion of his remarks he left the senate chamber and the city. Mr. Calhoun, who had not attempted to check Mr. Randolph, lamented from the chair that anything should have happened to mar the harmony of the senate, and again declared that he had no power to call a senator to order, nor would he for ten thousand worlds look like a usurper.

Littleton W. Tazewell, Mr. Randolph's colleague, was a first-class Virginia abstractionist, and an avowed hater of New England. Dining one day at the White House, he provoked the president by offensively asserting that he had "never known a Unitarian who did not believe in the sea-serpent." Soon afterwards, Mr. Tazewell spoke of the different kinds of wines, and declared that Tokay and Rhenish wine were alike in taste. "Sir," said Mr. Adams, "I do not believe that you ever drank a drop of Tokay in your life." For this remark the president subsequently sent an apology to Mr. Tazewell, but the Virginia senator never forgot or forgave the remark, and became one of the most implacable foes of the administration.

The "watch-dog of the treasury" in the senate was Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina. He had served as a private in the Revolutionary War; he had opposed the formation and the adoption of the federal constitution; when he was first elected to Congress he had arrayed himself against the administration of Washington; and he was allied with Jefferson in an energetic hostility

to the financial schemes of Alexander Hamilton, then secretary of the treasury. A firm believer in the sovereignty of the States, he was opposed to all schemes of internal improvement, and to all financial measures undertaken by the general government; and he was the enemy of duties for the protection of manufactures, because they put money into the national coffers which it pained him to vote away. Simple in his manners, he won the confidence of friends and the respect of opponents.

William Henry Harrison, a tall, spare, gray-haired gentleman, who had gone from his Virginia home into the Western wilderness as aid-de-camp to General Anthony Wayne, had been elected a senator from the State of Ohio, and probably never dreamed that in years to come he would be elected president by an immense majority, with John Tyler on the ticket as vice-president. Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, had, however, begun to electioneer for the democratic nomination for the vice-presidency, basing his claim upon his having shot Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, and he was finally successful. He was of medium size, with large features and light auburn hair, and his private life was attacked without mercy by his political opponents.

The New Hampshire senators were Levi Woodbury and John Bell, men of decided ability and moral worth. Georgia supplied a polished and effective orator in J. McPherson Berrien. Vermont was represented by portly and good-looking Dudley Chase, who was the uncle of Chief-Justice Chase, and by Horatio Seymour, of Middlebury. Maine's stalwart, blue-eyed senator, Albin Keith Parris, was said to have filled more public offices than any other man of his age, and his colleague, John Holmes, although rude in speech, and at times vulgar, was the humorous champion of the North. Ever on the watch for some unguarded expression by a Southern

senator, no sooner would one be uttered than he would pounce upon it, and place the speaker in a most uncomfortable position. John Tyler, one day, thought that he could annoy Mr. Holmes, and asked him what had become of that political firm once mentioned in debate by John Randolph as "James Madison, Felix Grundy, John Holmes, and the Devil." Mr. Holmes rose at once. "I will tell the gentleman," said he, "what has become of that firm. The first member is dead; the second has gone into retirement; the third now addresses you; and the last has gone over to the nullifiers, and is now electioneering among the gentleman's constituents. So the partnership is legally dissolved." Mr. Tyler never again attempted to be witty at the expense of John Holmes.

The hall of the house of representatives (now used as a national gallery of statuary) was a reproduction of the ancient theatre, magnificent in its effect, but so deficient in acoustic properties that it was unfit for legislative occupation. It was in the centre of that noble hall that Henry Clay, then speaker of the house, had welcomed General Lafayette as "the nation's guest." The contrast between the tall and graceful Kentuckian, with his sunny smile and his silver-toned voice, and the good old marquis, with his auburn wig awry, must have been great. His reply appeared to come from a grateful heart, but it was asserted that the speaker had written both his own words of welcome and also Lafayette's acknowledgment of them, and it became a subject of newspaper controversy, which was ended by the publication of a card signed H. Clay, in which he positively denied the authorship, although he admitted that he had suggested the most effective sentences.

The representatives, following the example of the British House of Commons, used to sit with their hats on, and in 1828 a motion that no member should remain

covered within the bar of the house was discussed, and at first defeated by ten majority. An order by the speaker that visitors in the gallery should not wear their hats while the house was in session gave great offense to some of the representatives, and was enforced with difficulty.

The ladies had been originally excluded from the galleries of the house, in accordance with the British precedent. But when the famous Jay Treaty was brought home for ratification, the house came near refusing to make the necessary appropriations for carrying it into effect, and heated debates ensued. One night, at a party, Mrs. Langdon, of New Hampshire, whose husband was a member, expressed her regret to Hon. Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, that she could not hear the arguments, especially his speeches. Mr. Ames gallantly replied that he knew of no reason why ladies should not be permitted to hear the debates. "Then," said Mrs. Langdon, "if you will let me know when you next intend to speak, I will make up a party of ladies, and we will go and hear you." The notice was given, the ladies went, and since then congressional orators have always had fair hearers, — with others perhaps not very fair.

The house was really occupied, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, in the selection of his successor. At first the political outlook was rather muddled, although keen eyes averred that they could perceive, moving restlessly to and fro, the indefinite forms of those shadows which coming events project. Different seers interpreted the phantasmal appearances in different fashions, and either endeavored to form novel combinations, or joined in raking common sewers for filth wherewith to bespatter those who were the rivals of their favorite candidates. It was then that congressional investigating committees became a part of the political machinery of the day. The accounts of

President Adams in former years, when he was serving the country in Europe as a diplomatist; the summary execution of deserters by order of General Jackson, when he commanded the army in Florida; the bills for refurnishing the White House; the affidavits concerning the alleged bargain between the president and his secretary of state; and the marriage of General Jackson to Mrs. Robards before she had been divorced from Mr. Robards, were, with many other scandals, paraded before the public.

Daniel Webster had been recognized in advance as the leader of the house, by his appointment as chairman of the committee to inform Mr. Adams that he had been elected president. This Mr. Webster did verbally, but Mr. Adams had prepared a written reply, which had been copied by a clerk, and bore his autograph signature. Mr. Webster never, however, received the confidence of Mr. Adams, but he defended the policy of the administration in the house, and subsequently in the senate. He was then in the prime of life, unshackled by pecuniary obligations to those who afterwards forced loans upon him, that they might use him for their own aggrandizement, and never drowning his disappointments in strong drinks. The Southern congressmen had then begun to express their belief in the constitutional heresies first promulgated by Jefferson, which, had they prevailed, would have turned our admirably adjusted political system into an ill-compacted league of petty sovereignties. Mr. Webster was one of the first to see that this theory of state rights was destructive to the vital powers of the constitution bequeathed by the founders of the republic, and that the union of the States should be stoutly asserted. Discarding the rhetorical flourishes and declamatory parade then cultivated by congressional orators, especially those from the South, Mr. Webster expressed his vigorous

thoughts in simple, sterling words, using those which hit the hardest and made the least show. He liked to measure propositions by the constitutional standards which he had so laboriously prepared, and to dispose of them as they came up to his mark, or fell short of it.

Mr. Webster was at that period of his life the embodiment of health and good spirits. His stalwart frame, his massive head crowned with a wealth of black hair, his heavy eyebrows overhanging cavernous eyes, all distinguished him from other men, while his swarthy complexion gained him the epithet of "Black Dan." He had his first great sorrow then. His eldest, and at that time his only, daughter died at Washington, and the next year her mother followed her to the grave. The maiden name of his first wife was Grace Fletcher. She was one year older than he was, the daughter of a New Hampshire country clergyman; not beautiful, but accomplished, and the mother of his four children.

Edward Everett, who was also a member of the Massachusetts delegation in the house, had won early fame as a popular preacher of the gospel, as a professor at Harvard College, and as the editor of the *North American Review*. Placed by his marriage above want, he became noted for his profound learning and for his persuasive eloquence. At times he was almost electrical in his utterances; his reasoning was logical and luminous, and his remarks always gave evidence of careful study. As a politician, Mr. Everett was not successful. The personification of self-discipline and dignity, he was too much like an intellectual icicle to find favor with the masses, and he was deficient in courage when any bold step was to be taken.

George McDuffie, who represented the Edgefield district of South Carolina, had been taken from labor in a blacksmith's shop by Mr. Calhoun, and was the grateful champion of his patron in

the house. He was a spare, grim-looking man, who was an admirer of Milton, and who was never known to jest or to smile. As a debater he had few equals in the house, but he failed when, during the discussion of the Panama Mission question, he opened his batteries upon Mr. Webster. The "expounder of the constitution" retorted with great force, reminding the gentleman from South Carolina that noisy declamation was not logic, and that he should not apply coarse epithets to the president, who could not reply to them. Mr. Webster then went on to say that he would furnish the gentleman from South Carolina with high authority on the point to which he had objected, and quoted from a speech by Mr. Calhoun which sustained his position. Mr. McDuffie had not a word to offer, and he never undertook to call Mr. Webster to account again. This debate was the beginning of the oratorical tournament between Massachusetts and South Carolina which was ended by Webster's reply to Hayne, at the other end of the Capitol.

Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, was a stalwart champion of the North, and his sallies of wit and sarcasm were very effective. Although under fifty years of age, his white hair and bent form gave him a patriarchal look, and added to the effect of his fervid eloquence and his withering sarcasm. A man of iron heart, he was ever anxious to meet his antagonists, haughty in his rude self-confidence, and exhausting every expletive of abuse permitted by parliamentary usage. He was the especial friend of the Revolutionary soldiers, urging their claims for pensions with great force.

George Kremer, of Pennsylvania, was probably the most unpopular man in the house. An anonymous letter had appeared just before the election of president by the representatives, announcing an "unholy coalition" between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, by which the support of the friends of the latter had been

transferred to the former, "as the planter does his negroes or the farmer his team and horses." Mr. Clay at once published a card, over his signature, in which he called the writer "a base and infamous calumniator, a dastard, and a liar." Mr. Kremer replied, admitting that he had written the letter, but in such a manner that his political friends were ashamed of his cowardice, while the admirers of Mr. Clay were very indignant, — the more so as they suspected that Mr. James Buchanan had instigated the letter. Mr. Kremer was of vulgar presence, with repulsive features and a shock of light yellow hair. Fancying himself a wit, he was always endeavoring to make some humorous remark, but was rarely rewarded with a laugh.

The erratic Mr. David Crockett was then a member of the house, but had not attracted public attention, although the Jackson men were angry because he, one of old Hickory's officers in the Creek war, was a devoted adherent of Henry Clay for the presidency. One of his colleagues in the Tennessee delegation was Mr. James K. Polk, a rigid and uncompromising Presbyterian, a political disciple of Macon, and a man of incorruptible honesty. He no sooner entered the house than he became a leading man in the councils of his party.

Prominent among the representatives from the State of New York were Messrs. Gulian C. Verplanck and Thomas J. Oakley, members of the legal profession, who were statesmen rather than politicians. Mr. George C. Washington, of Maryland, was the great-nephew of the father of his country, and he had inherited a portion of the library at Mount Vernon, which he subsequently sold to the Boston Athenæum. Messrs. Elisha Whittlesey and Samuel Vinton, representatives from Ohio, were afterwards for many years officers of the federal government and residents at Washington. Mr. Jonathan Hunt, of Vermont, a lawyer of ability and one of the com-

panions chosen by Mr. Webster, was the father of that gifted artist whose recent untimely death is so generally regretted.

Mr. Silas Wright, of New York, was then attracting attention in the democratic party, of which he became a great leader, and which would have elected him president had he not shortened his life by intemperance. He was a solid, square-built man, with an impassive, ruddy face, who claimed to be a good farmer, but no orator, yet who was noted for the compactness of his logic, unenlivened by a figure of speech or flight of fancy. Very different was Mr. Richard Henry Wilde, of Georgia, who has left a monument of his poetic and picturesque imagination in his exquisite poem, *My Life is like the Summer Rose*.

Mr. Henry W. Dwight, of Massachusetts, a noble specimen of "a sound mind in a sound body," gave great attention to the appropriation bills, and secured liberal sums for carrying on the various departments of the government. His most formidable antagonist was a self-styled reformer and physical giant, Mr. Thomas Chilton, of Kentucky, who had been at one period of his life a Baptist preacher. He declared on the floor in debate that he was pledged to his constituents to endeavor to retrench the expenses of the general government, to diminish the army and the navy, to abridge the number of civil and diplomatic officials, and, above all, to cut down the pay of congressmen. He made speeches in support of all these "reforms," but did not succeed in securing the discharge of a soldier, a sailor, a diplomatist, or a clerk, neither did he reduce the appropriations one single cent.

Congress remained, so far as legislation was concerned, in a state of "masterly inactivity" throughout Mr. John Quincy Adams's administration. The absence of any great political questions and the evident indisposition to enact any of the measures proposed by the president gave wide scope to the per-

sonal intrigues for the succession. As has been well remarked by the biographer of Webster, "it would be impossible to unfold the griefs, the interests, the projects, the jealousies, and the mutual struggles of the leaders and the fac-

tions who, with no community of political principle, entered into this warfare." The most adroit managers were Senator Van Buren and Representative Livingston, and Andrew Jackson, whose cause they engineered, was successful.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

I.

SOME years ago, at a time when the rapid growth of the city was changing the character of many localities, two young men were sitting, one afternoon early in April, in the parlor of a house on one of those streets which, without having yet accomplished their destiny as business thoroughfares, were no longer the homes of the decorous ease that once inhabited them. The young men held their hats and canes in their hands, and they had that air of having just been admitted and of waiting to be received by the people of the house which rests gracefully only on persons of the other sex. One was tall and spare, and he sat stiffly expectant; the other, who was much shorter and stouter, with the mature bloom which comes of good living and a cherished digestion, was more restless. As he rose from his chair, after a few moments, and went to examine some detail of the dim room, he moved with a quick, eager step, and with a stoop such as might have come from a connoisseur's habit of bending over and peering at things. He returned to his seat, and glanced round the parlor, as if to seize the whole effect more accurately.

"So this is the home of the Pythoness, is it?" he said.

"If you like to call her a Pythoness," answered the other.

"Oh, I don't know that I prefer it:

I'm quite willing to call her a test-medium. I thought perhaps Pythoness would respectfully idealize the business. What a queer, melancholy house, what a queer, melancholy street! I don't think I was ever in a street before where quite so many professional ladies, with English surnames, preferred Madam to Mrs. on their door-plates. And the poor old place has such a desperately conscious air of going to the deuce. Every house seems to wince as you go by, and button itself up to the chin for fear you should find out it had no shirt on,—so to speak. I don't know what's the reason, but these material tokens of a social decay afflict me terribly: a tipsy woman is n't dreadfuller than a haggard old house, that's once been a home, in a street like this."

"The street's going the usual way," said the other. "It will be all business in a few years."

"But in the mean time it causes me inexpressible anguish, and it will keep doing it. If I know where there's a thorn, I can't help going up and pressing my waistcoat against it. I foresee that I shall keep coming. This parlor alone is poignant enough to afford me the most rapturous pain; it pierces my soul. This teeth-setting-on-edge, tawdry red velvet wall-paper; the faded green reps of that sofa; those family photographs in their oval papier-maché frames; that round table there in the corner, with its subscription literature and its tin-type al-

bums; and this frantic tapestry carpet! I know now why the ghost-seers affect this sort of street and this sort of parlor: the spirits can't resist the deadly fascination! No ghost, with any strength of character, could keep away. I suppose that this apartment is swarming, now, with disembodied ladies and gentlemen of the first distinction."

"You don't think you could leave that off for a little while?" asked the other, quietly.

"Why, my dear fellow, I did n't suppose"—

"Suppose what?"

"That you had any feeling about the matter. I like to respect everybody's superstition—except my own; I can't respect that, you know."

"Do you think I believe in these people's rubbish?"

"Well, I did n't know. A man must believe in something. I could n't think of anything else you believed in. I'm not sure I don't believe in it a trifle, myself: my nerves do. May I ask why you come here, if you refuse the particular rubbish afforded by the establishment? You're not a curious man."

"Why did you come?"

"You asked me. Besides, I have no occasion for a reason. I am an emotional, not a rational being, as I've often told you."

The taller man laughed dryly. "Very well, then, you don't need a reason from me. You can wait and see why I came."

The short man gave a shrug. "I hope I shan't have to wait long. An emotional being has a right to be unreasonably impatient."

A light sound of hesitating steps made itself heard in the next room; the two men remained silent, and presently one of the partition doors was rolled back, and a tall young girl in a somewhat theatrical robe of white serge, with a pale green scarf on her shoulders, appeared at the threshold. Her beautiful, serious face had a pallid quiet, broken by what

seemed the unnatural alertness of her blue eyes, which glanced quickly, like those of a child too early obliged to suspect and avert; her blonde hair, which had a plastic massiveness, was drawn smoothly back from her temples, and lay heaped in a heavy coil on her neck, where its rich abundance showed when she turned her profile away, as if to make sure that some one was following in the room behind her. A door opened and closed there, and she came on towards the two men, who had risen. At sight of the taller of the two, she halted, while an elderly gentleman hurried forward, with a bustling graciousness, and offered him his small, short hand. He had the same fair complexion as the girl, but his face was bright and eager; his thin, light hair was wavy and lustreless; he looked hardly so tall as she. He had a mouth of delicacy and refinement, and a smile of infantine sweetness.

"Ah, you've really come," he said, shaking the young man's hand cordially. "So many people manifest an interest in our public séances, and then let the matter drop without going any further. I don't know whether I presented you to my daughter, the other day, Mr. Ford?"

Ford bowed gravely to the girl, who slightly returned his obeisance. "Let me introduce Mr. Phillips, Dr. Boynton,—a friend whom I ventured to bring with me."

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Phillips. I was about to say—Oh! my daughter, Mr. Phillips, Miss Egeria Boynton. Take seats, gentlemen—I was about to say that one of the most curious facts connected with the phenomena is the ardor with which people take the matter up on first acquaintance, and the entire indifference with which they let it drop. In our line of life, Mr. Phillips, as public exhibitors, we often have occasion to note this. It seldom happens but half a dozen persons come to me at the close of a séance, and ask earnestly

for the privilege of pursuing their investigations with the aid of my daughter's mediumship. But these persons rarely call; I rarely see them at a second public séance, even. If I had not such abiding hopes of the phenomena myself, I should sometimes feel discouraged by the apathy and worse than apathy with which they are received, not the first, but the second time. You must excuse my expression of surprise at first greeting you, Mr. Ford, — you must indeed. It was but too natural under the circumstances."

"By all means," answered Ford. "I never thought of not coming. But I can't promise that you'll find me a ready believer."

"Precisely," returned the other. "That is the very mood in which I could have wished you to come. I am myself, as I think I told you, merely an inquirer. In fact" — Dr. Boynton leaned forward, with his small, plump hands extended, as if the more conveniently to round his periods, but arrested himself, in the explanation he was about to make, at something Mr. Phillips was saying to his daughter.

"I could n't help being interested in the character of your parlor, before you came in, Miss Boynton. These old Boston houses all have so much character. It's surprising what good taste people had fifty or sixty years ago, — the taste of the First Empire. That cornice is very pretty, — very simple and very refined, neither glutted nor starved in design; and that mantel, — how refreshing those sane and decent straight lines are after the squirms and wriggles of subsequent marble! I don't know that I should have chosen urns for an ornament to the corners; but we must not forget that we are mortal; and there are cinerary associations with fire-places."

Miss Boynton had said nothing in return for this speech, the full sense of which had perhaps not quite reached her. She stared blankly at Phillips, to

whom her father turned with his most winning smile.

"An artist?" asked Dr. Boynton.

"A sufferer in the cause of art," returned Phillips with ironical pathos.

"Ah! A connoisseur," said the doctor.

"The fact is," said Phillips, "I was finding the modern equipment of your old-fashioned parlor intolerable, as you came in. You won't mind my not liking your landlady's taste, Miss Boynton?" he demanded with suave ingratiating.

Miss Boynton looked about the room, as if she had not seen it before. "It is ugly," she answered quietly. "But it does as well as any."

"Yes," her father eagerly interposed, "better than any other room in any other house in any other quarter of the city. We are still, as I may say, gentlemen, feeling our way towards what we believe a sublime truth. My daughter's development is yet so recent, so incomplete, that we must not reject any furthering influences, however humble, however disagreeable. It is not by our own preference that we are here. I know, as well as you do, that this is a street inhabited by fortune-tellers and charlatans of low degree. For that very reason I have taken our lodgings here. The element, the atmosphere, of simple, unquestioning faith brought into this vicinity by the dupes of these people is, unknown to them, of the highest use, the most vital advantage, to us in our present attempt. At the same time, I should not, I could not in candor, deny to these pretenders themselves a beneficial, a highly — I may call it — evolutionary, influence upon my daughter. We desire no personal acquaintance with them. But they are of the old tradition of supernaturalism, — a tradition as old as nature, — and we cannot afford to reject the favor of the tradition which they represent. You will understand that, gentlemen. We cannot say, We hold — or we trust we hold — communion with spirits, and yet deny that there is some-

thing in second-sight, divination, or whatever mysteries these people pretend to. In some sort, we must psychologically ally ourselves with them. They are, no doubt, for the most part and in most cases, shameless swindlers; but it seems to be a condition of our success that we shall not deny—I don't say that we shall believe—the fact of an occult power in some of them. Their neighborhood was very repulsive at first, and still is measurably so; but we accept it, and have found it of advantage. We are mere experimenters, as yet, and claim nothing except that my daughter is the medium, the instrument, of certain phenomena which *we* can explain only in one way; we do not dispute the different explanations of others. In the course of our investigations, we neglect no theory, however slight, that may assist us. Now, in so simple a matter as dress, even: we have found by repeated experiment that the manifestations have a greater affinity for white than any other color. This may point to some hidden truth—I don't say—in the old-fashioned ghost-stories, where the spectre always appears in white. At any rate, we think it worth while that my daughter should wear white, in both her public and her private séances, for the present. And green,—just now we seem to find a good effect in pale green, Mr. Phillips, pale green."

"If I may say it without impertinence to Miss Boynton's father, in my character of connoisseur," said Phillips, with a bow for the young girl, which he delivered to the doctor, "I think the effect is very good indeed."

"Ah! yes, yes!" cried the doctor. "In that sense. I see. Very good. However, I meant"—Dr. Boynton paused, bending on either visitor an exquisite smile of child-like triumph. A series of light taps, beginning with a sound like a straining of the wood, and then separating into a sharper staccato, was heard at different points in the

room, chiefly on the table, and on the valves of the sliding doors. Phillips gave a little nervous start. Ford remained indifferent, but for the slow movement of his eyes in the direction of the young girl, who bent an appealing look on her father. The doctor lifted a hand to invoke attention; the raps died away. "Giorgione, I presume. Will you ask, Egeria?"

The girl hesitated. Then, in a somewhat tremulous voice, she demanded, "Is it you, Giorgione?" A light shower of raps instantly responded. A thrill of strong excitement visibly passed over the girl, who clutched one hand with the other, and seemed to stay herself by a strong effort of will in her place on the sofa.

"Calmly, my daughter, calmly!" said Dr. Boynton, making a certain restraining gesture towards her. "Yes, it is Giorgione. He can never keep away when color is mentioned. Very celebrated for his coloring, I am told, when alive. A Viennese painter, I believe, Mr. Phillips."

"Venetian," answered Phillips, abstractedly. He recalled himself, and added with a forced lightness, "But I don't know that I can advise you to trust the professions of our rapping and tapping friend; there are so few genuine Giorgiones." A brisk volley of taps discharged upon the wall directly behind Phillips's head caused him to turn abruptly and stare hard at the place.

"Oh, you can't *see* it, Phillips," said Ford, with a spare laugh of derision.

"No," said Dr. Boynton, sweetly, "you can't see it. At least, not yet. But if our experiments progress as favorably as they have for the last six months, we may hope before a great while to render the invisible agencies of these sounds as sensible to sight as to hearing. Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Phillips. Mere playfulness, I assure you. They never inflict any real injury." While he spoke the raps renewed them-

selves here and there upon the wood-work, into the fibre of which they seemed at last to reënter, and died away in the sort of straining with which they began. "Egeria," said the doctor, turning impressively toward his daughter, "it seems to me the conditions are uncommonly propitious, this afternoon. I think we may look for something of a very remarkable character." He glanced at the clock on the mantel, and confronted his visitors with a smiling face of apology. "Gentlemen, I suppose you came for a séance. My interest in the matter has betrayed me into remarks that have taken up too much of your time."

"I came with the hope of seeing some further proofs of your skill," said Ford; "but if there is anything" —

"Oh, no, no, no! Not at all, not at all!" hastily interrupted the doctor, with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "But — ah — I hardly know how to put it. The fact is, I am anxious for investigation by gentlemen of your intelligence, and I should very much dislike to postpone you — Our landlady, who is a medium of note in her way, — she has lately come to Boston from the West, — had arranged this afternoon for a séance with a number of persons rather more grounded in the belief than yourselves, and" —

The young men rose. "We won't detain you," said Ford. "We can come another time."

"No, no! Wait!" Dr. Boynton waved them to their seats again, which they provisionally resumed, and turned to his daughter. "Egeria, I think I may venture to ask these gentlemen to join our friends?"

"There's no reason why they should n't stay, if they like," said the girl, impassively.

"We should be delighted," exclaimed Phillips, "if you'll let us! I'm so little used to ghosts," he said, glancing round at the walls and tables with an apprehensiveness which was perhaps not

altogether affected, "that, for my part, I should rather like plenty of company, Miss Boynton, — if Messer Giorgione won't take it amiss."

"Ah, very good!" interposed her father. "Very good, indeed. Ha! Why I hesitated was that the sort of experiment to be tried this afternoon requires conditions, concessions, that I thought you might not care to offer, gentlemen. I wish to be perfectly frank with you: what you will see might be produced by trickery, especially in a company of ten or a dozen persons, some of whom could be in collusion with the medium. I pass no judgment upon a certain order of phenomena in their present stage of development, but I make it a rule, myself, measurably to distrust all manifestations occurring in the presence of more than three persons besides the medium. Still, if you will do us the honor to remain, I can promise you something very curious and interesting, — something novel in the present phase of supernaturalism; nothing less than apparitions, gentlemen, or, as we call them, materializations. You have heard, perhaps, of these materializations?"

"Yes," said Ford indifferently, "I have heard of them."

"Mrs. Le Roy — our landlady — has made an eclectic study of the materializations of several other mediums, and she has succeeded, or claims to have succeeded, not only in reproducing them, but in calling about her many of the principal apparitions who visit the original séances. If you are not familiar with apparitions you may find it interesting."

"Really, Dr. Boynton," said Phillips, "do you mean that I shall see my friend Giorgione performing that sort of tattoo on your wall paper?"

"Not exactly," urbanely responded the doctor. "No. It's a curious feature of the manifestations that the audible spirits are never seen, and that those rendered visible by the new development of materialization are invariably mute.

But in a dark séance to follow the materializations, my daughter" —

Egeria rose from her place on the sofa and moved toward her father, who, alarmed at some expression of her face, started to his feet to encounter her. She laid her arms with a passionate gesture on his shoulder. "Father, father! Give it up for to-day, do! I can't go through with it. I am weak — sick; I have no strength left. Everything is gone."

"Why, Egeria! My poor girl! Excuse me, gentlemen: I will be with you in a moment." He cast a sustaining arm about her slim shape, and with the other hand pushed open one of the sliding doors, and disappeared with her from the room beyond.

The men remained in a silence which Ford had apparently no intention of breaking. "Upon the whole," said Phillips, at last, "this is rather painful. Miss Boynton is very much like some other young ladies — for a Pythoness. I should like to see the dark séance, — if I may express myself so inconsequently, — but really I hope the old gentleman will give it up, as she suggested."

"Don't flatter yourself," said Ford. "The thing's just beginning."

"Ford," observed Phillips, looking curiously at his friend, "has n't your little vice of brutality grown upon you?"

"Your vice has n't grown upon you, my dear fellow," returned Ford. "It came into the world fully developed, like Wisdom, — which it does n't otherwise resemble."

"I confess it," said Phillips. "Folly is my foible. But I don't see how you have the heart to take your attitude towards these people. It was shocking to stand on the defensive against the girl, as if she were an impostor. She's a person you might help to scalloped oysters or ice-cream at an evening party, and not expect to talk half so magnificently as she looked. I wonder what's the matter with her; I suppose some

hysterical mystery. The old gentleman" —

"Old quack," interrupted Ford.

"Oh, I'm not so sure of that," said Phillips, with sprightly generosity.

"You were always disputatious," returned his friend. "Especially about a perfectly plain case. You feel that it gives you an air of impartiality."

"I feel that refusing to let appearances account for motives gives one an advantage over you in your snap-judgments of people. I get twice the good out of life that you do. The man believes in himself, and it is your ironical attitude which annuls the honesty in him. That sort of thing kills any amount of genuineness in people."

"Very likely," assented Ford. "He's coming back presently to say that our sphere — attitude, you call it; *his* quackery has a different nomenclature — has annulled his daughter's power over the spirits."

Phillips went up again to examine the mantel-piece. "Well, why not?"

"Certainly, why not? If you grant the one, there's no trouble about granting the other."

"What do you make of what we heard?"

"Nothing."

"You heard it?"

"I hear clatter any time I wake in the night. But I don't attribute it to disembodied spirits on that account."

"Why not?"

"Because there are no disembodied spirits, for one thing."

"Ah, I'm not so sure of that," said Phillips, with a return to his sprightly generosity.

"Again? You doubt everything."

"That's very well, — better than what you said before. I prefer to keep an open mind. I don't snub ghosts, for I think I may be one myself, some day."

As he spoke the door-bell rang, and in the interval between the ringing of the bell and the slow response of the

servant, Dr. Boynton reëntered, rubbing his hands and smiling. "Sorry to have been obliged to leave you, gentlemen," he said. "You have witnessed, however, one of the most interesting phases of this mystery: mystery, I call it, for I'm as much in the dark about it as yourselves. My daughter felt so deeply the dissenting, the perhaps incredulous, mood — sphere — of one of you that she quite succumbed to it. Don't be alarmed! In an ordinary medium it would be an end of everything for the time being, but she will take part in the séance, all the same, to-day. I have been able to reinforce my daughter's powers by a gift — we will call it a gift — of my own. In former years I looked quite deeply into mesmerism, and I have never quite disused the practice of it, as a branch of my profession, — I am a physician. My wife, who has been dead my daughter's whole life," — an expression of pain, curious with reference to the eager brightness of the man's wonted aspect, passed over the speaker's face, — "was a very impressible subject of mine, and in her childhood Egeria was so. Since we have discovered what seems her power as a medium, I have found the mesmeric force — the application of exterior will — of the greatest use in sustaining her against the exhaustion she would otherwise incur from the many conflicting influences she is subject to. I can't regret — I rejoice, in fact — that this phenomenon has occurred as it *has* occurred. It will enable me to present in her to-day the united action of those strange forces, equally occult, the mesmeric and the spiritistic. I have just left my daughter in a complete mesmeric trance, and you will see — you will see" —

He broke off abruptly, and went forward to meet a gentleman and lady, apparently two of the expected guests of Mrs. Le Roy. He greeted them with gay warmth as Mr. and Mrs. Merrifield, and was about to share their acquaintance with Ford and Phillips, when a

tall man, with pale blue eyes and a thin growth of faded hair, of a like harshness on crown and chin, interrupted him with a solemnly proffered hand. "Why, Weatherby," said the doctor, shaking his hand, "I did n't hear you ring."

"I found the girl still at the door, and had no occasion to ring," said Mr. Weatherby.

"Right, right, — quite right!" returned Dr. Boynton. "Glad to see you. Mr. Weatherby, Mr. Ford and Mr. Phillips, — inquirers. Mr. Weatherby is known among us, gentlemen, for powers which he is developing in the direction of levitation." Mr. Weatherby silently shook hands, regarding Phillips and Ford meantime with a remote keenness of glance, and then took a seat in a corner, with an air of established weariness, as if he had found levitation heavy work.

Dr. Boynton continued to receive his guests, and next introduced to the strangers a large, watery-eyed man with a mottled face and reddish hair: "Mr. Eccles, — an inquirer like yourselves, gentlemen, but in a different spirit. Mr. Eccles has no doubt of the nature of the manifestations, but he is investigating the subject with a view — with a view" — Dr. Boynton looked for help to the gentleman whose position he was trying to state, and the latter came to his aid with a vigorous alacrity which was accented by the lavish display of an upper and lower set of artificial teeth.

"With a view to determine whether something cannot be done to protect us against the assumption by inferior spirits of the identity of the better class of essences. There are doubtless laws of the spirit-life, could we invoke them aright, which would hold these unruly masqueraders in check. I am endeavoring to study the police system — if I may use the expression — of the other world. For I am satisfied that until we have learned to appeal to the proper authorities against these pretenders, we shall get nothing

of value from the manifestations. At present it seems to me that in most cases the phenomena are held in contempt by all respectable spirits. This deplorable state of things has resulted, I have no doubt, in great degree from the hostile manner in which investigation of the phenomena has been pursued in the material world."

"Ah," said Ford, "that's an interesting point. My friend, here, was just speaking of some things of the sort before you came in. He mentioned the disadvantage to the medium of what he called the ironical attitude; he contends that it makes them cheat."

"No doubt, no doubt," replied Mr. Eccles. "But its effect upon the approximating spiritual sphere is still worse. It drives from that sphere all candid and sober-minded spirits, and none but frivolous triflers remain. Are you a believer in the phenomena, Mr. — ah — Phillips?"

"I am scarcely even a witness of them yet," said Phillips. "But as a mere speculative observer, I don't see why one should n't come as worshipfully minded to a séance as to a church."

"Precisely, precisely, sir," assented Mr. Eccles. "And yet I cannot say that a séance is exactly a religious service. No, it partakes rather of a dual nature. It will doubtless be elevated in character, as the retro- and inter-acting influences improve. But at present it is a sort of informal reception at which friends from both worlds meet and commingle in social intercourse; in short, a kind of bi-mundane — bi-mundane —"

"Kettle-drum," suggested Ford.

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Eccles. He folded his arms, and set his artificial teeth to smile displeasure upon Ford's impassible face. Anything that he may have been going to say farther was cut short by the approach of a gentleman, at sight of whom his smile relaxed nothing of its displeasure.

"Hello! How do, Eccles?" said the

new-comer, gayly. He was a short and slight man, and he planted himself in front of Mr. Eccles upon his very small, squarely stepping feet. Whatever may have been the temperament of the invisible presences, those in the flesh were, with the exception of this gentleman, not at all lively: they were, in fact, of serious countenance and low spirits; and they were evidently glad of this co-religionist who could take their common belief so cheerfully. He had come in the last, and he had been passing a light word with this one and that, before saluting Mr. Eccles, who alone seemed not glad to see him. He was dressed in a smart business suit, whose fashionableness was as much at variance with the prevailing dress of the company as his gayety with its prevailing solemnity.

"How are you?" he said, looking up into Mr. Eccles's dental smile. "Going to get after those scamps again? Well, I'm glad of it. Behaved shamefully at Mrs. Merrifield's, the other night; knocked the chairs over and flung the flowers about, — ridiculous! If they can't manage better than that, a man might as well go to a democratic ward meeting when he dies. Ah, doctor!"

Dr. Boynton approached from the other room, which had been closed, and on which he again shut the rolling doors. "Mr. Hatch!" said the doctor radiantly, while he pressed the other's hand in both his own, and made a rose-bud of his mouth. "You just complete our list. Glad to see you."

"Thanks, much," said Mr. Hatch. "Where's Miss Egeria?"

"In a moment," replied the doctor mysteriously. Then he turned to the company, and said in a formal tone, "As we are all here, now, friends, we won't delay any farther." He advanced and flung open the doors to the back parlor, discovering, in the middle of the room, a common extension dining-table, draped merely with so much of a striped turkey-red supper cloth as would fall over

the edge and partly conceal the legs. The top of the table was pierced by a hole some ten or twelve inches square, and over this hole was set a box, open on one side, and lined with black velvet; a single gas jet burned at a half light overhead.

"Now, if you will take seats, ladies and gentlemen," said Dr. Boynton. "Mrs. Merrifield, will you sit on my right, so as to be next my daughter? And Mr. Phillips on my left, here? And you, Mr. Ford, on Miss Smiley's left, next to Mr. Eccles? Mr. Hatch, take your place between those two ladies" —

"I'm there, doctor, every time," said Mr. Hatch, promptly obeying.

"I must protest at the outset, Dr. Boynton," began Mr. Eccles, "against this sort of" —

"Beg pardon. You're right, Eccles," said Hatch, "I won't do it any more. But when I get down at a table like this, I feel gay, and I can't help running over a little. But no spilling's the word, now. Do we join hands, doctor, *comme à l'ordinaire*?"

"Yes, all join hands, please," answered the doctor.

"Well, I want these ladies to promise not to squeeze my hands, either of them," said Hatch. The ladies laughed, and Mr. Eccles, relinquishing the hands of the persons next him, made a movement to rise, in which he was met by an imploring downward wave of Dr. Boynton's hand.

"Please, Mr. Eccles, remain. Mr. Hatch, I may trust your kindness? Miss Merrill, will you sing — ah — something?"

A small, cheerful lady, on the sunny side of thirty, with a pair of spectacles gleaming on her amiable nose, responded to this last appeal. "I think we had better all sing, doctor."

"I have a theory in wishing you to sing alone," said the doctor.

"Oh, very well!" Miss Merrill acquiesced. "Have you any preference?"

"No. Anything devotional."

"Maiden's Prayer, Miss Merrill," suggested Hatch.

This overcast Mr. Eccles again, but Miss Merrill took the fun in good part, and laughed.

"I don't believe you know anything about devotional music, Mr. Hatch," she said.

"That's so. My répertoire is out already," owned Hatch.

Miss Merrill raised her spectacles thoughtfully to the ceiling, and after a moment began to sing *Flee as a Bird to your Mountain*, in a sweet contralto. As the thrilling tones filled the room all other sounds were quelled; the circle at the table became motionlessly silent, and the long, sighing breath of the listeners alone made itself heard in the pauses of the singing. Before the words died away, a draught of cold air struck across the room, and through the door at the head of the table, which unclosed mysteriously, as if blown open by the wind, a figure in white was seen in the passage without. It drifted nearer, and with a pale green scarf tied over her golden hair Egeria softly and waveringly entered the room. Her face was white, and her eyes had the still, sightless look of those who walk in their sleep. She advanced, and sank into the chair between her father and Mrs. Merrifield, and at the same moment that groaning and straining sound was heard, as if in the fibres of the wood; and then the sounds grew sharper and more distinct, and a continuous rapping seemed to cover the whole surface of the table, with a noise like that of heavy clots of snow driving against a window pane.

As Egeria took the chair left vacant for her, it could be seen that another had also found a place in the circle. This was a very large, dark woman of some fifty years, who silently saluted some of the company, half withdrawing from their sight as she sat down next to Mrs. Merrifield behind the box.

Egeria remained staring blankly before her for a moment. Then she said in a weary voice, "They are here."

"Who, my daughter?" demanded her father.

In a long sigh, "Legion," she responded.

"We may thank Mr. Hatch for the company we are in," Mr. Eccles broke out resentfully. "I have protested" —

"Patience, — a little patience, Mr. Eccles!" implored Dr. Boynton. Then, without changing his polite tone, "Look again, Egeria," he said. "Are they all evil?"

"Their name is legion," wearily answered the girl, as before.

"Yes, yes, Egeria. They always come at first. But is there no hope of help against them? Look again, — look carefully."

"The innumerable host" —

"I knew it, — I knew it!" exulted the doctor.

"Disperses them," said the girl, and lapsed into a silence which she did not break again.

At a sign from the large woman, who proved to be Mrs. Le Roy, Dr. Boynton said, "Will you sing again, Miss Merrill?"

Miss Merrill repeated the closing stanza of the hymn she had already sung.

While she sang, flitting gleams of white began to relieve themselves against the black interior of the box. They seemed to gather shape and substance; as the singing ceased, the little hand of a child moved slowly back and forth in the gloom.

A moan broke from one of the women. "Oh, I hope it's for me!" she quavered.

They began, one after another, to ask, "Is it for me?" the hand continuing to wave softly to and fro. When it came the turn of this woman, the hand was violently agitated; she burst into tears. "It's my Lily, my darling little Lily."

The apparition beckoned to the speaker.

"You can touch it," said the doctor.

The woman bent over the table, and thrust her hand into the box; the apparition melted away; a single fragrant tube-rose was flung out upon the table. "Oh, oh!" sobbed the woman. "My Lily's favorite flower! She always liked snow-drops above everything, because they came the first thing in the spring. Oh, how happy I am to think she can come to me, — to *know* that she is living yet, and can never die! I'm sure I felt her little hand an instant, — so smooth and soft, so cold!"

"They always seem to be cold," philosophized the doctor. "A more exquisite vitality coming in contact with our own would naturally give the sensation of cold. But you must sit down, now, Mrs. Blodgett," added the doctor, kindly. "Look! There is another hand."

A large wrinkled hand, like that of an elderly woman, crept tremulously through the opening of the box, sank, and then creeping upward again laid its fingers out over the edge of the table. No one recognized it, and it would have won no general acclaim if Mrs. Merrifield had not called attention to the lace which encircled the wrist; she caught a bit of this between her thumb and finger, and detained it a moment while the other ladies bent over and examined it. There was but one voice; it was real lace.

One hand after another now appeared in the box, some of them finding a difficulty in making their way up through the aperture, which had been formed by cutting across in the figure of an X the black cloth which lined the bottom of the box, and which now hung down in triangular flaps. The slow and feeble effort of the apparitions to free themselves from these dangling pieces of cloth heightened their effectiveness. From time to time a hand violently responded to the demand from one of the

circle, "Is it for me?" and several persons were allowed to place their hands in the box and touch the materializations. These persons testified that they felt a distinct pressure from the spectral hands.

"Would you like to try, Mr. Phillips?" politely asked the doctor.

"Thanks, yes," said Phillips, after a hesitation. He put his hand in the box: the apparitional hand, apparently that of a young girl, dealt him a flying touch, and vanished. Phillips nervously withdrew his hand.

"Did you feel it?" inquired Dr. Boynton.

"Yes," answered Phillips.

"Oh, what was it like? Was n't it smooth and soft and cold?" demanded the mother of the first apparition.

"Yes," said Phillips; "it was a sensation like the touch of a kid glove."

"Oh, of course, of course!" Mr. Eccles burst out, in a sort of scornful groan. "A stuffed glove! If we are to approach the investigation in this spirit" —

"I beg your pardon?" said Phillips, inquiringly.

"I'm sure," interposed Dr. Boynton, "that Mr. Phillips, whom I have had the honor of introducing to this circle, has intended nothing but a *bona fide* description of the sensation he experienced."

"I don't understand," said Phillips.

"You were not aware, then," pursued the doctor, "that there have been attempts to impugn the character of these and similar materializations, — in fact, to prove that these hands are merely stuffed gloves, mechanically operated?"

"Not at all!" cried Phillips.

"I was certain of your good feeling, your delicacy," said the doctor. "We will go on, friends."

But the apparitions had apparently ceased, while the raps, which had been keeping up a sort of desultory, telegraphic tattoo throughout, when not actively

in use as a means of conversation with the disembodied presences, suddenly seemed to cover the whole surface of the table with their detonation.

"The materializations are over," said Mrs. Le Roy, speaking for the first time. Her voice, small and thin, oddly contrasted with her physical bulk.

"Oh, pshaw, Mrs. Le Roy!" protested Hatch, "don't give it up, that way. Come! I want Jim. Ladies, join me in loud cries for Jim."

Several of the ladies beset Mrs. Le Roy, who at last yielded so far as to ask if Jim were present. A sharp affirmative rap responded, and after an interval, during which the spectators peered anxiously into the dark box, a sort of dull fumbling was heard, and another materialization was evidently in progress.

"You can't see the hand of a gentleman of Jim's complexion against that black cloth," said Hatch, rising. "Lend me your handkerchiefs, ladies. James has a salt and sullen rheum offends him."

Several ladies made haste to offer their handkerchiefs, and, leaning over, Hatch draped them about the bottom of the box. The flaps were again agitated, and a large black hand showed itself distinctly against the white ground formed by the handkerchiefs. It was hailed with a burst of ecstasy from all those who seemed to be frequenters of these séances, and it wagged an awkward salutation to the company.

"Good for you, good for you, James!" said Hatch, approvingly. "Rings? Wish to adorn your person, James?" he continued. The hand gesticulated an imaginable assent to this proposal, and Hatch gravely said, "Your rings, ladies." A half dozen were passed to him, and he contrived, with some trouble, to slip them on the fingers of the hand, which continually moved itself, in spite of many caressing demands from the ladies (with whom Jim was apparently a favorite spectre) that he would

hold still, and Hatch's repeated admonition that he should moderate his transports. When the rings were all in place, the hand was still dissatisfied, as it seemed, and beckoned toward Egeria. "Want Miss Boynton's ring?" asked Hatch.

The girl gave a start, involuntarily laying hold of the ring, and Dr. Boynton said instantly, "He cannot have it. The ring was her mother's." This drew general attention to Miss Boynton's ring: it was what is called a marchioness ring, and was set with a long, black stone, sharply pointed at either end.

"All right; beg pardon, doctor," said Hatch, respectfully; but the hand, after a moment's hesitation, sank through the aperture, as if in dudgeon, and was heard knocking off the rings against the table underneath. This seemed a climax for which the familiars of the house had been waiting. The ladies who had lent their rings to Mr. Hatch, and had joined their coaxing voices to his in entreating the black hand to be quiet, now rose with a rustle of drapery, and joyously cackled satisfaction in Jim's characteristic behavior.

"That is the last," announced Mrs. Le Roy, and withdrew. Some one turned on the light, and Hatch began to pick up the rings under the table; this was the occasion of renewed delight in Jim on the part of the ladies to whom he restored their property.

"Would you like to look under the table?" asked Dr. Boynton of Ford, politely lifting the cloth and throwing it back.

"I don't care to look," said Ford, remaining seated, and keeping the same impassive face with which he had witnessed all the shows of the séance.

Dr. Boynton directed a glance of invitation at Phillips, who stooped and peered curiously at the under side of the table, and then passed his hand over the carpet beneath the aperture. "No signs of a trap?" suggested the doctor.

"No, quite solid," said Phillips.

"These things are evidently merely in their inception," remarked the doctor, candidly. "I would n't advise their implicit acceptance under all circumstances, but here the conditions strike me as simple and really very fair."

"I've been very greatly interested indeed," said Phillips, "and I should n't at all attempt to explain what I've seen."

"We shall now try our own experiment," said the doctor, looking round at the windows, through the blinds and curtains of which the early twilight was stealing. "Mr. Hatch, will you put up the battening?" While Hatch made haste to darken the windows completely with some light wooden sheathings prepared for the purpose, Dr. Boynton included Ford also in his explanation. "What we are about to do requires the exclusion of all light. These intelligences, whatever they are, that visit us seem peculiarly sensitive to certain qualities of light; they sometimes endure candles pretty well, but they dislike gas even more than day-light, and we shall shut that off entirely. Yes, my dear," he said, turning lightly toward his daughter, who, apparently relieved from the spell under which she had sat throughout the séance, now approached him, and addressed him some entreaty in a low tone, to which the anxiety of her serious face gave its effect. Ford watched them narrowly while they spoke together; she evidently beseeching, and her father urging with a sort of obdurate kindness, from which she turned at last in despair, and sat listlessly down again in her place. One might have interpreted the substance of their difference as light or weighty, but there could be no doubt of its result in the girl's reluctant obedience. She sat with her long hands in her lap and her eyes downcast, while the young man bent his glance upon her with a somewhat softened curiosity. Phillips drew up a chair beside

her, and began to address her some evening-party conversation, to which, after her first terrified start at the sound of his voice, she listened with a look of dull mystification, and a vague and monosyllabic comment. He was in the midst of this difficult part when Dr. Boynton announced that the preparations were now perfect, and invited the company to seat themselves in a circle around his daughter, from whose side Phillips was necessarily driven. Mrs. Le Roy reëntered, and after a survey of the forming circle took her place in it, and joined hands like the rest with her neighbor on either side. Dr. Boynton instantly shut off the gas, and several of the circle, led by Miss Merrill, began to sing. It was music in a minor key, and as the sound of it fell the air was suddenly filled with noises of a heterogeneous variety. Voices whispered here and there, overhead and, as it appeared, underfoot; a fan was caught up, and each person in the circle swiftly and violently fanned; a music-box, placed on Phillips's knee, was wound up, and then set floating, as it seemed, through the air; rings were snatched from some fingers and roughly thrust upon others, amidst the cries and nervous laughter of the women.

Through all, the mystical voices continued, and now they began to be recognized by different persons in the circle. The mother of one briefly visited him, and exhorted him to have faith in a life to come; the little sister of another revealed that she could never tell the beauty of the spirit-land; a lady cried out, "O John, is that you kissing me?" to which a hollow whisper answered, "Yes; persevere, and all will be well." Suddenly a sharp smack was heard, and another lady, whose chubbiness had no doubt commended her as a medium for this sort of communication, exclaimed, with a hysterical laugh, "Oh, here's Jim, again! He's slapping me on the shoulder!" and in another instant this frolic ghost had passed round the circle,

slapping shoulders and knees in the absolute darkness with amazing precision.

Jim went as suddenly as he came, and then there was a lull in the demonstrations. They began again with the voices, amidst which was heard the soft and rhythmic clapping of Egeria's hands, as she beat her palms together, to prove that she had no material agency in the feats performed. Then, one of the circle called out, "Oh, delicious! Somebody is pressing a perfumed handkerchief to my face!" "And mine!" "And mine!" came quickly from others.

"Be careful," warned the small voice of Mrs. Le Roy, "not to break the circle now, or some one will get hurt."

She had scarcely spoken, when there came a shriek of pain and terror, with the muffled noise of a struggle; then a fainter cry, and a fall to the floor.

All sprang to their feet in confusion.

"Egeria! Egeria!" shouted Dr. Boynton. The girl made no answer. "Oh, light the gas, light the gas!" he entreated; and now the crowning wonder of the séance appeared. A hand of bluish flame shone in the air, and was seen to hover near one of the gas-burners, which it touched; as the gas flashed up and the hand vanished, a groan of admiration burst forth, which was hardly checked by the spectacle that the strong light revealed.

Egeria lay stretched along the floor in a swoon, the masses of her yellow hair disordered and tossed about her pale face. Her arms were flung outward, and the hand on which she wore her ring showed a stain of blood, oozing from a cut in a finger next the ring; the hand must have been caught in a savage clutch, and the sharp edge of the setting crushed into the tender flesh.

Ford was already on his knees beside the girl, over whose insensible face he bowed himself to lift her fallen head.

"I told you," said Mrs. Le Roy, "that some one would get hurt if anybody broke the circle."

"It has been a glorious time!" cried Dr. Boynton, with sparkling eyes, while he went about shaking hands with one and another. "It has surpassed my utmost hopes! We stand upon the verge of a great era! The whole history of supernaturalism shows nothing like it! The key to the mystery is found!"

The company thronged eagerly about him, some to ask what the key was, others to talk of the wonderful hand. Ege-ria was forgotten; she might have been trodden under foot but for the active efforts of Hatch, who cleared a circle about her, and at last managed to withdraw the doctor from his auditors and secure his attention for the young girl.

"Oh, a faint, a mere faint," he said, as he bent over her and touched her pulse. "The facts established are richly worth all they have cost. Ah!" he added, "we must have air to revive her."

"You won't get it in *this* crowd!" said Hatch, looking savagely round.

"We had better carry her to her room," said Mrs. Le Roy.

"Yes, yes; very good, very good!" cried the doctor, absently trying to gather the languid shape into his arms. He presently desisted, and turned again to the group which Hatch had forced aside, and began to talk of the luminous hand and its points of difference from the hands shown in the box.

Hatch glanced round after him in despair, and then, with a look at Ford, said, "*We* must manage it, somehow." He bent over the inanimate girl, and with consummate reverence and delicacy drew her into his arms, and made some steps toward the door.

"It won't do: you're too little, Mr. Hatch," said Mrs. Le Roy, with brutal common sense. "You never could carry her up them stairs in the world. Give her to the other gentleman, and go and fetch Dr. Boynton, if you can ever get him away."

Hatch hesitated a moment, and with another look at Ford surrendered his

burden to him. Ford received it as reverently as the other had given it; the beautiful face lay white upon his shoulder; the long, bright, disheveled hair fell over his arm; in his strong clasp he lifted her as lightly away as if she had been indeed some pale phantom.

Phillips, standing aloof from the other group and intent upon this tableau, was able to describe it very effectively, a few evenings afterwards, to a lady who knew both himself and Ford well enough to enjoy it.

II.

Mr. Phillips's father had been in business on that obscure line which divides the wholesale merchant's social acceptability from the lost condition of the retail dealer. When he died, however, his son emerged forever from the social twilight in which the father had been content to remain. He took account of his means, and found that he had enough to live handsomely upon, not only without anything like shop-keeping, but without business of any sort, and he courageously resolved to be a man of leisure. He had certain tastes which qualified him for this life; he had read much, and he had traveled abroad. He joined a club convenient to the lodging which he kept in his paternal home, letting out the rest of the house to a thrifty woman whose interest it was that he should have nothing to complain of. Every morning, at nine precisely, he breakfasted at the club, beside one of the pleasantest windows; the sun came in there in the afternoon, and except in the winter months he dined at another table. His breakfast and his dinner were the chief events of a day which he had the wisdom to keep as like every other day as he could, unless for some very good reason. When he had finished either meal, he turned over the newspapers and magazines, largely English, in the reading-room; after dinner

he often dozed a few minutes in his chair. For the rest, he paid visits and went about to the picture stores and to the studios. He now and then bought a painting, which in his hands turned out a good investment; but his passion was bricabrac, and he liked the excitement of the auction-room, where he picked up from time to time a rug, a queer vase, a colonial clock, a claw-footed table or chest of drawers, and added them to his stores.

He kept up with the current literature, and distilled from it a polite essence, with which he knew how to perfume his conversation in the measure agreeable to ladies willing to learn what it was distinguished to read. With many he was an authority in such matters, and with nearly all he was acceptable for a certain freshness of the susceptibilities, which he studiously preserved, growing them under glass, as it were, when it was past their natural seasons to flourish in the open air. Now and then one revolted against this artificial bloom, and declared that Mr. Phillips's emotions smelt of the watering-pot; but commonly they were well liked by the sex with which, even if he had not preferred, he would have been forced mainly to associate. There is no society but that of women for an idler in our country; the other men are busy and tired, with little patience and little sympathy for men who are not busy and tired.

Such men as Phillips consorted with were of the feminine temperament, like artists and musicians (he had a pretty taste in music); or else they were of the intensely masculine sort, like Ford, to whom he had attached himself. He liked to have their queer intimacy noted, and to talk of it with the ladies of his circle, finding it as much of a mystery as he could. At these times he treated his friend as a bit of *virtù*, telling at what length his lovely listener would of how he had happened to pick

Ford up. He bore much from him in the way of contemptuous sarcasm; it illustrated the strange fascination which such a man as Ford had for such a man as Phillips. He lay in wait for his friend's characteristics, and when he had surprised this trait or that in him he was fond of exhibiting his capture.

The tie that bound Ford, on his part, to Phillips was not tangible; it was hardly more than force of habit, or like an indifferent yielding to the advances made by the latter. Doubtless the absence of any other intimacy had much to do with this apparent intimacy. They had as little in common in matters of taste as in temperament. Ford openly scorned bricabrac; he rarely went into society; for the ladies in whose company Phillips liked to bask he cared as slightly as for stamped leather or Saracenic tiles. He was not of Bostonian origin, and had come to the city a much younger man than we find him. He was known to a few persons of like tastes for his scientific studies, which he pursued somewhat fitfully, as his poverty, and that dark industry known as writing for the press, by which he eked out his poverty, permitted. He wrote a caustic style; and this, together with his brooding look and his taciturn and evasive habits, gave rise to conjecture that his past life concealed a disappointment in love, "Or perhaps," suggested a fair analyst, "in literature."

Several mornings after the séance at Mrs. Le Roy's, he sat on one of the many benches which the time found vacant in the Public Gardens. It was yet far too early for the nurse-maids and their charges and suitors; the marble Venus of the fountain was surprised without her shower on; Mr. Ball's equestrian Washington drew his sword in solitude unbroken by a policeman upon Dr. Rimmer's Hamilton in Commonwealth Avenue; the whole precinct rested in patrician insensibility to the plebeian hour of seven; and Ford, if he

had cared, would have been safe from the polite amaze of that neighborhood at finding one even of its remote acquaintance in those pleasure-grounds at that period of the day. He sat in a place which was habitual with him; for he lodged in one of the boarding-houses on a street near by, and he made the Public Gardens the resort of such leisure as each day afforded him, seeking always the same seat under the same Kil-marnock willow, and suffering a sense of invasion when he found it taken. Commonly his leisure fell much later in the day; and he had now the aspect of the sleep-broken man, rather than the early riser who takes the air on principle or from choice. He sat and gazed absently over at the pond, where the swans lay still on the still water, with their white shadows under them as distinct and substantial to the eye as their own bulk.

A few stragglers, looking as jaded as himself for the most part, lounged on the seats along the walks, or hung listless on the parapet of the bridge. The spiteful English sparrows scattered their sharp, irritating notes through the air, and quarreled about over the grass, or made love like the nagging lovers out of a lady's novel.

When Ford at last withdrew his absent eyes from the swans and looked up, he was aware of a large and flabby presence, which towered, in the sense that a lofty mould of jelly may be said to tower, on the path directly before him. In this he gradually recognized an acquaintance of the spiritual séance, and finally knew the mottled face of Mr. Eccles; the morning was unseasonably close and warm; his hat was off, and the breeze played with the hair that crept thinly over his crown; his shirt and white waistcoat were clean, but affected the spectator differently.

"A-r-r-h — good-morning!" he said, with a slow, hard smoothness, staring intently at Ford, with a set smile and shut teeth.

"How d'y'e do!" answered Ford, without interest.

"Nice morning," said Mr. Eccles, turning half about, and describing it with a wave of his limp-rimmed silk hat.

"Very pleasant," assented Ford, making no motion to rise, and neither inviting nor forbidding further conversation.

"A habitual early riser?" suggested Mr. Eccles.

"No, I merely happen to be up."

"I rise early myself," said Mr. Eccles. "It is my digestion. I sleep badly." He looked, as he spoke, like a man who had never slept well. "Your friend, I presume, is not troubled in his digestion?"

"If you mean Mr. Phillips," replied Ford, with a cold ray of amusement, "I believe not. He makes it a matter of conscience to digest well."

"It isn't that, sir," said Mr. Eccles. "I have experimented in the matter a great deal. I have tried to digest well on principle, but that does not reach the root of the trouble. It may be alleviated by the proper influences; but this sourness" — he struck his stomach softly — "seems to be the material response to some spiritual ferment which we are at present powerless to escape. I am satisfied that the large majority of our indigestion, sir, comes from the existing imperfections of mediumization."

"Some philosophers attribute it to pie," said Ford, neutrally.

"That is a very superficial way of looking at it," returned Mr. Eccles. "If we could once establish the true relations with the other life, *pie* would n't stand in our way."

"I've no doubt that those who establish their relations in the old-fashioned way, by dying, are not troubled by pie," said Ford.

"Oh, death is not necessary to a complete rapport," returned Mr. Eccles, somewhat impatiently. "I have long been satisfied of that. It may even

prove an obstacle. What we want is to place ourselves in connection with the regions of order and peace. Till we can do this, we must feel the effects of the acidity, as I may call it, which characterizes the crude and unsettled spiritual existence reached by our present system of mediumization. We had an illustration of that the other night, sir, in the vulgar violence of the manifestations. I was ashamed that any person of refinement should have been invited to witness such a—a saturnalia. I should have withdrawn from the circle myself, at once, as soon as I perceived what the character of the communications was likely to be, if it had not been for my regard for Dr. Boynton and his daughter. There is no doubt in my mind, sir, that if we had then been in communication with ladies and gentlemen of the other life, the circle could have been broken with impunity. As it was, you saw the brutality with which the violation of a single condition was resented by the savage crew we had suffered to be called about us. They dreaded to lose an opportunity for riot. The consequence was that Miss Boynton's hand was caught and crushed till the setting of her ring cut to the bone; then she was flung to the ground. The only redeeming feature, the only hopeful aspect, of the affair was the apparition which terminated the disgraceful scene. Undoubtedly the hand which turned on the gas was a celestial agency of the highest and purest type."

Ford let his eyes, which had been dwelling upon Mr. Eccles's face with their usual cold scrutiny, drop to the ground. "I hope," he said, "that Miss Boynton has quite recovered from her—accident."

"It was a shock," returned Mr. Eccles, candidly, "and her physique is delicate. She is a mingling of the finest elements, but the proportions are so adjusted that the equilibrium is very easily disturbed. Her digestion, I should say,

was normally very good. She is evidently in relation, for the most part, with settled and orderly essences." He again set his teeth, and shone upon Ford with a wide, joyless smile. He waited for a moment, and Ford making no sign of interest, he said "Good morning," and towered tremulously away, carrying his hat in his hand, and letting his baldness take the breeze as he walked.

When he was gone, Ford sat in a long reverie, from which he was roused by the clock of the Arlington Street church striking eight, which was his breakfast hour. He rose, and strolled down the path and across the street to his lodging, which he entered with his latch-key. The other boarders, with their morning freshness of toilet upon them, were lounging or tripping down-stairs to breakfast, and met him with various degrees of interest, umbrage, and indifference in their salutation as he went up. The men mostly growled at him, with settled dislike in their tones; some of the women beheld him with pique, others with kindly curiosity; one little lady, in a pretty morning robe, warbled at him, as she swept her skirts aside to make room for him at the turn of the stairs, "Doing the early bird, Mr. Ford?"

"No; the early worm," he returned with as little effusion as he had lavished upon Mr. Eccles.

The lady gave him the slant of a laughing face, turned up at him, as she tripped down the stairs. "Don't disagree with the bird!" she said saucily. She had achieved celebrity among the other ladies by not being afraid of him.

He seemed not to think any answer necessary, and passed up two more flights to his room, which was small and in the rear of the house. It was cheerlessly furnished with a tumbled bed and two or three chairs and a large table, on which many newspapers and books, arranged in scrupulously neat order, left a small vacant space at one corner for writing, where some sheets of fresh manuscript

lay. On the window seat were some chemical materials and apparatus; on the chimney shelf some faded photographs; a tobacco pouch and pipes. Ford's business was with the manuscript leaves, which he took up and tore carefully into small pieces. He flung these into the grate, and then, with a conscious air, lifted one of the pipes, and fingered it a moment before he turned to leave the room. It was as if he had not liked the witness of his wonted environment to this act of his. He went on down to breakfast, and took his place at a table as yet but sparsely tenanted. The lively lady of the stairs-landing was there; she sat long at meat, morning, noon, and night, not for the material, but for the mental refreshment; for she found that more people could be made to give some account of themselves there than anywhere else. She was sipping her coffee out of her spoon, and looking about her between sips, with a disengaged air, when Ford came in, and she fastened upon him, over a good stretch of table, at once.

"Perhaps you went out so early in order to see a ghost, Mr. Ford?"

"Very likely," answered Ford, making a listless decision between the steak and the bacon.

"And did you?"

"What?"

"See one."

"They always charge people not to say."

"Ah, not nowadays! They want you to go and tell all about it. That's what I understand from Mr. Phillips." She sank back a little into herself, with her eyes resting quietly upon Ford's inattentive face, and her elbow brought gracefully to her side, and softly stirred her coffee. She was not of the society in which Mr. Phillips ordinarily moved, but was one of the interesting people on its borders whom his leisure allowed him to cultivate. She thus became in some sort of his world, — enough at least to

know what was going on in it, and to be referred to there as Mr. Phillips's bright little friend, by ladies who did not like her. She waited for Ford to speak in response to her last remark; but he was not one of those men who rush like air into any empty place; he had the gift of reticence, and the lady who had planned the vacuum beheld his self-control with admiration. It piqued her to fresh effort; she believed that his speaking was only a question of time. "Mr. Phillips," she went on, beginning to sip her coffee again, "gave me quite a glowing description of the Pythoness, as he called her; quite a Medea-like beauty, I should judge, — if it was her own hair."

"Mr. Phillips has a very catholic taste in female loveliness," said Ford.

"But really, now, Mr. Ford," said the lady, in a tone of alluring candor, "weren't you very much frightened?"

"I am constitutionally timid."

The lady laughed. "Then you were! What *did* you make of it all, Mr. Ford? What *do* you suppose made the cut in her hand? Don't you think she made it herself? You know Mr. Phillips likes mystery, and he would n't offer the least suggestion."

"Then I don't think it would be wise in me to hazard a guess. I don't see Mr. Perham, this morning," said Ford, lifting his eyes for the first time, and lazily looking at the vacant places about the lady.

She visibly honored him for this demonstration upon her weak point. She was a good-natured creature, and she liked skillful manœuvring, especially in men, where it had the piquancy of a surprise. "Oh, no!" she smiled. "Poor Mr. Perham is not equal to these early breakfasts. If you were often down yourself, Mr. Ford, you would have noticed his absence before this. He lets me come down on condition that I bring him his modest chop with my own hand, when I come up. You have no idea what

a truly amiable invalid is till you know Mr. Perham well."

Ford expressed no concern for the intimate character of Mr. Perham, and after some further toying with her spoon Mrs. Perham slipped back to her point of attack: "I don't know but I ought to make my excuses for trying to provoke you to talk of the matter."

"I don't mind your trying. But I should have been vexed if you had succeeded."

"Yes, that would have been a dead loss of material. I suppose you intend to write about it."

A flush passed over Ford's face, which Mrs. Perham gleefully noted. He replied, a little off his balance, that he had no intention of writing of it.

"Oh, then, you *have* written!" joyed Mrs. Perham.

Ford did not answer, but put his napkin into his ring, and rose from his chair, quitting the room with a faintly visible inclination toward the end of the table at which Mrs. Perham sat.

"Mrs. Perham, I don't see how you can bear to speak to that man," said one of the ladies.

"His manners are odious!" cried another.

"Oh, he *has* manners then — of some sort?" inquired a third. "I had n't observed."

"My dears," said Mrs. Perham, "he's charming! He is as natural as the noble savage, and twice as handsome. I like those men who *show* their contempt of you. At least, they're not hypocrites. And Mr. Ford's insolence has a sort of cold thrill about it that's delicious. Few men can retreat with dignity. He was routed, just now, but he went off like see the conquering hero."

"He skulked off," said one of the unpersuaded.

"Skulked? Did he really skulk?" demanded Mrs. Perham. "I *wish* I could believe I had made him skulk. Mary, have you Mr. Perham's chop ready? I'll take it up, — I said I took it."

Mrs. Perham laughed, and disappeared with her little tray, like a conjugal *chocolatière*, and the ladies continued for a decent space to talk about Ford. Then they began to talk about her.

W. D. Howells.

THE COMING ERA.

THEY tell us that the Muse is soon to fly hence,
Leaving the bowers of song that once were dear,
Her robes bequeathing to her sister, Science,
The groves of Pindus for the axe to clear.

Optics will claim the wandering eye of fancy,
Physics will grasp imagination's wings,
Plain fact exorcise fiction's necromancy,
The workshop hammer where the minstrel sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolics
Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears run down,
But in her place the lecturer on hydraulics
Spout forth his watery science to the town.

No more our foolish passions and affections
The tragic Muse with mimic grief shall try,
But, nobler far, a course of vivisections
Teach what it costs a tortured brute to die.

The unearthed monad, long in buried rocks hid,
Shall tell the secret whence our being came ;
The chemist show us death is life's black oxide,
Left when the breath no longer fans its flame.

Instead of crack-brained poets in their attics
Filling thin volumes with their flowery talk,
There shall be books of wholesome mathematics, —
The tutor with his black-board and his chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and sonnet
Shall woo to moonlight walks the ribboned sex,
But side by side the beaver and the bonnet
Stroll, calmly pondering on some problem's *x*.

The sober bliss of serious calculation
Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy drew,
And oh the rapture of a solved equation, —
One self-same answer on the lips of two!

So speak in solemn tones our youthful sages,
Patient, severe, laborious, slow, exact,
As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages
They browse and munch the thistle-crops of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it rather pleasant
To dream again the scenes that Shakspeare drew, —
To walk the hillside with the Scottish peasant
Among the daisies wet with morning's dew ;

To leave awhile the daylight of the real,
Led by the guidance of the master's hand,
For the strange radiance of the far ideal, —
"The light that never was on sea or land."

Well, time alone can lift the future's curtain, —
Science may teach our children all she knows,
But Love will kindle fresh young hearts, 't is certain,
And June will not forget her blushing rose.

And so, in spite of all that time is bringing, —
Treasures of truth and miracles of art,
Beauty and Love will keep the poet singing,
And song still live, — the science of the heart.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HABITS OF ENGLISH LIFE.

THE difference between manners — the subject of my last article on England — and habits of life is not great or strongly marked, and indeed the two things shade off into each other with such delicate gradation that it is difficult to point out where one ends and the other begins. There comes soon, however, a point on either side where we plainly see that one is what the other is not. This being the case, what I have to say now will seem in some respects a continuation of my previous article, but in others not so. If any of my readers are so bound to titles that this incongruity will disturb them, I am sorry; but I beg them to remember that on this occasion and in this respect the fault is not with the writer, but in the subject.

Whether discipline in the British army is stricter than it is in the army of the United States I do not know; I had no opportunity of making a comparison. But the laws governing domestic life are much more strongly insisted on and much more rigidly observed than they are with us. I was much impressed and amused upon one occasion of observing this difference. It was on a visit to Knole, in Kent, — one of the most interesting among the remaining great houses of the Tudor period. I was visiting for a day or two at a house not many miles from Knole, and my host kindly drove over there with me one Sunday afternoon. My expectations of pleasure were very high; for Knole is in perfect preservation, and is built on such a scale of magnificence that it contains, if I remember rightly, no less than eighty-seven staircases. Its oaken carvings, its corridors, and its bay-windows — known to me by prints and photographs — fully justify the epithet “very noble” which Pepys so often applies to his dinners, and as a

whole are unsurpassed in England for their beauty and their character. It is indeed a perfect example of that admirable and truly English style of domestic architecture which on the decay of feudalism succeeded the castle.

Our drive was delightful; for the day was fine, and Kent is called the garden of England. Our little jaunt was not without its little incident, which although trifling was significant, because my *cicerone* was a nobleman of high rank, of historic name, in whose family there are no less than three peerages. As we were rolling along the smooth roads we met a party of two or three taking a Sunday stroll. When we drew near each other my host recognized them, and exclaiming, “Oh, there are the —s!” bade the coachman pull up. He sprang out, and greeted them warmly; and there was a little chat, with reciprocal inquiries and invitations. On resuming his place at my side, he apologized for the interruption, saying good naturedly, “The —s are very estimable people, and one does n’t like to pass one’s neighbors on a Sunday without a pleasant word.” This would have been nothing worth remark had not I known the —s by name and by reputation. They were very rich, and had recently established themselves in a country-seat in Kent; but according to English social gradation they were inferior in rank even to merchants; for they had grown rich, not by trade, but by a trade, and the family still carried on the practice of their art and mystery. Yet there could have been nothing simpler, franker, or heartier than my host’s manner with them. It was altogether unlike the manner that, according to generally preconceived notions, might have been expected under the circumstances from a nobleman of his rank and position. I fear that as he was apologizing

to me there was a snobbish note of exclamation in one of my eyes, and one of interrogation in the other; for, although I did not say a word or make a motion, he added kindly and simply, "I don't think it's kind or nice [nice is a great word in England] to treat such excellent people coldly when they are neighbors." It is only right that I should add that, being a member of the government, in his popular manners were not only becoming, but might be serviceable, and that the —s had a great establishment. But truly, I do not believe that he was influenced by this consideration; for when he was here in his younger days, he had been set down by all who knew him well as a thorough good fellow.

We soon entered Knole Park, a place the very sight of which begat in my soul a serene and placid joy. It is grandly timbered, and is more undulating than any other park that I had the good fortune to see. It was manifestly open to the whole neighborhood on Sunday afternoons at least; for we saw groups, some of them very rustic in appearance and manners, walking over the greensward, or sitting under the great trees. And these people seemed to enjoy themselves much more heartily than any that I had ever seen in America on a similar Sunday or Saturday outing. The chief reason of this difference appeared to be that they did not stand upon their dignity, nor give their minds to being or to seeming as elegant and as fine as anybody else. If the old French chronicler found that the English people took their pleasure sadly, according to their custom, what would he say to the pleasure-taking of the English race under the elevating influences of democratic institutions! Whenever we approached these strolling parties near enough, they saluted us deferentially, but cheerily; and although my friend's equipage and his face were probably well known in the neighborhood, my general observation leads me to be-

lieve that the same would have been the case if we had both been strangers.

All through the park were fine beeches; and those which stood near the stone wall which shut in the gardens and private grounds, and over which the quaint but graceful gables of the great house peered, were the largest and grandest trees of the kind that I ever saw. Their roots, which, after the habit of the beech, began to spread well above ground, seemed sometimes to me like great buttresses of the majestic, towering trunks, and at others like monstrous claws thrust savagely out to clutch the earth and bear it up into the air. The beeches at Knole, as I learned afterwards, are famous as the finest in all England. I may remark here that I did not once look into a guide-book while I was in the country. I do not care much about critical literature of any grade, and rarely spend much time upon it, — possibly because, as the negro divine said when urged to hear a white brother celebrated for his eloquence, "I'se a preacher myse'f."

We drove to the gate-way, descended, and pulled the bell by a chain ending in a knobbed handle, which hung by the door-post. A little door in the great gate opened, and a porter presented himself who was the very reverse of the "proud portér" of the old ballads. He was a fat little man, — so fat that he seemed to stick in the door-way. He wore a bright scarlet waistcoat, to the making of which there went much cloth. His face was beardless, sleek, and jolly, although it was sobered with evident effort to the decorum of his function; possibly also by the consciousness of a disagreeable duty which he knew that he must perform. He was much such a looking man as the late distinguished comedian, Mr. William Blake, would have been if he had got himself up in a scarlet waistcoat as a porter. My companion gave him good-day, and saying that we should like to see the house stepped forward to lead the way in.

"Beg pa'don, m'lud," said the fellow, keeping himself directly in the doorway, "but Lord Sackville said that no one was to be allowed to come in wiles he was away. There 's work goin' on; the 'ouse is a-bein' repaired." I saw my friend's countenance fall; but he brightened up in a moment, and said, "Could n't you let us in? I've driven over just to show my friend the house." "Very sorry, m'lud, that I can't let you come in, but his lordship's orders was very p'ticler:" and he stood in the doorway, deferential, very deferential — in manner, but a very firm, immovable, round little fact. My kind companion was evidently much disappointed; and seeing that the porter knew him he said, making another effort on my behalf, "I'm sure that if my friend, Lord Sackville, were here he would let us in, and I wish very much to have this gentleman see the house. It's his only opportunity." "No doubt, m'lud, his lordship would be most happy, if he was here; but my orders was very p'ticler, m'lud, — no one to come in wiles he was away." Apology and firmness could not have been more completely or more happily combined than they were in the face and manner and speech of this jolly little red-waistcoated porter. My friend looked ruefully in my face, and we got into the carriage again. As we drove off, after expressing his sorrow that I should have been so disappointed, he said, "I could have gone in, of course; for Lord Sackville and I are friends, and I saw the man knew me well. I could have easily pushed past him and have told him that I would make it all right with Lord Sackville, as of course I could have done; but I did n't exactly like to show him the example of disobeying orders. Indeed, I'm very sorry." As for me, I was sorely disappointed, but on the whole glad that the matter had ended as it did. It would have been a great pleasure to me to see Knole, with its eighty-seven staircases;

but I don't know that it would have been greater than to see a nobleman of my companion's rank and position, a member of the government, and a county magistrate (a high position in England) yield gracefully and turn away from the door of his friend's empty house, which he had driven miles to see, rather than by a little gentle aggression lead a mere liveried servant into what would have been only a constructive disobedience of orders. My respect for the porter was great; but my respect for my friend was even greater than it had been before.

The mention of the careless and hearty enjoyment of their Sunday's pleasure by the rustic visitors of Knole Park reminds me that in London I came again and again upon little groups of children dancing in dingy courts upon the damp pavement. It might be drizzling rain, although not enough to wash their faces, and they were hatless and shoeless, — poor little things, almost break-fastless, not to say *impransus*, like Dr. Johnson (and yet that *may* have meant merely that he had not yet dined) but they danced, and danced merrily, without other music than that of their own little pipes, which they set up without rivaling Chaucer's prioress by entuning in their nose full sweetly. Such a sight could not be seen among the free and enlightened inhabitants of this country, except indeed the children of German emigrants, whom I have seen tempted into street saltation by brass bands, and even by hand-organs. But where among the real Americans — the Yankees or the Virginians for example — would you find hatless and shoeless boys and girls dancing in the open air in mere childish gayety of heart? Let us not boast untruly; the hatlessness, the shoelessness, the rags, and the dirt, we might find; but where the capacity of happiness which can despise rags, rejoice in bare heads and feet, revel in dirt, and set at naught falling water?

And yet these people work much

harder than we do, and for less wages. They do what I have never seen done in this country, — work in their gardens, if not in their fields, on Sunday. I have mentioned my surprise at hearing the cries of street venders in London on Sunday; it was even a greater novelty to me to see on my Sunday walks in the country, wherever I went, men, evidently respectable and comfortable persons, at work with spade and hoe and rake among their vegetables. If I stopped to speak to them, which I did if I were near enough, they did not seem at all as if they were surprised in doing anything of which they should be ashamed, or show the least shyness. Shyness, however, they would not be likely to show in any case, as I soon discovered. The existence of established ranks has the effect of causing a greater freedom of manner than is our habit of life among people of all conditions of life. They have fewer reserves: they have need of fewer.

In illustration of this I recall a sight that I saw in Hyde Park one soft autumnal morning. I was to take luncheon at a house near the park; and as I was whiling away the latter part of the morning by a stroll through this noble pleasure-ground, I came upon two women, one sitting and the other reclining upon the grass. As I drew near them, I perceived that one was middle-aged and the other quite young. Their likeness showed that they were mother and daughter, although the look of the girl's wan face and wistful eyes was very unlike the bright and rugged comeliness of the matron's. In a moment it was plain that the mother had brought her ailing daughter there for the benefit of the sun and air. The girl lay upon a shawl, with her body all in the sun; but her head rested in her mother's lap, which was in the shade. I stopped and spoke to the mother. Her language was good, and the inflections of her voice, although hardly refined, were not coarse. They

were evidently not what we should call poor people, but in comfortable circumstances, — so much so that I should not have thought of offering a gratuity (although the shilling-receptive faculty in England rises very high); but yet they sat out together in this way in such a very public place, and talked freely and pleasantly with a stranger, without any of that shyness and reserve and consciousness which would have been found under similar circumstances in America.

Most Englishmen of the lower middle class and the lower class in cities have a way of walking which is a distinguishing habit of common life. I had observed it in Englishmen of this sort in the streets of New York, where I could tell them by it as far as I could see them. They lay themselves out in their walking, as if they were doing a day's work. They walk not only with their feet and legs, but with their hips and their shoulders and their arms, not swinging the latter, but arching them out more or less from their sides, and putting them forward stiffly as they step. Withal they look conscious of their walking, and seem well pleased that they are doing the correct thing. This gait and carriage of body is most remarkable in the soldiers that one sees about the streets of London and of garrison towns like Canterbury, and in the vulgar creature who has come to be known by the generic name 'Arry. You will meet two soldiers tightened up to the extreme of endurance in their scarlet shell jackets, with little flat caps so far down the sides of their heads that you cannot see why they hesitate at coming down all the way, and these two fellows, one of whom is pretty sure to carry a rattan with a jaunty air, will take up the room of three men by the set-out of their four arms from their four sides, and will walk as if their locomotion, instead of being by human muscles, were by clock-work and steam. The number of their

imitators cannot be told; but an English gentleman has none of this toilsome swagger. He walks quite easily and unconsciously, and generally with a good, manly stride, just as a man of corresponding condition of life in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia will walk. But in those places you will not see in persons of inferior condition that strange mode of locomotion which I have endeavored to describe.

Gentlemen in England have a very general fashion of wearing rings in what seemed to me a very lady-like way. A signet ring, engraved with a cipher, a crest, or a beautiful design, seems fit and becoming upon the hand of a man who can afford to keep it clean and out of danger of knocks and blows. Nor are we unaccustomed to see examples of annular gorgeousness — notably vast amethysts — upon hands which are not so cared for. But this is not the ring-wearing of gentlemen in England. There small rings set with stones are in favor. Diamonds set in heavy hoops, rubies as eyes in the heads of golden snakes which coil three or four times around the finger, diamonds and rubies, diamonds and sapphires, in alternation, are seen upon the fingers of most of the men who are above the lower middle class, — noblemen, clergymen, army officers, university dons, hard-headed men of affairs, merchants. Not one ring only; indeed, a single ring upon a man's hand is rather exceptional. You shall see a big fellow with big brown hands, or an elderly man of staid business habits, with three or even four jeweled rings upon his fingers; not unfrequently there will be two upon one finger. The turquoise is in great favor, — the most unmanly and woman-proper of all precious stones, in my judgment; most suitable to the fairest and softest of the sex. It is frequently alternated with the diamond on a heavy hoop, a wide space being left between the stones. The fashion impressed me as quite incongruous with manly dignity

and simplicity. But perhaps this was merely because I was unaccustomed to it. I know that I saw a man with a diamond ring and a plain hoop on one finger, a turquoise on another, and a ruby-eyed snake whose coils covered one joint of a third, whom I knew to be a gentleman, and had good reason to believe thoroughly a man. If these men had not been of my own blood and speech I should not have thought this habit remarkable; but thus it strikes a stranger who is yet not a foreigner.

One lovely trait of English life I must not forget, negative although it is. During the whole of my visit, neither in town nor country, north, south, east, or west, did I see a spittoon, — not one. I did not miss the things, and it was not until my visit was almost over that I noted their absence, although the difference of the two countries in this respect is a very noteworthy fact in household economy. For, looking out of a back window this morning, did I not count seventeen of them leaning against the house-wall of my neighbor, Mrs. Hashitt, who takes a few genteel boarders? — seventeen, so help me Santa Cloacina, gorgeous in crimson and green and gold, with their foul maws empty, and their great fuming mouths turned up to the blessed sun! She, being a woman of elegant language, calls 'em cuspidores; why, the genius of gentility which presides over her establishment, including the seventeen, only knows. But neither spittoon nor cuspidore saw I in England.

The absence of this unlovely utensil is due in a great measure to the fact that in England a decent man is as unlikely to chew tobacco as in America a decent man is likely to wish the ladies of his acquaintance to know that he chews it. (In vain, however, are all his concealments and devices; for the breath of a tobacco chewer harbingers his approach before he is visible.) But it is also to be remarked that the tendency to spitting of any kind is much less in En-

gland than it is here. Our climate — meaning chiefly the dry wind from west and northwest — causes an irritation of the throat and the nostrils which produces a secretion of saliva and of mucus that in England is almost unknown to those who are in health. It is almost impossible for a man to pass a day here, except in summer or in early autumn, without relieving his mouth of some irritation of this kind, at least — as Mr. Everett said that he blew his nose — “in the privacy of me own apartment.” But while I was in England I was quite free from any such annoyance.

In England everybody seems to have leisure time. A gentleman is always supposed to have time to wait, to sit down, to chat, unless he has shut himself up that he may work. At an eating-house, unless you dine *table d'hôte* fashion, *à la carte*, the time which elapses between your sitting at table and the appearance of what you have ordered would be a sore trial to most Yankees. If I had opportunity to look about me and observe my neighbors, I did not mind it; but once or twice when I was shut up in a box all alone, with no company but thoughts and memories, I fretted at my forced idleness, although I do not believe that “rapid transit” is the greatest of all blessings. Perhaps it is because the Englishman moves so quickly and so punctually when he does move that he is able to take life leisurely at some time of day. Your very railway traveling seems there a form of leisure, a kind of rest, a soft, swift-passing silence. You are taken noiselessly off at an appointed minute, carried along with such nearly silent speed that you seem to be sitting still to see the world slip past you, and you are set noiselessly down at the appointed minute. You may not only read, but you may talk with as much ease and comfort as if you were in a library or a drawing-room, and indeed can write letters which may be read without difficulty. But as to lei-

sure, even the poorest man seems to have it, if he quits his work at all. If an artisan takes a glass of beer with a friend, they sit down to it, if they sit on kegs with a barrel-head between them as a table. Their beer seems to be drunk not merely to supply fluid waste and to furnish needed stimulant, but rather as a festive accompaniment and decoration of a brief time of leisure. The making a mere gutter of the neck is in England, I believe that I may say in Europe, almost unknown. Indeed, there are other things besides the star of empire that westward take their way. The farther westward, the greater the tendency to perpendicularity in potation. The Oriental squats at his sherbet or his coffee; the ancients who dwelt around the Mediterranean Sea reclined as they drank; the Frenchman sits at his ease over his thin *limonade* or his *café noir*; the Englishman at least plumps himself down upon bench or settle, and sits there, even if in semi-silence, until his beer is drunk; the American, standing erect and solemnly announcing “My respects to you, sir,” pours the fluid into his person, sets down the glass, and silently makes off about his business. Leisure would seem to be almost undeniably a condition of mental ripeness and of bodily grace. Wisdom and fine manners have always come from the East.

One reason of the possession of leisure time by Englishmen in so notable a degree seemed to me to be that there is little time spent by them in seeming to be what they are not. For the doing of this is a great consumer of time. The endeavor to be as fine as anybody, to live, or to seem to live, as luxuriously as those of much larger means live, is in itself, and quite apart from the question of income and outgo, a heavy draft upon all the forces, intellectual, moral, and material; and in particular it uses up that part of time which, not being given to work or to the daily round of duties, would otherwise be leisure. That the

tendency to this endeavor is favored and increased by a democratic form of society is the least that can be said. In fact, democracy urges, spurs, goads, all those under its dominion, except the few who are so independent in thought and in feeling as to be sufficient unto themselves, into this kind of social dishonesty, — dishonesty, because it is an imposition upon one's neighbors, and an attempted delusion of one's self. For in a democratic society, although there are conditions of life, because democracy has not yet been able to do away with human nature, the absence of established rank, and even of any perceptible and admitted distinctions of class, involves also the absence of the idea of fitness, of that which is becoming to the individual. In such a society money is the only test and rule of estimation the propriety of which is generally recognized. That is fit for a man which he can afford; and whether it is becoming is a matter of personal taste, — a matter which is not to be disputed. Hence, the shocking and ridiculous incongruities in wealthy democratic societies. Probably in no other place since the world began has the jewel of gold been so often seen in the swine's snout as in New York, — New York, which with the elements of the finest society in the world has really nothing which may be rightly called a society; because, not being a capital or even a metropolis, not being the centre of any interest, political, literary, artistic, or even social, other than a commercial interest, it has come to be merely a place for the speedy getting and the speedier spending of money.

That a condition of things having some likeness to this exists in England, and particularly in London, no one who is even moderately well informed upon the subject would think for a moment of disputing. But notwithstanding the social tendencies of the time, there are influences which greatly modify that condition and restrain its material manifesta-

tations. There is the influence of the nobility and gentry, unavoidable, indisputable, irresponsible; there is the influence of the great universities, a great and constant, although a silent force; there is the influence of the established church, and of the army and navy; and, moreover, there is the widely diffused sense of subordination and of decorum, all of which are checks upon the aggressiveness of mere rich and vulgar pretension. To go no higher, the man who is "in holy orders," or he who "serves her majesty," although he may not have two hundred pounds a year, has a position which, notwithstanding the boasted omnipotence of money and its real power in society, mere money cannot give in England. And although the clergyman and the soldier may fawn upon Croesus, Croesus knows this, and they know it; and because of it he lets them fawn, and pays them for their fawning.

Indeed, social shamming is of very little avail in England. The shamming must be very good to make any impression at all; and even then its success is short-lived. It is soon exposed, and quietly put down. The very country folk, the farmers, the villagers, and the farm laborers, will not put up with country-gentleman airs and old-family graces on the part of new landlords. Lord A——, wealthiest of such raw county magnates, was openly snubbed by his humble neighbors when he took upon himself the gracious airs of a lord of the soil, and was given to understand that with all his money and his newly acquired acres he was only a rich Londoner. And Lord Beaconsfield cannot use such a word as "aftermath" to his rural neighbors around Hughenden, or speak to them of weather "which gives that brightness to the barley which farmers love to see," without being girded at by all the scoffing scribes of her majesty's opposition. In which they are hardly fair; for Mr. Disraeli, Hebrew *littérateur* although he was, inherited his

little manor of Hughenden, and surely may use any good English rural phrase with at least as much propriety as he may be an English earl.¹ But Englishmen are notably intolerant of any social pretension of this sort, and even the slightest exhibition of it is sure to provoke derision.

The distinction between persons who are "in trade" and those who are not is insisted upon with constant vigilance. This discrimination is perpetuated and deepened by the etiquette of the court. If there are any American ladies who value their privilege of going to court (and at the United States legation it is believed that some such still remain), it would be well for them to remember this absolute law when they accept the marriage proposals of British subjects. I knew of a case in which one of them was married to a wealthy British merchant, and, going to England, lived very luxuriously; but as the wife of a British subject in trade she could not go to court; while her unmarried sister, being what Pepys would have called a she-citizen of the United States, was solemnly and triumphantly presented. This distinction is carried to absurd extreme by some persons, generally women, who, although within the court circle, are of snobbish natures, and generally of new-born gentility. It has been told recently of an English lady, whose married name is of most "base and mechanical" origin, that, having had one interview with a governess whom she thought of engaging, and having been much pleased with her, she on the second interview informed her that she was sorry that she could not engage her, as she had discovered that she had lived in a family the head of which was "in trade,"—Sir Bache Cunard. The governess was the gainer by this manifestation of vulgar pretense and fastidiousness, for her serv-

ices were soon afterwards engaged by a duchess. But in an aristocratic society, no less than in a barber's shop, a line must be drawn somewhere; and the England of to-day draws it at trade. Nor does the consciousness of the consequent distinction, ever present with those who are either above or below the line, imply arrogance on the one part or subservience on the other. It is recognized and insisted on by no persons more than by domestic servants, who, as I have remarked before, are great sticklers upon rank and precedence. A lady who was of rank both by birth and by marriage, and who was the mistress of a great house, told me, as she was kindly explaining to me some of the details of such an establishment, that she had once seen a very nice-looking young woman who offered herself for service, and being much pleased with her appearance had expressed a wish to the housekeeper that she should be engaged. But after a quasi-competitive examination of the candidate, the housekeeper reported and said, "That girl is a nice girl, but she would not suit me at all, my lady. She has only lived at rich merchants' houses in town, and at their little trumpery villas; and she knows nothing of the ways of great houses." The lady yielded; for in such matters a person of her rank submits entirely to housekeeper and to butler, who are held responsible, and to whom all orders are generally given.

I have heretofore remarked that what is called an English basement house is, according to my observation, unknown in England. There is another little delusion very prevalent among us,—that tea only is drunk at English breakfasts, which consist chiefly of eggs, toast, and tea; and we have "English breakfast tea" as we have English basement houses, and one with about as much reason as the other. I found coffee much parish,—and is one of those corruptions of which many are known to philology, and which are the result of a mistaken assumption of meaning in the corrupted word.

¹ The correct pronunciation of Mr. Disraeli's new title is with the first vowel sound short,—*Bec-*onsfield. The spelling Beaconsfield is a corruption of the old spelling Becknesfield,—the name of a

more generally taken at breakfast than tea, although both were usually on the table. Eggs I saw rarely, and toast hardly ever. Indeed, I was offered eggs at breakfast only once while I was in England, and then I did not get them, although it was at a country house. I was sitting next my hostess, who remarked across the table to her husband that the lawn, which was in sight from the window, seemed to need trimming. Within so short a time that it seemed almost like magic, three men were at work with hand mowing-machines under our eyes. Just then she asked me if I would not have an egg. I accepted the offer, and she rang a far-off bell by pulling a little contrivance at her side. A maid appeared (no servants are present at breakfast in England), and the order for boiled eggs was given. The maid quickly returned, and said, "Please, my lady, there are no eggs this morning." Here was an Englishwoman whose husband was lord of thousands of acres, and at her country house, although at a word she could have a company of gardeners to smooth her lawn to her liking, she had not an egg to her breakfast.

The talk at breakfast, and even at dinner, in such houses turns not unfrequently upon the estate and its management: what timber may be cut, what planting is needed, what farm leases are falling in, and whether the present tenants shall be continued, and how they manage their farms. In these consultations the ladies join and offer their opinions, which are received with consideration; and the younger brothers, one or two of whom are almost always living at home, are looked to to take an interest and an active part in the management of the estate. This made the table-talk much more interesting and instructive to me than if it had been confined to politics, society, and "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," although these latter subjects had their full share of attention. I was impressed, as I have here-

tofore remarked, with the wide range of topics upon which these sensible, highly educated women were able to give, in their quiet, modest way, sound opinions and suggestions. They were rarely "smart," but they were sagacious; and they seemed to have the family interests much at heart.

The "unprotected female," who furnished John Leech with some of his happiest and most amusing subjects, I did not find so common as I had expected to find her; but I met with one beautiful specimen on my way to Canterbury. She was beautiful as a specimen; but the utmost stretch of gallantry would not allow me to predicate any kind of beauty of her as a woman. I had taken a cross-road from a little place which I was visiting, and I had some time to spend at the station, waiting for the train on the main line. As I walked the platform, there emerged from the booking office a short, dumpy, elderly woman in a gray stuff dress, which did not conceal her fatness or lengthen her shortness. She wore large, round, silver-rimmed spectacles, carried a bulging umbrella, and her bonnet would have given a New York milliner, even in Division Street, a fit of nervous horror. But she was evidently a well-to-do person, and, although as fidgety and as confused as a weather-cock in a change of wind, quite able to take care of herself. She looked about for a few moments through her great glass artificial eyes, which seemed to have the effect of magnifying the unsatisfactory points of the condition of things before her, and then bustling up to a porter who was carrying an armful of parcels she exclaimed, "Where's my things? That's mine [pointing with her hippopotamic umbrella to one of the parcels]. Put it down. What are you going to do with it? I don't want to go by this train. I don't like this train. Where's my tin box? Miss —, she's a young lady at Riverhead, told me that if I came here at a quarter past twelve

I should have a nice train to take me to Tunbridge; and now I'm to have a nasty train, and to wait till half past one." The man smiled good-naturedly, and turning a half-winking eye to me, went on his way. She trotted after him, expostulating and clamoring for her tin box. Presently she trotted back, and went about pottering and cackling and stirring things up like an old hen in a muck heap. My time to go soon came, and I left her waiting for her nasty train.

I suppose that this old lady traveled second-class, as the phrase is in England. She would not have felt at home in a first-class carriage, and would besides have grudged the extra shillings; and a third-class carriage she would surely have regarded as very nasty, that is, unpleasant. Between second-class people and first-class people there is less sympathy and good fellowship than there is between third-class and first-class. I remember hearing a peer and an Oxford don discuss the economy of railway traveling; and they agreed heartily that it was pleasanter to travel third-class than second-class; third-class people were not so disagreeable as second-class. Now the third-class carriages are very cramped and uncomfortable, and the passengers are of the humblest and coarsest sort. But thus it ever is: we are more annoyed by the unpleasant peculiarities of those who are most like us, and yet are not of us, than by the stranger and perhaps more offensive habits of those whose remoteness from us relieves us from any implication with them or their affairs.

Clearly as classes are defined in England, in comparison with the uniformity in this country (for of course they shade into each other there, and the shading becomes year by year broader and more oblitative of the established lines), first-class people are not always distinguished from even third-class by English people of dull perceptions. The friend at whose house I was going to lunch, when I saw the mother with her invalid daughter in

Hyde Park, told me with much amusement of his being mistaken for a shoemaker. He is the second son of a distinguished man "with a handle to his name," and is himself a man of mark. A friend of his, quite inferior to him in social rank, had ordered a pair of shoes of peculiar make of *his* shoemaker, and by mistake they had been sent to *his* house. He was about calling upon his friend, and being a very easy-going man, and not at all fussy about his personal appearance, he took the shoes in a parcel with him. And by the way, to do this in London a man must be very easy-going indeed. For to carry a parcel, however small, or however elegantly wrapped, through London streets is something which a "gentleman" would not think of doing much sooner than he would think of walking through them in his shirt-sleeves. The tiniest purchase, which would not make your waistcoat pocket bulge, is solemnly sent home to you as a matter of course. But you may carry a book, if it is not too large and is not wrapped up. A book is a book; but a parcel may be a pound of cheese, or a pair of shoes. At his friend's door my shoe-carrying friend asked to see Mr. —, and was understood by the servant to ask for Mrs. —, to whom he was directly taken. The lady, who had never seen him before, looked up, and asked curtly, "What have you there?" "Mr. —'s shoes," was the reply. "Oh, yes; quite so, quite so. It's all right. Mr. — is out, but he'll be in soon, and if you want to see him you'd better take a seat in the hall, and wait till he comes." "But, madam" — began my friend. "Never mind, never mind; it's all quite right. Step out in the hall, please, and wait for Mr. —." The gentleman appreciated the situation at once, and had much too keen a sense of humor to spoil it by an explanation. So he did step out into the hall, intending to give the shoes to a servant and go on his way rejoicing. But he met his friend coming in, and, be-

ing too considerate of his friend's wife to put her to the blush and enjoy her confusion by returning, he gave the shoes to their owner, and after a few words upon the occasion of his visit bade him good morning. If he should chance to read this number of *The Atlantic*, I hope that

he will pardon me for repeating a story which in all respects is a most characteristic manifestation of English habits, and not the least so in his modest carelessness about the lady's mistake, and his thoughtful care to protect her against the consequences of her blunder.

Richard Grant White.

WEBSTER'S SPEECHES.

SINCE the publication of the six volumes of the Works of Daniel Webster in 1851, under the faithful editorship of Edward Everett, there has been no available compilation of Webster's speeches. The Everett edition is, and will always be, the standard edition; it is the work on which Mr. Webster's fame rests; but it is too large and costly for general use. Now we have in one volume a selection of the *Great Speeches*¹ of Mr. Webster, comprising the best examples of his forensic and parliamentary eloquence, together with some of the occasional addresses, which in the last generation carried the fame of English eloquence to a higher point than had been known since Edmund Burke, and in some of the nobler attributes of eloquence surpassing even that mighty master of human speech.

The selections in the new volume show Mr. Webster at his best; and his best will be always worthy of the study of every one, young or old, who has a stake in public life, or interest in the literature and history of the country. In the close and commanding power of his reasoning, in elevation of thought and purpose, in grandeur and purity of style, the great speeches and orations have their place assured, without rivalry, as models of what public eloquence ought

to be. Mr. Webster aimed always, and rarely failed, to adapt himself to his task; and if the task were a great one, he was the more sure to rise to the full height of its requirements. All the forces of nature in him seemed to impel him upward, until he reached the highest point of intellectual achievement without apparent effort of his own.

It has been said of him — indeed, it would be folly to attempt to say anything new — that in his forensic arguments, like that in the Dartmouth College case, in the trial of the Knapps at Salem, and others too strictly professional to find a place in the volume before us, he spoke as if he were never anything but a lawyer; and in public debates, like that on Foote's Resolution, the powers of the executive, the constitution not a compact, the United States Bank, and the like, as if he were always and only a statesman. There have been public speakers of momentary reputation endowed with principles without eloquence, and with what passes for eloquence without principles. Mr. Webster had both. About the one great principle which was the light of his public life he built up those massive and magnificent arguments which, as Mr. Whipple suggests in his interesting essay, *might* be carried by mining and

¹ *The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster.* With an Essay on Daniel Webster as

a Master of English Style. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

siege, but could never be approached by direct assault.

With his logical power and abundant learning he possessed also imagination and a lively sensibility. He saw the just proportions of things; he was never betrayed by appearances. He had no tricks of speech. He indulged in no subtleties. To every kind of rhetorical artifice he was a stranger. In the great speeches one is struck first by their logical order, then by their clearness and power of statement. Unexpected flashes of imagination light them up here and there, never distracting or misleading, but guiding the attention straight on to the end he is pursuing. When we come to his memorial addresses, we come into another atmosphere and a world of new emotions. Reading the Plymouth oration of 1820, one cannot help even now a rush of sympathy with the fervor of old John Adams, when he exclaimed, "It ought to be read at the close of every century, and indeed at the end of every year, forever and ever!"

The two speeches in reply to Hayne mark the highest point of Mr. Webster's genius. In other speeches, especially in his more formal orations, there are passages of more sustained and lofty eloquence, reasoning as close and invincible, mastery of many of the conditions of successful oratory; but here all were united. The hour and the man came together; elaborate preparation there was none. He was occupied at the time with important engagements in the supreme court. Many cares were pressing upon him. The exigency arose almost without warning. Webster alone was expected to meet the crisis. If he failed, the cause would be lost. It was a great occasion, and he rose to it. As we read the speeches to-day, and realize once more the circumstances under which they were made, — though half a century has passed away, carrying with it the personal interests and enthusiasm of the time, — it is impossible, at least

for a New Englander, not to feel again something of the glow and uplifting of that hour of supreme triumph. The unanswerable argument of these speeches reappears again and again in The Constitution not a Compact between Sovereign States, in repeated discussions with Mr. Calhoun, and in many of his popular addresses. No one can pretend to have mastered the argument on the distribution and limits of constitutional powers who is not familiar with them.

The generation now in active life, or passing to the shadowy side of it, came upon the stage in the midst of the personal strifes growing out of the conflict with slavery. Those who were disappointed by Mr. Webster's course from 1848 to the close of his life — and the disappointment was grievous and bitter — forgot, or refused to learn, the service he had rendered to the country by his matchless vindication of the constitution, and his defense of the integrity and indivisibility of the Union. Poetry and philanthropy united to disparage him, and the rising political tide at last overwhelmed him. He was not born for revolution. He was the orator and advocate of constitutional order, of government, of laws, and of loyal submission to their authority, until they could be changed by the force of reason, acting upon the hearts and consciences as well as upon the intellectual convictions of men. That was his gospel; he had lived by it, and was content to die by it. He hated secession in every fibre, and with every attribute of his nature. He foresaw the ominous shadow from the beginning. He resisted its coming in every form and with every weapon he could use effectively. But he hated with equal energy the spirit of disunion among his own people. He was moved with equal indignation by the cry rung in his ears whenever he returned to Massachusetts, that "the constitution was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." His whole life had been

a warfare for the constitution as the guaranty and bulwark of civil liberty on this continent; and when he saw the North and the South, with their discordant views of constitutional power, moving steadily in opposite directions, the gulf opening and widening between them, it is not difficult to realize why he should have been resolved to stand upon the ground he had deliberately chosen until it sank beneath him. He foresaw more clearly than most of his contemporaries what secession and disunion meant. His marvelous vision swept over the chasm — more terrible than the

“Gulf profound
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,” —

toward which they were blindly hastening, thoughtless of consequences. He saw in it the wreck of all his hopes, the realization of all his fears. He saw the beauty and glory of our nation drawn into it, never to rise again. If he could have spanned the chasm, and seen that there was still hope beyond it, and had used his great talents to shape and control the conflict then driving us towards it, the result might not have been different; but his fame would have survived the shock, and escaped much of the unreasoning wrath that assailed it in his dying hour. His last appeal, except that contained in his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol, in July, 1851, was to the patriotism of his countrymen, — an appeal which would have been inspiring under any other circumstances, — made not for a day or a generation, but for all who were to come afterward. “Let us make our generation,” he said, “one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this constitution for ages to come. We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the affections of the whole people. No monarchical throne presses these States

together, no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand under a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckler of Achilles: —

“Now, the broad shield complete, the artist
crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the
whole.”

There is a deep pathos in this 7th of March speech. It is wholly wanting in the confident tone and temper, “the majestic inward calm,” that was usual with him. In endeavoring to balance the grievances between the North and the South, he is conscious of standing on uncertain ground, and he feels that his argument is making no impression. The conflict had passed into an arena with whose motives and sentiments he was not familiar, and into which he was unwilling to enter. He had cast in his lot with the constitution as he understood it, with all its implied guaranties to slavery, and he would not stir from it though the heavens fell. For him the fall came soon. But more fortunate than most statesmen who fail to keep in accord with their times, he had already built an imperishable monument, which no changes in political opinion or in political institutions could disturb. It still remains and will long remain for

the admiration of mankind, when many who thought themselves wise in their day have passed on with their works to the limbo prepared for the multitude whom the world is willing to "let die."

Mr. Whipple's essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style is an excellent example of his power of critical analysis. He weighs intellectual products, not by wholesale, but with conscientious discrimination, in which long practice has made him an expert. The result is worthy of the place it

holds in this noble volume. To a new generation who will be brought to an acquaintance with the Great Speeches for the first time Mr. Whipple's discourse upon them will be of much value. It is well calculated to give an intelligent understanding of the elements of Mr. Webster's genius, and at the same time to promote a more sympathetic appreciation of his heart and character.

The volume has a good index, intelligently made, and increasing its value for general use.

ELECTIONEERIN' ON BIG INJUN MOUNTING.

"AN' ef ye 'll believe me, he hev hed the face an' grace ter come a-prowlin' up hyar on Big Injun Mounting, electioneerin' fur votes, an' a-shakin' hands with every darned critter on it."

To a superficial survey the idea of a constituency might have seemed incongruous enough with these rugged wilds. The July sunshine rested on stupendous crags; the torrent was bridged only by a rainbow hovering above the cataract; in all the wide prospect of valley and far-stretching Alleghany ranges the wilderness was broken by no field or clearing. But over this gloomy primeval magnificence of nature universal suffrage brooded like a benison, and candidates munificently endowed with "face an' grace" were wont to thread the tangled mazes of Big Injun Mounting.

The presence of voters in this lonely region was further attested by a group of teamsters, who had stopped at the wayside spring that the oxen might drink, and in the interval of waiting had given themselves over to the interest of local politics and the fervor of controversy.

"Waal, they tells me that he made a powerful good 'torney-gineral las' time.

An' it 'pears ter me that the mounting folks oughter vote fur him agin them town cusses, 'kase he war born an' raised right down hyar on the slope of Big Injun Mounting. He never lef' thar till he war twenty year old, when he went ter live yander at Carrick Court House, an' arter a while tuk ter studyin' of law."

The last speaker was the most uncouth of the rough party, and poverty-stricken as to this world's goods. Instead of a wagon, he had only a rude "slide;" his lean oxen were thrust from the water by the stronger and better fed teams; and his argument in favor of the reëlection of the attorney for the State in this judicial circuit — called in the vernacular "the 'torney-gineral" — was received with scant courtesy.

"Ye 're a darned fool ter be braggin' that Rufus Chadd air a mounting boy!" exclaimed Abel Stubbs, scornfully. "He hev hed the insurance ter git ez thick ez he kin with them town folks down thar at Ephesus, an' he hev made ez hard speeches agin everybody that war tuk ter jail from Big Injun ez ef he hed never laid eyes on 'em till that minit; an' arter all that the mounting folks hev

done fur him, too! 'T war thar vote that elected him the fust time he run, 'kase the convention put up that thar Taylor man, what nobody knowed nothin' about an' jes' despised; an' the t'other candidates would n't agree ter the convention, but jes' went before the people ennyhow, an' the vote war so split that Big Injun kerried Rufe Chadd in. An' what do he do? Ef it hed n't hev been fur his term a-givin' out he would hev jailed the whole mounting arter a while!"

The dwellers on Big Injun Mounting are not the first rural community that have aided in the election of a prosecuting officer, and afterward have become wroth with a fiery wrath because he prosecutes.

"An' them town folks," Abel Stubbs continued, after a pause, — "at fust they war mightily interrupted 'bout the way that the election hed turned out, an' they promised the Lord that they would never butt agin a convention no more while they lived in this life. Hevin' a mounting lawyer over them town folks in Colbury an' Ephesus war mighty humbling ter thar pride, I reckon; nobody hed never hearn tell o' sech a thing afore. But when these hyar horse-thieves an' mounting fellers ginerally got ter goin' in sech a constancy ter the pen'tiary, them town folks changed thar tune 'bout Rufe Chadd. They 'lowed that they hed never hed sech a good 'torney-gineral afore. An' now they air goin' ter hev a new election, an' hyar is Rufe a-leadin' off at the head of the convention ez graceful ez ef he hed never butted agin it in his life."

"Waal," drawled a heavy fellow, speaking for the first time, — a rigid soul, who would fain vote the straight ticket, — "I won't support Rufe Chadd; an' yit I dunno how I kin git my consent ter vote agin the nominee."

"Rufe Chadd air goin' ter be beat like hell broke loose," said Abel Stubbs, hopefully.

"He will ef Big Injun hev enny say-so 'bout 'n it," rejoined the rigid voter. "I hev never seen a man ez onpopular ez he is nowadays on this mounting."

"I hev hearn tell that the kin-folks of some of them convicts, what he made sech hard speeches agin, hev swore ter git even with him yit," said Abel Stubbs. "Rufe Chadd hev been shot at twicet in the woods sence he kem up on Big Injun Mounting. I seen him yestiddy, an' he tole me so; an' he showed me his hat whar a rifle ball hed done gone through. An' I axed him ef he warn't afeared of all them men what hed sech a grudge agin him. 'Mister Stubbs,' he say, sorter saft, — ye know them's the ways he hev larned in Ephesus an' Colbury an' sech, an' he hed, afore he ever left Big Injun Mounting, the sassiest tongue that ever wagged, — 'Mister Stubbs,' Rufe say, mighty perlite, 'fool-in' with me is like makin' faces at a rattlesnake: it may be satisfying to the feelin's, but 't ain't safe.' That's what Rufe tole ter me."

"'T would pleasure me some ter see Rufe Chadd agin," said the driver of the slide. "Me an' him air jes' the same age, — thirty-three year. We used ter go huntin' tergether some. They tells me that he hev app'inted ter speak ter-morrer at the settlemint along of them t'other five candidates what air a-runnin' agin him. I likes ter hear him speak; he knocks things up somehow."

"He did talk mighty sharp an' sting-in' the fust time he war electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting," the rigid voter reluctantly admitted; "but mebbe he hev furgot how sence he hev done been livin' with them town folks."

"Ef ye wants ter know whether Rufe Chadd hev furgot how ter talk, jes' take ter thievin' of horses an' sech, will ye!" exclaimed Abel Stubbs, with an emphatic nod. "Ye oughter hev hearn the tale my brother brung from the court-house at Ephesus when Josh Green war tried. He said Rufe jes' tuk that jury out 'n

themselves; an' he gits jes' sech a purchase on every jury he speaks afore. My brother says he believes that ef Rufe hed gin the word, that jury would hev got out 'n thar cheers an' throttled Josh. It's a mighty evil sort 'n gift,— this hyar way that Rufe talks."

"Waal, his tongue can't keep the party from bein' beat. I hates ter see it disgraced agin," said the rigid voter. "But law, I can't stand hyar all day jowin' 'bout Rufus Chadd! I hev got my wheat ter thrash this week, though I don't expec' ter make more 'n enough fur seed fur nex' year, — ef that. I must be joltin' along."

The ox-carts rumbled slowly down the steep hill, the slide continued its laborious ascent, and the forest was left once more to the fitful stir of the wind and the ceaseless pulsations of the falling torrent. The shadows of the oak leaves moved to and fro with dazzling effects of interfulgent sunbeams. Afar off the blue mountains shimmered through the heated air; but how cool was this clear rush of emerald water and the bounding white spray of the cataract! The sudden flight of a bird cleft the rainbow; there was a flash of moisture on his swift wings, and he left his wild, sweet cry echoing far behind him. Beetling high above the stream, the crags seemed to touch the sky. One glance up and up those towering, majestic steeps, — how it lifted the soul! The settlement, perched upon the apparently inaccessible heights, was not visible from the road below. It cowered back affrighted from the verge of the great cliff and the grimly yawning abysses. The huts, three or four in number, were all silent, and might have been all tenantless, so lonely was their aspect. Behind them rose the dense forest, filling the background. In a rush-bottomed chair before the little store was the only human creature to be seen in the hamlet, — a man whose appearance was strangely at variance with his surroundings. He

had the long, lank frame of the mountaineer; but instead of the customary brown jeans clothes, he wore a suit of blue flannel, and a dark straw hat was drawn down over his brow. This simple attire and the cigar that he smoked had given great offense to the already prejudiced dwellers on Big Injun Mounting. It was not deemed meet that Rufe Chadd should "git tuk up with them town ways, an' sot hisself ter wearin' of store-clothes." His face was a great contrast to the faces of the stolid mountaineers. It was keenly chiseled; the constant friction of thought had worn away the grosser lines, leaving sharply defined features with abrupt turns of expression. The process might be likened to the gradual denudation of those storied strata of his mountains by the momentum of their torrents.

And here was no quiet spirit. It could brook neither defeat nor control; conventional barriers went down before it; and thus some years ago it had come to pass that a raw fellow from the unknown wildernesses of the circuit was precipitated upon it as the attorney for the State. A startling sensation had awaited the dull court-rooms of the villages. The mountaineer seemed to have brought from his rugged heights certain subtle native instincts, and the wily doublings of the fox, the sudden savage spring of the catamount, the deadly sinuous approach of the copper-head, were displayed with a frightful effect translated into human antagonism. There was a great awakening of the somnolent bar; counsel for the defense became eager, active, zealous, but the juries fell under his domination, as the weak always submit to the strong. Those long-drawn cases that hang on from term to term because of faint-hearted tribunals, too merciful to convict, too just to acquit, vanished as if by magic from the docket. The besom of the law swept the country, and his name was a terror and a threat.

His brethren of the bar held him in somewhat critical estimation. It was said that his talents were not of a high order; that he knew no law; that he possessed only a remarkable dexterity with the few broad principles familiar to him, and a certain swift suppleness in their application, alike effectual and imposing. He was a natural orator, they admitted. His success lay in his influence on a jury, and his influence on a jury was due to a magnetic earnestness and so strong a belief in his own powers that every word carried conviction with it. But he did not see in its entirety the massive grandeur of that greatest monument of human intellect known as the common law of England.

In the face of all detraction, however, there were the self-evident facts of his success and the improvement in the moral atmosphere wrought during his term of office. He was thinking of these things as he sat with his absorbed eyes fastened upon the horizon, and of the change in himself since he had left his humble home on the slope of Big Injun Mounting. There he had lived seventeen years in ignorance of the alphabet; he was the first of his name who could write it. From an almost primitive state he had overtaken the civilization of Ephesus and Colbury, — no great achievement, it might seem, to a sophisticated imagination; but the mountains were a hundred years behind the progress of those centres. His talents had burst through the stony crust of circumstance, like the latent fires of a volcano. And he had plans for the future. Only a short while ago he had been confident when he thought of them; now they were hampered by the great jeopardy of his reelection, because of the egregious blindness that could not distinguish duty from malice, justice from persecution. He had felt the strength of education and civilization; he was beginning to feel the terrible strength of ignorance. His faith in his

own powers was on the wane. He had experienced a suffocating sense of impotence when, in stumping Big Injun Mounting, he had been called upon by the meagre but vociferous crowd to justify the hard bearing of the prosecution upon Josh Green "fur stealin' of Squire Bibb's old gray mare, that ye knows, Rufe, — fur ye hev plowed with her, — war n't wuth more'n ten dollars. Ef Josh hed n't been in the dark, he would n't hev teched sech a pore old critter. Tell us 'bout'n seven year in the pen'tiary fur a mare wuth ten dollars." What possibility — even with Chadd's wordy dexterity — of satisfying such demands as this! He found that the strength of ignorance lies in its blundering brutality. And he found, too, that mental supremacy does not of its inherent nature always aspire, but can be bent downward to low ends. The opposing candidates made capital of these illogical attacks; they charged him with his most brilliant exploits as ingenious perversions of the law and attempts upon the liberties of the people. Chadd began to despair of dissipating the prejudice and ignorance so readily crystallized by his opponents, and the only savage instinct left to him was to die game. He justified his past conduct by the curt declaration that he had done his duty according to the law, and he asked the votes of his fellow-citizens with an arrogant *hauteur* worthy of Coriolanus.

The afternoon was wearing away; the lengthening shadows were shifting; the solitary figure that had been motionless in the shade was now motionless in the golden sunshine. A sound broke upon the air other than the muffled thunder of the falls and the droning reiteration of the katydid. There came from the rocky path threading the forest the regular beat of horses' hoofs, and in a few moments three men rode into the clearing that sloped to the verge of the cliff. The first faint foot-fall was a spell to wake the settlement to sudden

life: sundry feminine faces were thrust out of the rude windows; beavies of lean-limbed, tow-headed, unkempt children started up from unexpected nooks; the store-keeper strolled to the door, and stood with his pipe in his mouth, leaning heavily against the frame; and Rufus Chadd changed his position with a slow, lounging motion, and turned his eyes upon the road.

"Waal," said the store-keeper, with frank criticism, as the trio came in sight, "Isaac Boker's drunk agin. It's the natur' of the critter, I'm a-thinkin'. He hev been ter the still, ez sure ez ye air born. I hopes 'tain't a dancin'-drunk he hev got. The las' time he hed a dancin'-drunk, he jes' bounced up an' down the floor, an' hollered an' sung an' sech, an' made sech a disturbament that the settlemint war kep' awake till day-break, mighty nigh. 'T war mighty pore enjoymint for the settlemint. 'T war like sittin' up with the sick an' dead, stiddier along of a happy critter like him. I'm powerful sorry fur his wife, 'kase he air mighty rough ter her when he air drunk; he cut her once a toller'ble bad slash. She hev hed ter do all the work fur four year, — plowin', an' choppin' wood, an' cookin', an' washin', an' sech. It hev aged her some. An' all her chillen is gals, — little gals. Boys, now, mought grow some help, but gals is more no-count the bigger they gits. She air a tried woman, surely. Isaac is drunk ez a constancy, — dancin'-drunk, mos'ly. Nothin' kin stop him."

"A good thrashing would help him a little, I'm thinking," drawled the lawyer. "And if I lived here as a constancy I'd give it to him the first sober spell he had." His speech was slow; his voice was spiritless and languid; he still possessed the tone and idiom of the mountaineer, but he had lost the characteristic pronunciation, more probably from the influence of other associations than an appreciation of its incorrectness.

"That ain't the right sort o' sawder fur a candidate, Rufe," the store-keeper admonished him. "An' 't ain't safe no how fur sech a slim, stringy boy ez ye air ter talk that way 'bout 'n Isaac Boker. He air a tremenjous man, an' ez strong ez an ox."

"I can thrash any man who beats his wife," protested the officer of the law. "I don't see how the settlement gets its own consent to let that sort of thing go on."

"She air his wife," remarked the store-keeper, who was evidently of conservative tendencies. "An' she air powerful tuk up with him. I hev hearn her 'low ez he air better dancin' drunk than other men sober. She could hev married other men; she did n't suffer with hevin' no ch'ice."

"He ought to be put under lock and key," said Chadd. "That would sober him. I wish these dancin'-drunk fellows could be sent to the state-prison. I could make a jury think ten years was almost too good for that wife-beating chap. I'd like to see him get away from me."

There was a certain calculating cruelty in his face as he said this. He was animated by no chivalric impulse to protect the weak and helpless; the spirit roused within him was rather the instinct of the beast of prey. The store-keeper looked askance at him. In his mental review of the changes wrought in the past few years there was one that had escaped Rufus Chadd's attention. The process was insinuating and gradual, but the result was bold and obvious. In the constant opposition in which he was placed to criminals, in the constant contemplation of the worst phases of human nature, in the active effort which his duty required to bring the perpetrators of all foul deeds to justice, he had grown singularly callous and pitiless. The individual criminal had been merged in the abstract idea of crime. After the first few cases he had been able to ban-

ish the visions of the horrors brought upon other lives than that of the prisoner by the verdict of guilty. Mother, wife, children, — these pale, pursuing phantoms were exorcised by prosaic custom, and his steely insensibility made him the master of many a harrowing court-room scene.

"That would be a mighty pore favor ter his wife," said the store-keeper, after a pause. "She hed ruther be beat."

The three men had dismounted, hitched their horses, and were now approaching the store. Rufus Chadd rose to shake hands with the foremost of the party. The quick fellow was easily schooled, and the store-keeper's comment upon his lack of policy induced him to greet the new-comers with a greater show of cordiality than he had lately practiced toward his constituents.

"I never looked ter find ye hyar this soon, Rufe," said one of the arrivals. "What hev ye done with the t' other candidates?"

"I left them behind, as I always do," said Chadd, laughing, "and as I expect to do again next Thursday week, if I can get you to promise to vote for me."

"I ain't a-goin' ter vote fur ye, — nary time," interpolated Boker, as he reeled heavily forward.

"Well, I'm sorry for that," said Chadd, with the candidate's long-suffering patience. "Why?"

Isaac Boker felt hardly equal to argument, but he steadied himself as well as he could, and looked vacantly into the eyes of his interlocutor for some pointed inspiration; perhaps he caught there an intimation of the contempt in which he was held. He still hesitated, but with a sudden anger inflaming his bloated face. Chadd waited a moment for a reply; then he turned carelessly away, observing that he intended to stroll about a little, as sitting still so long was fatiguing.

"Ef ye war whar ye oughter be,

a-follorin' of the plow," said Isaac Boker, "ye would n't git a chance ter tire yerself a-sittin' in a cheer."

"I don't hold myself too high for plowing," replied Chadd, in a conciliatory manner. "Plowing is likely work for any able-bodied man." This speech was unlucky. There was in it an undercurrent of suggestion to Isaac Boker's suspicious conscience. He thought Chadd intended a covert allusion to his own indolence in the field, and his wife's activity as a substitute. "It was only an accident that took me out of the furrow," Chadd continued.

"'T war a killin' accident ter the country," said Isaac Boker. "Fur they tells me that ye don't know no more law than a mounting fox." Chadd laughed, but he sneered too. His patience was evaporating. Still he restrained his irritation by an effort, and Boker went on: "Folks ez is bred ter the plow ain't got the sense an' the showin' ter make peart lawyers. An' that's why I ain't a-goin' ter vote fur ye."

This plain speaking was evidently relished by the others; they said nothing, but their low acquiescent chuckle demonstrated their opinion.

"I have n't asked you for your vote," said Chadd, sharply.

The burly fellow paused for a moment, in stupid surprise; then his drunken wrath rising, he exclaimed, "An' why n't ye ax me fur my vote, then? Ye're the damndest critter in this country, Rufe Chadd, ter come electioneerin' on Big Injun Mounting, an' a-makin' out that I ain't good enough ter be axed ter vote fur ye! Ye hed better not be tryin' ter sot me down lower 'n other folks. I'll break that empty cymlin' of a head of yourn," and he raised his clenched fist.

"If you come a step nearer I'll throw you off the bluff," said Chadd.

"That'll be a powerful cur'ous tale ter go the rounds o' the mounting," re-

marked one of the disaffected by-standers. "Ye hev done all ye kin ter torment yer own folks up hyar on Big Injun Mounting what elected ye afore; an' then ye comes up hyar agin, an' the fust man that says he won't vote fur ye must be flunged off 'n the bluff."

"'Pears ter me," said Isaac Boker, surlily, and still shaking his fist, "ez thar ain't all yit in the pen'tiary that desarnes ter go thar. Better men than ye air, Rufe Chadd, hev been locked up, an' hung too, sence ye war elected ter office."

There was a sudden change in the lawyer's attitude; a strong tension of the muscles, as of a wild-cat ready to spring; the quickening of his blood showed in his scarlet face; there was a fiery spark in his darkening eyes.

"Oh, come now, Rufe," said one of the lookers-on hastily. "Ye ought n't ter git ter fightin' with a drunken man. Jes' walk yerself off fur a while."

"Oh, he can *say* what he likes while he's drunk," replied Chadd, with a short, scornful laugh. "But I tell you, now, he had better keep his fists for his wife."

The others gathered around the great, massive fellow, still more violently gesticulating and incoherently asserting his offended dignity. Chadd strolled away toward the gloomy woods, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes bent upon the ground. Glances of undisguised aversion followed him,—from the group about the store, from the figures in the windows and doors of the poor dwellings, even from the half-clad children who paused in their spiritless play to gaze after him. He was vaguely conscious of these pursuing looks of hatred, but only once he saw the universal sentiment expressed in a face. As the long shadows of the forest fell upon his path, he chanced to raise his eyes, and encountered those of a woman, standing in Boker's hut. He went on, feeling like a martyr. The thick foliage closed

upon him; the sound of his languid footsteps died in the distance, and the figures on the cliff stood in the sunset glow, watching the spot where he had disappeared, as silent and as motionless as if they had fallen under some strange, uncanny spell.

The calm of the woodland, the refreshing aromatic odors, the rising wind after the heat of the sultry day, began to exert a revivifying influence upon the lawyer's spirits, as he walked on into the illimitable solitudes of the forest. Night was falling before he turned to retrace his way; above the opaque, colorless leaves there was the lambent glinting of a star; the fitful plaint of a whip-poor-will jarred the dark stillness; grotesque black shadows had mustered strong among the huge boles of the trees. But he took no note of the gathering gloom; somehow, his heart had grown suddenly light. He had forgotten the drunken wrangler and all the fretting turmoils of the canvass; once he caught himself in making plans, with his almost impossible success in the election as a basis. And yet, inconsistently enough, he felt a dismayed astonishment at his unaccountable elation. The workings of his own mind and their unexpected developments were always to him strange phenomena. He was introspective enough to take heed of this inward tumult, and he had a shrewd suspicion that more activity was there than in all the mental exertations of the combined bench and bar of the circuit. But he harbored a vague distrust of this uncontrollable power within, so much stronger than the untutored creature to whom it appertained. A harassing sense of doubleness often possessed him, and he was torn by conflicting counsels,—the inherent inertia and conservatism of the mountaineer, who would fain follow forever the traditional customs of his ancestry, and an alien overwhelming impetus, which carried him on in spite of himself, and bewildered him with his

own exploits. He was helpless under this unreasonable expectation of success, and regarded the mental gymnastic of joyous anticipation with perplexed surprise. "I'm fixing a powerful disappointment for myself," he said.

He could now see, through the long vista of the roads, the open space where the settlement was perched upon the crag. The black, jagged outline of the rock serrated the horizon, and was cut sharply into the delicate, indefinable tints of the sky. Above it a great red moon was rising. There was the gleam of the water-fall; how did it give the sense of its emerald green in the darkness? The red, rising moon showed, but did not illumine, the humble cluster of log huts upon the great cliff. Here and there a dim yet genial flare of fire-light came broadly flickering out into the night. It was darker still in the dense woods from which the road showed this nocturnal picture framed in the oak leaves above his head. But was a sudden flash of lightning shooting across that clear, tenderly-tinted sky? He felt his warm blood gushing down his face; he had a dizzying sense of falling heavily; and he heard, strangely dulled, a hoarse, terrified cry, which he knew he did not utter. It echoed far through the quiet woods, startling the apathetic inhabitants of the settlement, and waking all the weird spirits of the rocks. The men sitting in the store took their pipes from their mouths, and looked at each other in surprise.

"What's that?" asked one of the newly-arrived candidates, — an Ephesus man, who held that the mountains were not over and above safe for civilized people, and was fain to investigate unaccustomed sounds.

"Jes' somebody a-hollerin' fur thar cow, mebbe," said the store-keeper. "Or mebbe it air Isaac Boker, ez gits dancin'-drunk wunst in a while."

The cry rose again, filling all the rocky abysses and mountain heights

with a frenzied horror. From the woods a dark figure emerged upon the crag; it seemed to speed along the sky, blotting out, as it went, the moon and stars. The men at the store sprang to their feet, shaken by a speechless agitation, when Isaac Boker rushed in among them, suddenly sobered, and covered with blood.

"I hev done it!" he exclaimed, with a pallid anguish upon his bloated face. "I met him in the woods, an' slashed him ter pieces."

The red moon turned to gold in the sky, and the world was flooded with a gentle splendor; and as the hours went by no louder sound broke upon the gilded dusk than the throb of the cataract, pulsing like the heart of the mountains, and the stir of the wind about the rude hut where the wounded man had been carried.

When Rufus Chadd opened his eyes upon the awe-stricken faces that clustered about the bed, he had no need to be reminded of what had happened. The wave of life, which it seemed would have carried him so far, had left him stranded here in the ebb, while all the world sailed on.

"They hev got Isaac Boker tied hard an' fast, Rufe," said the store-keeper, in an attempt to reply to the complex changes of expression that flitted over the pale face.

Chadd did not answer. He was thinking that no adequate retribution could be inflicted upon Isaac Boker. His crime was not only the destruction of merely sensuous human life, but, alas, of that subtler entity of human schemes, and upward-reaching ambitions, and the immeasurable opportunity of achievement, which after all is the essence of the thing called life. He was to die at the outset of his career, which his own steadfast purpose and unaided talent had rendered honorable and brilliant, for the unreasoning fury of a drunken mountaineer. And this was an end for a man who had turned his ambitious eyes upon a chief-justice's

chair, — an absurd ambition but for its splendid effrontery ! In all this bitterness, however, it was some comfort to know that the criminal had not escaped.

"Are you able to tell how it happened, Chadd ?" asked one of the lawyers.

As Chadd again opened his eyes, they fell upon the face of a woman standing just within the door, — so drawn and piteous a face, with such lines of patient endurance burnt into it, with such a woful prophecy in the sunken, horror-stricken eyes, he turned his head that he might see it no more. He remembered that face with another expression upon it. It had given him a look like a stab from the door of Boker's hut, when he had passed in the afternoon. He wished never to see it again, and yet he was constrained to glance back. There it was, with its quiver of a prescient heart-break. He felt a strange inward thrill, — a bewildering rush of emotion. That sense of doubleness and development which so mystified him was upon him now. He was surprised at himself when he said, distinctly, so that all might hear, "If I die — don't let them prosecute Isaac Boker."

There was a sudden silence, so intense that it seemed as if the hush of death had already fallen, or that the primeval stillness of creation was never broken. Had his soul gone out into the night ? Was there now in the boundless spaces of the moonlit air some mysterious presence, as incomprehensible to this little cluster of overawed humanity as to the rocks and woods of the mighty, encompassing wilderness ? How did the time pass ? It seemed hours before the stone-like figure stirred again, and yet the white radiance on the puncheon floor had not shifted. His consciousness was coming back from those vague borderlands of life and death. He was about to speak once more. "Nobody can know how it happened except me." And then again, as he drifted away, "Don't let them prosecute."

There was a fine subject of speculation at the settlement the next morning, when the country side gathered to hear the candidates speak. The story of Isaac Boker's attack upon Rufus Chadd was repeated to every new-comer, and the astonishment created by the victim's uncharacteristic request when he had thought he was dying revived with each consecutive recital. It presently became known that no fatal result was to be anticipated. The doctor, who lived twenty miles distant, and who had just arrived, said that the wounds, though painful, were not dangerous, and his opinion added another element of interest to the eager discussion of the incident.

Thus relieved of the shadow of an impending tragedy, the knots of men congregated on the great cliff gradually gave themselves up to the object of their meeting. Candidates of smiling mien circulated among the saturnine, grave-faced mountaineers. In circulation, too, were other genial spirits, familiarly known as "apple-jack." It was a great occasion for the store-keeper ; so pressing and absorbing were his duties that he had not a moment's respite, until Mr. Slade, the first speaker of the day, mounted a stump in front of the store and began to address his fellow-citizens. He was a large, florid man, with a rotund voice and a smooth manner, and he was considered Chadd's most formidable competitor. The mountaineers hastily concentrated in a semicircle about him, listening with the close attention singularly characteristic of rural audiences. Behind the crowd was the immensity of the unpeopled forests ; below, the mad fret of the cataract ; above, the vast hemisphere of the lonely skies ; and far, far away was the infinite stretching of those blue ranges that the Indians called *The Endless*.

Chadd had lain in a sort of stupor all the morning, vaguely conscious of the distant mountains visible through the open window, — vaguely conscious of

numbers of curious faces that came to the door and gazed in upon him, — vaguely conscious of the candidate's voice beginning to resound in the noontide stillness. Then he roused himself.

The sensation of the first speech came at its close. As Chadd lay in expectation of the stentorian "Hurrah for Slade!" which should greet his opponent's peroration, his face flushed, his hands trembled; he lifted himself on his elbow, and listened again. He could hardly trust his senses, yet there it was once more, — his own name, vibrating in a prolonged cheer among the mountain heights, and echoing far down the narrow valley.

That sympathetic heart of the multitude, so quick to respond to a noble impulse, had caught the true interpretation of last night's scene, and to-day all the barriers of ignorance and misunderstanding were down.

The heaviest majority ever polled on Big Injun Mounting was in the reelection of the attorney for the State. And the other candidates thought it a fine electioneering trick to get one's self artistically slashed; they became misanthropic in their views of the inconstancy of the people, and lost faith in saving grace and an overruling Providence.

This uncharacteristic episode in the life of Rufus Chadd was always incomprehensible to his associates. He hardly understood it himself. He had made a keen and subtle distinction in a high moral principle. As Abel Stubbs said, in extenuation of the inconsistency of voting for him, "I knows that this hyar Rufe Chadd air a powerful hard man, an' evil-doers ez offends agin the law ain't got no mercy ter expect from him. But then he don't hold no grudge agin them ez hev done *him* harm. An' that's what I'm a-lookin' at."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE NEW EDITION OF CHAUCER.¹

ENGLISH scholars of this generation, in England, Germany, and America, are certainly endeavoring to do their duty toward Chaucer. They have already done far more for him, both in quantity and quality, than was done in the four preceding centuries. Only a little more than ten years have gone by since the Chaucer Society of London was founded by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., to do honor to Chaucer, and to let the lovers and students of him see how far the best unprinted manuscripts of his works differ from the printed texts, thus affording them the requisite facilities for settling, as far as may be, the many ques-

tions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, etymology, etc., which attach to his works and the language which he employed; and in addition to the publication of numerous texts of Chaucer's several works, to publish such originals and analogues of and essays on these as can be procured, with other illustrative treatises and supplementary tales.

The cheerful and hearty response which the call for coöperation to these ends has met with, from scholars in all parts of the world where the English language is spoken and studied, and its great literature read and cherished, has proved the ripeness of the time for the

¹ *The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* To which are appended Poems attributed to Chaucer. Edited by ARTHUR GILMAN, M. A. In three

volumes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

fullest realization of the society's comprehensive scheme. But apart from the ripeness of the time, much must be credited to the energetic administration of the affairs of the society by its founder, who is a hard, untiring, and self-sacrificing worker himself, and has a peculiar faculty for keeping other scholars aroused and getting good work out of them.

The publications of the society already number many volumes, consisting of texts (exact reprints of the best manuscripts), essays, originals and analogues of the tales, etc. The *Canterbury Tales* must ever rank as Chaucer's masterpiece, and to this work general readers will chiefly, and almost exclusively, confine themselves, great as are the merits of the other works; and it is a gratifying fact that abundant material exists for the production of a final text, — a text which will occasion but little question among future scholars. The six texts printed by the Chaucer Society exhibit a remarkable uniformity in their readings, the variations being more in spelling than in words. The variations in words are really very few, — so few that what Chaucer, in all cases, actually wrote may be established to an almost dead certainty. Take any of the best texts of any plays of Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, or *Much Ado about Nothing*, for example, the text of each of these plays being but comparatively little open to question, and each will be found to contain more uncertain readings than are to be found in all the *Canterbury Tales*. Good and sufficient reasons can be given for this. We are indeed more certain of what Virgil and Horace actually wrote than we are of what Shakespeare wrote, in numerous cases. The variations in the spelling of the several manuscripts are rather favorable than otherwise for determining, proximately, the pronunciation of the time. They are often rude attempts on the part of the scribes toward representing by letters the spoken word.

A hasty glance at what had been done for Chaucer, in the way of text, commentary, dissertation, etc., previous to the founding of the Chaucer Society may not be superfluous. Up to the time of Tyrwhitt's edition (in 1775), three centuries and three quarters after the death of the poet, next to nothing had been done. The editions by Caxton, Pynson, Godfrey (long the standard edition), Thynne, Stowe, Speght, and Urry have no intrinsic value as editions; the interest attaching to them at this day being almost exclusively bibliographical. Their texts are, without exception, extremely corrupt. But it does not seem to have occurred to any of these editors, if editors they can be called, that they were not doing the right thing. Exception, however, should be made in the case of Caxton. He shows in the preface to his second edition great reverence for the poet. When he discovered that he had printed one of the most faulty of manuscripts, in which some things were omitted which Chaucer had written, and some things were added which he had not written, his sense of the injustice he had done the poet caused him to get out another edition, printed from a manuscript which a certain gentleman had procured for him and recommended as "very trewe, and accordyng unto his [Chaucer's] owen first book by hym made;" and he acknowledges, with a charming *naïveté*, the mistake he had made, and gives expression to the conscientious care he had exercised in this second edition, "to satisfy the auctour where as tofore by ygnorance I erryd in hurtyng and dyffamyng his book in dyverce places, in setting in somme thynges that he never sayd ne made, and leving out many thynges that he made, whyche been requysite to be sette in it." But for all his honest purpose to make amends, the text of this second edition fell far short of fairly representing the poet's language.

But villainously and often ingeniously

corrupt as these early editions were, the serene light of Chaucer's genius must nevertheless have shone through them to many loving students; it was his metrical excellence which was most obscured thereby. But it would be, perhaps, more correct to say that the *conditions* on which that metrical excellence largely depends were not understood and complied with; the early texts were not so much at fault, bad as they were, as were those who read them. Dryden certainly appreciated and loved Chaucer more than did anybody else of his time. He professes to hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Greeks held Homer, and the Romans Virgil. "He is," he says, "a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects; as he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a continence which is practiced by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace." But in spite of this gushing laudation, so characteristic of him when in the vein, Dryden failed to discover the metrical excellence of Chaucer's verse, which at this day is unqualifiedly admitted by everybody entitled to an opinion thereupon, and was unwilling to admit that the fault was in himself. Unacquainted with the syllabication of the English of the fourteenth century, thousands of verses appeared to him lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one; and he consoled himself with the reflection that this in other respects great poet lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children, he says, before we grow men, and our numbers were in their nonage till Waller and Denham appeared! Strange is it, indeed, that Dryden's native sagacity did not penetrate to some of the secrets of the old poet's harmonies, which, it is evident, he went to his grave without knowing; and stranger still that he was not visited by some dim suspicion

that a soul of such exquisite susceptibility as was Chaucer's (a susceptibility which he must have recognized) *might* have had, through some special favor of Providence, as good physical ears as men of later times were provided with, not even excepting those of Waller, whose miserable conceits and feeble verses and forced and imperfect rhymes have consigned their perpetrator to a deserved oblivion. But it does not appear that he was visited by any such suspicion. If he had been, he would certainly have set about to test the truth of it, and, in doing so, might have detected in the poet's verse something of that delicate metrical sensibility with which he is credited in these days, — a metrical sensibility hardly inferior to that of the greatest of living poets, the greatest, indeed, so far as an unerring sense of *form* is concerned, Alfred Tennyson.

Tyrwhitt was in fact the first editor of Chaucer, in a strict sense. Though he constructed his text on a false principle, and though his knowledge of the grammatical forms of the English of the fourteenth century was deficient, especially in the case of the final *e* (the residual of various Anglo-Saxon inflections) and of the singulars of strong preterites (the forms his text presents being generally plurals), the large body of illustrative and explanatory notes and the elaborate glossary of his edition will always be valuable. So, too, will the introductory matter, his Essay on the Language and Versification of Chaucer, and his Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales. There has been with some Chaucer scholars of the present day a disposition to underrate Tyrwhitt's labors, just as there has been with some Shakespeare scholars a disposition to underrate and even to sneer at the pioneer labors of the eighteenth-century editors. Thomas Wright, in his introduction to the Harleian text, first published by the Percy Society in 1847, makes the sweeping assertion that "Tyr-

whitt's entire ignorance of the grammar of the language of Chaucer is exhibited in almost every line, few of which could possibly have been written by the poet as he has printed them." But the defects of Tyrwhitt's edition were in no case due to his slovenliness, as are numerous defects of Mr. Wright's very extensive and various editorial labors. Tyrwhitt was careful and cautious, and extremely sagacious withal, as Mr. Gilman has shown in the Advertisement to his edition. On page ix he says, "A comparison of texts that were not available by Tyrwhitt has shown both the wisdom and the accuracy of the scholarship that he displayed." And on page x he says, "The reader who is curious regarding Tyrwhitt's judicious treatment of the text will be interested to compare with the present text certain instances in which he made emendations. He will find that the latest investigations sustain that editor to a remarkable extent. In the first volume of the Aldine Chaucer, Mr. Skeat quotes (page 174) ten lines which Tyrwhitt emended, namely, lines 1510, 1516, 1535, 1654, 1734, 1973, 2103, 2493, 2928, and 2996. Of these changes eight are supported by the Ellesmere text, and the remaining two are shown to have been unnecessary."

After the publication of Tyrwhitt's edition in 1775-78, nothing was done toward placing Chaucer on a sounder basis for seventy years. There were some modernizations, but these rather obstructed than promoted a taste for his poetry. There is no poetry whose peculiar *aura* can be more easily dispelled than that of Chaucer's. The slightest meddling with it is often fatal. Matthew Arnold, in the preface to a selection of the poems of Wordsworth, recently published, says, "Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, — as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote

his poem for him." This may be said with equal truth of the most characteristic portions of Chaucer's poetry; and it is as easily made not itself as, for example, Wordsworth's *Three Years she Grew* could be. Certainly, the best and most cautious of the modernizations of Chaucer's poetry is that, by Wordsworth himself, of the *Prioress's Tale* (of the Christian child slain by Jews). But even that is far, very far, from the real thing. And that tale can be less easily spoiled than, for example, the *Nun's Priest's*, of the *Cock and the Fox*, especially the description of the cock. How Dryden has *traduced* it!

The Harleian text of the *Canterbury Tales* was published, as has been said, in 1847, by the Percy Society. It is in many respects the best existing text. It has been reproduced in whole and in part a number of times since, and Professor Child based upon it his valuable *Observations on the Language of Chaucer*. But Mr. Furnivall, with the concurrence of other experienced Chaucerians, has given the preference to the Ellesmere text, and it has been made the basis of the *Rhyme-Index* published by the Chaucer Society, and of the *Concordance to the Works of Chaucer* in course of preparation. Mr. Furnivall, in his *Temporary Preface* to the six-text edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, has, in addition to the presentation of a few of the specialties of the six manuscripts, compared them one with the other, and with the Harleian. The peculiar merits of the latter can there be easily got at.

Mr. Gilman has adopted the Ellesmere text, and has not departed from it except in the very few places where there were weighty reasons for doing so. The reader is always informed, at the foot of the page, of these departures; but he is not always informed where the substitutions came from. The editor has in no case, however, made unauthorized substitutions. They are al-

ways to be found in some one or more of the other texts. It is a gratification to a reader — or at least it should be — to know that he is reading one good text of a poet like Chaucer, and not a text that represents an editor's individual taste as to which is the best reading out of various texts. What a medley some of the so-called critical texts of Shakespeare of the present day present, swinging as they do between quartos and folios, according as the editors think they should swing! Morris and Skeat in their texts of Chaucer are a little too much disposed to imitate the example of Shakespeare editors. But fortunately Chaucer editors *cannot* disport themselves amid various readings to the extent that Shakespeare editors can, for the various readings are comparatively few.

It would be, of course, a too slavish adherence, and one of no advantage whatever, to follow the contractions in which each and every manuscript abounds. But some question may be raised as to the propriety of substituting certain letters for others used in the manuscripts: for example, the two obsolete characters (a loss to our alphabet), for both of which *th* is now used; the semi-Saxon *g* (a modification of the Anglo-Saxon *g*), for which *y*, *g*, and *gh* are used; the use of *u* and *v* as both vowels and consonants, etc. The use of these characters is, indeed, very irregular in the manuscripts, and Mr. Gilman says, pages v and vi, that, "in the absence of any rule or custom on the part of the ancient scribes, it only confuses the general reader if their irregular example is followed." On page viii he says, "There is a positive loss when *povre* — Italian *povero*, French *pauvre* — is printed in an old author 'poure,' and *poverte* — *poverta*, *pauvreté* — is printed 'pouerte.' This is true also when *iape*, *ioye*, *iade*, *iuge*, take the places of *jape*, *joye*, *jade*, *juge*. On the contrary, the poet suffers no detriment when these

words are presented with the letters which make the impression upon nineteenth-century readers that the other ones made upon readers accustomed to them in the fourteenth century."

These remarks are plausible enough, but perhaps we are not yet ready fully to decide on them. They are, at any rate, sufficiently just with reference to such an edition as the one before us, designed, as it is, for the general reader rather than for the special student. The editor, it appears, does not mean his remarks to apply beyond the representation of certain characters used in the manuscripts by certain others of the modern alphabet. We are certainly not ready to decide, and perhaps never shall be, upon some one spelling of such of Chaucer's words as present in the manuscripts a multiform spelling, — such words, for example, as the preterite of *see*, which is spelled in more than thirty ways, representing the usual Anglo-Saxon form, *seah*. Mr. Gilman gives on page viii the following forms: *sauh*, *saugh*, *seigh*, *sigh*, *segh*, *sihe*, *sauhe*, *sawh*, *sagh*, *sy*, *sie*, *sey*, *say*, *seygh*. The glossary to Forshall and Madden's edition of the Wycliffite Scriptures gives the following: *say*, *saie*, *saye*, *saig*, *sauge*, *sawe*, *sawg*, *sag*, *seeg*, *seig*, *seige*, *sig*, *sige*, *syg* (the italicized *g* representing the semi-Saxon *g*). Other variations are presented by the plural forms. The writer of this article has noted several other forms still in the Harleian text of the Canterbury Tales. So the usual Anglo-Saxon form *micel*, or *mycel*, has numerous representatives. Mr. Gilman instances *moche*, *mokel*, *muchel*, *mochel*, *myche*, *mychel*, *michel*; but there are many more. Now how are we to decide upon any standard form, in such cases? — and they do not constitute a small minority, by any means, of the words of the manuscripts. Perhaps the only way to cut the Gordian knot, or rather to get along without cutting it, is after Mr. Furnivall's fashion. In his

Temporary Preface to the six-text edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, pages 113-115, he says (space obliges us to make some omissions): "There are some men to whom the irregularities of nature and facts, the waywardness of growth, are a perpetual irritation. Trained mostly in classics themselves, they cannot bear the thought of Chaucer's words being spelt with less regularity than Virgil's or Horace's. They do not stop to inquire whether the (to them) beautifully uniform spelling they have was that of Rome or Greece itself at any time, or that of an Italian Renaissance of the fifteenth century; they swallow the orthography of their text-books, without question, as the genuine article, thank the Lord for its delightfulness, and say they must and will make Chaucer and our early men conform to the like smooth rotundity. . . . As regards Chaucer, I have never yet seen or heard of a fourteenth century manuscript, autograph or not, which is uniform in its spelling; and I am entitled to conclude that no such manuscript of any length ever existed. . . . To force a uniform spelling on Chaucer, by whatever process arrived at, would be to force a lie on him and on the history of the English language. . . . Before him for hundreds of years is no uniformity; after him for centuries none. Why in the works of him, the free and playful, above all others, are letters to lose their power of wandering at their own sweet will; why are words to be debarred their rightful inheritance of varying their forms? . . . I repeat my words of 1861: 'Far more experienced readers and better judges than I have condemned the attempt to impose on a language constantly changing in words, inflections, and spelling, written often by half-lettered men, a rigid rule applicable only to the well-settled speech and literature of a cultivated nation.' (Early English Poems and Lives of Saints, Philol. Soc., page vi.)"

What Mr. Gilman remarks (pages viii, VOL. XLV. — NO. 267.

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ix) is substantially the same, in a milder form: "Any concession to modern precision would misrepresent the orthography of Chaucer, and none is attempted in the present work. The editor's rule has been to follow in this respect the usage of the scribe, who had the advantage of living at least four centuries nearer the time of the author than he represents."

For the benefit of the uninitiated in manuscripts, Mr. Gilman might have been somewhat more explicit in regard to the manuscripts which were taken as the bases of Chaucer's works other than the *Canterbury Tales*. On page iv he says of the Ellesmere manuscript, "It forms the body of the text now presented to the lovers of the great poet." He means, of course, the text of the *Tales*, but he does not say so. The manuscripts followed in the texts of the other works are not characterized, or designated.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the publication of this edition was not deferred until after the printing of the manuscripts, by the Chaucer Society, of the *Troilus* and *Cryseyde*, that the editor might have availed himself of them in the preparation of his text. Mr. Furnivall, in his Eighth Report, August, 1879, states that he hopes to get into type before next summer the whole of the *Troilus*, in three parallel texts, — the Campsall manuscript (which he pronounces the handsomest early one he has ever seen), Harleian 2280 (ed. by Dr. Morris), both complete, and the Gg. 4. 27, unhappily incomplete, though very good. But Mr. Gilman has, nevertheless, given us a good text. A collation of the text with that of the Aldine edition, by Dr. Morris, has shown that he has followed the latter, which, the editor states, is printed entirely from a *single* manuscript, Harleian 2280, collated with Harleian manuscripts 1239, 2392, 3943, and additional 12,044. The society's leading text, on which the concordance will be based, will be that of the Campsall manuscript.

Since the founding of the Chaucer Society, the chronological order of Chaucer's works has been quite conclusively determined, and some poems that were for centuries attributed to him have been shown to be spurious. That chronological order, with the exception of the *Canterbury Tales* (which are given first, according to the society's arrangement of them), is followed in this edition, and the apocryphal poems are given together in the third volume. They are *The Romaunt of the Rose*, *The Court of Love*, *The Flower and the Leaf*, *The Cuckow and the Nightingale*, *A Goodly Ballade of Chaucer*, *A Praise of Women*, *Chaucer's Dream*, *Virelai*, *Chaucer's Prophecy*, and *Go forth, King*.

A well-written introduction of 108 pages is devoted to *The Times and the Poet* (I. *The Outer Life* II. *The Social Life*. III. *The Poet's Life*. IV. *The Poet's Works*. V. *The Poet's Genius*), the *Reading of Chaucer* (the more important peculiarities of his language being noticed, and the pronunciation given of the vowels and consonants, where it differs from that of modern English), *Astrological Terms and Divisions of Time* (an important section), and *Biblical References*. In the *Life*, the editor has embodied whatever of new has been brought to light by recent researches. In the section on reading Chaucer, he rather slights the important subject of the final *e* as a metrical element in the verse, and what he says is perhaps liable to give the inexperienced reader a wrong impression, or at least an inadequate impression, of its importance. He says, page xcix, "In pronouncing Chaucer it is necessary to remember that spelling was in some respects more nearly phonetic than it now is, and that syllables now unpronounced were formerly heard. The final *e* was, for example, pronounced in many cases, and in verse it often perfects the metre and adds to the musical effect."

The phrases "in many cases" and

"often perfects the metre" must certainly convey the impression to the uninitiated reader, hardly designed by the editor, of the final *e*'s having an exceptional rather than a normal use in the verse. But every experienced reader of Chaucer knows that it is the *rule* for the final *e* (that is, when it properly belongs to a word, and has not been hitched on by the scribe without authority) to make a light syllable. The exception is where it is absorbed by a following vowel (*absorbed* is the word, not *elided*), or where it is followed by the pronominal words beginning with *h* (*he*, *his*, *him*, *hir*, *hire*, *hem*), *hath* or *has*, and, it may be, *have* and *had*. Before other words beginning with *h* it is generally sounded. Perhaps in the words named the *h* was either silent or very faint; *hem* appears to have been pronounced *em* very early. The final *e*, too, at the end of the verse was, there can be but little doubt, sounded, the verse being, as a rule, hendecasyllabic.

A good feature of this edition are the head-lines, those on the left-hand page giving the title of the current tale or poem, and those on the right-hand page indicating the subject of the page, often in the poet's own words. The lines of the *Canterbury Tales* are numbered continuously, and, as the order of the *Tales* is different from that of every previous edition, following, as it does, the society's arrangement, Tyrwhitt's numberings are given in parentheses at short intervals. This will be a convenience in comparing the text with Tyrwhitt's, or in referring to Tyrwhitt's notes and glossary.

The foot-notes, explanatory, for the most part, of the *words* of the text, are quite numerous, — as numerous, perhaps, as the intended scope of the edition allowed; but the general reader will often, no doubt, wish that more help of the kind had been furnished, and, in the absence of explanations, he may pass over the meaning of many words and phrases without being aware that he does not un-

derstand them. There are many words in Chaucer, still in the language, which make sense if taken in their present acception, but whose meanings in Chaucer are now obsolete. Such words the inexperienced reader needs particularly to have his attention called to. The work is furnished with a good index of fifty-two pages, of subjects and proper names, with references to volume and page. The punctuation of the text is not always strictly critical. A reading of the Prologue, with reference there-

to, showed a need of some half score of changes in and additions to the punctuation.

This edition must do much towards making Chaucer a more general favorite, as he is destined ere long to be. No poet in the literature possesses more of the elements requisite for a popular favorite than Chaucer. All that is necessary to make him such is to clear away the obstructions to the appreciation and enjoyment of his works with which they have been beset.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

1879.

THOUGH flowers have perished at the touch
Of Frost, the early comer,
I hail the season loved so much,
The good St. Martin's summer.

O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn,
And thin moon curving o'er it!
The old year's darling, latest born,
More loved than all before it!

How flamed the sunrise through the pines!
How stretched the birchen shadows,
Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines
The westward sloping meadows!

The sweet day, opening as a flower
Unfolds its petals tender,
Renews for us at noontide's hour
The summer's tempered splendor.

The birds are hushed; alone the wind,
That through the woodland searches,
The red-oak's lingering leaves can find,
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam-breathing pine
Invites no thought of sorrow,
No hint of loss from air like wine
The earth's content can borrow.

The summer and the winter here
Midway a truce are holding,
A soft, consenting atmosphere
Their tents of peace enfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,
Rise solemn in their gladness;
The quiet that the valley fills
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange! The autumn yesterday
In winter's grasp seemed dying;
On whirling winds from skies of gray
The early snow was flying.

And now, while over Nature's mood
There steals a soft relenting,
I will not mar the present good,
Forecasting or lamenting.

My autumn time and Nature's, hold
A dreamy tryst together,
And, both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leaves its blessing.

God's angels come not as of old
The Syrian shepherds knew them;
In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,
And warm noon lights I view them.

Nor need there is, in times like this
When heaven to earth draws nearer,
Of wing or song as witnesses
To make their presence clearer.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow
Is of the end forewarning,
Methinks thy sundown afterglow
Seems less of night than morning!

Old cares grow light; aside I lay
The doubts and fears that troubled;
The quiet of the happy day
Within my soul is doubled.

That clouds must veil this fair sunshine
 Not less a joy I find it;
 Nor less yon warm horizon line
 That winter lurks behind it.

The mystery of the untried days
 I close my eyes from reading;
 His will be done whose darkest ways
 To light and life are leading!

Less drear the winter night shall be,
 If memory cheer and hearten
 Its heavy hours with thoughts of thee,
 Sweet summer of St. Martin!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

TWO NEW FRENCH NOVELS.

A NEW novel by Alphonse Daudet is pretty sure to be a good deal talked about, even in this remote region, and it is easy for us to imagine how Paris must be full of gossip and chat about his last book, *Les Rois en Exil*.¹ The disposition to discuss it can only be increased by the fact that the veil that covers some of the people he mentions, instead of being a concealment, is but a clue to their identity; this is especially the case with some of the crowned heads who are mentioned, and it is more than likely that some of the untitled characters are as well known to their fellow-citizens as are the ex-Queen of Spain and the ex-King of Hanover through their flimsy disguises as the Queen of Galicia and the King of Westphalia. But whether or no the Parisian public has seen them on gala days, or has brushed against them on the streets, is a minor matter; the proof of their actual existence is of no importance, if, indeed, it be not a hindrance; they have to show to the reader's satisfaction that they are those much rarer things, real characters, such as

make a novel live. That they do this no one will deny, for the book leaves on the reader a very strong impression of the writer's power. Daudet has already shown his ability to draw life-like characters, although he often indulges in what is very nearly caricature. Still, it has never been proved that caricature is necessarily a thing to be avoided by writers.

Le Nabab was a sort of historical novel about the present time, and the same thing can be said of *Les Rois en Exil*. In this story is shown the degradation of a king, of Illyria we are told, who having been driven from his throne by a revolution, takes refuge in Paris until such time as his people shall have grown tired of governing themselves. This king, Christian II., is an easy-going, pleasure-loving young fellow, without enthusiasm, caring only for enjoyment, who much prefers the easy joys he finds in Paris to the cares of ruling a remote kingdom. His wife is a very different person. She has the most earnest desire to see her husband, or their young son, on the throne of his ancestors. She believes fully in the divine

¹ *Les Rois en Exil*. Par ALPHONSE DAUDET. Paris: Dentu. Boston: Schoenhof. 1879.

right of kings, and she chafes under exile. She is wholly indifferent to her husband, except as the possible filler of a throne, and her life is spent, not in forgiving, so much as in trying to hide and condone, his many villainies. He is a Slav by birth and in character, that is to say, — judging from contemporary fiction, — he is almost wholly without character, and Paris completes the moral ruin of a man who was never more than a moral nonentity.

The book, then, describes the different stages in the modern Rake's Progress, together with the wife's futile struggle against fate. The story is a touching one, and what is more to the purpose it bears the mark of probability. Given the man and his surroundings, and the result described follows as surely as a brick detached from a chimney-top reaches the ground. A novel that naturally suggests itself for comparison is Cherbuliez's *L' Aventure de Ladilas Bolski*, a story that was not written for the New England public, to be sure, yet one of great impressiveness. Daudet's novel has the same quality that, one would hope, even in the face of the unblushing translations of Zola, would keep it from becoming too well known here, and it is curious to see how very much the same effect has been produced by the two writers in two different ways. Cherbuliez's method is what we may call an ideal one, while Daudet's is more nearly a realistic one. To be sure, Cherbuliez's ideal is a good deal like what one often sees in the theatre; it is melodramatic, in short, while Daudet's method is much simpler. We readers of English novels, who are accustomed to all sorts of inartistic construction, will feel ourselves at home in this story, which is not put together with formal precision; but there is little doubt that in France this inattention to the generally followed rules may be judged with harshness. There is no crisis in the story, it is simply a collection of incidents, but these incidents are narrated

with great skill. The novel is as formless as *Middlemarch*, and its merit is of very much the same kind, that is to say, it is a novel with a strong moral tendency. That it should show the worthlessness of kings is merely incidental; the crown of Christian II. is but a thing of pasteboard which serves to make more impressive the already solemn tone of the book. What most distinctly marks the hero is the weakness, the shallowness, of his character.

Without sermonizing, without contempt for the poor king, Daudet has written what is a serious defense of upright conduct, simply by showing a weak, vicious man, and the consequences of his faults. His realism is not a mere *tour de force*, like Cherbuliez's melodrama, it is direct study from life, and if it is a moral lesson that is most strongly enforced, this is the fault — if it be a fault — of life and not of the novelist. There is a certain way of looking at the *dramatis personæ*, that marks this book distinctly with the flavor of the present time, and some princes will doubtless be unable to read it without uneasiness, for they are not represented in their awe-inspiring state-robes, but as they appear behind the scenes to some of their cool-headed subjects. They are judged as men, not as something superior to man, and this novel of Daudet's is almost as much flavored with democracy as it is with interest in Paris. Yet both this democratic feeling and this tone of moral earnestness were probably not intended to be prominent, but it is their apparent subordination and real prominence that raise the novel from the rank of entertaining books to that of a really important one.

As to the way in which the characters are drawn, too much cannot be said in praise. They are all set vividly before us by their position, while the pathetic story is one that is every day repeated before our eyes in other circles of society. But a king who is worthless seems

more worthless than, say, a worthless coal-heaver; and a woman like this queen, who *incedit regina*, adorned with every virtue, wins our sympathy at once from the very contrast between her high estate, even when in exile, and her heart-breaking sufferings. She endures everything with a proud patience which sets in a more shameful light her paltry husband's misdeeds, and she suffers doubly, as an outraged wife and as a betrayed queen. It is this exalted setting that gives the book its really poetical flavor; what would have been touching under any circumstances is only the more touching on account of the magnitude of the interests involved, and the book is a real contemporary tragedy, that is to say, a tragedy as distinguished from a pathetic novel like *Jack* or even *Le Nabab*. Not only does it deal with a more exalted theme, but the disgust at the weakness of the king in this story is relieved by the prominence given to the queen. In the other tales the virtues of the heroes do but add to the poignancy of the accumulated sufferings, but in this one the reader is comforted by the exalted dignity of the heroine, who rises higher, whatever her trials.

The superiority of this story to even the best of merely clever, even if supremely clever, stories, like *Ladislás Bolski*, for instance, is most marked. One is pleasing in just the way that paper is pleasing, the other is something taken from human life.

Of less significance, though extremely entertaining, is *Luigi Gualdo's Un Mariage Excentrique*.¹ At a time when so many poor French stories are published, so many, that is, in proportion to the readable ones, this novel will be found very good reading. The author has set the scene of his story in Italy, and all

the principal characters are Italians, but they really exist in the sort of fashionable fairy-land about which so much has been written. The plot is very complicated, and he is an ingenious reader who sees through all its complications beforehand, and who is not held with something approaching breathless interest to the swiftly turned pages. The story is in its way a natural one. It runs on with uniform vivacity; the people are all life-like; the conversations are exceedingly good, and, as has been said, the plot is a masterpiece; any one must be hard to please who is not amused by this combination of attractions. The author has some of the qualities with which *Cherbuliez* has entertained a delighted world. In other words, he belongs to what will soon be looked upon as old-fashioned, that is to say, the romantic school. The new men, who are scientific, have, to be sure, the merit of doing something, and that rightly counts for something; but their work will have to be judged, not by the excellence of their intention to follow the thought of the century, but by its value for the reader. *Emile Zola* says that the days of the psychological hero in fiction are numbered, and that it is the physiological hero who is to do all the running. But however this may be, and this is not the moment for its complete examination, there are yet some readers who will not turn their backs upon agreeable books. Men with theories are often not so completely in the right as they imagine, and it may be that readers will look for something besides scientific method in the fiction that is provided for them. As it is, this *Mariage Excentrique* will be found interesting. It belongs to the class of novels which includes fairy tales, while *Zola's* novels find their most formidable rivals in the criminal reports of a daily newspaper.

¹ *Un Mariage Excentrique*. Par *LUIGI GUALDO*. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: Schoenhof. 1879.

THE HUNT MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of the works of the late William Morris Hunt at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has, in addition to the rare artistic value of the display, the unique charm of autobiographical record. Mr. Hunt was a man of superior qualities, and a chapter from his life is sure to be full of interest. Those who were fortunate enough to know him as a friend; those to whom his works have, during his life, appealed in eloquent language; all, indeed, who have observed the influence he wielded over artistic feeling in this community, have found in the memorial exhibition an autobiography of the man as well as the history of the artist. It is, moreover, in more ways than one, a record of the rise and development of the present artistic movement in this country, — a line of progress with which Mr. Hunt was thoroughly identified.

Americans are reputed to have a dormant æsthetic sense. However well founded this reputation might once have been, it is now by no means just. We have always studied too much without absorbing enough through the pores, so to speak. It would be painful to review the condition of art in this country a generation ago. It is enough to know that our art students at the present day, following their inherited impulses, will accept nothing as a fact unless it be thoroughly proven to them. They are too intelligent to follow blindly the lead of a professor. The simple mechanical performance is to them of secondary importance; the meaning of the thing is of first account. They are stirred through their intellect alone. We have been long trained to reason in artistic matters much more than to feel. This is a natural condition in a community where intellectual asceticism is so highly honored.

Mr. Hunt found us with scarcely an atom of the leaven of artistic sentiment, fairly starved in art. The impulse, if there was any at all, was in the dry channel of the Dusseldorf traditions. His own experience taught him how necessary it was for Americans to assimilate some of the fervor and warmth of French art as the antidote for their birthright of Puritanism. He returned to this country at the close of his studies abroad so charged with the vitality of the French school that he swept along with him in his enthusiasm a host of converts to the doctrines he had accepted. The results of that conversion are seen to-day at every step. The ramifications of this influence cover a vast field. Enthusiasm is always contagious, and Mr. Hunt had no lack of it. His works were characterized by enough technical skill to secure their recognition elsewhere, and had also a certain intellectual quality that made them sure of acceptance here even before they were appreciated in their whole extent. Both by the arguments of his own performances and by his own vigorous speech he led his army of adherents along with him, *pari passu*, with never-flagging zeal and scarcely diminished energy, to the day of his death. He has left behind him the grandest decorations in the country; a great number of portraits, many of them types of historical interest; a score or more important pictures, and thousands of minor works. Some idea of the amount he produced during about thirty years spent in the pursuit of his profession may be gained from the fact that over two hundred charcoal sketches, beside nearly half that number of oil-paintings, were found in his studio after his death.

Mr. Hunt had the first qualification necessary to an artist, — susceptibility to impressions. The exhibition bears

ample testimony to this fact. When he first went to France, after a brief stay in Dusseldorf, he studied with Thomas Couture, then in the height of his renown. The method of this master seemed to satisfy the American student, so far as technique went, and he painted *The Prodigal Son*, *La Marguerite*, and *The Hurdy Gurdy Boy* under his influence. Each of these pictures suggest the master very strongly, not so much in their style as in their construction and color. Couture's art was always more or less artificial, and somewhat sensuous and material. He never painted a head with the exquisite *finesse* of that of the old man in the first of these three pictures. In the *Marguerite* also we find the firmness and solidity of Couture, and his peculiar flesh tints with the delicate greenish half tones. Instead of the sweet, womanly figure, Couture would have given us a buxom peasant. Diaz was a frequent visitor to the Couture *atelier*, and took an interest in the work of Mr. Hunt. It is said also that he did not spare his praises of the student's work, and compared it favorably with the master's own productions. Mr. Hunt, on his side, recognized in the paintings of Diaz an element of mystery that balanced the positiveness of Couture's methods. He was as strongly influenced, and quite as plainly directed, by this quality in Diaz as by the teachings of Couture. Proof of this is found in *The Fortune Teller*, where the arrangement of light and shade, the peculiar sunny tones, and the general aspect of the picture all suggest the former master. A little picture of two children is almost imitative in the strength of its resemblance to the figure pictures by Diaz, and a study of a female head has all the qualities of his color. Mr. Hunt's admiration for Diaz was but a spark in comparison with the flame kindled in him by the pictures of Millet, then a comparatively unknown painter. His appreciation of Millet amounted almost to worship. From his first acquaint-

ance with him we find his eyes so full of Millet's pictures that he sees nature only through the image of their beauties. It is a common experience of an artist, after looking at pictures which impress him strongly, to find himself so affected by their qualities that he sees them repeated in every group in the streets. This impression at times reaches the strength of an optical delusion, but is generally ephemeral. Mr. Hunt seems to have been so thoroughly stirred up by the incomparable charm of Millet's color and effects of light that, for years after, his own productions echoed the souvenirs of his chosen master. Various pictures in the exhibition show to what extent his association with Millet directed his own efforts. *Sheep Shearing at Barbison* is perhaps the nearest like a Millet of any work; but even this has strong resemblances, without being a copy. One of the most interesting things in the exhibition is the contrast between the two pictures of *La Marguerite*. The second one, painted in 1853, while he was with Millet, is on the lines of the first one, painted the year before with Couture. Less sculptural and less solid in aspect, the second has a compensating charm of sentiment and expression which is absent in the first picture from the very conditions of its execution. Couture insisted on the material, on the texture, on the tangibility, of the objects. Millet flooded the figure in a broad, mystifying light, removing it from the possibility of too close inspection, investing it with an intimacy, a retiring modesty, that befits the subject.

After following the artist through the different phases of his early development abroad, it is equally interesting to observe his struggles to express himself in his own language. He had been prattling—and a vigorous prattle it was, too—with the phrases of his French masters, and now he must use his own words. For a period he seemed to lose his first feeling for sculptural form, having

failed to catch the grand note of Millet's draughtsmanship, and occupied himself almost entirely with the manipulation of the color and the search after a sunny effect of light. For several years he painted with an almost feminine timidity, finishing the flesh to a high degree, but always presenting the broad effect of light and shade. The execution of the grand portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, painted for the Essex Bar Association in 1859, called out all his dormant energy, awoke afresh his sympathies with the sculptor's art, and created a new impulse in him. This portrait has certainly more noble qualities than any other ever painted by Mr. Hunt, and stands alone in this country in the portraiture of this generation. The dignity of the pose, the strong character of the head, the decorative arrangement of the figure and its accessories, and above all the intense humanity of the portrait make it healthy and vigorous as a work of art, and of inestimable value as immortalizing a type of the age and race in its true aspect. If the artist had painted but this single portrait, he might have put aside his palette with justifiable satisfaction. In *The Singers*, and a few pictures similar in treatment and painted about the same date as the Chief Justice Shaw, there is scarcely a trace of the vigor that found expression in the portrait. Dating from this grand work, we find his attention turned more than ever before to the character of the sitter as the first point of interest. He began the study of art as a sculptor, and a few examples of his modeling in the exhibition show that his success would have been great in this branch of art. Within ten years after his European student life he comes back to his first impulses with renewed devotion. Each successive portrait that he paints has more and more of the sculpturesque quality. For a while he appears wholly preoccupied with this element in his work, and his color is indifferent, weak, and often dis-

agreeable. Sometimes the flesh is full of green tones, and again full of brick-red hues. But the portraits gain all the time in character. His ladies always remain ladies, and his gentlemen preserve their distinction even in the disguise of bad coloring, for the best lines of their features and figure are on the canvas. When the artist did not satisfy himself in seizing the characteristic points of his sitter, he generally gave up the work, no matter how charming it might have been in any other direction but the one he concentrated his energy upon. Essentially a painter of moods, and of very violent moods, he subordinated everything to the one idea that urged him to action. His work was therefore uneven and uncertain. A trifle would spoil it; an hour of satisfactory painting would secure its completion.

Judging from the present exhibition, the period of the war was marked by few noteworthy productions, with the exception of the *Bugle Call* and the *Drummer Boy*. These indicate pretty clearly his state of mind during the excitement of war. They are unquestionably the most earnest and dignified of the mass of pictures inspired by the rebellion. The noble sentiment of patriotism tempted his brush, not the details of the strife nor the minor motives, which, once so important, we are now ready to lose sight of in the grand aspect of this chapter in our history. These two pictures are for all time and for all countries. But the painter devoted himself with characteristic zeal to another service during the war, a line of work no doubt very distasteful to him, but valuable beyond price to his patrons. He painted a great many portraits of dead soldiers from the meagre material in the possession of the relatives. Painting from photographs is, at the best, the most ungrateful task an artist can have, and Mr. Hunt, with his intense love for nature, sacrificed his choicest inclinations in this occupation. His patience and

consideration will not be forgotten by those he served in this way.

Among the scores of portraits in the collection, there are but few mediocre ones and many masterly examples. That of Mrs. Charles Francis Adams is dignified and lady-like and exceedingly refined, although sombre and even smoky in color. A study of a little girl's head has the charm of sweet expression and delicate color,—a matchless portrait of childhood. With what sympathy with maternal tenderness is painted the portrait of a lady holding her babe! It is reverential in its feeling. Master Gardner, former head-master of the Boston Latin School, sitting by a table in an attitude so well known to his friends, fairly lives in the portrait, so true is every shade of character caught. The personality of a sitter has rarely been more strongly given in a portrait than in the head of Mr. Allan Wardner. This stands quite alone among the rest in the manner of its execution, for it is unlike any except the most sketchy heads, and was apparently done with ease and confidence. Many other good character heads in the collection have especially strong points in them, but none have the peculiar technique of this one. It recalls Lenbach's best work, though it is less labored and much more freely touched. His own portrait is perhaps less satisfactory than most of the others. It has few of the strong accents of his face, and, although a strong resemblance, does not do justice to the original in point of picturesqueness.

It will be seen that his color grows more agreeable as he continues to paint portraits. The rise of a passionate mood for color may be traced with some accuracy. Certainly the beginning of this fever is fairly indicated by the study of a boy's head in the Rembrandt effect of light. Very rich and luminous in color, full of throbbing blood-vessels, the flesh almost quivers with life. As a piece of color it is the gem of the exhibition.

Several large studies and many minor sketches have the same intense appreciation of the beauty of rich flesh tones. They were all painted in the fever heat of excitement, when the palette was forgotten, and only the sitter and the rapidly-growing study were in the focus of the artist's mind and eye. An interesting comparison may be made between one or two of the small heads painted between 1850 and 1860 and the studies he made during the past three or four years. Several of the early ones are almost Gothic in their simplicity. The recent studies have no trace of this feeling, but show instead a strong sympathy with the activity and vigor of life.

The commission to execute the great decorations in the Capitol at Albany came just at the period when the artist was in his best mood for this kind of work. For two or three years previous he had been painting in a decided decorative way. The two immense panels gave him an opportunity to exercise his taste for decoration, and also afforded the space necessary to the execution of imaginative compositions, one of which, at least, had been long in his mind. The cartoons in the exhibition well illustrate how the idea of these compositions grew into being. As early as 1850 he painted a head of Sleep for *The Flight of Night*. The striking group of horses was a favorite picture for many years, and he executed it a score of times in various materials. The little series of pastel drawings, made to try the general effect of composition of line and color, form a progressive scale of development of the original conception, and disclose by what steps he reached the satisfactory arrangement. Notwithstanding the multitude of the studies for the mural paintings, no adequate idea can be formed from them of the superb decorations at Albany. It is sufficient to say that they are an appropriate monument to the genius of the artist.

An impulsive love for nature in all

her forms early led Mr. Hunt to study landscape. Many of his landscapes are peculiarly poetical; all of them are quite unconventional in treatment, and show qualities rare in the work of professed landscape painters. Several of the Florida scenes, for example, are almost as tender in color as Corot's pictures. When the wonderful study of Niagara strikes the eye, it carries a sure conviction of its truthfulness. In strength of color and luminous effect it is far ahead of any other landscape in the exhibition. The sublime scene has never had a finer interpretation. Below this roaring mass of waters hangs a little summer landscape with two lambs lying on the hillside. The energy and almost brutal strength developed in the execution of the Niagara are tempered in the small landscape into a feminine gentleness of touch and delicacy of feeling.

The collection of drawings is almost as interesting as the paintings. Mr. Hunt made constant use of charcoal as a rapid means of making notes. Its flexibility and the comparative ease with which it is employed made it more suitable to his methods of working than any other material. He was accustomed to use it in his notes of effect, of poses, and even in his preliminary studies of portraits. The drawings have therefore all the charm of first impressions, and

are the best interpretations of the artist's most intimate idea. Elaboration in color often destroyed a great deal of the vigor of the charcoal sketch. Sometimes a few scratches with the blunt end of a charcoal stick would serve the artist as a note of a characteristic point in some picturesque object or fleeting effect. These short-hand notes were made with wonderful accuracy. A few little sketches of donkeys show how valuable are spots of dark on white, if they are in their right places. This is exactly what Mr. Hunt aimed at in his painting, — putting the right spot in the right place at once. And this, too, is the end and object of all right methods.

It is evident that in a review of an exhibition so full of important works, scant justice can be done to most of the noteworthy pictures. A large proportion of them have been before the public, and are familiar through prints and photographs. It is safe to say that the extent and variety of Mr. Hunt's powers was never before comprehended, even by those who knew him best. The exhibition is a remarkable one from many points of view. Full of human interest, alive with personality, of astonishing range and comprehensiveness, it excites the imagination, stimulates the artistic sense, and makes it seem glorious to have lived and to have painted.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE number of holiday books does not seem to us so great as usual this year, but there is something of greater variety in them, and, as illustrated books go, of novelty. That is, there are fewer single poems made the subject of elaborate and superabundant illustration, and

more gift books of a general character, with fresh and distinct claims as literature.

Among the purely artistic publications we shall probably not go wrong in first naming Mr. Darley's studies from the *Scarlet Letter*,¹ which have been per-

¹ *Compositions in Outline from Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.* By F. O. C. DARLEY. Boston:

Houghton, Osgood & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1880.

fectly reproduced in heliotype, on a scale even more generous than his famous illustrations of Judd's *Margaret*. These *Scarlet Letter* pictures are in the same style of outline, severe, yet telling the story, especially in much of the detail, with great force. There are twelve of them, the first being *The Market Place*, where Hester is descending the prison steps with the babe in her arms, before mounting the pillory. Her face, always excepting the aquiline curve of the nose, which Mr. Darley has given her here and elsewhere, is very good, the haughty absent smile being most effectively suggested; whereas in Mrs. Hallock Foote's idea of Hester's expression, its rapt intensity was mistakable for blankness. The grouping is natural and vivid, and the variety of attitude and emotion in the spectators is a masterly characteristic of the piece. Mr. Darley succeeds here as strikingly as we think he fails in the next picture, where a too theatrical Hester is confronted in the prison cell with a conventional Chillingworth; the babe stretched on the low bed, however, is realistic and lovely. If we except this plate, and the unsatisfactory conception of Chillingworth and Dimmesdale as the Leech and his Patient, and also the thin characterization of Hester and Pearl by the Sea-Shore, we have named the only ones in which the imagination is not strongly appealed to. Even in the forest scene, where Dimmesdale lies with his head in Hester's lap, and her forehead shortened nun's face is bent ineffectively over him, the despair of the prone figure is deeply pathetic. In the other forest scene, where Hester, kneeling, stretches her arms coaxingly towards Pearl, who elfishly rejects her, with the demand that she shall restore the scarlet letter to her breast, the wavering hope and joy in the poor woman's face are delicately yet distinctly intimated; and the wildness of the landscape is sympathetically expressed.

But here the great defect is in Dimmesdale's face, which has been tending to commonplaceness, and is now downright Yankee. The most that can be done with this face is done in the two plates called *The Revelation of the Scarlet Letter*, in the first of which it shows its lax and hopeless profile, as Dimmesdale's drooping figure — beautifully *felt* and drawn — is supported up the scaffold steps on Hester's shoulder; and in the second, where, on the scaffold, he turns his dying eyes in accusal and forgiveness upon Chillingworth. The accessory figures here are all extremely good, though by far the best thing in the picture is the figure of Pearl standing a little apart on the scaffold, and touched with dawning consciousness; this is a great and subtle study, and a triumph of expression. In all the plates there are single figures which deserve particular praise, like that of the darkly frowning Puritan who listens while old Mistress Hibbins accuses Hester of going into the forest to meet the Black Man. There is a very admirable rendering of the scene in the governor's house, where the magnates of church and state discuss the project of taking Hester's child from her; and which should send the reader again to the passionate tragedy of Mrs. Hallock Foote's rendering of nearly the same passage. On the whole, we think the two most intense pictures of the series are the one in which Pearl, with clinging, childish persistence, presses her mother to tell her the meaning of the scarlet letter; and the other, in which Hester, stonily indifferent, passes through the group of reviling Puritan urchins, while Pearl stares round upon them in rage and defiance, and hurls back their taunts.

Messrs. Scribner and Welford this year follow their magnificent holiday works on Spain, India, and Italy with a companion book on Venice.¹ But this book,

¹ *Venice. Its History, Art, Industries, and Modern Life.* By CHARLES YRIARTE. With

Numerous Illustrations. New York: Scribner and Welford. 1880.

whatever its rank among other holiday publications, — and it must hold a high place, — is scarcely equal to those which have gone before it. Venice, as a subject, has as much unity as Spain; but it is extremely difficult, and the writer who wishes to be honest about it, and yet cannot quite trust himself to realism, and wholly break with the glamour that romance has cast over it, will hardly succeed in making a lively or original book. Mr. Yriarte knows his ground well, and he conceives the early Venetians admirably as the shrewd, practical, common-sense founders of an enduring prosperity and a powerful polity; but he does not boldly or strikingly present this type, nor the types of later Venetian character. There is want of freshness and want of force in it all. The old matters which must be gone over and over in every book on Venice are in no wise treated with novelty. Mr. Yriarte is well informed; he observes accurately and he speaks sincerely; but he is a feeble philosophizer, and he is not a graphic painter. The most valuable chapters are, as one would expect from the local contributor to *L'Art*, those on the art of Venice. They will remind the tourist very profitably of what he saw there, and they will faithfully report the facts about Venetian painting, sculpture, and architecture to the student; but they are not suggestive, and they are by no means subtle or original in their criticisms. If it was, as it may have been, Mr. Yriarte's purpose to appeal to the average intelligence in such things, he has succeeded; everything is simple, plain, and a little as if addressed to young persons. This is also the characteristic of those chapters relating to the modern life of Venice; they are soberly superficial and conscientiously commonplace, with what seems a conventional sensibility to the charm of the dramatic and picturesque spectacle. We are not saying, we hope, that the book is not meritorious. Our dissatisfaction is with the manner, not

the matter. It is a very complete and painstaking study of Venice; and no interesting point escapes the author.

The illustrations of the architecture are apparently engraved from photographs; they are extremely well chosen, and so are the famous pictures reproduced. Mr. Yriarte himself sketches very delightfully some scenes and types; and the passages on costumes and manners are agreeably illustrated from painters in whom Venice is very rich, but who are little known to the general reader, like the Longhis, Pietro, and Alessandro. Among the chapters of unusual interest and value, for their illustrations as well as their text, are those on Glass Mosaics, Printing, and Lace.

Mr. Waring's *Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps*¹ is another holiday book which people can buy with the assurance that their pleasure in it will outlast the holiday season. It has not the novelty of adventure which formed the charm of his boat-voyage on the Moselle; but the Tyrol is still a comparatively unhackneyed region, and a journey through the Pinzgau, Ziller Thal, Innsbruck, across the Brenner, into the Grödner Thal, and so to the Italian side of the Dolomites, cannot lack picturesqueness and variety. The Tyrolese travel is supplemented by a very agreeably sketched tour of the Italian Alps from Cortina d'Ampezzo to the Vaudois Valleys, including a morning glimpse of Venice. All this mountaineering seems to have been undertaken upon the just theory of Mr. Taine that the greatest amount of pleasure is to be got out of mountain scenery at the lowest altitudes. Most of Mr. Waring's climbing is acceptably done in two-horse vehicles, or one-horse ones at the worst. He really makes but one thrilling ascent, — that of Monte Tofana, which he accomplishes with extreme personal fatigue, and such dislike of the whole tedious business that

¹ *Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps*. By GEORGE E. WARING, JR. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

it casts a fresh charm over the book. He is, as all our readers know, an observer who unites the sympathetic and practical qualities; land and people, as well as landscape and sentiment, attract him, and make him a thoroughly companionable traveler. He is content to tell simply and plainly what he sees and hears, and he has the art of always seeing and hearing interesting things. There is no more effort to be humorous than to be poetic; one has the impression of sincerity and frankness throughout, which for most purposes are vastly better; and the English of the book is as manly as its spirit. The illustrations are, we believe, nearly all from photographs; but they are rescued, in the reproduction, from the photographic commonplace, and are agreeably abundant. There are a few pictures which are not from photographs, but are the more ambitious efforts of designers who have not seen, or have not felt, the things sketched. The feeblest of these is Balcony Marketing in Venice; the best is that of the Lemon Garden at Lake Garda, which might be a bit out of Doré's and Taine's Pyrenees.

There could be no pleasanter transition from the older to the younger holiday books than that afforded by the pretty volume of Elaine and Dora Goodale,¹ which has claims upon the liking of readers of all ages. These gifted children write of the wild flowers of their home woods with an affection which expresses itself in music as fluent as birds' singing; and though prolonged poetry about flowers is generally weariness to the spirit, from a lack of human interest in the subject, these lyrics have a sustaining charm. The charm is perhaps largely in one's sympathy with the fresh young hearts from which they spring. It is fit that they should celebrate these summer friends of theirs, and waiting the years and experience which shall

give them other themes one feels that these are the safest and sweetest promises they can utter for the future. The technique of these poet-sisters is admirably good; their reading shows here rather more than in earlier work of theirs: but there is little ambition to say more than they have themselves thought and felt, though there is here and there an alien largeness of expression which one hopes they will by and by think better of. This is not the occasion for exacting criticism, or indeed anything but interest and kindness for the children's charming achievement, which other children may know of with delight. We think that the verses on Indian Pipe, by Elaine Goodale, are of the finest imaginative effect of all; they convey a sense of the weird charm of that particularly unearthly flower, and they do this with an instinctive art which knows how to suggest as well as to express. The illustrations of the book seem to us worthy of very high praise; the flowers are sketched with realistic fidelity, and all their native grace is caught with a spirit whose happiness the engraver has apparently shared with the artist.

With each new Bodley book we wonder afresh at the skill with which Mr. Scudder continues to touch child-character, while he interests other children in the little people of his fancy. It is much more difficult to do both than those who do one or the other very well might suppose; but the young Bodleys are unfailingly real, and they are always set about something delightful. Not all of them are afoot, this time;² in fact, it is only Nathan who walks to Hartford with his cousin Ned, the other children going ahead with their mother by train, so as to surprise him at his journey's end by being at the judge's when he arrives; but they are all very active, nevertheless. The great sensation of the

¹ *In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers.* By ELAINE and DORA GOODALE. Illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879-80.

² *The Bodleys Afoot.* By the Author of *The Bodleys on Wheels*, etc. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

book is Martin's marvelous brother Hen, who looms up at last from the other side of the world, choke-full of hair-breadth escapes and all manner of adventures by land and by sea. Few are the events in which Hen has had no part; few the birds and beasts he has not seen; few the queer and fascinating things he cannot do. He is quite the Hen we expected; but at last there is not enough of him, and we suggest that the next book be *The Bodleys Listening to Hen*. He remains at home with the other Bodleys when Nathan starts off upon his tramp in a sort of loose, exterior, barn-door connection with the family, and we lose sight of him too soon. We are consoled, however, by an account of all that Nathan sees and hears. What he hears is much more than what he sees, for at every interesting point of his journey somebody starts up with the story of the locality. It is, fortunately, nearly always an Indian story, and the colonial annals are thus turned over to charming purpose. Throughout the book, if any curious or remarkable thing is mentioned, as a song or an adventure of any kind, Mr. Scudder satisfies the excursive instinct of children by bringing it in, and once in it has its own fitness. He does this with entire boldness, and with an imaginable wink to the older reader, who if he has any humor will enjoy the appropriation. Mr. Scudder makes his Bodleys as interesting as anything they hear; and there is some very fresh material treated with uncommon cleverness in the sketches of those old-fashioned Hartford people, the kinfolk of the Bodleys, which we commend to all who like New England life. The judge and his wife are characters who bring down a softened and sweetened Puritanism almost to our own time. We like all the Bodleys so well that it is with something like grief we find so

exemplary a little person as Phippy saying, "I don't know *as* I would" for "I don't know *that* I would."

One of the very best children's books of the season comes from Cincinnati, — the admirable little study of *Insect Lives*, by Miss Ballard.¹ It is written with the most agreeable simplicity and good sense, which the young naturalist, a little oppressed by the weight and volume of adult scientific works, will gratefully appreciate. He will find in it excellent suggestions for observation, and a due amount of well-founded information, enlivened by a delightful enthusiasm for his pursuit. No book could be more acceptable to a boy with a taste for entomology, and the love for nature which must grow with such a taste. The volume is abundantly illustrated with well-engraved studies of insects in their different stages of transformation; and it is to be as cordially praised for these as for the graceful, unaffected, and interesting quality of its literature.

That the late war should be fought over again in books for our children is inevitable, but we may give thanks that some of the humane lessons of the war also find a place in children's literature. *Six Little Rebels*² has a somewhat truculent sound, but the reader will quickly discover that the rebels are so only by the accident of birth, and the story has the war only for a sketchy background, the real incident being in the fortunes of six or seven young people in Washington and at a Northern sea-side resort. There is no plot, but that is not necessary in a book for children; there is adventure and a desultory succession of entertaining scenes, while the gentle lessons of forbearance, charity, and unselfishness are impressed rather by the story than by any direct teaching of the writer. Perhaps the assumption that the book is

¹ *Insect Lives; or, Born in Prison*. By JULIA P. BALLARD. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1879.

² *Six Little Rebels*. By MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1879.

written by one of the company, a girl of fourteen, has something to do with this self-restraint and with the carelessness which frequently appears, as in the last sentence of the book; certainly, there is often a pretty *naïveté* in keeping with the assumption, and literary carelessness in a book for children is a venial sin. There is a realism about the book which betrays a ground-work of fact, and a wholesomeness of tone which allows one to commend it as above the average of books for the young.

*Room For One More*¹ is the title of a modest story for children which will commend itself to parents who are glad to find between the covers of a child's book a few simple scenes, truthfully presenting the limited world in which most children move. Here is a picture of family life, in which old and young really live together in proper relations; the parents and older people exacting obedience and respect, the children learning their lessons of self-restraint and mutual help in the best of schools. The incidents are not unusual, and the children are every-day children; the material of the book has all the appearance of being a part of the author's memory rather than of her imagination; but the salt which seasons these homely details is in the kind and wise lessons which are in the author's mind, and are gently insinuated in the story. There is no obtrusive moral, but the whole book is a moral. It is pleasant to see so unaffected, unpretentious, and wholesome a book for children.

*The Princess Idleways*² is called a fairy story, and there is a mild use made in it of an enchanted staff and a troublesome elf, but the rest of the fairy machinery is scarcely distinguishable from humanity. The story is a simple one of how a child, who has grown up

selfish and indolent under too much indulgence, is sent to the good fairy Industry, under the alias of Motherkin, and reformed to good habits. It does not seem to have been a very severe trial, and the matter-of-fact reader will ask why the indulgent mother was not sent to the fairy reform school instead. There is no special imaginative power shown in the story, which is conventional and careless.

To the list of good domestic stories must be added Mrs. Corbin's *Belle and the Boys*,³ a book of praiseworthy purpose and respectable fulfillment. Belle Cortelyou, a girl of sixteen, finds herself prematurely installed, during her mother's absence in Europe, as the head of a household consisting of her silent father and two restive younger brothers. Her experience and that of her young charges are recorded in this book, and the reader is shown the development of the girl in matronly ways, and the gradual ascendancy which she acquires over her brothers. Her patience, her ingenuity, her tact, and her general good sense are discovered, and at the end of the book the reader takes a genuine satisfaction in the result which has been reached, only indulging a further hope that the maiden who has had so much responsibility will now have a little more of that good time which one rightly feels belongs to young girls. There is a series of pictures of life in a Western town, which may relieve the anxiety of those who fear that young America is wholly given over to loudness, independence, and self-assertion. It is a pity that the good impression which the book leaves on the mind should not be created at the outset; but the author has chosen to introduce her characters by an incident which shows a needless desire on her part to be lively. The book is much

¹ *Room for One More*. By MARY THACHER HIGGINSON. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

² *The Princess Idleways*. A Fairy Story. By MRS. W. J. HAYS. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

³ *Belle and the Boys*. By MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1880.

better than the first chapter would lead one to suspect.

The Southern fondness for tourney and joust has been turned to good account, if we are to refer to it Mr. Sidney Lanier's enthusiasm for Froissart. He has made out of the famous chronicles a book for boys,¹ not using the work as material for new stories, but skillfully excerpting and arranging Johnes's translation, so as to make a continuous narrative, which follows the general divisions of the original, and, so far as is expedient, the separation by chapters. The great bulk of the selections is taken from the first two books, from the first half of the first book, and in the second from the adventures of Philip Van Arteveld. From the third book a few chapters only are taken, to show Froissart's personal adventures as a chronicler and to give a glimpse of the Gaston de Foix. From the fourth book a little more is given recounting the crusade against the Saracens. The selections include some notable passages, such as the Sea Fight between the king of England and the French before Sluys, the taking of Calais, the Battle of Poitiers, and the insurrection of Wat Tyler; we are sorry to miss the exploits of Bertrand du Guesclin and much of the details in the disturbances in Flanders, but we think the editor was judicious in giving large blocks of Froissart, rather than many isolated fragments. He has skillfully condensed his material still further by running his pen through superfluous passages, and quickening the flow of the narrative by this means and by the omission of episodes and trivial details. He has not troubled his boyish reader by notes and comments, wisely trusting the book to him for enjoyment, and concealing any school-master purpose he may have had. Our only doubt is if he has not given too much. Froissart is so very

leisurely and so indifferent to any complaint of dullness that only here and there would a young reader be found to march through his entire work. May it not be that even these four hundred or more pages will leave the reader too satisfied? We should like a boy to get up hungry from Froissart.

But in spite of these doubts, which perhaps are born of a spirit rendered depressed by a survey of the reading which is set before boys year by year, we welcome most heartily so sensible an addition to literature for the young. Especially is it a good thing that American boys should have the curtain lifted for them, and a glimpse given of a world so unlike their own in outward show, so like it in all the essentials of life. Here is scope for the imagination, and material upon which to build dreams that are less harmful than those excited visions of heroism in real life which are fed from the stories of impossible adventure that make up so much of our boys' reading. Under the guise of these romantic scenes lie lessons, too, of chivalry and courage and manly virtue which will not be overlooked by the generous boy. There is a time in the life of every girl when she dreams, and if she can have Fouqué, her dreams will be enchantments with no unwholesome waking; then is the time when her brother may well be set to reading Froissart and Walter Scott's romances. The illustrations by Kappes are well designed and add much to the attractiveness of the book. There is scholarship in them and genuine sympathy with the subject.

Somewhat akin to Mr. Lanier's book is the admirably arranged selection from Darwin's voyages, which the children owe to some unknown hand. It has been this very judicious editor's idea to tell stories of animals, men, localities, and nature in the language of the great

¹ *The Boys' Froissart*. Being Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of Adventure, Battle, and Custom in England, France, Spain, etc. Edited for boys,

with an Introduction, by SIDNEY LANIER. Illustrated by ALFRED KAPPES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

naturalist, and he has found that this addresses itself as clearly and charmingly to the young as to the old. What Mr. Darwin Saw¹ is a book of extracts from his *Voyage round the World*, and these are given with the least possible—and it is extremely little—modification or rearrangement. The accounts of wild animals fitly come first; those of wild men follow; and geography and abstracter natural history, meteorology, etc., are delightfully insinuated in their order. Some pages are added giving biographical sketches of the notable persons named in the extracts; there are good maps, and an abundance of excellent illustrations. We commend the book heartily for the wisdom of its conception, and its thorough acceptability. One could hardly choose a book for an intelligent boy which would more successfully appeal to his love of nature, or more pleasingly acquaint him with the great master in the literature of science.

Since a special literature for the young must be accepted, we welcome every book which has its origin in the great facts of history and science. It was an excellent scheme of Mr. Towle's to interest boys in the adventures of the heroic discoverers and travelers; and, after narrating the exploits of Vasco da Gama and Pizarro, he has undertaken to give the career of Magellan,² who began the first circumnavigation of the world, which was completed by his comrades after his own unhappy death. For the English reader, the material is to be found principally in a volume of the Hakluyt Society, edited by Lord Stanley, second baron of Alderley, which contains the accounts of Pigafetta, Gaspar Correa, and others, and chiefly from this material Mr. Towle has construct-

ed a connected story. The work is moderately well done. Somehow we fail to be very much stirred by the narrative, and the hand of the book-maker seems more conspicuous than that of one thoroughly conversant with the subject and imbued with the spirit of adventure. The account of Magellan's youth is adorned with a few slight sketches of Portuguese and Spanish life, and the dramatic parts are a little stagey. There was material in a skillful hand for a picturesque presentation, and a book for boys which is to supplant the melodramatic reading so popular with them cannot have too much real brilliancy. There is an indefiniteness also which seems unnecessary. The adventures among the Patagonians, for instance, are related, but the word Patagonia never occurs. The Isles of Thieves, visited by Magellan and so named by him, are known, we are told, "by that name to this day;" but the young reader would have to be told by some one else that these islands were what he knew in his geography as the Ladrone Islands. The whole route of Magellan is vaguely laid down. It is a pity that a good map had not been added. There was one at hand in the Hakluyt Society volume, which would have added greatly to the interest of the young reader. Nothing is said at the outset of the division of the New World between the Spanish and Portuguese by a Papal bull, as explaining some of the complications which gathered about Magellan's enterprise, and historic and geographic facts which might have been impressed on the mind are passed over slightly. On the whole, we think the conception of this volume better than the execution, and we are sorry that so good a chance has been so carelessly used.

¹ *What Mr. Darwin saw in his Voyage round the World in the Ship Beagle*. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

² *Magellan: or the First Voyage round the World*. By GEORGE M. TOWLE, Author of *Vasco da Gama, Pizarro, etc.* Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I WAS sitting, one winter's morning, in the office of the Blankenburg Salt Works, of which corporation I was then secretary. The Blankenburg salt business did not occupy me more than two or three hours every day, and I had checked the entries in my bank-book, had balanced my cash, and was sitting before the fire smoking a pipe, with my feet on the desk-lid near me, debating whether I should wait and see the "boss" of the mine where the Blankenburg Salt Works gets its supply of coal, and who usually dropped in about that hour of the morning, or whether I should get into my buggy and take myself off to another office where I should find another fire, another pipe, another bank-book, and another cash-book awaiting me.

While I was dividing the swift mind, the outer door of the office opened, presently a smart tap was heard on the inner door, and to me there entered a man who had the indelible impress of a vagabond. He was of middle age and of middle size, and was dressed in a very seedy and ill-fitting suit of clothes, which, though without a rent or a smear, looked as if they had been slept in for a long time. His face, raw with a recent application of the razor, was sodden, and his eyes were bleary and red. He leaned against the open door, and began in a high-pitched and monotonous voice:—

"Sir, I am a cigar-maker by profession. I have sought for work in this and the adjoining town, but without success. There appears to be a plethora of cigar-makers in this vicinity. I have seen better days. I formerly lived at No. 12 South Gaty Street, Baltimore, and was a man of wealth. I was possessed of the sum of \$80,000, \$60,000 of which I received from my father and \$20,000 with my wife. I am a man of the world. I have traveled in Europe, Asia Minor,

and Egypt. Yes, sir, I have ascended the Nile to the second cataract. 'I have been,' as the great poet says, 'where bells have knolled to church, and have sat at good men's feasts;' now, through my own careless and improvident habits, and indeed by actual dissipation, I am reduced to the menial occupation of making cheap cigars. Ay, sir, of wrapping and twisting leaves of native tobacco, and saturating them with an essence of most leprous distillment, and calling them Havanas. And further, sir, I am compelled by stern poverty to ask of you the loan of half a dollar to pay for a night's lodging." Having glibly made this harangue, he humbly cast his eyes upon the floor and awaited the result.

Being idly inclined for the moment, and perceiving a chance of some amusement, I told him to be seated. "Is it possible," said I, "that from the possession of wealth and position you are reduced to your present unfortunate plight?"

"It is, sir, a sad and solemn fact."

"Then you admit that dissipation was the cause of your ruin?"

"I do, sir, frankly. Hark ye, sir! I am so peculiarly constituted that I *cannot* lie; I *must* tell the truth. I claim no praise for it. It is no virtue in me. There are times when it would afford me great satisfaction to lie. But there is no such pleasure for me. Nature so formed me that it is impossible for me knowingly to tell a lie. Be kind enough to look carefully at my head. Peruse these lineaments, mark these features. If you are anything of a physiognomist you will at once perceive that truth is written there. It has been, perchance, a disadvantage to me all my life that I could not dissemble. I *must* tell the truth. It will come out. I cannot restrain it."

By this time I began to be very much

interested, and proceeded to question the Man of Truth quite closely. He did not attempt to make any excuses for himself. He freely admitted that he had been extravagant, dissipated, worthless, an annoyance to his friends and a disgrace to his relatives. His wife was dead long ago, and they had never had any children. I asked him what his plans were. He said he intended making his way on foot to Parkersburg, the nearest railroad station, where he hoped to beg or steal a ride to Baltimore. Once there, he should throw himself on the kindness of his relatives, turn over a new leaf, and be a man again.

"My friend," said I, "your story is a good one, — rather too well told, perhaps; but put yourself in my place. Suppose, for instance, that you were still in possession of your fortune, and were sitting in the parlor of No. 12 South Gaty Street, Baltimore, and I should enter the room looking as if I had an intimate acquaintance with haystacks and bar-room benches, and rather the worse, too, for drink, and should ask you for the loan of the price of a night's lodging; would you give it to me?"

"Sir," said he, "I would not give you one d——d cent." He smiled faintly. "You see, sir, I *cannot* tell a lie. I *must* tell the truth."

I was beginning by this time to think that I had had a half dollar's worth of amusement, but yet I hesitated.

"You say that you are trying to get to Baltimore, where you expect to reform, 'leave sack and live cleanly'?"

His eye twinkled at the quotation. "You are right, sir."

"Now I will give you half a dollar, on one condition."

"Name it."

"It is that when you reach Baltimore you will write me a line to let me know that my contribution was of use to you. I don't ask you to return the money, but your writing will have the effect of somewhat reëstablishing my faith in hu-

man nature, and the next man who asks for aid from me will meet with a warmer reception."

"A capital idea, sir, a capital idea! Not only benefit myself, but pass the benefit along to some other poor wretch, or, as Longfellow touchingly expresses it, 'some forlorn and shipwrecked brother.' Your address, sir, if you please."

He took my address and departed. A few minutes after, finding it was near lunch time and too late to expect the "mine boss," I locked my office, jumped into my buggy, and was quickly trotting over the stretch of road that lies between the Blankenburg Salt Works and the village. I soon saw the Man of Truth plodding ahead of me. There was a lion in the path, and I anxiously watched to see what he did. He has reached it, he has passed it! No, he has flung himself into its jaws! I whipped up my horses, and looking over the red curtain of a grocery window I saw the Man of Truth draining the last drops of a glass of whisky.

My half-dollar was gone, swallowed up; it would pay for no night's lodging, for that night the Man of Truth's lodging would be on the cold, cold ground, under the lee of some sheltering haystack.

About two years afterward I had occasion to go to my private office, which was near my house, quite early one morning, before breakfast. I was busy writing, when some one opened the door and came in. I merely glanced in his direction, and rather impatiently said, "Well, say on!"

"I am a cigar-maker by profession. I have tried to find work in this and the adjoining town, but without success. There appears to be a plethora of cigar-makers in this vicinity. I am making my way to Parkersburg, and have called to ask the loan of half a dollar to pay for a night's lodging. I have seen better days. I" —

"What!" said I, as I recognized the Man of Truth, dingier, seedier, and more

red-eyed than before. His story, however, was the same, fresh with perennial bloom. He was rather taken aback at my exclamation, but began his sing-song again, thinking perhaps that I had not heard him.

"I am a cigar-maker by profession. I have" —

"Where is that half-dollar that I lent you?" I thundered out.

He changed color slightly. "I don't understand you, sir."

"Where is that half-dollar I lent you two years ago to pay for a night's lodging on the road to Parkersburg!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir. I never saw you before. I was never in this town before."

"What!" said I, "the man that *could* *n't* lie! that *must* tell the truth, even to his own disadvantage, — the man that had truth written upon every feature!"

I burst out laughing as I recalled his words of two years before, so completely belied to-day. I laughed loud and long, but there was no answering smile on the face of the Man of Truth. Detected and abashed he stood, with a hopeless look in his eyes.

He turned to go, and muttered, "I suppose it is a good joke, sir, but there is no fun in it for me."

Here his lip quivered slightly. I laughed no more. I saw in his face the hopeless, baffled, despairing look of a degraded soul. "You poor devil," said I, "tell the truth for once! Your coppers are hot from last night's spree, and you want a drink."

"That's what's the matter!" he said, with an eager look that there was no mistaking.

"Take this quarter and get it, then, but don't try to spin that yarn to me again." He joyfully took the coin, with a nod and a wink, and he went on his way, and I saw him no more.

— Superstition has not been driven out entirely from this world of the nineteenth century. Its dwindled shade lingers

still, not only in the more unenlightened minds of the rural population, but in those of educated people, accustomed to exercise their reasoning faculties. I have found that almost every one of whom I have inquired as to the matter was willing to own that he or she cherished some one pet superstition. They rejected all others, but held to a faith in the truth of some favorite old saying, confessing, often with a laugh at themselves, that they habitually obeyed its warning or injunction, as the case might be. I know a sensible, middle-aged lady who, if she happen to put on a garment wrong side out, will not reverse it, for fear of changing luck. I know a young lady who will stoop in the muddiest street to pick up a pin; and one who at every change of habitation carries with her a horse-shoe to hang over her door. Some persons will never cut their hair except with the growing moon; others will not start on a journey, or attempt any particular undertaking, on a Friday. I read the other day of a clergyman of the English church, who died only lately, who firmly believed in the influence of the "evil eye," and who would not step within a "fairy ring." He was a remarkably eccentric and mediæval-minded man, however. One of the commonest of these superstitions is that about sitting thirteen at table. I have known many persons who would refuse to make one in a company of that number. I have no doubt that a great many more of these old sayings exist than I have ever heard of, and people everywhere who credit them. These confessions of faith have always amused me very much; and yet, since I cannot suppose myself to be of stronger intellect than so many of my otherwise rational-minded acquaintance, I conclude that I too must have my pet superstition, which I shall discover some day. As a testimony to a belief in the existence of more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in modern materialistic

philosophy, I am rather inclined to rejoice, while I laugh, at the appearance of this pallid ghost of superstition.

—The interesting paragraphs on Cincinnati Faience in a late number of the Contributors' Club suggest the mention of other work in this way which is being done among us. Mrs. N. B. Plimpton, of that city, is working out an original style of decoration in faience, whose effects are different from anything hitherto known.

The Sèvres porcelain gives us the most exquisite effects in color; the Haviland a bewildering depth of richness and of changeful iridescence; the old Meissen has its individual beauty, differing from all in its deep-modeled decorations in *alto-relievo*; but differing from these, or from any important type of decoration, is the method now being wrought out by Mrs. Plimpton. It is a decorative relief in different clays, so delicately blended and shaded that only the trained eye of the connoisseur would see that these exquisite blendings of color were not painted, but were worked in in the different clays, which, through the process of firing, retain their relative colors, — these colors being, of course, changed in the firing, but coming out with relative variations.

The finest example of this is shown in a vase of light-yellow clay ornamented with a butterfly in relief, of that large and curious variety known as the South American. The butterfly is shown in four shades of browns, — the rich sepia browns, — and white, and no one on first observing it would dream that not a brush had touched it with paint, but that each different shade of color is a different clay, or combination of clays. The insect is shown in as precise a portraiture of all the little anatomical details as a painting could give. The little antennæ, the "suckers" about the mouth and head, the all but invisible peculiarities of butterfly structure, are faithfully reproduced. The butterfly is

represented as soaring from some reeds and starry-flowered grasses. The little star-eyed flowers are in white, and the petals as distinct as in nature. This decoration is all modeled in the wet clays. After firing, the coat of glazing is added, — for it should be clearly understood that this is all under-glaze work, — and the last firing is given.

The superiority of Mrs. Plimpton's work lies in the fact that the different clays themselves are combined to form different colors in the relief, modeled as a sculptor models his figures. The colors, being in solid clay and under the glaze, can never change or fade, for the decorations are as solid as the article on which they are placed. There is nothing in the line of recent ceramic discovery that contains such possibilities and promises for the future as this work of Mrs. Plimpton. It marks an era in pottery manufacture, whose results are the development of a new style of decoration.

— In the preface to his *Marble Faun*, Hawthorne says: —

"Italy, as the site of his Romance, was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily handled themes, either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers need ruin to make them grow."

It seems to me that Hawthorne is widely astray in the above extract. To

my way of thinking, America, or any other bustling young modern country, is the spot of all others for a dealer in the weird and the supernatural to work in. It is precisely because of that practical, work-a-day character of our daily life, complained of by Hawthorne, that this country affords the best field for the introduction of the supernatural element into fictitious literature.

What is the object of introducing the supernatural into literature at all? It is, as I understand it, to excite in us feelings of awe and surprised dread, — something of the sort we experienced at the ghost stories of our childhood, when we avoided dark corners, and hurried through long, gloomy halls. A novel dealing entirely with men and things of our every-day life may be profoundly interesting; it may be comic, or pathetic, or sentimental, or all three together; but it can never produce that feeling which makes a man feel "goose-fleshy," and inclines him to look over his shoulder as he goes up-stairs at midnight to make sure that nothing queer is coming up the stairs after him. If the novelist would produce *this* effect, he must introduce the supernatural element into his work; and the question then is, How can he most effectively bring this element into play? To my mind, he can best accomplish this by introducing it among the scenes and characters with which we are most familiar, and to which supernatural personages and occurrences are most unfamiliar.

To most of us a ghost and a haunted tower are among the proper and requisite paraphernalia of a moldy Italian palace, or a moss-covered castle on the Rhine. To read of strange sounds heard and strange sights seen in their old banquetting halls and creaky corridors is perfectly in keeping with all the rest of the place. The whole thing is of a piece in its strangeness and unfamiliarity to us, — that is, to those among us who have not disenchanted ghost-land by visiting,

or taking up our residence among, ruinous castles and palaces.

On the other hand, put a ghost or anything ghostly among the creatures and circumstances of our every-day life, and the incongruity, the strangeness and horribleness, of the supernatural come home to us immediately and impressively. Let the novelist introduce us to Miss Whasername and Mr. Whasisname, and some half dozen other ladies and gentlemen, married and single, old and young, — just such people as we meet in our daily life; let him dispose of them as to place and circumstance in way and manner familiar to us all; and *then* let him infuse the smallest drop of supernaturalism, — nowhere else will it go so far, or produce so startling an effect. Our very familiarity with all the other details makes us stare and gasp at the intruder. We can without any exhausting effort of the imagination place ourselves *en rapport* with the persons and incidents of the tale, and can fancy the ghostly thing or person stealing on us, and chilling ourselves as it does the fictitious creatures of the novelist. Something of the same clammy horror which creeps over them by force of sympathy creeps over us, too. But when the scene is laid among persons and places quite unfamiliar to us, and associated in our minds with mediæval hobgoblins and diablerie, we easily accept the supernatural as a part of all the rest. A ghost racketing about in some Old World relic, banging rusty armor, running down corridors, lighting mysterious flames in moldy turrets, may be very interesting and pleasant to read about, but the supernatural element in him affects us no more than it does when the ghost in Hamlet stalks on the stage, or the figure of Mephistopheles pops up through the trap-door. But a very small and insignificant ghost on a New England farm, or in an American village, brings the awesomeness of the supernatural very much home to our own business and

bosoms. The supernatural element in Lytton's *Zanoni*, for instance, where the scene is laid in the Europe of a century ago, affects us scarcely at all. For my own part, I threw the book down half read, quite tired of it. Compared with some good specimen of the other class of supernatural fiction, how crude and unreal its overdrawn horrors and unnatural situations appear! Good specimens of the other class are, however, rare. Blackwood's seems to have almost a monopoly of them. A couple of short stories published in that magazine in the last year or two illustrate my meaning very well,—one entitled *The Secret Chamber*, the other *The Cottage by the River*. How long are we to wait for novelists to work the "spirits" and spiritual manifestations generally into fiction?

—This is a cry from the abyss. I have been reading eagerly the various experiences of authors as told in the Contributors' Club, hoping to see something which would throw some light upon a certain point which troubles me very much.

In every other art or trade there is a course of training through which all may, or must, pass, under competent instructors, until a degree of skill is attained which stamps their work as *marketable*. To whom shall the student of literature go for help, advice, or instruction? To that dreadful Juggernaut, "the editor"!

Among the thousands of manuscripts returned with that death-dealing printed slip, there must be a difference in *degree*, if not in *kind*. The sender may be an audacious, hopeless idiot, or he may possess more or less talent. An article may be faulty, yet have much merit. Yet the editor's millstones grind them all up together, relentlessly.

It is customary to laugh at the throes of "struggling genius." It is the wickèd mirth of bad boys over the contortions of a vivisected frog. I positively believe that nothing short of the rejec-

tion of an offer of his hand and heart by an ardent lover can equal the sickening pain caused by the return (with a printed slip!) of a manuscript over which one has passed sleepless nights and laborious days. Is there no remedy? From the awful recesses of the editorial chair comes the answer, — None! If I were an editor, I would have *three* printed formulæ. The first, *in effect*: "You are an ignorant, conceited donkey, without the slightest, remotest prospect of success. Go be a horse-car driver or a book agent."

The second: "If you wish to pursue literature as a *pastime*, we should say, Go ahead. You have talent, but not enough to warrant your making a profession of literature."

The third: "We think you should continue to write. *Study, think*, and don't get disheartened."

In such a delicious morsel of jelly the pill of rejection would slip down easily.

Mr. Editor, where shall a determined, ambitious writer, one who is morbidly conscious of his or her own defects, turn for aid or comfort?

—When I cease to be a divinity student, and acquire a parish and a parsonage, I shall have a *knowledge-corner*. It shall be the corner of my living-room, readiest of approach, nearest a window; where the curious and critical parish eye, making its journey around my room to the slow music of mental comment, shall most naturally pause for its first rest; where the wise and honest reader shall easiest turn his glance, as he looks up in the bewilderment of suddenly discovered ignorance from a quotation he cannot place, or a name he does not know. It shall be the Quaker armory of one who has beaten his plowshares into biblical commentaries. It shall be a part of the mental gymnasium, whose Indian clubs will be huge tomes of theological controversies. It shall be—what Sir Thomas Browne would have wished it—a "treasure-

house;" and its riches shall be "kings' treasures," as Ruskin hath it. It shall be furnished with an unpretentious stand and a wooden-seated chair. No superficialities of luxury shall tempt men into my knowledge-corner. No idle caller shall be invited by the easiness of that chair to seat himself in that intellectual angle, and lazily and purposelessly turn over the contents of that stand. There shall be no royal road to my knowledge-corner, and no royal throne to sit upon when you get there. It shall be for true lovers, unmindful of discomforts; for devout worshipers, who want no cushioned ottoman to kneel on.

The top of the stand shall be made to hold a dictionary,—a stout dictionary, for it will have to undergo innumerable handlings daily. And always open; for let us be Platonic, or nothing. The dictionary shall hold out a tempting invitation, though its surroundings do not; itself shall be the valued thing, not its dress. The bottom of the stand shall be a rack for atlases,—classical, scripture, modern; and a weather-beaten atlas from our school-days, if possible, to remind us of the horrors of geography made not means but end of study. And above the maps, all by itself, with solemn emphasis of loneliness, shall lie the *ignorance-book*. This shall be the peculiar gem of my knowledge-corner. Everybody has dictionaries and maps, and everybody makes books, more or less big, of elegant extracts, of things they know; but ignorance-books!—who has an ignorance-book? "Who would be wise, let him confess ignorance," teacheth the good Thomas à Kempis. "Who would increase in understanding, let him write his ignorance in a book," teacheth my knowledge-corner.

My ignorance-book shall be a big book,—suggestively and modestly big. To the queries shall be allotted the first quarter of the pages; and a number set against each shall indicate the paging of the answer. Every member of the fam-

ily shall help at the editing, both by the negative work of questions, and by the positive work of turning over libraries and interviewing friends to find out answers. Out of every book we read, out of every talk we have, the facts we know not shall go to fill the ignorance-book. And out of our own musings, out of all our odd corners of thinking, the metaphysical algebra, whose problems we cannot solve, shall go into these pages.

My ignorance-book shall be a missionary of sincerity and humility and truth. It shall be an ever apt suggester of talk, and shall drive the weather, the state of the popular health, and unhappy comments on the doings of our neighbors out of our conversation. It will help to teach us the secret of culture,—how to read; and one of the needs of society and life,—the "best of life" is Emerson's name for it,—how to talk.

The effect of an ignorance-book upon one's reading and thinking is wonderful. I go about as an act of social charity, trying to persuade my friends to start ignorance-books. In my parish I shall first try to do as Richard Baxter did,—get everybody to have family prayers; then I shall urge the imperative need and the undiluted delight of keeping family ignorance-books.

—I am strongly in favor of a reform in English spelling, and being so I am more pained than are the opponents of the reform by the antics cut by the radicals of the Spelling Reform Association. I believe, that is, in gradual change, so as not to shock and perplex our own public; and I deem ridiculous, and in all respects abominable, a change which would put us outside the pale of literary civilization. The adoption of an entirely new alphabet, or even of what the S. R. A. calls its "transision" alphabet, would place us, as regards Western Europe, in the position of the Russians, and would thus for a long period check the manifest destiny of the English language. The spelling reform that I want

is, first, the restoration to their original and proper spelling of such words as *rime* (French *rime*, German *reim*), which, as Mr. Kington Oliphant has shown, owes its *h* and *y* to the desire for improvement of ignorant printers. But I do not wish to change the spelling of Latin words (*honor*, for instance) because they happen to contain a silent letter, though I see no objection to the substitution of *f* for *ph* in Greek words (already adopted by several journals), for *f* represents *phi* as well as *ph* does. Those words to which we have added the barbarous French *ue* should at once be reformed in the interest of educational progress, if for no other reason. In learning a foreign language there is no means of acquiring a vocabulary so effective as having impressed upon your mind the resemblance between a foreign word and one of similar meaning in your own tongue. Now he who runs may read the likeness between *Tung* and *Zung* (*e*), while there is no apparent resemblance between the latter word and *tongue*. In general, the words to be subjected to serious change are the purely English words, above all the *ugh*s, against all of which Heaven help us!

—What is the reason that novelists so generally fail in depicting a clerical character? Of whatever religion the clergyman in a story may be, he is almost always, artistically speaking, a weak conception, or a figure drawn more from conventional models than from nature. Other professions are sometimes caricatured (whether consciously or not, only the writers can tell), but none so much or so often as that of the clergy. I know several books forming an exception to this rule, but the rank and file of story-tellers are remarkably awkward in handling the clerical character. They seem to forget that a clergyman is first a man, and only secondly a minister. Often, in endowing him with the supposed necessities of his official character, they forget to indicate the human

basis on which this is built up. In a word, he is a sort of automaton, bound to behave as an impersonal conception rather than as a human being, or introduced only as a foil to the manly characters in the story. No writer should attempt to deal with such a figure unless he has had experience of one or more suitable average models. Even the womanly or childish side of some ecclesiastics is not the flabby thing that often passes for a conventional clergyman's portrait. It has its roots in national customs, in the changes and habits of race, in social accidental circumstances, or in the individual history of a man whom a system has almost transformed into a tool. The prejudices of theological education, say among Calvinists of various types, do not so invariably dry up the natural sympathies and suppress the natural temperament of ministers as it is convenient to the novelist to represent. The conventional type is but a husk, sitting lightly on the individual himself; earnest men soon shun the phraseology which they cannot but see helps them little outside the small world of the faithful, though some retain outward distinctions of speech and of countenance through a mistaken sense of duty, feeling the disadvantage they entail, and looking upon this fettered style of warfare as a condition mysteriously ordained by God to show men that the spirit works through ways of its own, not subject to natural influences. Yet beneath such struggling, whose details are seldom accurately studied or minutely reproduced by fiction-writers, human nature is plainly visible, and its contrasts with the superimposed artificial life are sometimes tragically, sometimes grotesquely, evident. The relations between women and the clergy — I include all religions known in civilized countries — are often treated foolishly, and from a superficial point of view. There is much less sentimentality in these relations in real life than one would be led

to suppose from the accounts of novelists. Practically speaking, the essence of "confession" is common, in some shape or other, to every faith. Writers have invested it with an unreal romance, whereas in its noble forms — its trivial or perfunctory ones I leave out of sight — it generally has to do with the hardest realities of life. Even in the case of an unmarried clergy and comparatively ignorant women, this is the case. Some English novelists, Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, for instance, have hit upon the truthful and natural side of clerical life; Michelet, in *Le Maudit*, has given an excellent representation of a manly priest, such as the parochial clergy of France, largely recruited from peasant and lower middle-class life, can show; Eggleston, in *Roxy*, has shown us a man who shook off the "minister" when the real influence of his office was most needed, and so succeeded where a stiff religionist would have broken down; but, as a rule, I know of few truthful portraits of clergymen in current books of fiction. The bulk of men dislike the clergy for the very failings which the worst types of clergymen furnish to the observation of superficial writers. I do not deny that the failings exist, but there are so many modifications that escape observation, although materially altering the conventional type, that one cannot generalize from preconceived notions accidentally confirmed by what some people call experience. Almost every one can recall to his memory at least one manly clergyman, and often more, no matter to what faith he belongs. Let writers search their own memories rather than snatch at the popular, mistaken, sensational type, before they make a sketch of a minister.

— Mr. R. H. Horne, in his *Life and Letters of Mrs. Browning*, mentions one of his lady correspondents who excuses herself for the brevity of her notes on the ground that letter-writing is one of the lost arts. And Mr. Horne attrib-

utes this to "an impatient sense of the loss of time." But why this impatient sense of the loss of time he does not proceed to tell us. Doubtless this may be one of the occasions of the decline of the old-fashioned voluminous style of epistolary correspondence. But the cause, or one cause at least, lies deeper, and is found in the growing complexity of life. That there are far more demands upon our thoughts, feelings, and daily life than existed a hundred years ago for our more simple-lived ancestors is, I think, beyond question. The tendency of evolution in all branches and minute ramifications of life, belief, speculation, inquiry, in literature, in science, in all the arts, and in the daily environment of outward condition, is, as Herbert Spencer so well shows in his *First Principles*, constantly from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the complex. The habit and practice of letter-writing is crowded out into narrower spaces of time than formerly, because of the greater diversity of interests occupying the field of life.

But there are other causes for the decline of this art. A very evident one is the annihilation of distances by steam and telegraphy. There was no greater stimulus to letter-writing between friends a century ago than the sense of their remoteness from each other, and the difficulty and uncertainty as to their frequent meeting again in life. Into what channel but this could love and friendship pour out their overflowing waters? But now we all live as in one great city. Our friends out West are only in the suburbs; and those across the ocean are off on a summer vacation, or may return at any moment. The sense of nearness neutralizes the old incentives to regular and lengthy correspondence. How absurd for inmates of the same town or house, or for whom there is a probability of soon again meeting, to be all the time scribbling long folios of thoughts and sentiments to one another!

Then the newspaper dispensation has to a great extent covered this field. Once we used to draw much of our water from private wells and pumps. The newspaper is a great reservoir with pipes, and we have only to turn a faucet, and there is abundantly more than we can use. How large a part of the old letters was made up of narratives of events, or allusions to them, the like of which is useless nowadays, when everything is proclaimed from the house-tops! Our occupation is gone; the wind is taken out of our sails; our choice private narrations are swamped and swallowed up by public reporters. Even the newspaper can't afford to wait for news by regular correspondence, but must have it instantaneously in a long telegraphic dispatch. A newspaper correspondent who would send a letter to a daily paper, giving an account of any particularly interesting event, has no chance that way. The telegraph man is a day ahead of him.

Such are some of the modern conditions that explain why it so often happens that the best friends to-day gradually relinquish the habit of corresponding, though separated for years, and with oceans between them.

Then, again, some persons are so constituted that they can accept no such substitute as this for conversation. How hard to fill a sheet of paper with the essence of that liberty, that *abandon*, with which they could converse! Their best effort at epistolary communication seems to contract a formal and perfunctory style. A friend said to me the other day, "Letters seem to me like frozen conversation."

If letter-writing is to become one of the lost arts (which appears more than probable), we cannot but regret it deeply. It will take from literature one of its most charming forms of expression. For, however our modern surviving correspondents may gain in spontaneity, over the more staid and dignified style of our fathers and mothers, their slip-

shod utterance can never replace those carefully composed epistles of the old times, where the writer not only had a conscience about fit expression, but was all along conscious that his or her letters would be read and re-read by a circle of friends and relatives! They dared not write in dishabille in those days. To-day we consign our correspondents' manuscripts to the waste-basket or the fire. But then such writings were lovingly kept and guarded. Even some of us inherit the old instinct to save up almost every letter of interest till it has yellowed with age. A bad habit, I suppose, but very excusable, — at least from some points of view.

Of one thing I am sure, — that one result of the decline of interest in letter-writing is to fall into a slovenly, if not illegible, style of handwriting. And perhaps this is one reason why we burn up so many letters? When my friend writes to me as if he were in a hurry to catch the train, and all his words are blown about as by a wind, so that I have to call my wife to decipher them, how can I keep them locked up as my father used to lock up his letters? I don't expect a *neat* chirography of all my friends, but I *do* like it to be legible. There is a satisfaction *then* in keeping their epistles.

— Do those of your readers who live within reach of the Boston Public Library understand exactly what a blessing they enjoy? It is not only already a large library, but it is rapidly growing, and those who make suggestions in what way it should grow are looked upon by those in charge, not as presumptuous offerers of advice, but benefactors. Any one can recommend a book for purchase, and when it is bought he is notified of the fact, and the book is kept three days for him. I fancy that these things are vaguely known to every one, but whether they are put to practical use is not so certain. What the library needs is more active use. A num-

ber of people have a vague aversion to frequenting it. It is only too true that the accommodations for readers within its walls are very meagre, but there are liberal provisions for reading at home. This, to be sure, requires a certain slight amount of formality, which a number of people unnecessarily dread. It is very simple, and when it is once done it is done for all time. A European, an inhabitant of Germany, for instance, cannot get a package from the express office without more bother than this; yet we who are so unaccustomed to routine are, as averse to taking this moderate amount of trouble as is the vast majority of the women of Massachusetts to be registered for a poll-tax. There is, however, one objection to the use of the library that many people find a serious one, and that is the amount of time required for getting a book. The library is vast in size; the hour that is convenient for one applicant is pretty sure to be the one chosen by a number of others; and economy demands that money be spent rather in buying books than in hiring supernumerary runners; the result is that, with no one to blame, it often takes fifteen or twenty minutes to ascertain that the book sought for is out. Those who can roam through the alcoves of the Athenæum and help themselves from its shelves revolt at this, and pass by the Public Library with as much indifference as if it were a large gas-meter. It is possible, however, by making use of what is called the Public Library Delivery Company, to order books and have them brought to one's door for the trifling sum of five cents. Here is a library which will provide any one with almost any book one may want, with conveniences like this for putting the books in the hands of readers; what more could be asked for? And it may be added that the more books one asks for, the more one is endeared to the obliging officials, who reverse all the laws hitherto known to mankind, and are grateful in direct

proportion to the amount of trouble that is inflicted upon them.

— Of the hundred thousand novels which enrich our libraries, I know but one in which it is intimated that the lover and the loved were not, from the stand-point of disinterested parties, well suited to each other. It is almost universally assumed that in women the one thing needful is beauty, in men strength. In this men have a decided advantage over women, because beauty is ever the same, while strength is manifold. In the Middle Ages, I suppose, and in the California of Mr. Harte, strength meant muscle, because upon a man's physical force eventually depended even the tenure of house and land. But in our society, skill in the acquirement of money is a far more valued test than was ever success in dismounting one's opponent in a tourney. So artificial, indeed, is our habit of life, so far are we removed from the state of nature, that a man armed with a good income, even when his possession of it is a mere accident, can face the world and womankind as boldly as a dwarf with a revolver could withstand a pair of navvies. Also, of course, to be considered is strength of character and purpose; but various as strength may be, the hero of a novel always possesses it in full measure.

But in real life there is not much of this artistic dovetailing of character and sympathy; marriage seems to bring together contrasts much more frequently than similars. I do not mean that tall women choose short husbands, or that widows sometimes marry boys, but that all shades of character seem to seek their opposites. If this were merely a reverence of the weaker for the stronger, — a preference, for instance, on the part of weak, indecisive women for strong, resolute men, — the fact would explain itself. But quite as often the brave and generous half, or the shrewd and quick, or the deep-thinking and deep-feeling, is not the man, but the woman. Still more

curious is it to see a woman, all of whose senses, acute by nature, have ripened under a favorable sun into the perfect flower of delicacy and refinement, living happily with a man who, if neither coarse nor stupid, is yet essentially second-rate; perhaps a loud, rollicking, superficial, thoroughly light-weight person, whose never-ceasing jollity and inability to regard things from other than a bourgeois stand-point would, one might think, drive such a woman mad.

Now, will not some woman write a novel which shall discover to us the workings of the feminine mind in these matters? It is not an answer to say to men, You are another, — are you not always making fools of yourselves, falling in love with a pretty face with nothing behind it, and committing other like absurdities? All this, if true, has nothing to do with the matter, for strength is not a man's criterion. Dorothea Brooke, it may be said, did just this thing in marrying Ladislaw; but Dorothea had already sought and possessed herself of her ideal of strength, only to find that her doll was stuffed with sawdust. Ladislaw was the consolation of weariness and disappointment, not the goal of hope and young endeavor.

— The number of manuscripts rejected by the leading periodicals during last year having largely exceeded that of any previous year, and as it is safe to suppose that many of these were "those aspiring pieces of egotism, first efforts," a chapter from the experience of a young writer may not be untimely. There are two, and only two, excuses which can be accepted as a sufficient justification for adding to the masses of existing literature. One is that you want money; the other, that you cannot help it. My excuse was the former. Reverses of fortune had rendered it necessary for me to earn a livelihood. Teaching was clearly out of the question, since what little knowledge I possessed had been gained mainly by desultory reading, — was not

catalogued and put away for future use in convenient fashion. True, I had studied French thoroughly, because it had pleased me to do so, and at first I had some hope of turning this accomplishment to account as a translator; but on writing for advice to a friend who was engaged in such work, I received the reply, "I think you would find translating very pleasant occupation, but original matter is the only thing that pays. The way is long and dusty at first, but it leads to shady groves and pleasant pastures." This was not encouraging to the success of my plan, but nevertheless I sent to Paris for the freshest novel, the one making the most sensation there at that time, in order to make the experiment. Meanwhile, a literary friend urged me to "try to write something original." "Do not give up," said he, "if your first articles are not accepted. Send them to the best magazines first; if they are refused, try the second-class ones; but when once you have won a name, there will always be a place for you." Some years ago, at an evening party, a young prig put the question to me, "What magazine do you write for?" I had no literary aspirations then, and the query only excited a smile; but now the fact that any one had ever thought me capable of writing anything worth reading afforded me some slight encouragement. I would write a story! How easy it seemed in prospect! What fine sentiments, what brilliant bits of conversation, floated about in a nebulous form in my imagination, and what a harmonious whole was presented whenever the story took shape before my mind's eye! I began to write. My plot and my characters were taken from real life. Thus far there was no difficulty; but where were all the fine sentiments, the witty conversations, now? How very tame and pointless they all seemed on paper, and how difficult a task was what had once appeared only a pleasant recreation! Discouraged at my want of suc-

cess, I became — I blush to confess it — very cross. My younger sister, the “*enfant terrible*” of the family, “hoped sister would not write another story very soon,” and revenged herself for my impatience with her by saying, when asked her opinion of it, after hearing it read in the family council, that she “had not expected it would be so entirely devoid of backbone as it was.” My dear mother’s criticism was much more favorable. *She* “could not see but that it was as good as any of the magazine stories.” I tried to make due allowance for a mother’s partiality, but I fear that her opinion, aided by a lurking suspicion that I was perhaps not capable of judging of my own efforts, and might be unjust to myself, produced an undue elation of spirits. The next thing was to find a publisher. I inclosed with my manuscript an elaborate epistle to the editor of one of the leading periodicals of the country, and launched it on its lonely voyage; one moment hoping that it might find a safe haven in the pages of the magazine, the next fearing that it would be tossed about by the breakers of unfriendly criticism, until it should again be forced to take refuge with its author. How that editor must have smiled at my simplicity — if indeed he read my note at all — in supposing that he could be influenced by a neatly turned compliment to his ability as a writer! I did not at all admire several of his books, — but that fact I carefully concealed, merely commending those of which I really did approve. What misplaced delicacy of feeling this seemed, when one morning, a short time afterward, as we were all at breakfast, the cry of “Mail!” and the thud of a heavy package as it fell through the open window to the floor, announced that my cherished story was returned! I fancied the letter-carrier had divined my secret, and had taken a malicious pleasure in treating the precious package so rudely, and I disliked him ever after. The

blood rushed into my cheeks, and I could have cried with mortification, especially when I felt, rather than saw, the half-pitying, half-quizzical glances of my brothers and sisters upon me. With trembling fingers I opened the packet, and beheld only those familiar pages and a printed notice (the editor had not even taken the trouble to write me a line), — a mere printed notice such as was sent to everybody, and which could have had no special reference to my contribution when it declared that “the return of an article did not necessarily imply a lack of literary merit.” How I hated the cover of that magazine for a long time afterward, and how I felicitated myself on my mental criticism of the editor’s writings! But though cast down, I was not utterly destroyed, and I determined to knock at the door of another first-class periodical. This time I was more discreet and merely wrote a line or two to the editor. No reply came for several months, but that did not trouble me; for had I not heard that a young man was surprised by a check for some articles three years after sending them to a magazine? Meanwhile I occupied my spare time in writing a story for one of the juvenile periodicals, which was also returned, it is true, but accompanied with a delightful note from the editor, which I still keep as the first word of encouragement I ever received. A few weeks after this came a kind note announcing the acceptance of my first story. My mother had always been able to read in the changes of my face every emotion of my heart, whether sad or joyous, but this time her quick ear detected rejoicing in my footstep, even before I had reached her presence. I already saw in that magical slip of paper “the shady groves and pleasant pastures” stretching out before me.

“To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill I’d give — but who can live life over.”

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO'S

LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

* * The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page 22.

"**An Earnest Trifler**" has sprung into fame at a single bound. Its attractive qualities are so many and so striking that all except the most resolute critics read it with eagerness and forget to look for faults. The demand for it has been constant and urgent, so that edition after edition has been printed as rapidly as possible, and yet the call for it has outrun the press. The correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader* is quite right in saying that "No novel issued during the past year has created such a genuine sensation." The *Chicago Tribune* says:—

The story is a simple one, in the style of Mr. Howells' delightful novelets. . . . Whoever wrote it has contributed a very bright *morceau* to the literature of the day.

The *Tribune* finds even more humor in it than in "Their Wedding Journey" and "The Lady of the Aroostook."

"An Earnest Trifler" promises to rival "One Summer" in popular favor.

The *Bodleys Afoot* shares the hearty popular favor so largely bestowed on "The Bodley Family," "The Bodleys Telling Stories," and "The Bodleys on Wheels." It is accounted the book for a holiday gift for a boy or girl; and not a few parents will kill two birds with one stone, by giving it for a Christmas present, and then enjoying it almost or quite as much as their children. The *Christian Union* observes:—

If we have nothing to say about this charming book, it is because we sat too long looking at its pictures when we should have been writing. But if Mr. Scudder will write so that grown people are fascinated as well as the children, he must not expect very critical reviews. The Bodley family are as delightful as ever, and the amount of information Mr. Scudder contrives to weave into their history is a constant surprise.

Good Company recognizes the fascination of the stories told the Bodley children by the sailor who has been all over the world, and adds:—

All sorts of entertaining and instructive things, with bits of good poetry, are woven into this recital, which will help to increase the popularity of the Bodley family, and will add to the wondering admiration with which Mr. Scudder has come to be regarded by multitudes of young readers.

Mr. Darley's "Compositions in Outline from Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*" form perhaps the most notable holiday book of the season. The twelve large pictures represent very effectively the most remarkable scenes in the moving story. The subjects are: The Market-Place, The Interview, Pearl, The Elf-Child and the

Minister, The Leech and his Patient, Hester and the Physician, Hester and Pearl, The Pastor and his Parishioner, The Child at the Brookside, the Procession, The Revelation of the *Scarlet Letter* (two). It is not merely a notable book for this holiday season, but a work of art which possesses permanent importance and interest.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for 1880 promises to be unusually brilliant. With Serial Stories by Mr. Howells, Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. James; Short Stories, by such writers as H. H., Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Jewett, W. H. Bishop; Essays by Mr. Warner, Edward Everett Hale, the author of "Dangerous Tendencies"; Poems by Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Whittier, Dr. Holmes; and contributions in all departments by other writers of like celebrity, — surely one must go far to find a magazine which offers to intelligent American readers attractions so brilliant and substantial as the *Atlantic* offers for 1880. Only \$4.00 a year.

The *Holmes Portrait* is received with great favor by those who know the "wise and witty Autocrat," and their name is legion.

This portrait, as well as the portraits of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Lowell, is furnished to subscribers for the *Atlantic*, or for any other of Houghton, Osgood & Co.'s periodicals, at one dollar.

Miss Perry's New Book "Her Lover's Friend" recalls the remark made by one of the best critics of New England, to the effect that "Miss Perry is the only writer of pure passion in this country." Quite a large part of the contents of this volume has never before appeared in print, but Miss Perry's admirers are not satisfied with one reading of her poems, and in this tasteful volume they will find old favorites, as well as new poems destined to become favorites. Mr. Whipple once spoke of Miss Perry as "a poetess who is all alive with the spirit of sweet content and glee," and added, "Why is not this woman recognized as one of the most wholesome forces in our female literature? Her verse embodies the very soul of cheer."

Miss Jewett's "Old Friends and New" is well named, for it charms all her old friends and wins for her a host of new ones. As *Good Company* well says:—

The purity of her sentiment, the unstrained felicity and naturalness of her style, the thorough likableness of all the people to whom she introduces us, all conspire to render her stories about as nearly perfect in their way as anything in this world ever gets to be.

The *Literary World* thus heartily welcomes the book:—

Another volume from the pen that wrote "Deephaven," with the qualities which made that so attractive; the same simplicity and freshness, keenness of insight, delicate humor, and exquisite descriptive power. It is a rare gift to be able to write a good short story; it is an equally rare one to be able to use the materials which lie close at hand—at everybody's hand. To do this requires tact and skill, as well as an observing eye and nicety of discrimination, and, moreover, such breadth of sympathies, such a "fellow-feeling" for one's kind, that the events of the most common matter-of-fact life seem worth the telling; and all this Miss Jewett has. She is not only one of the sweetest and most charming of writers, but her pages have all along suggestions helpful towards a kindlier and higher way of living.

Bret Harte's New Book, "The Twins of Table Mountain," leads some critics to say, as these same critics have said so many times before, that Mr. Harte is losing his wonderful skill as a story-teller. But others, whose judgment certainly is not of less weight, find in these new stories the same indescribable charm which gave to his earlier stories so resistless a fascination. Templeton, the Boston correspondent of the *Hartford Courant*, finds "The Twins of Table Mountain" "one of his most characteristic pieces of picturesque and dramatic writing," and adds:

After all that is possible has been said in the way of adverse criticism, the fact remains that he has written a series of short stories that for freshness, originality, graphic power of delineation, and pungent and polished English are unequaled by anything in American literature, or as it strikes me in modern literature in any language.

The *London Daily News*, speaking of certain of the stories, remarks:—

The knowledge of digger character, and the sympathetic insight into its underlying springs of generosity and self-devotion, together with his wonderful command over the extraordinary dialect used in those "parts," have enabled Mr. Harte to give us pictures of Californian camp life unapproached in their quaint picturesqueness and deep human interest.

The Pilgrim's Progress in the new popular edition is peculiarly attractive in typographical appearance. The type is large, so as to be read easily by old or young, and the page is altogether inviting. The illustrations are of a kind to enlist the attention of the great majority of readers, representing their own conceptions of the striking characters and incidents of the story. The memoir is plentifully illustrated with pictures of places and things associated with Bunyan, and the charm of Macaulay's Essay on Bunyan everybody knows. Altogether it is a very desirable and remarkably cheap edition of this world-famous allegory. The Holiday Edition is a larger book, more sumptuous in all respects, and has in addition a fine steel portrait of Bunyan, and eight colored plates.

Bayard Taylor's Poems in the new Household Edition recall attention to the amazing wealth and variety of his poetic resources. The *Portland Press* observes:—

It is with a proud sorrow, a grief glorified by remembrance of the poet's life, so fully and generously

lived—that one looks upon this volume of poems. In it the face and the soul of Bayard Taylor are reflected with perfect clearness and truth—for there is nothing to be concealed or softened; no stain is upon the memory of this man who, having set Poetry before him as the means and end of his life, honored equally his art and himself. His natural speech was song; the passion, purity, and spontaneous flow of his verse are alike extraordinary.

The *Boston Transcript* very justly remarks:—

Many who are familiar with the productions of one period of his life as presented in a single volume, have no proper conception of his power and scope as poet as shown in his work as a whole.

The *New York Tribune* says:—

The volume now issued makes its appearance in connection with the approach of the coming holidays, and will add to the memories of the beautiful Christmas season the image of a man whose life was consecrated to the cultivation of whatever is exalted in art or lovely in character.

Dramatic Persons and Moods.—Mrs. Piatt's new book with this title contains quite a variety of pieces, some of them charmingly light and playful; others grave in character, full of profound feeling and striking power. Besides these poems, about thirty in all, which give the title to the book, there is a characteristic group of fifteen or twenty poems, "With Children," including some of the most tender and touching, as well as some of the most entirely pleasant and winning, pieces Mrs. Piatt has ever written.

Choice Autobiographies.—In a recent number of *Harper's Magazine* the Easy Chair spoke with enthusiasm and wise discrimination concerning autobiographies, as follows:—

There is no more fascinating reading than a good autobiography, and some of the most delightful books are the stories of the lives of famous persons written by themselves. . . . If a man could have but one kind of book, he would probably select poetry. But if he could have two, would not the second be autobiography? He would get a great deal of poetry with that, too, and history and manners and morals, and what an immense quantity of the proper study of mankind! It was a valuable series which Mr. Howells began some time since, and which included Lord Herbert, the Margravine of Baireuth, Gibbon, Alfieri, Goldoni, Thomas Ellwood."

Judge Caton's Miscellanies, which have just been published, cover many topics which will interest various classes of readers. The contents include: The Close of a Judicial Career; A Lawyer's Retrospect; The Death of Lincoln; Gen. W. H. L. Wallace; The Position and Policy of the Democratic Party (1862); The Growth of the Law; An American State and its Architecture; Old Chicago; Origin of the Prairies; The Last of the Illinois, with a Sketch of the Pottawatomies; American Cervus; The Wild Turkey and its Domestication; Some Points Connected with the Vital Statistics of the Hawaiian Islands; The Volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands; Surf Bathing at Hilo; Letters from Low Latitudes; The Yosemite Valley and its Origin; The Petrified Forest of California.

A fine steel portrait of Judge Caton is prefixed to the book, and will make it yet more attractive to his admirers and friends.

Artists of the Nineteenth Century is a work of so substantial value, and is so nearly indispensable to all who are interested in modern art and artists, that it is peculiarly suited for a choice gift. It contains brief biographical sketches of two thousand and fifty artists of this century, with criticisms of the more eminent, and thus furnishes just the information which thousands desire in regard to painters and sculptors and engravers. The *London Academy* says:—

We must congratulate both authors and publishers on the very excellent manner in which this work has been executed. It is with a feeling of somewhat selfish satisfaction that we receive this capital modern dictionary, into which has been condensed a vast amount of information that might be sought for long, and often indeed altogether in vain, elsewhere.

The *New York Evening Post* says:—

Nothing could be better in its way than the new biographical dictionary of artists by Clara Erskine Clement and Laurence Hutton.

"Tanagra Figurines."—This little book, which describes the statuettes recently discovered in Boeotia, principally in Tanagra, has been very gladly welcomed by a public desirous of some authentic information concerning the discovery, age, and significance of this beautiful miniature statuary. As the *Boston Advertiser* says:—

From the tombs of Tanagra and its neighborhood come the beautiful, realistic figurines, giving the actual costume of their period, even to the color, and expressing innumerable phases of human feeling and experience. The mystery about these exquisite things is, that they appeared suddenly in all their perfection, without any gradual development, and after about a hundred years they ceased as suddenly, without decay or loss of skill in art. Houghton, Osgood & Co. have just published an interesting monograph on this subject. The name of the writer is not given; but the book is made up from the best authorities, and illustrated with photographs of some of the figurines.

The *London Saturday Review* says of the book:—

It belongs to a kind of literature in which America is not prolific; but in its completeness, minuteness of detail, clear description, and practical scholarship it would do honor to any European archæologist.

Sealed Orders.—Miss Phelps's new book is justly regarded as one of the best volumes of short stories ever published in this country. *The Independent* says:—

... If Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is not the best living American writer of short stories, it would be difficult to find the name to be properly set above hers. Beyond the ordinary attractive elements of construction or literary workmanship, she puts thought, and especially heart, into whatever she writes. A volume of her stories, like "Sealed Orders" is an admirable book for family reading, than which no better selection can easily be made.

The Golden Rule remarks:—

We do not know of any kindred collection that combines so much of variety, strength, and beauty.

The *Portland Transcript* observes:—

People may criticise Miss Phelps's books, but everybody reads them, and finds in them a charm which they are not slow to acknowledge.

A Key to American History.—*The Literary World* says of Mr. Winsor's "Reader's Hand book of the American Revolution":—

It may be described as a concise but ample directory to the extensive literature of that great period in the national history. Mr. Winsor has explored the entire period with great thoroughness, and brought together, in topical arrangement, an immense mass of information. The method and manner may be discerned from the following extract:—

THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE.

The growth of this spirit is traced carefully in Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic*, pp. 245, 291, 315, 369, 428, 438, 449, 452, 453, 468, 483, 489, 499, 506, 509. Botta, in his *History of the Revolution*, had represented it as ripe long before the outbreak,—a statement that John Jay and John Adams take exception to in letters printed by Jeremiah Colburn in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, July, 1876, and published separately as *American Independence: Did the colonists desire it?* Cf. John Adams's Works, iii. 45; his Letters in Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, 5th series, iv. 300, 465, addressed to Mercy Warren.

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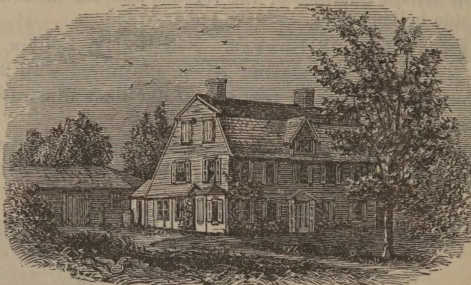
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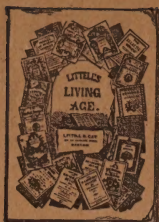
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A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XLV. — FEBRUARY, 1880. — No. CCLXVIII.

THIRTY-SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT.

IN THREE PARTS. PART III.

His voice brought the whole group back, and the light showed the body of Thomas Green, a tumbled bloody heap on the floor of his own wagon. Thinking there had been some accident, they lifted out the yet warm body, and tried to believe he was not dead. The lawyer, alert and suspicious, was the first to say, "How could he have been hurt in his wagon so as to die? If we had found him bleeding by the roadside it would not have been so strange, — but in his wagon!"

They laid it back, stretched out with face upturned to the sky. There was no longer any thought of life.

The little group closed together again, and each man looked in his neighbor's face for some suggestion of what to do next.

"His mother is a widow woman, and alone; it would be a pity to take him back to her sudden," said the one who had offered to drive the lawyer.

"An' it wouldn't be any better to take him to Janet Wareham's," said another.

The lawyer struck in here with a wholesome suggestion: "Take him to the nearest doctor, and let him find out what has really killed him."

They clustered together around Cher-

ry's head, one man leading her. The lantern swinging in the station-master's hand threw a fitful light on the road, on the feet of the men, but left the wagon and its dead owner in deep shade.

The little village was black and silent, — not a light nor a sign of life. It was with the greatest difficulty that the doctor was knocked, rung, and pounded awake. At last he appeared in a dressing-gown, combing his hair with a pocket comb as he came hurriedly out the door. It was his habit, although it had horrified more than one patient, and he did it now, with his hat in the other hand, and talking all the way between the door and the gate.

"I have known the Green family and its constitution these forty years," said he, "and I did not expect any of them to die suddenly. It must have been an accident."

"We found him lying on his face," said the lawyer, answering a question of the doctor's. "He was bloody and still warm."

"The Greens never died of apoplexy," said the doctor. "Thomas was not of full habit, — he could not have had a fit. I met him two days ago, and never saw clearer eyes or a healthier skin." As he spoke he handled the body with a

skill which showed that he knew his profession, if he had lived twenty years in an obscure village, and acquired not a few eccentricities.

"The blood did not seem to have come from anywheres, as we could find," said a by-stander. "But then the mare had been going so hard and so long, it might have tumbled him round so's not to be easy found."

"The Greens were sensitive about the head," muttered the doctor, as he turned from his rapid feeling of the limbs to the face. "No wound there — the skull uninjured." The doctor's face began to lengthen. "This blood must have come from somewhere. Hold that light nearer — Ah!"

He tore away cravat and collar. "There it is! — a little wound, but in the right place. A pin-prick there would be surer than a bludgeon on the top of the head. Nobody can meddle with the spinal marrow and the medulla oblongata and live afterward."

The doctor, with a mixture of grief and professional satisfaction at having finally found the cause, pointed to a small wound in the back of the neck. "It is a clean little cut, and whoever did it knew where to strike."

"Whoever did it!" repeated a voice sharp with horror. "Then there has been murder!"

The words, the voice, struck a terror to the hearts of those standing round, and the gloom of the night seemed to deepen as each man suddenly realized what subtle treachery must have been at work in the wide darkness around them. The deep sleep of the village had been broken by the strange tumult and the lights at the doctor's door. Windows were raised, heads popped out, questions sharply asked and quickly answered, and the crowd had increased in numbers.

"We must see to this," said the same voice. "Has he been robbed?" The pockets of the dead man showed no signs of having been disturbed.

"Then it was not his money. Boys, we must take him back to his mother — or to — to — no, to his mother. Some of you do that, and the rest of us will go ahead, find the wagon tracks, and see where this was done. I harnessed the mare to-night, and I know he meant to leave home about 'leven. Somewhere on the road we shall find the marks of this."

It was Caleb who spoke, and his words appealed at once to that desire for action which comes after the first paralyzing influence of a great shock.

Other lanterns were brought and carried carefully along the road. It was easy to trace the wheel tracks; the mare had swerved here and there from the beaten ruts, as if with great shuddering fits and starts at the thought of the load she carried. For two miles beyond the village there was no other sign; then at the beginning of the narrow pass which led through the grove of pines they found a hat, — his hat, — and it was carefully laid on the seat above the dead man's head. Here, about half-way down the length of the gorge, the wagon tracks ceased their deviations, and could no longer be distinguished from other wheel tracks.

Caleb stopped and held up his lantern, speaking again in that sharp, hollow voice which had chilled his hearers before, "He stopped guidin' her here, — it was done here, and we shall find the traces." Every lantern was lowered to the ground, throwing the strongest possible light around. They scanned the road with care, but Caleb's prophecy was not fulfilled. There was not a leaf disturbed among the ferns and grasses at the foot of the rocks, not a footprint except what they had made themselves. The lightning might have struck from the clouds and left more trace of its passage than they found here.

"Nevertheless," said Caleb obstinately, "it was done here. Them pine-trees could tell, if they would stop their ever-

lastin' sighin' and groanin'. I've always hated 'em. Well, I suppose we must go on."

They went; but from that place nothing was found that could give the slightest clue to the murder.

There was a light in the window of Janet's parlor, and as the roll of the wagon wheels sounded through the stillness the little procession saw it move up and down; then the door opened, and a low, sweet call sounded through the darkness. The men drew together, and one whispered, "It's her, — that's her call. I've heard her before, once. Shall we tell her? He will never answer her."

"No," broke in Caleb; "let her alone to night. She will hear quickly enough in the morning."

The house of Jack Osborn, a little further up the road, was dark and still when they went past, as if the inmates had been asleep for hours. Caleb eyed it keenly, as if he would penetrate the shadows and learn if all there slept the sleep of the just, or if there might not be one who wrestled with the horrors of a guilty conscience.

Mrs. Green was expecting her son with a guest, and as the wagon rolled slowly to the door and stopped they saw the light pass from one window to another and then pause in the hall. The men, too, paused and whispered, as when they went by the other house where there was an expectant watcher. Who was to tell her? The lawyer stepped forward. "I will meet her and break it to her as gently as I can. It will not be quite as hard for me, a total stranger, as for you who knew them both. Wait here, so as to bring it in."

They waited ten minutes and heard nothing; then the lawyer called from the door, "Come in here, some of you."

Mrs. Green was lion-hearted. She did not faint. Caleb wished she had, as he helped carry the body of her dead son past her into the house. She stood stiff in the position in which the lawyer had

first met her, and then she turned and followed the regular tread of the four bearers, and then stood stiff again when they laid it down. There was no softening the awful blow, and the stout heart had to bear it as it best could. Caleb took charge, and worked or gave orders, as were needed. He sent down and called up Jack Osborn's mother to come up and stay with Mrs. Green; he thought of everything, and was as skillful, thoughtful, and tender as a woman. Late in the night, when some measure of quietness was restored to the house, he remembered Cherry, and went out to feed her. As he stood by her manger the mare turned her fine-pointed ears restlessly back and forth, and looked at him with soft, dark eyes full of wistful questioning. He patted her neck. "Poor old girl, you will miss him, too. You would tell if you could, — and you have made me think of something; so eat your oats, and let me think," which he did to such purpose that the earliest light of the August morning found him on the way to the pine grove. He walked fast and talked to himself to relieve his feelings.

"Le's see — the fellow would have come from this direction, if my guess is right, and there would be some mark on the bank above where the wheel tracks showed Cherry begun to run." As he spoke, he reached the top of the bluff, and looked cautiously over; the tracks were to be easily discerned, but the bank was smooth, with not a trace of displaced stones or turf. Undiscouraged, he went back along the brow. "Perhaps he done it here, and Cherry did not realize it until she got a little farther along — E-h-h-h!" The mingled horror and satisfaction of that exclamation were tremendous, yet all that he discovered was a spot of moss on the edge of the bluff recently torn up, and below on a shelf of rock a bunch of sorrel crushed by the weight of feet. Caleb had made out his case to himself clearly. He folded his

arms and grimly surveyed the spot as the light of the sun fell redly on it.

"A fellow that can jump like a leopard, as he can, would n't make nothin' o' that, — 'specially if he was mad with hate. That's the way it was done, and he done it, or I miss my guess. I did n't know why it made cold shivers run down my legs when I saw him jump on that cow and kill her so quick, but I guess it was a kind of forerunnin'. I'll measure that stab in the back of his neck when I git back to the house, and in a day or two I'll have a chance at that long narrer knife blade, — if he's got it yet. Perhaps he might — have dropped it," and at the words Caleb stopped his meditation and began to hunt about. But a few minutes' careful search gave no return. "'Tain't likely he'd have dropped it, any way, — he'd have been much too cool-headed for that. He'd remember that that knife was known; too many seen it a month ago when he used it. He'd know it would testify against him if 't was found here. Oh-h-h! you cunning, creeping devil!" Caleb shook his stout old fists in the direction of Jack Osborn's house, and then went back.

He found the lawyer, intending to make out the case to him, but was ruthlessly snubbed by that acute individual before he had spoken ten words.

"I see; you suspect some one of being the murderer. Do not say anything about it to me; that sort of thing is not in my line. I am not a criminal lawyer."

His words had no effect on Caleb, to whom a lawyer meant merely a man conversant with law and skilled on any point. He overwhelmed the man by his simply inability to understand, made him listen, and interested him in spite of his determination to the contrary. He became thoughtful. "It looks plausible, and I should think there might be ground for an investigation, at least. But there is one point you must be clear on before you say anything about it and cast sus-

picion on what may be, you know, an innocent man."

"He — innocent!" Caleb ground out the words through set teeth "Somebody must ha' done it."

"No doubt. Nevertheless, before you can make your case clear, you must find out where your man was between the hours of ten and half past eleven, last night. If he cannot account for himself satisfactorily during that time, then you may begin to make a case of it; but if you cannot do that, I advise you to leave the matter alone, and keep your suspicions to yourself."

This looked like an easy thing to Caleb: one or two questions asked in a free and easy way of some of Jack's household would undoubtedly give the desired information, and he left the lawyer, to assume the new character of detective.

When the quivering messenger, sent to Janet the next morning, told the terrible news, her eyes dilated with horror at the thought, and for a time it was all the feeling she had. Taken from her ruthlessly, violently, at one stroke! She could not realize that he was gone, that the call he had given the night before was the last sound she was to hear from him. She went immediately to the house, and stayed with Mrs. Green, but would not go in to see her dead lover.

"I cannot, — do not ask me. I wish to remember him only as I saw him last, alive and well. How can I carry with me, all the weary years that are stretching out before me, a recollection of him as pale and cold, not answering to my look, or holding out his arms to me?"

So she pleaded with tearless eyes, and they said no more. Mrs. Green was large-hearted enough to see the force of her reasoning, and Mrs. Wareham said to herself, "Sorrow has many forms; my daughter's is different from what mine was for her father, but then Thomas was not her husband."

For days the expectancy of seeing him lingered with Janet, and she restlessly awaited him as of yore; then, as he did not come, the full sense of her loss began to fold and close in upon her. This had been the foreboding thought when she spoke of "the long, weary years to come;" they stretched out before her a desolate waste, full of the sorrow which gets up and lies down with one, and knows no interval of peace. Tears sometimes eased her for a moment, but they were rare. Her mother would have comforted her, but could not.

"There is no comfort," said she. "Time and use may dull the edge of my sorrow, but I cannot be comforted. How could I, unless he were given back to me? That is what I want, and of that there is no hope."

Both Mrs. Green and Janet talked over Thomas's great discovery, and decided, if it were possible, to give it to the public at once, and they both turned to Jack Osborn for help. He had been a little distant and absent in manner since the death of Thomas; yet he gave Janet a sense as if he were hovering round to help her, but would not intrude a word or an act. She sent for him one day, a month after the event which had so changed her life, explained to him what they wished to do, and said, "Jack, you can do this best. Thomas told you more of the details than he ever did me. I often prevented him from telling me, because I wanted to keep my eyes on the bright side when he came to me despondent with failure. But you were with him in his laboratory, and used to see him experimenting. You can understand those curious machines and the papers covered with figures and odd names, if any one can."

Jack made a pretense of objecting at first. "No, no," said he, "you can do it as well as I. You could learn all the signs and abbreviations in a day, and you ought to have the privilege." He looked at her, and her clear, sad eyes met

his, — his with a spark of anger at the lines of sorrow in her face, but with never a spark of remorse. For the time the whole strength of his nature was given over to its passion for her, and nothing else found room.

"No, you must do it. You were his dearest friend and best knew his plans. You must be the greatest friend to his mother and his — widow, I almost said."

Jack gave a little start at the words. "No, not that. Give me the key to the laboratory, and I will go in now, since you wish it so much, and take a look at things."

Mrs. Green handed it to him, and he passed up the stairs, opened the door of the little room, and went in.

He was bending over a sheet of manuscript, when something, a feeling of a presence, although there had been no sound of footsteps, made him turn round. Old Caleb stood close behind him, looking at him silently. How could those stubbed, cowhide boots have brought him into the room so quietly! It gave Jack a feeling of resentment. "How like a cat you can walk, Caleb! I would not suppose that three inches of sole leather could be carried so still. You crept in like a wild cat."

"When he means mischief, eh? I ain't equal to nothin' of that kind. I could n't come creepin' and crawlin' up behind a man, and jump on him tiger-cat fashion, and send him rolling in his blood afterward. I come to ask if ye could give me the measure of that knife ye had the day ye stuck the cow in the back of the neck so handsome."

Caleb had one satisfaction in his new career of detective: he made Jack Osborn wince for a moment. For a moment that supple, nervous hand hesitated; the eyes wandered round the room uneasily, and could not brook the old man's keen glance. With a wavering movement he took the knife from a pocket at the hip, and gave it to Caleb without asking what he wanted it for.

"Five inches long, and an inch wide at the widest part. A knife like that don't make a very wide cut, but if it goes deep enough in the right place it's just as good. Thankee, Mr. Osborn. I'll remember ye when ye want any favors of me."

It was all the satisfaction Caleb was ever to have, that single interview with Jack, in which the latter lost his presence of mind a little. The link which would have made his case was never found. Janet had seen Jack at eleven, and at half past eleven he was heard by several members of his family going up the stairs to his own room. Caleb, knowing the capacity of Jack's wiry frame, believed that the deed had been done in that half hour; but who else would believe that a man could go a mile to the pine gorge, commit a deed which required a jump like that, and get back again to his bed so quickly? The amateur detective was baffled here and thrown utterly off the track. Nobody else had suspected Jack, and Caleb was too honest a man to breathe his suspicions unless he had proof enough to sustain him. Day after day went by, and he felt that his chance grew less and less. Jack was never off his guard, — was never again betrayed into anything which even to the watchful Caleb seemed like a flicker of guilt.

Meantime, Jack worked over the papers that Thomas had left. At first he thought he should easily succeed in arranging and reading them. So many theories had been confided to him and talked over with him by Thomas, he had seen so many experiments tried and had them explained to him, that he did not dream of any difficulty. But as he went on, he found greater and greater difficulties. As usual, Jack had been mistaken in his estimate of Thomas. Thomas had a trifle more man of the world in him than even the latest revelations of his character had let Jack suppose. The latter found out that, intimate as they had been, Thomas had never dropped a word,

or explained an experiment, by which any one could follow closely the labyrinth of his plans and imitate the conclusion to which he had arrived. Jack worked steadily a week, and then did his late friend's character that posthumous amount of justice. He threw down the papers one day in a fit as nearly like despair as his temperament would allow.

"Where a man has invented arbitrary signs to describe chemical results following upon the use of certain chemical constituents of which one has no idea, how is it possible to see what he means! Then add to that a system of values known only to himself, expressed by letters, and both signs and letters used in equation and formulæ, and where are the Egyptian hieroglyphics, I should like to know — a mere A B C by the side of this. I am not superstitious," and he glanced up at a picture of Thomas which Janet had hung on the wall that day, saying that it would serve as an inspiration, "but if I were, I should say that that photograph was mocking my failure."

Failure! The word stung him like an insult; it was something which had never overtaken him yet. Wherever he had really given his whole soul to a thing, he had succeeded sooner or later. He could not give up this, so rich a prize, so near him.

"I must find it, — I must get the secret," he murmured. "Then the patent I shall persuade Mrs. Green to have made out for Janet; then when I marry her I shall" — He stopped there, not from remorse or fear, — the time for those had not come, — but simply because he would not blind himself by thoughts of his success. For several days he abandoned all effort with the papers, intending to take hold freshly after the interval of rest thus obtained.

Caleb, the faithful, had attached himself to Janet and Mrs. Green, as if he belonged to them by right. He religiously carried out on the farm all the

plans Thomas had so much as hinted at, and used his best endeavors to prevent Mrs. Green from selling the place.

"Nothin' will ever seem like home to ye as this place has," said he. "You're too old and set in your ways to like new places, and as sure as you try it you will have a great hankerin' after the house you have lived in for forty year, and you won't nowhere find nothin' like it. You'll want to be seein' them smooth, green fields without a rock in 'em, thanks to the great invention, when you look out the window, and you'll miss 'em if you are away from 'em."

There was truth in this which struck Mrs. Green, though she knew that there were two sides to the argument. She needed a change of some kind; to live there alone was impossible. She offered to rent half her house to Janet and Mrs. Wareham, an offer which they accepted at once, understanding that it meant companionship and consolation, and also that they would be near the laboratory and Jack.

The way in which Caleb contrived to give his suspicions of Jack Osborn to Janet, and to her alone, would have been a curious psychical study. She would not at first recognize that she shrank from Jack as she never had before; she was continually obliged to force herself to be open and friendly and on the old terms with him. Finally, the effort became too great to be ignored any longer. She took hold of it with her strong reason; looked at it in different lights; asked herself sternly if she could show just cause for shrinking from the most intimate friend of Thomas, who was trying to help her, trying to put the discovery of her lover before the world, doing her a great favor with entire unselfishness. She turned her feelings about, scrutinized them thoroughly, and found not a shadow of justification for her aversion, and therefore decided she would have none. She hunted and chased her feelings out and shut the door, and there

they were again, — impalpable, formless, below reason, and uncontrollable. She began to wonder if there could be any truth in the popular idea that women were unreasonable beings guided by a few instincts, like will-o'-the-wisps, and not amenable to the same mental laws as men.

Caleb first put her feelings into a shape which her reason could pronounce worthy of attention. He went from his work one evening in the twilight past the house of Janet. She had gone back there to nail up an Ayrshire rose which had been blown from its fastenings by the wind. It was a thrifty briery climber, and as she scratched her hands with the long sprays there arose a vivid memory of Thomas and herself as he helped her train it two years before. Caleb came along, and paused at the gate.

"Good evenin'," said he.

Janet responded kindly, as she always did, knowing his worth and his devotion to the memory of Thomas.

"I've got a fine new knife, Miss Wareham, just like the one your friend Jack Osborn always carries." He took it out and brought it to her. She showed a little aversion to taking hold of it, which those clear old blue eyes instantly saw. "'Tain't like his exactly, Miss Janet; there ain't no blood on it."

She shivered and looked in his face, wide-eyed, and with suspicions gathering and pressing in formless crowds. He waited a moment to let them take shape, and nodded without speaking. "Caleb, Caleb," she stammered, putting her hand on his arm, "what is all this? There has been something in the air, I think, for weeks, which I have felt, but could not explain. Do you feel it too?"

"I feel it, but it's not in the air; it's in my mind. Perhaps I spiritooally conveyed it to you, though I hain't ever set up for a meejum."

"Do you know anything, Caleb? Has any one found out who the — who it was?"

"Nobody but me, and I always knew. But it ain't no use. The lawyer said it would n't be, and it ain't. Who'd believe that anything but a leopard or a tiger could go a mile, do a thing like that, and get back to bed inside of half an hour! It's my belief that he slowed the clock that his mother said struck the half hour just as he came in and went up-stairs, — slowed it before he went out. He is smart enough for that. But there's no proof."

Janet questioned a little more, and her mind, quickened in action by the horror of the thought, soon straightened and made clear Caleb's somewhat disconnected story, — how his suspicions were first aroused, what he had seen at the gorge, and also that he had measured the wound inflicted on the body, and found it the same width as Jack's knife blade at the widest part.

"But you see it's all circumstantial, the lawyer said, and there's a link wantin', besides. I dunno as I should have thought of it, to begin with, if I had n't been lookin' at the mare's ears, and thinkin' how she knew, and wishin' she could tell; and it seemed a'most as if she did tell me when she heard me say so out loud."

Janet saw as clearly as Caleb that there was not proof enough to make a formal accusation; nevertheless, the conviction sank into her heart, like a stone into a well, that Jack was the murderer.

Later, when she was half-way home, she met Jack, and he, turning back, walked along with her, talking in his low, pleasant tones and most genial mood. She met him with all the awfulness of the belief that he had killed her lover fresh in her mind, and her looks, her tone, must have showed that there was something wrong. Yet his manner gave no token of anything unusual in her. She felt her suspicions begin to die down a little. It could not be possible. If he were such a guilty creature, how could he meet her eyes with

that soft, approving glance which always made her feel that everything she did was agreeable to him? How could he take her hand in the easy way he now did and draw it through his arm, remarking something about the darkness coming on? Human nature was not equal to such heights of deception, such depths of wickedness. Surely, if he were guilty, the sense of it ought to be on her as strongly in his presence as in his absence. She did not understand how the magnetism, the fascination, which the powerful nature of the man exercised on all that came near him could restore in a great measure the old charm of their intercourse.

As they entered the house, he turned to go up the stairs toward the laboratory, and then pausing said, "After a week of rest, I am to have a night of work;" and added in a lower voice, the tones of which were full of longing and defiance curiously blended, "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered."

Her startled eyes met his, and for a second he seemed to search hers to their depths and find the secret she was trying to hide. He went on up the stairs three steps at a time. He had felt her changed manner — he felt every shade of change in her; sometimes to his discouragement — to-night the marked difference stung him to his work. His determination not to fail strengthened with every inch of the gulf that was widening between them. Never had his whole will and energy been so wrought up and concentrated; he felt that if it were necessary he could almost penetrate the veil between him and the unseen, to wrest its secret from the spirit that had passed through.

As the hours went on, his intellect working at its best, he began to perceive a clue to the meaning of the calculations which covered sheet after sheet of manuscript in a close hand. He followed it with the silent, cat-like intensity characteristic of his nature. He made no

movement, save occasionally to stretch out his hand for another sheet with a quiet, gliding motion, but sat, his limbs tense with excitement, his face pale, his eyes broadly opened, as if he saw the moment drawing near when he could spring upon the desired object. The night was dark with a velvety blackness, different from that blue darkness which the presence of stars gives, and so still and warm as to be oppressive. The windows and blinds were thrown open, and some moths, attracted by the light, came in and scorched themselves in the flame of the lamp, after the manner of their kind; and after the manner of mankind, while they fluttered with pain, they were unable to resist temptation.

As hour after hour went by, the stillness and blackness of the night began to be deepened by the heavy mutterings of thunder and by gleams of lightning. The storm came nearer, bringing a warning force of electricity on its black wings that awoke the deepest sleepers far and near in every house.

Jack heard and saw nothing save that he was drawing near the end of his quest; he was at last reading the problem aright. Opposite the window, on a low platform, stood a complicated and delicate machine, — an orderly, glittering combination of wheels, chains, bolts, and glass, ending in a plate-glass retort, steel-hooped, and with a slender, pointed cap of solid steel riveted on at the turn of the neck. Manuscript in hand, he went over the machine carefully, and felt sure he understood the method of its working.

"There is neither cold nor hail to-night," he said to himself; "but I must put this into operation." As he spoke, he hooked chains, fastened bolts, inserted staples, with quick-moving fingers, and lastly connected the whole with a bright steel rod that ran upward through the roof. Lightning immediately began to play down this and over the instrument in pale blue flickers. He smiled a

little and bent nearer, to see any effects that might have begun to appear. There was a roar that shook the house from chimney-top to foundation stone, and brought each living person in it to his feet. It was thunder, — yet not thunder alone. What mighty spirits had Jack invoked other than the lightning?

When silence came at last, and the three terrified women mustered courage to move and speak again, they went as by a common instinct to the little laboratory. It was easy to enter, — the splinters of the door strewed the staircase from top to bottom. Clinging to Janet, who was the calmest of the three, although her hand shook as she held the lamp above her head, they saw the inside of the room completely gutted by the tremendous forces that had been at work; and under the twisted, shivered, blackened ruins of the machine lay the body of Jack Osborn, with the pointed cap of the retort driven into his brain. After the terror of the first moment was over, Mrs. Green, hoping that there might be some life in him yet, wished to get into the room. But Janet was at first cold and silent, and then resolutely turned away, and would offer no assistance, give no encouraging advice. If she opened her lips, or permitted herself a word, she feared she should say, "It is retribution. Let him lie, as a better than he has lain." Her passive resistance prevailed, though Mrs. Green never understood it, and Jack lay there, until a little later the voice of Caleb was heard at the door, and they hastened to let him in.

"I kind o' scented that something was wrong, and so I come over. My spirituality is pretty wide awake these days, Miss Janet." It was Caleb who made his way through the wreck and ruin of the room, and who said to Mrs. Green, lamenting that she had not been able to do it herself, "Twa n't no sort of use; he was stone dead before you got here. It's likely he never knew himself what killed

him, it was done so quick," and an odd tone of regret, as if he wished it could have been a longer agony, was in the old man's voice, but no tinge of sorrow.

And so the secret of the great discovery was lost.

— "To be found," said Areto, "centuries later, by another race of men, and applied to a civilization then undreamed of." He rolled up the yellow leaves of the manuscript, and the group began to rouse themselves from the spell which the story had cast over them, and to separate. Hamas was left with Areto.

"I am conceited enough," said the former, "to think that we Maoris have advanced in all points far beyond this race. Their civilization in some respects had reached a high pitch, yet it was uneven. In this day it is hard to imagine a man going about with murder lying dormant in his heart, as the Jack Osborn does in this story, and yet associating on equal terms with a woman like Janet and a man like Thomas."

"We are beyond them in our general average of advancement," said Areto; "yet I think people could be found among us as full of evil possibilities and capacities as that handsome, fiendish, interesting Jack."

"Doubted," replied Hamas. "Ages of culture have had their effect on us. The evil has been educated out of the natures of the fathers, and the children have inherited a less capacity for it, and their children still less, and so on down the generations, until in our day to carry envy to such a point that it can provoke murder is as unimaginable by us as that we should rack and torture our neighbors and burn them at the stake. Very likely the Yankee of 1879 could not imagine how his ancestors four hundred years before could do that."

Areto smiled, and answered, "So you have been reading that Fox's Book of Martyrs and believing it. It lay in the ruined house where it was found along

with a book three hundred years younger, — a navigator's book, upon which we have made no improvement, boast as we may. But, as I said, we may be beyond them in our average civilization, yet there are not now among our own women any finer, stronger characters than this Janet Wareham showed."

"Still, that it must have been a rare character is evident by the whole tone of the story. All the women of her time were not like her."

"That must be true, Hamas; for even to you as well as to me she is a remarkable person. Think what qualities she showed: such entire sympathy with her lover's work, — she could have understood it in its smallest details, if she had chosen, — and then such splendid practical knowledge; how she got the patent for his rock-burner; what strong self-control not to breathe her suspicions of Jack, for she did not positively know he was guilty! I can fancy that her life after the death of Thomas was one of devotion to his memory and of kindness to his mother. I am certain she never married, but died at last leaving a void in the hearts of all that knew her. What a pity that she had to die, — that she is not living now!"

"Areto, I believe you have fallen in love with this maiden eighteen hundred years old. Why do you not try to find some trace of her? The manuscript speaks of her having a house in some city. Who knows but it was this one; and who knows but that somewhere in it there may be found some personal trace of her, — a jewel with her name on it, a ring, something by which you will be able to realize her to yourself?"

"That is my dream," said Areto, in an intense tone, "and you spur me on to new efforts. I hoped in every pause of my reading that I might hear a shout from my men, and that in the new excavation I should find some trace of her. What happiness it would be to find anything that actually belonged to her!"

"Why may you not?" said Hamas.

"The story speaks of a picture" —

"It does; and in this very city it was left, as you may remember."

"Ah," said Hamas, "then you know it was this city?"

"Yes," replied Areto, looking a little confused. "I have reason to think so. The name in her letter is the same as part of that on the stone panel which I said was Hartford Fire Insurance. She uses the first part only, Hartford, which may have been a colloquial expression for the whole."

"I believe, Areto, you have certainly fallen in love with her. If you should meet her counterpart in the course of your life, you would immediately love her."

"Her counterpart, — there could be no one like her."

"Why not? Does nature never repeat herself? You know there is a tradition that a remnant of that Yankee nation survived as late as two hundred years ago. If that is so, there may be descendants who would still have a touch of that blood and many of the characteristics."

"Would it might be so! But that tradition is obscure, and those survivors were far from here, and all is so uncertain."

"True, true; and yet far back among my own kindred there is a story of an ancestress from one of these very people. I will look into it."

"Why trouble yourself, Hamas? If it were so, would there be any one like this girl? I trow not." So they separated, and each went to his own house.

The next day Areto explored again the ruin in which the manuscript had been found, half hoping that it might prove to be the house he wanted. Not a lump of earth but was broken, lest it should contain some treasure; not a particle of brick or mortar but was carefully taken up, lest there might be something under it, but he received no reward for

his search. As he climbed out from the pit, an outcry was heard among his men, who were still digging at the spot where the rustling leaf of manuscript had been wafted by the wind. His heart beat quickly, and he flew toward the spot.

"We have come upon a house, we think," said the foreman, "but Gioglio has fallen in. He is not hurt, however, and we shall soon dig him out."

The deep, strong substratum of red clay, nearly as hard as the red sandstone which lay still further below, had been penetrated only by severe labor with the picks; but at the last it had suddenly caved in, betraying the fact that there was a room or cellar below. This was an unusual thing, and Areto gazed down into it with the most ardent hopes. The form of the man Gioglio was already emerging from the débris in which he had fallen, and in another moment he was dragged out and found unhurt. The labor of clearing away the solid pieces of clay from the interior and of uncovering the rest of the room took an hour or two more, and then Areto sent away his men, and stood alone on the floor of what had been a small marble-paved vestibule, the traces of the wall dividing it from a larger room being perfectly apparent. The outer walls were standing to the height of six feet, having been preserved by the stiffness and weight of the clay. In the larger room some glimmering remains of color showed that the wainscot had been painted, and as he slowly traced out the design he felt a keen pulsation of joy. The glimmering gold of the groundwork was not all gone, and on it was the dull green stem, the blue blossom, of the blue-weed which Janet Wareham had written about so many years before. He would not believe it fully until, with further search, he discovered the delicate tracery of the morning-glory between each stiff, upright stem. Then he stood back in the middle of the room, and for a few minutes allowed himself the full belief that he had at last found the

long-sought house, — that he at last stood in the very room which this girl had once brightened with her presence. He drew a sigh of contentment, and then sprang to renewed search. To the floor he now looked; the dry, hard clay had preserved the different articles as in a sheath, or as a fossil fish is sometimes found in a geode. A large lump of clay gently cracked revealed a small bronze figure, the Florentine flying Mercury, with its exquisite proportions, the little wings of the cap and ankle a-flutter with the instinct of flight which pervades the limbs.

"Good work, — good work," muttered Areto, "but copied. That is not the Yankee type of limb and face, if I have studied these ruins aright."

The next thing was a bronze vase, rough with writhing dragons and fighting birds. "Good again in its way," said he, "but not native art. This people must have borrowed all that was beautiful from every nation under the sun. Could not they sit still long enough to invent something typical of themselves alone?"

But one treasure greater than all the rest waited to reward his patient search. Near the wall, as if fallen from it, incrustured with mud, stained and crocked, but not ruined, he found a picture painted on a plate of ivory. As he wiped off the stains, the face began to reveal itself, and his heart beat quicker, his hand moved faster, as he began to recognize it in a faint, dreamy way, as he had the pattern on the wall. Somewhere that face had been described to him; his practiced hand trembled as he went on cleansing the ivory surface. It was, it certainly was, the face of Janet Wareham which at last looked at him; proof positive was at hand. The straight line of the nose just above the nostrils showed faintly, but distinctly, the little scar which she had said was gained in a desperate conflict with a Maori chieftain.

"If an ancestor of mine did it," thought

Areto, "I give him my blessing, for now I know that it is she, and that she is — what I dreamed."

He stood lost in contemplation, realizing to himself all she must have been, when a voice roused him.

"What is it, Areto, holds you so fast? I have spoken three times, and you have not answered."

Areto held the picture toward Hamas, whose entrance he had not heard. Hamas gazed at it with a little start, and then with a thoughtful, inquiring look.

"It is a beautiful face," said he, quietly. "She has a restful look, — not that anxious, self-conscious air we noticed in those pictures you showed us the day we first came here." Areto felt that his friend was a little cool and unsympathetic, and Hamas went on: "Her place in life made it possible for her to be at ease."

"No doubt," replied Areto, adopting the cool, reasonable voice of his friend, "she was at ease pecuniarily. She had, evidently, no petty ambitions to give her a restless air, and the current of her life flowed with an even, deep smoothness, except for the interruptions of those two deaths. But do you not see more, Hamas?"

The answer of Hamas was an abrupt change of the subject. "Come to me this evening," said he, "and let nothing prevent you. I have something to show you;" and then he went away without further ceremony.

Areto felt for a moment longer a little pain at the lack of sympathy in his discovery, but forgot it soon in the renewed contemplation of the picture. He studied it long and deeply, taking it more and more into his soul. He returned to it again and again in the rest of the time he spent in the ruin, and nothing else had any value after that. He took the picture home wrapped in a fold of soft wool, and carried it up into his own room. No eyes but his own and Hamas's had seen it, and he felt as if no other could.

"You shall have a shrine, my angel," said he, addressing the face as if it could understand, "of fair carved ivory and gold, and you shall dwell always here, — here and in my heart."

It was late before he remembered the invitation of Hamas, — an invitation in form, but in the tones a command, which he now recalled for the first time. He must go, however much he might wish not. Changing his dress for one not less easy, but lighter and more festal in style, he turned toward the door, first covering the picture, saying, "I leave you, but I carry you in my heart."

Then he went out and walked through the streets which separated his house from that of Hamas. In that city it was the law that houses should be built with an open space of at least twenty-five feet around them on all sides, so that even in the business quarters there were small lawns or well-kept gardens around every building. The streets were wide, and there was no sense of being shut in, no feeling of being barred away from air and sky. Everywhere pleasant breezes blew and the circulation of air was free. This, with the perfect system of sewerage, made the city as wholesome and sweet as a broad sweep of open country. The pavement was smooth and solid, yet the wheels of vehicles moved over it with little noise, and there was neither dust nor mud. The faces of the people were strong and serene, — the face of a race that has conquered its way to an easy life, but has not grown effeminate. As Areto passed along, occasionally meeting a friend, each noticed a little look of care on his face, an unusual thing in that day. It made his countenance more like the Yankee nation of which he had been thinking so much lately, and less like the high-bred Maori he was. Could it be that the thought of that fair face would actually give him that look?

The house of Hamas, low and wide, with broad doors and many windows, stood in the centre of a beautiful gar-

den where grew semi-tropical plants. A giant orange-tree stood like a warder at the gate and shook down fragrant blossoms on his head as he passed underneath.

The daughter of Hamas met him at the door, a child of ten. "Thou hast come," she said, — on that day the children addressed their elders using the beautiful thee and thou; it was considered appropriate, — "thou hast come," she said, "and art crowned with orange flowers, like a wedding guest."

Areto put his hand to his head, and feeling the tender petals answered with careless smiles, "Perhaps it is to a wedding I am come."

"There is a beautiful girl here," replied the child, looking at him with an air of amused gravity; "there may be a bridal wreath for her and thee."

"Lead on to thy father," replied Areto, "that I may tell him why I came so late."

The small damsel danced on before him, until in the last of several large rooms he saw Hamas among a group of friends and acquaintances. They were standing about talking, the perfect language they spoke seeming to lend an added charm to their full, soft voices.

Areto greeted his host and one and another of his friends, and felt a sensation of mild astonishment that his presence had been so particularly commanded when there seemed no occasion. His thoughts reverted to the picture he had left behind, and he was becoming a little absent-minded, when Hamas, touching his sleeve, said, "This is my object in causing you to come this evening without fail." He led the way, followed by all the guests, to a small room having at one side a recess in the wall usually filled with flowering plants and climbers. These had been removed, and the softly shaded light of two or three lamps fell upon a picture placed on an easel. As the eyes of Areto rested upon this he felt a thrill traverse his frame from head

to foot. It was a portrait of larger size, but otherwise exactly resembling the one he had that day found. He could not speak, but devoured it with his eyes. There was the noble, serene look, and yet the arch, bright expression lighting it up; there were the straight line of the dark brows, the smooth breadth of forehead, the soft golden curls and puffs, the full white throat with the quaint neck-lace. He stood as if petrified, while a murmur rose around him.

"A face much like those we have among us to-day," said a brother professor standing near Areto. "The head is fine in its outlines, and the mouth is exquisite."

"You say, Hamas, that she was one of the race long since extinct whose remains we occasionally find among those buried ruins, a mile or two from this city," said another.

"She is a descendant of that race, and has reproduced, apparently, its types and characteristics," answered Hamas in a guarded voice, so different from its usual frank sweetness that it pierced the torpor which had seized Areto, and a wild thought sprang up in his heart. He turned a flashing look on Hamas, which the latter met with a smile.

Areto began to move forward slowly, crossing the line Hamas had asked his friends to keep as giving the best view of the picture. At every step the color on that fair cheek deepened, or else the

light flickered strangely on it; in a moment more he stood by the frame, and the beautiful lips quivered with an arch smile, the eyelids slid down over the eyes embarrassed by his fixed, ardent gaze. Conscious of nothing but the overwhelming thought that this face he loved seemed to have crossed the shades of eighteen hundred years to meet him in life, he held out his hand. At the motion she made in giving hers, with its warm, convincing touch, he at last drew a long breath, and murmured, "It is she — and she lives."

Hamas and those of the guests to whom he had revealed the secret smiled as they saw what the end of this meeting would be. Others asked an explanation.

"It is a theory of mine," said he, "that nature occasionally goes back to first principles and gives us our great-grandmothers again, after we have forgotten that we had any. Areto disagreed with me. This lady is a distant cousin of mine, and a remote ancestress of our family was a descendant of the Yankees. Areto found to-day in his ruined city a portrait of one of that race, and my cousin simply from race connection bears the strongest resemblance to it. I determined to give him this little surprise, and you see how he recognized it at once; all the types of that nation have appeared in her after a lapse of many generations."

PURITAN BOSTON.

SAMUEL SEWALL, who was for thirty-six years a justice, and for ten of these the chief justice, of the highest court of the province of Massachusetts, came of a good and prosperous family in England, and was brought hither by his parents in 1661, being then in his tenth year. The

family left their English home soon after the coronation of Charles II., being in sympathy with the Puritanism of our first colonists. The youth graduated at Harvard in 1671. Soon after this he began to write a journal, which he continued till just before his death, in 1730.

The manuscripts left by Judge Sewall have, for more than a hundred years of the century and a half since they were closed, been occasionally consulted by such historical students as were privileged to have access to them, or extracts have been furnished by the very careful and cautious guardians into whose hands they fell in family descent. They were purchased twelve years ago by the Massachusetts Historical Society of their last private owner, and are now appearing in print, edited by a committee of that society.

Sewall's memory will in no way be clouded, nor will the respect and repute which he enjoyed in life be one whit reduced, for any one who shall read his guileless and self-revealing record. He appears upon every page sincere, high-minded, candid; for his day, intelligent, generous, forgiving, often magnanimous, thoroughly devout after the pattern which he followed, warmly benevolent and sympathetic, and as applying to himself even a more rigid scrutiny of motives, principles, and daily conduct than he turned upon others. The most trivial details on his pages—and there are many such—have their use in reproducing for us the aspects, usages, and manners of an older time. But it so happens that our means of information in historical papers of various kinds about public men and events, the drift of affairs, and some of the undercurrents of life in Boston are most scanty and uncommunicative during our provincial period, and about these Sewall furnishes us much of value. When Sewall came upon the stage, in full manhood, the town of Boston, and substantially the colony of which it was the metropolis, represented a community of a peculiar, indeed a unique, character. The half century which had passed since its settlement had been a period sufficiently extended to make the homogeneous class of its inhabitants distinctly and strongly defined as a people, in their civil, relig-

ious, social, and domestic qualities. With scarce an exception they were thrifty, living comfortably and frugally, most of them having reserved means for the future. It was under the strongly-working influence of the principles, habits, and institutions which had then secured power and authority that Boston and its people acquired the character and repute that have ever since attached to them,—alike to their commendation by those who appreciate the better side, and for the satire and raillery of those who find matter of censure and contempt in the limitations and scruples of the old Puritan traditions. Rapidly enough, however, have all these local characteristics yielded to the relaxation of restraints and the coming in among the present population of the most heterogeneous elements.

To those who had been born here, or had been brought hither in early youth, the views, habits, and circumstances under which they had been trained had naturally come to be identified with the favored and superior conditions of life, carrying with them the authority of certified trial and good fruits. The first comers, stealing over the ocean with the charter for a mercantile company intended for administration in England, and setting up under it a local government here, had started with high and serious aims. The troubles of the mother country had left them long enough, unwatched, to their own schemes and devices to root them in strength, in self-confidence, and prosperity. Labors on the soil and a lively commercial traffic, and a strict, but not niggard, economy had gathered the means which supported their own government, and which had, up to this time, enabled them to bear the expense of many substantial public improvements, and the drain upon them of Indian and French wars, without asking the aid of the mother country. They thought well of themselves. They were in fact as independent then as their de-

scendants are now, and the degree of attachment which they might feel for the old home was the measure of the only kind of allegiance which they owed it. The control of their affairs in policy and authority had always been with the best and wisest among them. Evidence there is, for those who will search for it, that the rigid and sterner quality of the Puritan sway was by no means congenial to all, or willingly acquiesced in. A latent restlessness, discontent, alienation, and a feeble spirit of protest occasionally asserted themselves in antipathy and opposition. They were suppressed or overruled only by the high hand of the more austere in place and power.

Very marked are the tokens of class and rank and social distinctions in the old Puritan town and its neighborhood. The clergy and the high magistrates were the chief in consideration and dignity. Official position secured public deference, but eligibility to office in the main depended upon previous social or personal advantage. So natural and reasonable seemed the assumption that "the government should be of the better sort," and so well rooted was the custom consequently established, that even after the war of the Revolution and the recognition of an avowed democracy among us it was taken for granted, till quite down to the last half century, that, though the people were free to assign places of honor and trust to whom they would, they were bound to assign them to the class of men who would have held them under an aristocracy through birth, privilege, or station. The title of Mr. or Master was carefully restricted to those who by birthright or good service were called gentlemen; while Worshipful or Right Worshipful was reserved for the highest magistrate, and Esquire was an affix to be granted, not assumed. The term "Goodman" was a kindly, neighborly epithet, used for the recognition of worthy men in humble life or callings. There is an entry

in Sewall's journal which is curiously suggestive on this point. The meeting was for the choice of a minister. "October 3, 1707, had a Meeting of the [South] Church & Congregation; But very thin. Several came not, because Mr. Pemberton [the pastor, in previously calling the meeting] said, 'Gentlemen of the Church & Congregation.' They affirmed they were not Gentlemen, and therefore they were not warned to come." *Not gentlemen!* They were honest, well-to-do men, — mechanics, tradesmen, artisans; among them was the father of Dr. Franklin, tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; and they hoped and believed that they were Christians. But they did not claim nor answer to the title of gentlemen. Some years hence, perhaps, a student of words may think it worth his while to inquire when the terms *lady* and *gentleman* came to be used inclusively of all of either sex, instead of, as once, distinctively of a portion of each. Doubtless these States will be credited with the extension of the terms, and Sewall may help as to the dates. Again, under date "March 6, 1711," we read, "At the Meeting for the free School at Mr. Pemberton's, Mr. Bridgham declining to sign [a petition] saying it was not fit for him to sign with persons so much above him; I said pleasantly, We are at Foot-ball now; and then he presently signed."

But while respect and deference were thus paid according to gradations of rank, and men and women "knew their own places," there was practically in the community a common, all-inclusive, tender, human interest and sympathy. A feeling of good neighborhood, fostered by religious and social relations, secured to all the dwellers in the town, mechanics, artisans, traders, and laborers, a respectful recognition. The humblest person or family might, by name, "put up a Bill," to be read by the minister in public worship before his prayer, giving "thanks for mercies received" on

the birth of an infant, or asking religious comfort in sickness, bereavement, on leaving home by sea or by land, and on recovery or return. The body was democratic, although the head was aristocratic. It is curious to note, as one may in Sewall's journal, how faithfully and aptly, while recognizing distinctions between man and man, he makes his religious views not a leveling, but a harmonizing and reconciling medium. His punctiliousness is obvious, although not obtrusive.

At feasts and at funerals there was alike a recognition of ranks and orders. Sewall tells us how ministers, magistrates, and distinguished strangers were disposed at the dinner table, and how the viands and beverages of the feast were sorted to suit the company. The dead were then actually *borne* by the living, and not, as now, driven, still less trotted, to their resting-places. Sewall records his serving frequently as a bearer, and faithfully gives us, when not one himself, the names of others. These he always arranges in couples; for there was meaning in that method, also. The bearers were carefully selected as the associates and intimates of the departed, — six for adults, two for a child. We read also of the order in which friends and relatives followed the bier, and who "led" one or another of the women in the procession. Scarves, gloves, and rings were presented on the occasion, with the same reference to social and personal considerations. On rare occasions we find mention of an escutcheon and a led-horse.

The population of the town during Sewall's life-time of seventy-seven years ranged between nine and twelve thousand. The peninsula must then have furnished many attractive homes. The gentry occupied large, detached dwellings, — there were no blocks in those days, — with spacious gardens and pastures, with coach and cattle barns, trees and orchards, around them. The houses

were substantially built, and furnished with solid and rich furniture. Calashes and coaches and public hacks were first introduced in Sewall's time, and he soon provided himself with his own equipage. His wealth put him on a level with his most prospered neighbors. The having one's "picture drawn" was rather a distinctive privilege of the higher class, when a "limner" presented himself. Mechanics, small traders, and even many large merchants lived over their own shops or warehouses. Every trade and handicraft had its indented apprentices. The bookstores were the ready meeting places of the scholarly classes, and the exchange, or market-place, under and near the town-house, was the scene of popular concourse for the daily news. It was intended that a rigid rule and espionage should be kept over all inns, ordinaries, and places of doubtful repute, the visitors in which were required to go home at the ringing of the nine o'clock evening bell. Magistrates and citizens of station took their turn in patrolling the streets at night, especially on the eve of celebrations and illuminations, to suppress disorders; and the constables watched and were watched. Sewall writes of being challenged by an officer in the street when he attended a midwife at midnight on an occasion for her services at his house, and when he had told his errand the constable wished him "Godspeed." We have many entries like this: "Nov. 5. I walk'd at night with Col. Townsend, Mr. Bromfield, Constable Williams & a man or two. Find y^e Town quiet & in good order. Were jealous the 5th November might have occasioned disturbance."

Among the alleviations of the prevailing austerity of manners were many old-fashioned amenities and courtesies, and a most generous fleshly and vinous hospitality. Even on occasions of the frequent religious meetings at private houses of groups of neighbors, and on fast-days, abstinence from food or drink

was by no means practiced. But on all public days and on family festivals the cheer was lavish for guests and hosts. Here is an entry after the marriage of one of Sewall's daughters: "In y^e even I invited y^e Gov. & Council to drink a glass of Wine with me. About twenty came." The dignitaries are named. "Gave them a variety of good Drink, & at going away a large piece of Cake wrap'd in Paper. They very heartily wished me joy of my Daughter's marriage." The ingenuity with which Sewall evaded occasions of health-drinking on royal commemorative days, or church festivals, about which he had conscientious scruples, proves that his principles controlled his appetites.

The following entry in the journal, under date of January 16, 1701-2, presents to us a characteristic scene and occasion, showing an interior with a charming display of simple, hearty hospitality. It must be premised by the statement that Mrs. Sewall had on the second day of the month given birth to her fourteenth child, and therefore had for years afforded large employment to the class of helpful women thirteen of whom are here named.

"My Wife Treats her Midwife & Women. Had a good Dinner, Boil'd Pork, Beef, Fowls: very good Rost Beef, Turkey-Pie, Tarts. Madam Usher carv'd. Mrs. Hannah Greenlef, Ellis, Cowell, Wheeler, Johnson, Hill, Hawkins, Mrs. Goose, Deming, Green, Smith, Hatch, Blin: Comfortable, moderate wether: & with a good fire in y^e Stove warm'd the Room."

We read occasionally of excursions down the harbor. The "castle" there served as a sort of neutral ground for the license indulged under the control of crown officers, when, with the coming of the new charter, the old Puritan stronghold became a royal fort. Colonel Romer was the officer in the construction of it, but still it was managed by the provincial council. Sewall records this visit

of the functionaries: "Aug. 11, 1701. Go down to y^e Castle to try to compose y^e differences between y^e Capt. & Col. Romer. I told y^e young men that if any intemperat language proceeded from Col. Romer, 't was not intended to countenance that, or encourage their imitation: but observe his direction in things wherein he was Skillful & ordered to govern the work; or to that effect. Lest Should be thought y^e Council had too much wink'd at his cursing & swearing, wh. was complain'd of."

Sewall's life-time covered the period of continuous warfare with the French and Indians, with all its miseries and atrocities. The province, with prowess and patriotism, maintained itself and its rights through all the dreary perils of that strife. The town stood in constant dread of two calamities, worse for them than an Indian alarm. These were the small-pox and fires, which were often disastrous in their visitations. Bating these, the community was an eminently prosperous one, and it would have been difficult to have then found on the earth one more favored.

Boston needed at the time all these attractions as a place of residence, because its advantages of deep water as a sea-port were offset by difficulties of communication with the adjoining country. The original pear-shaped peninsula was attached by a stem-like neck to the mainland. This neck being often flooded by the waters of the bays on either side, and being low and marshy, Boston became an island, and the access to it was attended by serious risks. In open weather, a ferry to Charlestown and another to Winnisimmet afforded additional ways of egress from the town; but broad marshes with changing tide levels caused much annoyance. In front of the Dane Law Hall, at Cambridge, still stands an old mile-stone giving the distance to Boston as eight miles; the route being over the neck to Roxbury, through Brookline, and by a short bridge

over Charles River from what is now Brighton. Here are two incidents, described by Sewall, of the perils of the way :—

“Jan’y 11, 1704–5. The Governour [Joseph Dudley] & his Lady essaying to come from Charlestown to Boston in their Slay, 4 Horses, 2 Troopers riding before them, First y^e Troopers fell into the water, & then y^e Governour making a stand, his four Horses fell in, & the Two Horses behind were drown’d, the Slay pressing them down. They were pull’d up upon y^e Ice, & there lay dead, a sad Spectacle. Many came from Charlestown with Boards, Planks, Ropes, &c., & saved y^e other Horses. ’Tis a wonderfull Mercy that y^e Governour, his Lady, Driver, Postillion, Troopers escaped all safe.”

“Jan’y 19. The Governour coming to Town [from his residence in Roxbury] the way being difficult by Banks of Snow, his Slay was turned upon one side against the Fence next Cambridge, and all in it thrown out, Governour’s Wigg thrown off, his head had some hurt; and my Son’s Elbow. The Horses went away with y^e foundation, & left y^e Superstructure of y^e Slay & the Riders behind.”

This latter disaster, however, may be paralleled during any winter on the “Brighton road.” The loss of “y^e Governour’s Wigg” Sewall would not have grieved over, had it not been for the consequent hurt to his head. His son was the husband of Dudley’s daughter. It may be mentioned in this connection that one of the royal governors of Massachusetts came to his death from the perils of the way from Cambridge to Boston. Governor William Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, and who had for a godfather William of Orange, being overturned in his carriage when approaching the ferry, August 30, 1729, was immersed in the river, took a fever, and died a week afterwards.

The fundamental change consequent

upon the abrogation of the colony charter began its work just as Sewall was mature in years and most stiff in the convictions and ways of his characteristic Puritanism. What that type of Puritanism was may be learned more satisfactorily from the manifestation and expression of its most significant elements and traits as made by him than from the ablest essay that has ever been written upon the now unattractive theme. It was not at that time Puritanism in its first self-assertion or on its defense, but Puritanism as ratified, as triumphant, as for a brief period established in full working order on its own well-won field, with its immunities and prerogatives assured by a bold front and a firm sway. Precious memories, stern trials, cherished sanctities, habits, usages, and institutions of its own gave to Puritanism in this town and neighborhood an authority which identified it with the divine order of things, and insured to it permanency and extension if only those reared under it were but faithful in their generation. Some of Sewall’s contemporaries, from homes and an education like his own, had in their manhood visited England—a few of them the European continent. Occasionally we note in the less grave and rigid of these wanderers, on their return here, tokens of their having relaxed their New England austerity under more genial and indulgent foreign influences. Contact with free-livers, courtiers, and churchmen induced some in feeling, and even avowedly, to prefer and conform to what they had been taught to regard as ensnaring and demoralizing. Probably subjection to such influences accounts in a measure for the pliancy of Governor Joseph Dudley, the son of the old age of Governor Thomas Dudley, himself the sternest and most rigid of the original stock. The son had lived many years abroad, had been deputy-governor of the Isle of Wight, a member of Parliament, a courtier and trimmer; he was generally mis-

trusted here, and intensely hated by the Mathers and their party. Sewall himself, though their children had intermarried, has many entries in his journal about his misgivings with this crown officer, his suspicions of him, his doubts about his motives, and disapprobation of his acts. But Dudley had many more liberal judges among good men here. If he acquired his pliancy by foreign residence, certainly a visit of a year in England by Sewall did not wean him in any measure from his first love; for while abroad he mostly confined his relations and his intercourse to the dissenters. Increase Mather, the man of foremost influence in the colony, returned from several years of wide social converse with public men and affairs more skilled in human nature, but no less a Puritan. The abrogation of the charter set in action several agencies, all contributing to effect a change in the order of things, rapid in its work, radical and sharply grievous to those of the old stock and training. By that now annulled instrument, the colonists had been to all intents and purposes a self-governing and independent people; choosing their own governors and other magistrates and judges from among themselves, and making and ratifying their own laws. Increase Mather and his associate agents, sent over after the English Revolution in the vain hope of reinstating the charter, had got in its place the best one which their faithful zeal could secure, though they received small thanks at home for what they had accomplished. By the new charter, our chief officers were to be commissioned by the crown; our legislation was subject to the royal veto; the Puritan commonwealth was paralyzed and prostrated; the preponderating sway of the clergy was broken; the exclusive prerogative of church members in the franchise was taken from them; and the people most fondly rooted in the old order were disheartened. Among these there was no one to whom the change brought a deeper

sorrow and dismay, with darker dreads and more melancholy apprehensions for the future than to Sewall. The effort by which he rallied his spirit under it, and the conscientious fidelity with which, in yielding to it, he tried to make the best of it, while discharging the high trusts which fell to him, will win to him the respect of those who read the sad or the resigned and bracing reflections and resolves on his sincere pages. At heart, in principle, preference, usage, and every detail of conduct in private and public, he was unswervingly loyal to the old ways. During his later years the very last of the original comers here, and most of the first-born from them on this soil, passed away. With tender pathos he records of these on their departure, with gentle touches for those whom he accounted the best, "He was a lover of New-England," "Was a very pious woman, & a true lover of y^e first ways of N. England."

With the assumption by the crown of the direct control and government of Massachusetts came in, of consequence, many incidental influences, all of which tended directly to introduce new and uncongenial elements into the public and the private life of the community. Every change and interference caused a shock or a wound. The officials of the crown paid slight deference to those whom they came to supersede, or to the usages, formalities, and conventionalities which were not to their taste. The attachés and subordinates of these officials, who soon were numerous, the "more ungodly sort" of them especially, asserted their own immunity from the austere standard of the place, and often vented their ridicule or contempt. The vessels of war and the transports sent into our harbor to coöperate with the English forces and our own provincials in the long-protracted rivalry with the French for dominion here had many rough officers, sailors, and soldiers, requiring a large increase in the number

of "ordinaries" and places of resort for dubious purposes, which were numerous enough before. Many of these foreign visitors felt themselves free of the old Puritan jurisdiction, as their loyalty was due on the other side of the ocean. They indulged in "Scandalous & riotous carousings" by night, and did not heed "y^e nine o'clk. bell" which summoned them to go to their homes, nor the Puritan rule which began the quiet and awe of the Sabbath with the setting sun of Saturday. The occasions for commemorating royal births, accessions, and marriages, by illuminations, bonfires, and health-drinking, were sad ones to those of the colonial breeding. But the deepest and sharpest heart-pang caused to Sewall by the changed order of things under the new regimen, one presenting itself all through his journal onward, was that which came from the contemptuous slight cast upon the ecclesiastical order and institutions of the colony. With the first coming hither of those agents of mischief, Randolph and Andros, under Charles II. and his brother, the repudiated Church of England demanded recognition with all the prestige and prerogative of its supremacy in the mother country. It seemed as if those crown emissaries wantonly sought to irritate by teasing the most sensitive spot in the hearts of those to whom the old order was the dearest. Against the earnest remonstrance and protest of the proprietors, one of the three meeting-houses of the town was taken possession of for the uses of the English church. Sewall indignantly refused the earnest request that he would sell some of his land, once owned and occupied by the sainted John Cotton, for a church edifice. No! he said. Mr. Cotton, a faithful minister of the church, hounded out of it for non-conformity, had come to the wilderness to get rid of everything belonging to it, and his land should not be desecrated for any such purpose. The baffled churchmen were compelled to appropriate, by

right of eminent domain, and without a deed or purchase, a corner of Boston's earliest burial-place, where King's Chapel now stands. The disaffected and the uncovenanted in the community were glad to attach themselves, more or less, to the easier communion. Even an occasional backslider from the Puritan fold would excuse his breach of covenant, with his escape from "watch and ward," by professing Episcopacy.

Then with the church came church days, and "papistical" observances, — Christmas, Ascension Day, Good Friday, Shrove Tuesday, and other profanities, a woful burden to the soul of the good judge. With grim satisfaction he enters in his journal, under December 25th, for successive years, all the tokens he could note of the little regard paid for it in an as yet ungenial clime: "Shops open, wood carts, teams with marketing come into y^e town as usual." Deeply was he scandalized when, as he notes, the church bell was tolled and its funeral rites were performed over "a notoriously Atheistic & debauched person." He had been aggrieved on attending the funeral of a friend where he thought the burial service had been unfitly obtruded. So he writes a few days after, "Remembering what I had met with at her Sister's Burial at Dorchester last Satterday, I slipt from y^e company up to my Daughter's, & so went home & avoided y^e funeral. The office for Burial is a Lying, very bad office; makes no difference between y^e precious & the vile. Jer. xv. 19. They ought to return to us, & not we go to them by sinfull Compliances." Again, we read, "Lord's Day, April 23, 1704. There is great Firing at the Town, Ships, Castle upon account of its being the Coronation-day, wh. gives offence to many: See the Lord's day so profan'd. Down Sabbath, Up St. George." There is an entry in the journal which to readers of our day may be quite unintelligible, but which, when accompanied by the com-

ment that it requires, will furnish the true key to and the fullest exposition of the style of Sewall's Puritanism, and the root and ground of his stiff faith. It seems that, very naturally, the services of the church in King's Chapel offered a tempting attraction to some of the youth reared in the hard and naked home and meeting-house religion of their parents, and that they would occasionally steal in upon holy-days, where they might hear an organ, something more like music, and responsive worship, and see the minister alternately in a black and white robe, with the evergreen decorations. Under date of December 25, 1697, Sewall writes: "Snowy day. Shops are open, and Carts & sleds come to Town with Wood & Faggots as formerly, save what abatement may be allowed on account of the wether. This morning [in family worship], we read in course the 14, 15 & 16th Psalms. From the 4th verse of the 16th Ps. I took occasion to dehort mine from Christmas-keeping, & charged them to forbear." His little son Joseph, the future pastor of the South Church, tells him at night "that though most of the boys went to the Church yet he went not." Now if the reader turns to the Psalm referred to, to see its injunction against "Christmas-keeping," he will read these words: "Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips." A blind text, seemingly, for the use for which it is quoted! No. In Sewall's full-hearted loyalty to his Puritanism it was most apt and forceful. The Bible was for him the all-sufficient, the sole authority in religion, because wholly divine. "The church," so called, with its ecclesiastical inventions, devices, and impositions, he regarded as wholly human, an external, rival, antagonistic system in teaching and authority, and as representing "another god" than the God of the Bible, another kind of worship, and another set of "offerings" than

those which the Book required and allowed. He would have nothing to do with this rival, hostile system, the device of men, an idolatrous will-worship! Sewall and his Puritan contemporaries regarded the Bible and revered its contents with an enthralled and unquestioning confidence, which would not have been one whit intensified if they had taken the book, just as they received it, from out of a cloud in which it had been passed down to them from the Divine Hand. They found in it all they wished for. They simply read it, obeying it in the letter even more devoutly than they caught or were guided by its spirit. It is noticeable as the marked characteristic of this entire concentration of trust and reverence upon the Book that those Puritans never made the slightest discrimination in its contents. It was all alike. A sentence from any part of it, like a slice or a crumb from a loaf of bread, even from the crust, conveyed the full quality of consistency and nutriment that was in the whole of it. One may read, if he chooses, a ton of printed or manuscript Puritan theology, and he will not find the faintest suggestion of even a possible error in, or a reasonable amendment of, the English translation of the Bible; still less will he detect any consciousness of the discrepancies, the anachronisms, the perplexities raised by chronological, historical, or scientific questions, which make the staple of modern biblical criticism. A Scripture reference or example was always in order and always decisive. Puritanism, in fidelity to its first principles, — the repudiating the church system, made up of human traditions and inventions, and committing itself wholly to the Bible, — did not care to make selections or to allow exceptions for what was beautiful or edifying in the church system. It would be fatal to make any terms with it, or to indulge its trespassing at any point. The compromise which the English church had made with "popery" gave it, to the

Puritan, only a second-hand shabbiness and disrepute. Puritan scruples rejected the appropriation of Friday as the day for fasts and executions, and substituted Thursday. So we read in the journal that Thursday, October 22, 1702, having been designated for a public fast, "the Governour moved that it might be Friday, saying, 'Let us be Englishmen!' I spake against making any distinction in y^e Days of the Week: Desired y^e same Day of y^e Week might be for Fasts & Thanksgivings." Here is Sewall's method of dealing with the proof sheets of an almanac: "Aug. 18, 1708. Yesterday the Gov^r comitted Mr. Holyoke's Almanack to me; & looking it over this morning, I blotted against Feb. 14th *Valentine*; March 25th *Annunciation of the B. Virgin*; April 24th *Easter*; Sept. 29th *Michaelmas*; Dec. 25th *Christmas*; & no more. *K.C. mart* [King Charles, Martyr] was lined out, before I saw it; I touched it not." Sewall was especially sensitive about the favoritism displayed in the attaching of this title of *Saint*. He had written a vigorous letter to the famous Tutor Flint against it. He records, August 26, 1708, that the tutor, on the way from the Thursday lecture, stopped him in the street, and tried to talk upon the subject. Sewall prevailed on Flint to dine with him, "and after that I and he discoursed alone. He argued that saying *Saint* Luke was an indifferent thing; and twas comonly used; and therefore he might use it. Mr. Brattle [minister of Cambridge] used it. I argued that 'twas not Scriptural; that twas absurd and partial to *Saint* Matthew, &c. and not to say *Saint* Moses, *Saint* Samuel, &c. And if we said *Saint* we must goe thorough, & keep the Holy days a^pointed for them, & turn'd to the Order in the Common Prayer Book." The good judge might discuss this exciting theme calmly with the college officer. But when a fledgeling of the ministry, happening in the pulpit of the South Church a few months after,

touched the sore point, this is the record: "Dec. 5. 1708. Mr. Nathaniel Gookin preached in the forenoon: I think every time he mentioned James, twas with prefixing *Saint*, about 4 or 5 times that I took notice of. I suppose he did it to confront me, & to assert his own Liberty. Probably, he had seen the Letter I writt to Mr. Flint. Spake also of Reverence in God's Worship; he may partly intend being covered in Sermon-Time: It had better becom'd a person of some Age and Authority to have intermeddled in things of such a nature. *Quædam Confidentia non est virtus, at audacia*." The being "covered" with a hat during a long sermon in a cold meeting-house was very desirable for such as did not wear "periwigs," which were Sewall's abhorrence. He mentions that the frozen bread in the sacramental platters "rattled sadly." The judge for many years set the psalm tune and started the pitch in the South Church, occasionally making blunders. He grieved when his voice failed him for this office of piety.

If we should measure the quality and capacity of the good judge's genius by the number and variety of the offices held by him, we should assign to him great versatility. Not only was he an acceptable preacher, at least at private meetings, an accomplished printer, a writer of English and Latin verses, a thrifty merchant, a counselor and judge, but he was also chosen by a company vote as the commander of the artillery company now flourishing in pristine vigor as "The Ancient and Honorable." He was inclined to "disable himself," as not qualified for this martial distinction; but his objections were overruled, and he did his full duty on training-days. As he could pitch a psalm tune, he could probably keep step, and as he had a fine presence, he could grace the parade, while he prayed with and exhorted the company. He certainly was generous in the exercise of the privilege, always

accorded to New England military notables, of "treating" officers and men. If he failed in anything, it was in skill for hitting the mark in target practice. The following extract will present him in his own words, as in command, though admitting that the company kept out of the rain : —

"May 4. 1702. Artillery Company Trains. In the Afternoon went into Common; Major Hobby, Will Duimer, Ned Hutchinson, Oliver Williams and another, Listed. Major Hobby was introduced by Col. Hutchinson, He and I vouch'd for him. Mr. Elisha Cooke jun^r mov'd to be dismiss'd, which when he had paid his Arrears, was granted by Vote with a Hiss. Went to Pollards to avoid the Rain. March'd out and shot at a Mark. Before they began, I told the Comp^{any} that I had call'd them to shoot in October, and had not my self hit the Butt; I was willing to bring my self under a small Fine, such as a single Justice might set; and it should be to him who made the best Shott. Mr. Gerrish and Ensign John Noyes were the competitors, At Pollards, by a Brass Rule, Ens. Noyes's Shot was found to be two inches and a half nearer the centre, than Mr. John Gerrishes; His was on the right side of the Neck; Ensign Noyes's on the Bowels a little on the Left and but very little more than G. on the Right of the middle-Line. When I had heard what could be heard on both sides, I Judg'd for Ensign Noyes, and gave him a Silver cup I had provided engraven

May. 4. 1702.

Euphratem Siccare potes.

Telling him, it was in Token of the value I had for that virtue in others, which I my self could not attain to. March'd into Common and concluded with Pray'r. Pray'd in the morn on the Townhouse, Praying for the Churches by Name. After Dinner, We Sung four staves of the 68th PS. viz. first Part and the 9 and 10th verses of the 2^d with regard to the

plentiful Rain on the 1 and 2 May and now, after great Drought; Mr. Dering mov'd we might sing. Some objected against our singing so much; I answer'd, 'Twas but *Four Deep*. Were Treated at Major Savages."

There is something noteworthy in the circumstances under which Sewall came to hold the highest place in the judiciary of Massachusetts. In its earliest avowals and legislation the colony had given very frank expression to its dislike of professional lawyers and barristers. If it were possible, the colony would have gladly dispensed with their presence and agency here. The first of the profession who came found trouble, and returned to England in disgust, of course publishing a caustic tract about his experiences. In perfect consistency with this prejudice or aversion, when the people or the court of the colony found it necessary to invest any of the magistrates with judicial functions, they seem to have been utterly indifferent to the fact whether their judges or councilors had had any legal or professional education. Neither one of the judges composing the special court of oyer and terminer, constituted in 1692, for the trial of the cases of witchcraft at Salem, had had any legal training, nor did they follow legal methods in their proceedings. Sewall, who was one of these judges, makes no mention whatever in his journal of any study or preparation pursued by him for such an office. Coming to this country in 1661, with his parents, at the age of nine years, and graduating from Harvard in 1671, his first chosen profession was that of the ministry, the prize of ambition here at the time, and as such at first chosen by Lieutenant-Governor and Chief-Justice William Stoughton, by Gurdon Saltonstall, governor of Connecticut, and other leading men. Sewall made subsequent essays as a printer and a merchant. In 1676 he obtained great wealth by marrying the daughter of the mint

master, John Hull, of whom the silly story has obtained traditional currency that he gave the bride, as her dowry, her weight in his pine-tree shillings. Undoubtedly, Sewall's affluence furnished him high patronage, and put him in place on the charter council in 1692. But no hint being given by him as to legal study, we are left entirely to conjecture in tracing the stages or methods by which he became so far qualified for the office of a judge of the highest court in the province as to satisfy others and himself of his competency to fill it. He must have been largely influenced by the unsophisticated simplicity of the conviction that law, justice, and equity were convertible and synonymous terms, and that full qualification to deal with and dispense them came as the endowment of nature to a man of honest heart and intelligent mind. Certainly, neither he nor his associates seem ever to have felt a single misgiving as to their official competency. Sewall mentions, under date of June 4, 1712, the choice by the council of the excellent and able Mr. Thomas Brattle to fill a vacancy in the superior court; but he adds, "Mr. B. denies serving; had not rid 20 miles in 20 years." But he does not set down, what we read on the records of the council, that Mr. Brattle excused himself, not only because "of his bodily infirmities," but also because of "his unacquaintedness with y^e law."

In connection with Sewall's official responsibility in the tragic proceedings against the reputed witches at Salem, following as he did the course of wiser and more famous judges than himself all over Christendom, mention should always be made of his noble attitude and his meek humility when, on the solemn fast day appointed by the province four years after the distressing scenes, and when the spell of the delusion was in a measure broken, he stood in his place in the meeting-house as his pastor read his touching confession and his devout

supplication for forgiveness. The chief-justice, the stern and rigid Stoughton, would not do as much as this, for he said he "had acted under the light which God had given him." It is not by any means, however, to be inferred that Sewall ever ceased to believe in the reality of witchcraft, or the possibility of its guilt being incurred by man or woman. His misgiving came from a mistrust of the sufficiency of the kind of evidence, "the spectral evidence," on which the victims had been convicted.

Many engaging traits appear in the character of the man. His natural gravity and a regard for the dignity of his position might well account for the lack of humor and the absence of anything like levity in his public appearance; but he seems also to have been deficient in mirthfulness and any appreciation of fun. Occasionally he would relax his austerity, and utter what he calls a "pleasancy." He was capable of making a sprightly retort in reply to bantering, and any personal affront was met by him with great dignity towards his equals, and with magisterial rebuke towards any one below him. He candidly records many sharp encounters, especially with the Mathers and his own ministers, and though he fully conformed to the custom of his time and place in deference to the office of the clergy, even when arrogance and assumption were manifested in their behavior, he more than once reminded them of certain virtues which became their calling. Rigid, though not stern, family discipline was with him the first condition of domestic life, and faithfully did he enforce it in every detail of duty. His children were in subjection, and he was a master, though a kind one, of his servants, some of whom, as in the families around him, were negroes or Indians held as property; while he protested and wrote against the holding of human beings in actual bondage as slaves, with no rights of their own. He insist-

ed upon the legalizing of the marriages, the religious education, and all considerate treatment of these subject races.

We have a fair intimation of the abounding creature comforts of the time and place, the products of farm and garden, the sea and tropical commerce, which the well-to-do had in their cellars and closets. Pure wines and spirits, ale and cider, were at hand without stint. Sewall seems to have kept in his house various little luxuries which he carried with him to the sick and the necessitous. Figs, oranges, "marmaleet," "chocolat," Banbury buns, etc., are named among the distributed gifts, easily carried in the capacious pockets of those days. These comforts were often accompanied with the distribution of those sermons and religious tractates, so dismal and juiceless to us, but for which there was then a stimulated appetite, and which were the chief out-goes of the press. Sewall maintained a most generous hospitality, and his guest-chambers were generally well tenanted. He himself was fond of visiting, and his frequent journeyings on his judicial circuits made him a guest at many friendly homes, rendering it pleasant for him to return the obligations thus incurred. The risks encountered and the precautions necessary in traveling at the time gave a zest to excursions not realized in these days. There was an additional glow of comfort in reaching a cheerful home, with its welcome, after a ride on horseback in the cold storm over blind ways, and often unbridged streams. There was more repose than in rural life, though accompanied with what would be to us stagnation. The visit of a friend from a lively sea-port always brought something which was news, however old, and there was opportunity for calm converse and slow digestion which we have lost. The electric wires which flash intelligence for us over sea and land pass through us as well as through space, and use our nerves as batteries. The

excitement furnished to us by the daily report of certified events of startling interest the world over was found by our progenitors in tedious waiting for the verification or disproof of dismal rumors. A reader who may have given his attention to the recent discussions about the use and efficacy of prayer for the sick, and other special petitions, will find on every page of Sewall's journal the tokens of the place which such devout exercises filled in the Puritanism of his days. In each well-regulated household, every member of it being held to the duty of repeated daily devotions in private, the family united at morning and evening, and before and after each meal, in solemn services. Prayers opened and closed the sessions of general and special courts and councils, the daily school exercises, the parade on the training-field. It was, however, in the sick-chamber that recourse was especially had to the helping service of prayer. We marvel over the crowding around of ministers and friends on occasions when, in our view of the proprieties of the scene, or the desirableness of keeping a sufferer calm and still, there ought to have been the hush of quietness and privacy. On every emergency in his household Sewall would haste to call in his own and other ministers, and on his way would engage his friends and neighbors "to go to prayer" for him. His friend, Major Walley, was confined to his chair by some trouble in one of his feet. So we read, "Dec. 31, 1711. Major Walley has Prayer at his house respecting his Foot; began between 2 and 3. p. m. Mr. Pemberton first, Mr. Bridge, Mr. Colman, Mr. Wadsworth, Dr. C. Mather. Mr. W. insisted pretty much, that several in the room might dy before the Major: all of them might. Dr. C. Mather very near y^e Conclusion of his Prayer, said, Probably some remarkable person in the room might dye before Major Walley." It is pleasant to be told that the patient "was easy all the

time of the exercise ; had not one Twinging pain."

In no entry in his journal does the good judge present himself more winningly to our respect and sympathy than in his account of the funeral of his revered mother. He goes to Newbury to attend it on January 15, 1701. His father had died in the May previous, aged eighty-six. Here is the scene : —

"Twas a very pleasant Comfortable day. . . . Went abt 4. p. m. Nathan¹ Bricket taking in hand to fill the Grave, I said, Forbear a little, and suffer me to say That amidst our bereaving sorrows We have the Comfort of beholding this Saint put into the rightfull possession of that Happiness of Living desir'd and dying Lamented. She liv'd comendably Four and Fifty years with her dear husband, and my dear Father : And she could not well brook the being divided from him at her death ; which is the cause of our taking leave of her in this place. She was a true and constant Lover of Gods Word, Worship, and Saints : And she always, with a patient cheerfullness, submitted to the divine Decree of providing Bread for her self and others in the sweat of her Brows. And now her infinitely Gracious and Bountiful Master has promoted her to the Honor of higher Employments, fully and absolutely discharged from all manner of Toil, and Sweat. My honoured and beloved Friends and Neighbours ! My dear Mother never thought much of doing the most frequent and homely offices of Love for me ; and lavish'd away many Thousands of Words upon me, before I could return one word in Answer : And therefore I ask and hope that none will be offended that I have now ventured to speak one word in her behalf ; when shee her self is become speechless. Made a Motion with my hand for the filling of the Grave. Note, I could hardly speak for passion and Tears. Mr. Tappan pray'd with us in the evening."

In the two original portraits which are extant of Judge Sewall, his substantial and dignified presence well befits his high office. His firm but benignant features are crowned with long, gray hair, covered with a black skull-cap. He tells us that he had recourse to this as his locks were thinned by age, and he suffered from draughts of air, especially in the meeting-house. But there was a protest as well as a protection in that skull-cap. One of the falsehoods and shams which he abominated was the periwig, then so generally worn by clergymen, dignitaries, and men of fashion. It grieved him to see a friend of his, of any age, however bald he might be, have recourse to this device. But when one of them cut off a good head of hair, most of all a young man, to don a periwig, the offense to him was most grave. Generally he resented it with much force of speech. Here is his dealing with a son of his pastor, in 1701, three years after his graduation at Harvard, where he was librarian and tutor :

"Tuesday, June, 10th. Having last night heard that Josiah Willard had cut off his hair (a very full head of hair) and put on a Wigg, I went to him this morning. Told his Mother what I came about, and she call'd him. I enquired of him what Extremity had forced him to put off his own hair, and put on a Wigg? He answered, none at all. But said that his Hair was streight, and that it parted behinde. Seem'd to argue that men might as well shave their hair off their head, as off their face. I answered men were men before they had hair on their faces (half of mankind have never any). God seems to have ordain'd our Hair as a Test, to see whether we can bring our minds to be content to be at his finding ; or whether we would be our own Carvers, Lords, and come no more at Him. If disliked our Skin, or Nails ; 'tis no Thanks to us, that for all that, we cut them not off : Pain and danger restrain us. Your calling is to

teach men self Denial. Twill be displeasing and burdensom to good men: And they that care not what men think of them care not what God thinks of them. Father, Bro^r Simon, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Wigglesworth, Oakes, Noyes (Oliver), Brattle of Cambridge their example. Allow me to be so far a *Censor Morum* for this end of the Town. Pray'd him to read the Tenth Chapter of the Third book of Calvins Institutions. I read it this morning in course, not of choice. Told him that it was condemn'd by a Meeting of Ministers at Northampton in Mr. Stoddards house,

when the said Josiah was there. Told him of the solemnity of the Covenant which he and I had lately entered into, which put me upon discoursing to him. He seem'd to say would leave off his Wigg when his hair was grown. I spake to his Father of it a day or two after: He thank'd me that had discoursed his Son, and told me that when his hair was grown to cover his ears, he promis'd to leave off his Wigg. If he had known of it, would have forbidden him. His Mother heard him talk of it; but was afraid positively to forbid him; lest he should do it, and so be more faulty."

George E. Ellis.

IF I SHOULD LOSE THEE.

I.

IF I should lose thee, darling, and behold
 No more thy pallid brow, thy gentle eyes, —
 This still unvanquished thought in wondrous guise
 Returns to haunt me. On a cloud of gold
 Amid the shining vastness of the spheres
 I saw thee standing, while with helpless tears
 I clung unto thy feet. The huge globes rolled
 With strident noises onward, and the bright
 And void, compassionless eternity
 Beat with its deepening vistas on my sight;
 When, lo! my hands wherewith I clung to thee
 Grew weak, and with a speed no eye could trace
 I sank through all the barren realms of space.

II.

I saw thee drifting, drifting far away,
 And fading slowly from my famished eyes,
 Like as a star that in the sun-bathed skies
 Grows faint and flickers with unsteady ray,
 Till 'mid the bright expanses of the day
 Its slender life is quenched. "Oh, thou art lost
 To me, and on this aimless whirlwind tossed
 My wandering soul forevermore will stray,
 Forever seeking thee, forevermore!"
 Thus in the depth of my despair I cried,
 And echoes from some sounding planet bore
 My voice, on trembling pinions, far and wide.

Then desolation round about me spread,
Until methought that God himself were dead.

III.

I wonder oft why God, who is so good,
Has barred so close, so close the gates of death.
I stand and listen with suspended breath
While night and silence round about me brood,
If then perchance some spirit whisper would
Grow audible and pierce my torpid sense.
And oft I feel a presence veiled, intense,
That pulses softly through the solitude;
But as my soul leaps quivering to my ear
To grasp the potent message, all takes flight,
And from the fields and woods I only hear
The murmurous chorus of the summer night.
I am as one that's dead—yet in his gloom
Feels faintly song of birds above his tomb.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THE SOUTH DEVIL.

On the afternoon of the 23d of December, the thermometer marked eighty-six degrees in the shade on the outside wall of Mark Deal's house. Mark Deal's brother, lying on the white sand, his head within the line of shadow cast by a live-oak, but all the remainder of his body full in the hot sunshine, basked like a chameleon, and enjoyed the heat. Mark Deal's brother spent much of his time basking. He always took the live-oak for a head-protector; but gave himself variety by trying new radiations around the tree, his crossed legs and feet stretching from it in a slightly different direction each day, as the spokes of a wheel radiate from the hub. The live-oak was a symmetrical old tree, standing by itself; having always had sufficient space, its great arms were straight, stretching out evenly all around, densely covered with the small, dark, leathery leaves, unnotched and uncut, which are as unlike the Northern oak-leaf as the leaf of the willow is unlike

that of the sycamore. Behind the live-oak, two tall, ruined chimneys and a heap of white stones marked where the mansion-house had been. The old tree had watched its foundations laid; had shaded its blank, white front and little hanging balcony above; had witnessed its destruction, fifty years before, by the Indians; and had mounted guard over its remains ever since, alone as far as man was concerned, until this year, when a tenant had arrived, Mark Deal, and, somewhat later, Mark Deal's brother.

The ancient tree was Spanish to the core; it would have resented the sacrifice to the tips of its small acorns, if the new-comer had laid hands upon the dignified old ruin it guarded. The new-comer, however, entertained no such intention; a small out-building, roofless, but otherwise in good condition, on the opposite side of the circular space, attracted his attention, and became mentally his residence, as soon as his eyes fell upon it, he meanwhile standing with

his hands in his pockets, surveying the place critically. It was the old Monteano plantation, and he had taken it for a year.

The venerable little out-building was now firmly roofed with new, green boards; its square windows, destitute of sash or glass, possessed new wooden shutters hung by strips of deer's hide; new steps led up to its two rooms, elevated four feet above the ground. But for a door it had only a red cotton curtain, now drawn forward and thrown carelessly over a peg on the outside wall, a spot of vivid color on its white. Underneath the windows hung flimsy strips of bark covered with brightly-hued flowers.

"They won't live," said Mark Deal.

"Oh, I shall put in fresh ones every day or two," answered his brother. It was he who had wanted the red curtain.

As he basked, motionless, in the sunshine, it could be noted that this brother was a slender youth, with long, pale-yellow hair,—hair fine, thin, and dry, the kind that crackles if the comb is passed rapidly through it. His face in sleep was pale and wizened, with deep purple shadows under the closed eyes; his long hands were stretched out on the white, hot sand in the blaze of the sunshine, which, however, could not alter their look of blue-white cold. The sunken chest and blanched temples told of illness; but if cure were possible, it would be gained from this soft, balmy, fragrant air, now soothing his sore lungs. He slept on in peace; and an old green chameleon came down from the tree, climbed up on the sleeve of his brown sack-coat, occupied himself for a moment in changing his own miniature hide to match the cloth, swelled out his scarlet throat, caught a fly or two, and then, pleasantly established, went to sleep also in company. Butterflies, in troops of twenty or thirty, danced in the golden air; there was no sound. Everything was hot and soft and brightly colored.

Winter? Who knew of winter here? Labor? What was labor? This was the land and the sky and the air of never-ending rest.

Yet one man was working there, and working hard, namely, Mark Deal. His little central plaza, embracing perhaps an acre, was surrounded when he first arrived by a wall of green, twenty feet high. The sweet orange-trees, crape-myrtles, oleanders, guavas, and limes planted by the Spaniards had been, during the fifty years, conquered and partially enslaved by a wilder growth,—andromedas, dahoons, bayberries, and the old-field loblollies, the whole bound together by the tangled vines of the jessamine and armed smilax, with bear-grass and the dwarf-palmetto below. Climbing the central live-oak, Deal had found, as he expected, traces of the six paths which had once led from this little plaza to the various fields and the sugar plantation, their course still marked by the tops of the bitter-sweet orange-trees, which showed themselves glossily, in regular lines, amid the duller foliage around them. He took their bearings and cut them out slowly, one by one. Now the low-arched aisles, eighty feet in length, were clear, with the thick leaves interlacing overhead, and the daylight shining through at their far ends, golden against the green. Here, where the north path terminated, Deal was now working.

He was a man slightly below middle height, broad-shouldered, and muscular, with the outlines which are called thick-set. He appeared forty-five, and was not quite thirty-five. Although weather-beaten and bronzed, there was yet a pinched look in his face, which was peculiar. He was working in an old field, preparing it for sweet-potatoes,—those omnipresent, monotonous vegetables of Florida which will grow anywhere, and which at last, with their ugly, gray-mottled skins, are regarded with absolute aversion by the Northern visitor.

The furrows of half a century before were still visible in the field. No frost had disturbed the winterless earth; no atom had changed its place, save where the gopher had burrowed beneath, or the snake left its waving trail above in the sand which constitutes the strange, white, desolate soil, wherever there is what may be called by comparison solid ground, in the lake-dotted, sieve-like land. There are many such traces of former cultivation in Florida: we come suddenly upon old tracks, furrows, and drains in what we thought primeval forest; rose-bushes run wild and distorted old fig-trees meet us in a jungle where we supposed no white man's foot had ever before penetrated; the ruins of a chimney gleam whitely through a waste of thorny *chaparral*. It is all natural enough, if one stops to remember that fifty years before the first settlement was made in Virginia, and sixty-three before the Mayflower touched the shores of the New World, there were flourishing Spanish plantations on this Southern coast, — more flourishing, apparently, than any the indolent peninsula has since known. But one does not stop to remember it; the belief is imbedded in all our Northern hearts that because the narrow, sun-bathed State is far away and wild and empty, it is also new and virgin, like the lands of the West; whereas it is old, — the only gray-haired corner our country holds.

Mark Deal worked hard. Perspiration beaded his forehead and cheeks, and rolled from his short, thick, red-brown hair. He worked in this way every day, from daylight until dusk; and was probably the only white man in the State who did. When his task was finished, he made a circuit around the belt of thicket through which the six paths ran to his orange-grove on the opposite side. On the way he skirted an edge of the sugar plantation, now a wide, empty waste, with the old elevated causeway still running across it. On its far

edge loomed the great cypresses of South Devil, a swamp forty miles long; there was a sister, West Devil, not far away, equally beautiful, dark, and deadly. Beyond the sugar waste were the indigo-fields, still fenced by their old ditches. Then came the orange-grove; luxuriant, shady word, — the orange-grove!

It was a space of level white sand, sixty feet square, fertilized a century before with pounded oyster-shells, in the Spanish fashion. Planted in even rows across it, tied to stakes, were slips of green stem, each with three leaves, — forlorn little plants, five or six inches in height. But the stakes were new and square and strong, and rose to Deal's shoulder; they were excellent stakes, and made quite a grove of themselves, firm, if somewhat bare.

Deal worked in his grove until sunset; then he shouldered his tools and went homeward through one of the arched aisles to the little plaza within, where stood his two-roomed house with its red cotton door. His brother was still sleeping on the sand; at least, his eyes were closed. Deal put his tools in a rack behind the house, and then crossed to where he lay.

"You should not sleep here after sunset, Carl," he said, somewhat roughly. "You know better; why do you do it?"

"I'm not asleep," answered the other, sitting up, and then slowly getting on his feet. "Heigh-ho! What are you going to have for dinner?"

"You are tired, Carl; and I see the reason. You have been in the swamp." Deal's eyes as he spoke were fixed upon the younger man's shoes, where traces of the ink-black soil of South Devil were plainly visible.

Carl laughed. "Can't keep anything from your Yankee eyes, can I, Mark?" he said. "But I only went a little way."

"It is n't the distance, it's the folly," said Mark, shortly, going towards the house.

"I never pretended to be wise," an-

swered Carl, slouching along behind him, with his hands wrapped in his blue cotton handkerchief, arranged like a muff.

Although Deal worked hard in his fields all day, he did not cook. In a third out-building lived a gray-headed old negro with one eye, who cooked for the new tenant, — and cooked well. His name was Scipio, but Carl called him Africanus; he said it was equally appropriate, and sounded more impressive. Scip's kitchen was out-of-doors, — simply an old Spanish chimney. His kettle and few dishes, when not in use, hung on the sides of this chimney, which now, all alone in the white sand, like an obelisk, cooked solemnly the old negro's messes, as half a century before it had cooked the more dignified repasts of the dead hidalgos. The brothers ate in the open air also, sitting at a rough board table which Mark had made, behind the house. They had breakfast soon after daylight, and at sunset dinner; in the middle of the day they took only fruit and bread.

"Day after to-morrow will be Christmas," said Carl, leaving the table and lighting his long pipe. "What are you going to do?"

"I had not thought of doing anything in particular."

"Well, at least don't work on Christmas Day."

"What would you have me do?"

Carl took his pipe from his mouth, and gazed at his brother in silence for a moment. "Go into the swamp with me," he urged, with sudden vehemence. "Come, — for the whole day!"

Deal was smoking, too, — a short clay pipe, very different from the huge, fantastic, carved bowl with long stem which weighed down Carl's thin mouth. "I don't know what to do with you, boy. You are mad about the swamp," he said, smoking on calmly.

They were sitting in front of the house now, in two chairs tilted back against its wall. The dark, odorous

earth looked up to the myriad stars, but was not lighted by them; a soft, languorous gloom lay over the land. Carl brushed away the ashes from his pipe impatiently.

"It's because you can't understand," he said. "The swamp haunts me. I *must* see it once; you will be wise to let me see it once. We might go through in a canoe together, by the branch; the branch goes through."

"The water goes, no doubt, but a canoe could n't."

"Yes, it could, with an axe. It has been done. They used to go up to San Miguel that way, sometimes, from here; it shortens the distance more than half."

"Who told you all this, — Scip?"

"Oh, Africanus has seen several centuries; the Spaniards were living here only fifty years ago, you know, and that's nothing to him. He remembers the Indian attack."

"Ponce de Leon, too, I suppose; or, to go back to the old country, Cleopatra. But you must give up the swamp, Carl. I positively forbid it. The air inside is thick and deadly, to say nothing of the other dangers. How do you suppose it gained its name?"

"Diabolus is common enough as a title among Spaniards and Italians; it don't mean anything. The prince of darkness never lives in the places called by his name; he likes baptized cities better."

"Death lives there, however; and I brought you down here to cure you."

"I'm all right. See how much stronger I am! I shall soon be quite well again, old man," answered Carl, with the strange, sanguine faith of the consumptive.

The next day Deal worked very hard. He had a curious, inflexible, possibly narrow, kind of conscience, which required him to do double duty to-day, in order to make up for the holiday granted to Carl to-morrow. There was no

task-master over him; even the seasons were not task-masters here. But so immovable were his own rules for himself that nothing could have induced him to abate one jot of the task he had laid out in his own mind, when he started afield at dawn.

When he returned home at sunset, somewhat later than usual, Carl was absent. Old Scipio could give no information; he had not seen "young marse" since early morning. Deal put up his tools, ate something, and then, with a flask in his pocket, a fagot of light-wood torches bound on his back, and one of these brilliant, natural flambeaux in his hand, he started away on his search, going down one of the orange aisles, the light gleaming back through the arch until he reached the far end, when it disappeared. He crossed an old indigo field, and pushed his way through its hedge of Spanish bayonets, while the cacti sown along the ridge — small, flat green plates with white spines, like hideous tufted insects — fastened themselves viciously on the strong leather of his high boots. Then, reaching the sugar waste, he advanced a short distance on the old causeway, knelt down, and in the light of the torch examined its narrow, sandy level. Yes, there were the foot-prints he had feared to find. Carl had gone again into the poisonous swamp, — the beautiful, deadly South Devil. And this time he had not come back.

The elder brother rose, and with the torch held downward slowly traced the foot-marks. There was a path, or rather trail, leading in a short distance. The foot-prints followed it as far as it went, and the brother followed the foot-prints, the red glare of the torch foreshortening each swollen, gray-white cypress trunk, and giving to the dark, hidden pools below bright gleamings which they never had by day. He soon came to the end of the trail; here he stopped and shouted loudly several times, with pauses between for answer. No answer came.

"But I know the trick of this thick air," he said to himself. "One can't hear anything in a cypress swamp."

He was now obliged to search closely for the foot-prints, pausing at each one, having no idea in which direction the next would tend. The soil did not hold the impressions well; it was not mud or mire, but wet, spongy, fibrous black earth, thinly spread over the hard roots of trees, which protruded in distorted shapes in every direction. He traced what seemed foot-marks across an open space, and then lost them on the brink of a dark pool. If Carl had kept on, he must have crossed this pool; but how? On the sharp cypress-knees standing sullenly in the claret-colored water? He went all around the open space again, seeking for foot-marks elsewhere; but no, they ended at the edge of the pool. Cutting a long stick, he made his way across by its aid, stepping from knee-point to knee-point. On the other side he renewed his search for the trail, and after some labor found it, and went on again.

He toiled forward slowly in this way a long time, his course changing often; Carl's advance seemed to have been aimless. Then, suddenly, the foot-prints ceased. There was not another one visible anywhere, though he searched in all directions again and again. He looked at his watch; it was midnight. He hallooed; no reply. What could have become of the lad? He now began to feel his own fatigue; after the long day of toil in the hot sun, these hours of laboring over the ground in a bent position, examining it inch by inch, brought on pains in his shoulders and back. Planting the torch he was carrying in the soft soil of a little knoll, he placed another one near it, and sat down between the two flames to rest for a minute or two, pouring out for himself a little brandy in the bottom of the cup belonging to his flask. He kept strict watch as he did this. Venomous things, large and

small, filled the vines above, and might drop at any moment upon him. But he had quick eyes and ears, and no intention of dying in the South Devil; so while he watched keenly, he took the time to swallow the brandy. After a moment or two he was startled by a weak human voice, saying, with faint decision, "*That's brandy!*"

"I should say it was," called Deal, springing to his feet. "Where are you, then?"

"Here."

The rescuer followed the sound, and, after one or two errors, came upon the body of his brother lying on a dank mat of water-leaves and ground-vines at the edge of a pool. In the red light of the torch he looked as though he was dead; his eyes only were alive.

"Brandy," he said again, faintly, as Deal appeared.

After he had swallowed a small quantity of the stimulant, he revived with unexpected swiftness.

"I have been shouting for you not fifty feet away," said Deal; "how is it that you did not hear?" Then in the same breath, in a soft undertone, he added, "Ah-h-h-h!" and without stirring a hair's-breadth from where he stood, or making an unnecessary motion, he slowly drew forth his pistol, took careful aim, and fired. He was behind his brother, who lay with closed eyes, not noticing the action.

"What have you killed?" asked Carl languidly. "I've seen nothing but birds; and the most beautiful ones, too."

"A moccasin, — that's all," said Deal, kicking the dead creature into the pool. He did not add that the snake was coiled for a spring. "Let us get back to the little knoll where I was, Carl; it's drier there."

"I don't think I can walk, old man. I fell from the vines up there, and something's the matter with my ankles."

"Well, I can carry you that distance," said Deal. "Put your arms

around my neck, and raise yourself as I lift you, — so."

The burning flambeau on the knoll served as a guide, and, after one or two pauses, owing to the treacherous footing, the elder brother succeeded in carrying the other thither. He then took off the light woolen coat he had put on before entering the swamp, spread it over the driest part of the little knoll, and laid Carl upon it.

"If you cannot walk," he said, "we shall have to wait here until daylight. I could not carry you and the torch also; and the footing is bad, — there are twenty pools to cross, or go around. Fortunately, we have light-wood enough to burn all night."

He lit fresh torches and arranged them at the four corners of their little knoll; then he began to pace slowly to and fro, like a picket walking his beat.

"What were you doing up among those vines?" he asked. He knew that it would be better for them both if they could keep themselves awake; those who fell asleep in the night air of South Devil generally awoke the next morning in another world.

"I climbed up a ladder of vines to gather some of the great red blossoms swinging in the air; and once up, I went along on the mat to see what I could find. It's beautiful there, — fairy-land. You can't see anything down below, but above the long moss hangs in fine, silvery lines like spray from ever so high up, and mixed with it air-plants, sheafs, and bells of scarlet and cream-colored blossoms. I sat there a long time looking, and I suppose I must have dozed; for I don't know when I fell."

"You did not hear me shout?"

"No. The first consciousness I had was the odor of brandy."

"The odor reached you, and the sound did not: that is one of the tricks of such air as this! You must have climbed up, I suppose, at the place where I lost the trail. What time did you come in?"

"I don't know," murmured Carl drowsily.

"Look here! you *must* keep awake!"

"I can't," answered the other.

Deal shook him, but could not rouse him even to anger. He only opened his blue eyes and looked reproachfully at his brother, but as though he was a long distance off. Then Deal lifted him up, uncorked the flask, and put it to his lips.

"Drink!" he said, loudly and sternly; and mechanically Carl obeyed. Once or twice his head moved aside, as if refusing more; but Deal again said, "Drink!" and without pity made the sleeper swallow every drop the flask contained. Then he laid him down upon the coat again, and covered his face and head with his own broad-brimmed palmetto hat, Carl's hat having been lost. He had done all he could, — changed the lethargy of the South Devil into the sleep of drunkenness, the last named at least a human slumber. He was now left to keep the watch alone.

During the first half hour a dozen red and green things, of the centipede and scorpion kind, stupefied by the glare of the torches, fell from the trees; and he dispatched them. Next, enormous grayish-white spiders, in color exactly like the bark, moved slowly one furred leg into view, and then another, on the trunks of the cypresses near by, gradually coming wholly into the light, — creatures covering a circumference as large as that of a plate. At length the cypresses all around the knoll were covered with them; and they all seemed to be watching him. He was not watching the spiders, however; he cared very little for the spiders. His eyes were upon the ground all the time, moving along the borders of his little knoll fort. It was bounded on two sides by pools, in whose dark depths he knew moccasins were awake, watching the light too with whatever of curiosity belongs to a snake's cold brain. His torches aroused them; and yet darkness would have been worse.

In the light he could at least see them, if they glided forth and tried to ascend the brilliant knoll. After a while they began to rise to the surface; he could distinguish portions of their bodies in waving lines, moving noiselessly hither and thither, appearing and disappearing suddenly, until the pools around seemed alive with them. There was not a sound; the soaked forest stood motionless. The absolute stillness made the quick gliding motions of the moccasins even more horrible. Yet Deal had no instinctive dread of snakes. The terrible "coach-whip," the deadly and grotesque spread-adder, the rattlesnake of the barrens, and these great moccasins of the pools were endowed with no imaginary horrors in his eyes. He accepted them as nature made them, and not as man's fancy painted them; it was only their poison fangs he feared.

"If the sea-crab could sting, how hideous we should think him! If the lobster had a deadly venom, how devilish his shape would seem to us!" he said.

But now no imagination was required to make the moccasins terrible. His revolver carried six balls; and he had already used one of them. Four hours must pass before dawn; there could be no unnecessary shooting. The creatures might even come out, and move along the edge of his knoll; only when they showed an intention of coming up the slope must their gliding life be ended. The moccasin is not a timorous or quick-nerved snake; in a place like the South Devil, when a human foot or boat approaches, generally he does not stir. His great body, sometimes over six feet in length, and thick and fat in the middle, lies on a log or at the edge of a pool, seemingly too lazy to move. But none the less, when roused, is his coil sudden and his long spring sure; his venom is deadly. After a time one of the creatures did come out and glide along the edge of the knoll. He went back into the water; but a second came out on the

other side. During the night Deal killed three; he was an excellent marksman, and picked them off easily as they crossed his dead-line.

"Fortunately they come one by one," he said to himself. "If there was any concert of action among them, I could n't hold the place a minute."

As the last hour began, the long hour before dawn, he felt the swamp lethargy stealing into his own brain; he saw the trees and torches doubled. He walked to and fro more quickly, and sang to keep himself awake. He knew only a few old-fashioned songs, and the South Devil heard that night, probably for the first time in its tropical life, the ancient Northern strains of "Gayly the Troubadour touched his guitar." Deal was no troubadour, and he had no guitar. But he sang on bravely, touching that stringed instrument, vocally at least, and bringing himself "home from the war" over and over again, until at last faint dawn penetrated from above down to the knoll where the four torches were burning. They were the last torches, and Deal was going through his sixtieth rehearsal of the Troubadour; but, instead of "Lady-love, lady-lo-o-o-ve," whom he apostrophized, a large moccasin rose from the pool, as if in answer. She might have been the queen of the moccasins, and beautiful—to moccasin eyes; but to Deal she was simply the largest and most hideous of all the snake visions of the night. He gave her his fifth ball, full in her mistaken brain; and if she had admired him (or the Troubadour), she paid for it with her life.

This was the last. Daylight appeared. The watchman put out his torches, and roused the sleeper. "Carl! Carl! It's daylight. Let us get out of this confounded crawling hole, and have a breath of fresh air."

Carl stirred, and opened his eyes; they were heavy and dull. His brother lifted him, told him to hold on tightly, and started with his burden towards

home. The snakes had disappeared, the gray spiders had vanished; he could see his way now, and he followed his own trail, which he had taken care to make distinct when he came in, the night before. But, loaded down as he was, and obliged to rest frequently and also to go around all the pools, hours passed before he reached the last cypresses and came out on the old causeway across the sugar waste.

It was Christmas morning; the thermometer stood at eighty-eight.

Carl slept off his enforced drunkenness in his hammock. Mark, having bandaged his brother's strained ankles, threw himself upon his rude couch, and fell into a heavy slumber also. He slept until sunset; then he rose, plunged his head into a tub of the limpid, pure, but never cold water of Florida, drawn from his shallow well, and went out to the chimney to see about dinner. The chimney was doing finely: a fiery plume of sparks waved from its white top, a red bed of coals glowed below. Scip moved about with as much equanimity as though he had a row of kitchen tables upon which to arrange his pans and dishes, instead of ruined blocks of stone, under the open sky. The dinner was good. Carl, awake at last, was carried out to the table to enjoy it, and then brought back to his chair in front of the house to smoke his evening pipe.

"I must make you a pair of crutches," said Deal.

"One will do; my right ankle is not much hurt, I think."

The fall, the air of the swamp, and the inward drenching of brandy had left Carl looking much as usual; the tenacious disease that held him swallowed the lesser ills. But for the time, at least, his wandering footsteps were stayed.

"I suppose there is no use in my asking, Carl, *why* you went in there?" said Deal, after a while.

"No, there is n't. I'm haunted, — that's all."

"But what is it that haunts you?"

"Sounds. *You* could n't understand, though, if I was to talk all night."

"Perhaps I could; perhaps I can understand more than you imagine. I'll tell you a story, presently; but first you must explain to me, at least as well as you can, what it is that attracts you in South Devil."

"Oh—well," said Carl, with a long, impatient sigh, closing his eyes wearily. "I am a musician, you know, a musician *manqué*; a musician who can't play. Something's the matter; I *hear* music, but cannot bring it out. And I know so well what it ought to be, ought to be and is n't, that I've broken my violin in pieces a dozen times in my rages about it. Now, other fellows in orchestras, who *don't* know, get along very well. But I could n't. I've thought at times that, although I cannot sound what I hear with my own hands, perhaps I could *write* it out so that other men could sound it. The idea has never come to anything definite yet,—that is, what *you* would call definite; but it haunts me persistently, and *now* it has got into that swamp. The wish," here Carl laid down his great pipe, and pressed his hand eagerly upon his brother's knee,— "the wish that haunts me—drives me—is to write out the beautiful music of the South Devil, the sounds one hears in there"—

"But there are no sounds."

"No sounds? You must be deaf! The air fairly reeks with sounds, with harmonies. But there,—I told you you could n't understand." He leaned back against the wall again, and took up the great pipe, which looked as though it must consume whatever small store of strength remained to him.

"Is it what is called an opera you want to write, like—like the Creation, for instance?" asked Deal. The Creation was the only long piece of music he had ever heard.

Carl groaned. "Oh, *don't* talk of it!"

he said; then added, irritably, "It's a song, that's all,—the song of a Southern swamp."

"Call it by its real name, Devil," said the elder brother, grimly.

"I would, if I was rich enough to have a picture painted,—the Spirit of the Swamp,—a beautiful woman, falsely called a devil by cowards, dark, languorous, mystical, sleeping among the vines I saw up there, with the great red blossoms dropping around her."

"And the great mottled snakes coiling over her?"

"I did n't see any snakes."

"Well," said Mark, refilling his pipe, "now I'm going to tell you *my* story. When I met you on that windy pier at Exton, and proposed that you should come down here with me, I was coming myself, in any case, was n't I? And why? I wanted to get to a place where I could be warm,—warm, hot, baked; warm through and through; warm all the time. I wanted to get to a place where the very ground was warm. And *now*—I'll tell you why."

He rose from his seat, laid down his pipe, and, extending his hand, spoke for about fifteen minutes without pause. Then he turned, went back hastily to the old chimney, where red coals still lingered, and sat down close to the glow, leaving Carl wonder-struck in his tilted chair. The elder man leaned over the fire and held his hands close to the coals; Carl watched him. It was nine o'clock, and the thermometer marked eighty.

For nearly a month after Christmas, life on the old plantation went on without event or disaster. Carl, with his crutch and cane, could not walk far; his fancy now was to limp through the east orange aisle to the place of tombs, and sit there for hours, playing softly, what might be called crooning, on his violin. The place of tombs was a small, circular space surrounded by wild orange-trees in a close, even row like a hedge; here were four tombs, massive, oblong blocks

of the white conglomerate of the coast, too coarse-grained to hold inscription or mark of any kind. Who the old Spaniards were whose bones lay beneath, and what names they bore in the flesh, no one knew; all record was lost. Outside in the wild thicket was a tomb still more ancient, and of different construction: four slabs of stone, uncovered, about three feet high, rudely but firmly placed, as though inclosing a coffin. In the earth between these low walls grew a venerable cedar; but, old as it was, it must have been planted by chance or by hand after the human body beneath had been laid in its place.

"Why do you come here?" said Deal, pausing and looking into the place of tombs, one morning, on his way to the orange-grove. "There are plenty of pleasanter spots about."

"No; I like this better," answered Carl, without stopping the low chant of his violin. "Besides, they like, it too."

"Who?"

"The old fellows down below. The chap outside there, who must have been an Aztec, I suppose, and the original proprietor, catches a little of it; but I generally limp over and give him a tune to himself before going home. I have to imagine the Aztec style."

Mark gave a short laugh, and went on to his work. But he knew the real reason for Carl's fancy for the place: between the slim, clean trunks of the orange-trees, the long green line of South Devil bounded the horizon, the flat tops of the cypresses far above against the sky, and the vines and silver moss filling the space below, — a luxuriant wall across the broad, thinly-treed expanses of the pine barrens.

One evening in January Deal came homeward as usual at sunset, and found a visitor. Carl introduced him. "My friend Schwartz," he said. Schwartz merited his name; he was dark in complexion, hair, and eyes, and if he had any aims they were dark also. He was

full of anecdotes and jests, and Carl laughed heartily; Mark had never heard him laugh in that way before. The elder brother ordered a good supper, and played the host as well as he could; but, in spite of the anecdotes, he did not altogether like friend Schwartz. Early the next morning, while the visitor was still asleep, he called Carl outside, and asked in an undertone who he was.

"Oh, I met him first in Berlin, and afterwards I knew him in New York," said Carl. "All the orchestra fellows know Schwartz."

"Is he a musician, then?"

"Not exactly; but he used to be always around, you know."

"How comes he down here?"

"Just chance. He had an offer from a sort of a — of a restaurant, up in San Miguel, a new place recently opened. The other day he happened to find out that I was here, and so came down to see me."

"How did he find out?"

"I suppose you gave our names to the agent when you took the place, did n't you?"

"I gave mine; and — yes, I think I mentioned you."

"If you did n't, I mentioned myself. I was at San Miguel two weeks, you remember, while you were making ready down here; and I venture to say almost everybody remembers Carl Brenner."

Mark smiled. Carl's fixed, assured self-conceit in the face of the utter failure he had made of his life did not annoy, but rather amused him; it seemed part of the lad's nature.

"I don't want to grudge you your amusement, Carl," he said; "but I don't much like this Schwartz of yours."

"He won't stay; he has to go back to-day. He came in a cart with a man from San Miguel, who, by some rare chance, had an errand down this forgotten, God-forsaken, dead-alive old road. The man will pass by on his way

home this afternoon, and Schwartz is to meet him at the edge of the barren."

"Have an early dinner, then; there are birds and venison, and there is lettuce enough for a salad. Scip can make you some coffee."

But although he thus proffered his best, none the less did the elder brother take with him the key of the little chest which contained his small store of brandy and the two or three bottles of orange wine which he had brought down with him from San Miguel.

After he had gone, Schwartz and Carl strolled around the plantation in the sunshine. Schwartz did not care to sit down among Carl's tombs; he said they made him feel moldy. Carl argued the point with him in vain, and then gave it up, and took him around to the causeway across the sugar waste, where they stretched themselves out in the shade cast by the ruined wall of the old mill.

"What brought this brother of yours away down here?" asked the visitor, watching a chameleon on the wall near by. "See that little beggar swelling out his neck!"

"He's catching flies. In a storm they will come and hang themselves by one paw on our windows, and the wind will blow them out like dead leaves, and rattle them about, and they'll never move. But when the sun shines out, there they are all alive again."

"But about your brother?"

"He is n't my brother."

"What?"

"My mother, a widow, named Brenner, with one son, Carl, married his father, a widower, named Deal, with one son, Mark. There you have the whole."

"He is a great deal older than you. I suppose he has been in the habit of assisting you?"

"Never saw him in my life until this last October, when, one windy day, he found me coughing on the Exton pier; and, soon afterward, he brought me down here."

"Came, then, on your account?"

"By no means; he was coming himself. It's a queer story; I'll tell it to you. It seems he went with the Kenton Arctic expedition,—you remember it? Two of the ships were lost; his was one. But I'll have to get up and say it as he did." Here Carl rose, put down his pipe, extended one hand stiffly in a fixed position, and went on speaking, his very voice, by force of the natural powers of mimicry he possessed, sounding like Mark's:—

"We were a company of eight when we started away from the frozen hulk, which would never see clear water under her bows again. Once before we had started, thirty-five strong, and had come back thirteen. Five had died in the old ship, and now the last survivors were again starting forth. We drew a sledge behind us, carrying our provisions and the farcical records of the expedition which had ended in death, as they must all end. We soon lose sight of the vessel. It was our only shelter, and we look back; then, at each other. 'Cheer up!' says one. 'Take this extra skin, Mark; I am stronger than you.' It's Procter's voice that speaks. Ten days go by. There are only five of us now, and we are walking on doggedly across the ice, the numbing ice, the killing ice, the never-ending, gleaming, taunting, devilish ice. We have left the sledge behind. No trouble now for each to carry his share of food, it is so light. Now we walk together for a while; now we separate, sick of seeing one another's pinched faces, but we keep within call. On the eleventh day a wind rises; bergs come sailing into view. One moves down upon us. Its peak shining in the sunshine far above is nothing to the great mass that moves on under the water. Our ice-field breaks into a thousand pieces. We leap from block to block; we cry aloud in our despair; we call to each other, and curse, and pray. But the strips of dark water widen between

us; our ice-islands grow smaller; and a current bears us onward. We can no longer keep in motion, and freeze as we stand. Two float near each other as darkness falls: 'Cheer up, Mark, cheer up!' cries one, and throws his flask across the gap between. Again it is Procter's voice that speaks.

"In the morning only one is left alive. The others are blocks of ice, and float around in the slow eddy, each solemnly staring, one foot advanced, as if still keeping up the poor cramped steps with which he had fought off death. The one who is still alive floats around and around, with these dead men standing stiffly on their islands, all day, sometimes so near them that the air about him is stirred by their icy forms as they pass. At evening his cake drifts away through an opening towards the south, and he sees them no more, save that after him follows his dead friend, Procter, at some distance behind. As night comes, the figure seems to wave its rigid hand in the distance, and cry from its icy throat, 'Cheer up, Mark, and goodbye!'"

Here Carl stopped, rubbed his hands, shivered, and looked to see how his visitor took the narrative.

"It's a pretty cold story," said Schwartz, "even in this broiling sun. So he came down here to get a good, full warm, did he? He's got the cash, I suppose, to pay for his fancies."

"I don't call that a fancy, exactly," said Carl, seating himself on the hot white sand in the sunshine, with his thin hands clasped around his knees. "As to cash,—I don't know. He works very hard."

"He works because he likes it," said Schwartz, contemptuously; "he looks like that sort of a man. But, at any rate, he don't make *you* work much!"

"He *is* awfully good to me," admitted Carl.

"It isn't on account of your beauty."

"Oh, I'm good-looking enough in my way," replied the youth. "I acknowledge it is n't a common way; like yours, for instance." As he spoke, he passed his hand through his thin light hair, drew the ends of the long locks forward, and examined them admiringly.

"As he never saw you before, it could n't have been brotherly love," pursued the other. "I suppose it was pity."

"No, it was n't pity, either, you old blockhead," said Carl, laughing. "He *likes* to have me with him; he *likes* me."

"I see that myself, and that's exactly the point. Why should he? You have n't any inheritance to will to him, have you?"

"My violin, and the clothes on my back. I believe that's all," answered Carl, lightly. He took off his palmetto hat, made a pillow of it, and stretched himself out at full length, closing his eyes.

"Well, give *me* a brother with cash, and I'll go to sleep, too," said Schwartz. When Deal came home at sunset, the dark-skinned visitor was gone.

But he came again; and this time stayed three days. Mark allowed it, for Carl's sake. All he said was, "He cannot be of much use in the restaurant up there. What is he? Cook? Or waiter?"

"Oh, Schwartz is n't a servant, old fellow. He helps entertain the guests."

"Sings, I suppose."

Carl did not reply, and Deal set Schwartz down as a lager-beer-hall ballad singer, borne southward on the tide of winter travel to Florida. One advantage at least was gained,—when Schwartz was there, Carl was less tempted by the swamp.

And now, a third time, the guest came. During the first evening of this third visit, he was so good-tempered, so frankly lazy and amusing, that even Deal was disarmed. "He's a good-for-nothing, probably; but there's no active harm in him," he said to himself.

The second evening was a repetition of the first.

When he came home at sunset on the third evening, Carl was lying coiled up close to the wall of the house, his face hidden in his arms.

"What are you doing there?" said Deal, as he passed by, on his way to put up the tools.

No answer. But Carl had all kinds of whims, and Deal was used to them. He went across to Scip's chimney.

"Awful time, cap'en," said the old negro, in a low voice. "Soon's you's gone, dat man make young marse drink, and bot' begin to holler and fight."

"Drink? They had no liquor."

"Yes, dey hab. Mus' hab brought 'em 'long."

"Where is the man?"

"Oh, he gone long ago, — gone at noon."

Deal went to his brother. "Carl," he said, "get up. Dinner is ready." But the coiled form did not stir.

"Don't be a fool," continued Deal. "I know you've been drinking; Scip told me. It's a pity. But no reason why you should not eat."

Carl did not move. Deal went off to his dinner, and sent some to Carl. But the food remained untasted. Then Deal passed into the house, to get some tobacco for his pipe. Then a loud cry was heard. The hiding-place which his Yankee fingers had skillfully fashioned in the old wall had been rifled; all his money was gone. No one knew the secret of the spot but Carl.

"Did he overpower you, and take it?" he asked, kneeling down and lifting Carl by force, so that he could see his face.

"No; I gave it to him," Carl answered, thickly and slowly.

"You gave it to him?"

"I lost it, — at cards."

"Cards!"

Deal had never thought of that. All at once the whole flashed upon him: the

gambler who was always "around" with the "orchestra fellows;" the "restaurant" at San Miguel where he helped "entertain" the guests; the probability that business was slack in the ancient little town, unaccustomed to such luxuries; and the treasure-trove of an old acquaintance within a day's journey, — an old acquaintance like Carl, who had come also into happy possession of a rich brother. A rich brother! — probably that was what Schwartz called him!

At any rate, rich or poor, Schwartz had it all. With the exception of one hundred dollars which he had left at San Miguel as a deposit, he had now only five dollars in the world; Carl had gambled away his all.

It was a hard blow.

He lifted his brother in his arms and carried him in to his hammock. A few minutes later, staff in hand, he started down the live-oak avenue towards the old road which led northward to San Miguel. The moonlight was brilliant; he walked all night. At dawn he was searching the little city.

Yes, the man was known there. He frequented the Esmeralda Parlors. The Esmeralda Parlors, however, represented by an attendant, a Northern mulatto, with straight features, long, narrow eyes, and pale-golden skin, a bronze piece of insolence, who was also more faultlessly dressed than any one else in San Miguel, suavely replied that Schwartz was no longer one of their "guests;" he had severed his connection with the Parlors several days before. Where was he? The Parlors had no idea.

But the men about the docks knew. Schwartz had been seen the previous evening negotiating passage at the last moment on a coasting schooner bound South, — one of those nondescript little craft engaged in smuggling and illegal trading, with which the waters of the West Indies are infested. The schooner had made her way out of the harbor by moonlight. Although ostensibly bound

for Key West, no one could say with any certainty that she would touch there; bribed by Schwartz, with all the harbors, inlets, and lagoons of the West Indies open to her, pursuit would be worse than hopeless. Deal realized this. He ate the food he had brought with him, drank a cup of coffee, called for his deposit, and then walked back to the plantation.

When he came into the little plaza, Carl was sitting on the steps of their small house. His head was clear again; he looked pale and wasted.

"It's all right," said Deal. "I've traced him. In the mean time, don't worry, Carl. If I don't mind it, why should you?"

Without saying more, he went inside, changed his shoes, then came out, ordered dinner, talked to Scip, and when the meal was ready called Carl, and took his place at the table as though nothing had happened. Carl scarcely spoke; Deal approved his silence. He felt so intensely for the lad, realized so strongly what he must be feeling, — suffering and feeling, — that conversation on the subject would have been at that early moment unendurable. But waking during the night, and hearing him stirring, uneasy, and apparently feverish, he went across to the hammock.

"You are worrying about it, Carl, and you are not strong enough to stand worry. Look here, — I have forgiven you; I would forgive you twice as much. Have you no idea why I brought you down here with me?"

"Because you're kind-hearted. And perhaps, too, you thought it would be lonely," answered Carl.

"No, I'm not kind-hearted, and I never was lonely in my life. I didn't intend to tell you, but — you *must not* worry. It is your name, Carl, and — and your blue eyes. I was fond of Eliza."

"Fond of Leeza, — Leeza Brenner? Then why on earth didn't you marry

her?" said Carl, sitting up in his hammock, and trying to see his step-brother's face in the moonlight that came through the chinks in the shutters.

Mark's face was in shadow. "She liked some one else better," he said.

"Who?"

"Never mind. But — yes, I will tell you, — Graves."

"John Graves? That dunce? No, she did n't."

"As it happens, I know she did. But we won't talk about it. I only told you to show you why I cared for you."

"I would n't care about a girl that did n't care for me," said Carl, still peering curiously through the checkered darkness. The wizened young violin player fancied himself an omnipotent power among women. But Deal had gone to his bed, and would say no more.

Carl had heard something now which deeply astonished him. He had not been much troubled about the lost money; it was not in his nature to be much troubled about money at any time. He was sorry; but what was gone was gone; why waste thought upon it? This he called philosophy. Mark, out of regard for Carl's supposed distress, had forbidden conversation on the subject; but he was not shutting out, as he thought, torrents of shame, remorse, and self-condemnation. Carl kept silence willingly enough; but even if the bar had been removed, he would have had little to say. During the night his head had ached, and he had had some fever; but it was more the effect of the fiery, rank liquor pressed upon him by Schwartz than of remorse. But *now* he had heard what really interested and aroused him. Mark in love! — hard-working, steady, dull old Mark, whom he had thought endowed with no fancies at all, save perhaps that of being thoroughly warmed after his arctic freezing. Old Mark fond of Leeza, — in love with Leeza!

Leeza was n't much. Carl did not

even think his cousin pretty; his fancy was for something large and Oriental. But, pretty or not, she had evidently fascinated Mark Deal, coming, a poor little orphan maid, with her aunt, Carl's mother, to brighten old Abner Deal's farmhouse, one mile from the windy Exton pier. Carl's mother could not hope to keep her German son in this new home; but she kept little Leeza, or Eliza, as the neighbors called her. And Mark, a shy, awkward boy, had learned to love the child, who had sweet blue eyes, and thick braids of flaxen hair fastened across the back of her head.

"To care all that for Leeza!" thought Carl, laughing silently in his hammock. "And then to fancy that she liked that Graves! And then to leave her, and come away off down here, just on the suspicion!"

But Carl was mistaken. A man, be he never so awkward and silent, will generally make at least one effort to get the woman he loves. Mark had made two, and failed. After his first, he had gone North; after his second, he had come South, bringing Leeza's cousin with him.

In the morning a new life began on the old plantation. First, Scipio was dismissed; then the hunter who had kept the open-air larder supplied with game, an old man of unknown, or rather mixed descent, having probably Spanish, African, and Seminole blood in his veins, was told that his services were required no more.

"But are you going to starve us, then?" asked Carl, with a comical grimace.

"I am a good shot, myself," replied Deal; "and a fair cook, too."

"But *why* do you do it?" pursued the other. He had forgotten all about the money.

The elder man looked at his brother. Could it be possible that he had forgotten? And, if he had, was it not necessary, in their altered circumstances, that

the truth should be brought plainly before his careless eyes?

"I am obliged to do it," he answered, gravely. "We must be very saving, Carl. Things will be easier, I hope, when the fields begin to yield."

"Good heavens, you don't mean to say I took all you had!" said Carl, with an intonation showing that the fact that the abstracted sum was "all" was impressing him more than any agency of his own in the matter.

"I told you I did not mind it," answered Mark, going off with his gun and game-bag.

"But *I* do, by Jove!" said Carl to himself, watching him disappear.

Musicians, in this world's knowledge and wisdom, are often fools, or rather they remain always children. The beautiful gift, the divine gift, the gift which is the nearest to heaven, is accompanied by lacks of another sort. Carl Brenner, like a child, could not appreciate poverty unless his dinner was curtailed, his tobacco gone. The petty changes now made in the small routine of each day touched him acutely, and roused him at last to the effort of connected, almost practical thought. Old Mark was troubled,—poor. The cook was going, the hunter discharged; the dinners would be good no longer. This was because he, Carl, had taken the money. There was no especial harm in the act *per se*; but as the sum happened to be all old Mark had, it was unfortunate. Under the circumstances, what could he, Carl, do to help old Mark?

Mark loved that light-headed little Leeza. Mark had brought him down here and taken care of him on Leeza's account. Mark, therefore, should have Leeza. He, Carl, would bring it about. He set to work at once to be special providence in Mark's affairs. He sat down, wrote a long letter, sealed it with a stern air, and then laid it on the table, got up, and surveyed it with decision. There it was,—done! Gone! But no;

not "gone" yet. And how could it go? He was now confronted by the difficulty of mailing it without Mark's knowledge. San Miguel was the nearest post-office; and San Miguel was miles away. Africanus was half crippled; the old hunter would come no more; he himself could not walk half the distance. Then an idea came to him: Africanus, although dismissed, was not yet gone. He went out to find him.

Mark came home at night with a few birds. "They will last us over one day," he said, throwing down the spoil. "You still here, Scip? I thought I sent you off."

"He's going to-morrow," interposed Carl. Scip sat up all night cooking.

"What in the world has got into him?" said Deal, as the light from the old chimney made their sleeping-room bright.

"He wants to leave us well supplied, I suppose," said Carl, from his hammock. "Things keep better down here when they're cooked, you know." This was true; but it was unusual for Carl to interest himself in such matters.

The next morning Deal started on a hunting expedition, intending to be absent two days. Game was plenty in the high lands farther west. He had good luck, and came back at the end of the second day loaded, having left also several caches behind to be visited on the morrow. But there was no one in the house, or on the plantation; both Scip and Carl were gone.

A slip of paper was pinned to the red cotton door. It contained these words: "It's all right, old fellow. If I'm not back at the end of three days, counting this as one, come into South Devil after me. You'll find a trail."

"Confound the boy!" said Deal, in high vexation. "He's crazy." He took a torch, went to the causeway, and there saw from the foot-prints that two had crossed. "Scip went with him," he thought, somewhat comforted. "The old

black rascal used to declare that he knew every inch of the swamp." He went back, cooked his supper, and slept. In the matter of provisions, there was little left save what he kept under lock and key. Scipio had started with a good supply. At dawn he rose, made a fire under the old chimney, cooked some venison, baked some corn-bread, and, placing them in his bag, started into South Devil, a bundle of torches slung on his back as before, his gun in his hand, his revolver and knife in his belt. "They have already been gone two days," he said to himself; "they must be coming towards home, now." He thought Carl was carrying out his cherished design of exploring the swamp. There was a trail, — hatchet marks on the trees, and broken boughs. "That's old Scip. Carl would never have been so systematic," he thought.

He went on until noon; and then suddenly found himself on the bank of a sluggish stream. "The Branch," he said, — "South Devil Branch. It joins West Devil, and the two make the San Juan Baptista (a queer origin for a saint!) three miles below Miguel. But where does the trail go, now?" It went nowhere. He searched and searched, and could not find it. It ended at the Branch. Standing there in perplexity, he happened to raise his eyes. Small attention had he hitherto paid to the tangled vines and blossoms swinging above him. He hated the beauty of South Devil. But now he saw a slip of paper hanging from a vine, and, seizing it, he read as follows: "We take boat here; wait for me if not returned."

Mark stood, the paper in his hand, thinking. There was only one boat in the neighborhood, a canoe belonging to the mongrel old hunter, who occasionally went into the swamp. Carl must have obtained this in some way; probably the mongrel had brought it in by the Branch, or one of its tributaries, and this was the rendezvous. One comfort,

—the old hunter must then be of the party, too. But why should he, Mark, wait, if Carl had two persons with him? Still, the boy had asked. It ended in his waiting.

He began to prepare for the night. There was a knoll near by, and here he made a camp-fire, spending the time before sunset in gathering the wood by the slow process of climbing the trees and vines, and breaking off dead twigs and branches; everything near the ground was wet and sogged. He planted his four torches, ate his supper, examined his gun and revolver, and then, as darkness fell, having nothing else to do, he made a plot on the ground with twigs and long splinters of light-wood, and played, one hand against the other, a swamp game of fox and geese. He played standing (his fox and geese were two feet high), so that he could keep a lookout for every sort of creature. There were wild-cats and bears in the interior of South Devil, and in the Branch, alligators. He did not fear the large creatures, however; his especial guard, as before, was against the silent snakes. He lighted the fire and torches early, so that whatever uncanny inhabitants there might be in the near trees could have an opportunity of coming down and seeking night quarters elsewhere. He played game after game of fox and geese; and this time he sang Sweet Afton. He felt that he had exhausted the Troubadour on the previous occasion. He shot five snakes, and saw (or rather it seemed to him that he saw) five thousand others coiling and gliding over the roots of the cypresses all around. He made a rule not to look at them, if he could help it, as long as they did not approach. "Otherwise," he thought, "I shall lose my senses, and think the very trees are squirming."

It was a long, long night. The knoll was dented all over with holes made by the long splinters representing his fox and geese. Dizziness was creeping over

him at intervals. His voice, singing Sweet Afton, had become hoarse and broken, and his steps uneven, as he moved to and fro, still playing the game dully, when at last dawn came. But although the flat tops of the great cypresses far above were bathed in the golden sunshine, it was long before the radiance penetrated to the dark glades below. The dank, watery aisles were still in gray shadow, when the watcher heard a sound,—a real sound now, not an imaginary one,—and at the same moment his glazed eyes saw a boat coming up the Branch. It was a white canoe, and paddled by a wraith; at least, the creature who sat within looked so grayly pale, and its eyes in its still, white face so large and unearthly, that it seemed like a shade returned from the halls of death.

"Why, Carl!" said Mark, in a loud, unsteady voice, breaking through his own lethargy by main force. "It's you, Carl, is n't it?"

He tramped down to the water's edge, each step seeming to him a rod long, and now a valley, now a hill. The canoe touched the bank, and Carl fell forward; not with violence, but softly, and without strength. What little consciousness he had kept was now gone.

Dawn was coming down from above; the air was slightly stirred. The elder man's head grew more steady, as he lifted his step-brother, gave him brandy, rubbed his temples and chest, and then, as he came slowly back to life again, stood thinking what he should do. They were a half-day's journey from home, and Carl could not walk. If he attempted to carry him, he was fearful that they should not reach pure air outside before darkness fell again, and a second night in the thick air might be death for both of them; but there was the boat. It had come into South Devil in some way; by that way it should go out again. He laid Carl in one end, putting his own coat under his head for

a pillow, and then stepped in himself, took the paddle, and moved off. Of course he must ascend the Branch; as long as there were no tributaries, he could not err. But presently he came to an everglade, — a broadening of the stream with apparently twenty different outlets, all equally dark and tangled. He paddled around the border, looking first at one, then at another. The matted water-vines caught at his boat like hundreds of hands; the great lily leaves slowly sank and let the light bow glide over them. Carl slept; there was no use trying to rouse him; but probably he would remember nothing, even if awake. The elder brother took out his compass, and had decided by it which outlet to take, when his eye rested upon the skin of a moccasin nailed to a cypress on the other side of the pond. It was the mongrel's way of making a guide-post. Without hesitation, although the direction was the exact opposite of the one he had selected, Deal pushed the canoe across and entered the stream thus indicated. At the next pool he found another snake-skin; and so on out of the swamp. Twenty-five snakes had died in the cause. He came to firm land at noon, two miles from the plantation. Carl was awake now, but weak and wandering. Deal lifted him on shore, built a fire, heated some meat, toasted corn-bread, and made him eat. Then, leaning upon his brother's arm, walking slowly, and often pausing to rest, the blue-eyed ghost reached home at sunset, — two miles in five hours.

Ten days now passed; the mind of the young violin player did not regain its poise. He rose and dressed himself each morning, and slept in the sunshine as before. He went to the place of tombs, carrying his violin, but forgot to play. Instead, he sat looking dreamily at the swamp. He said little; and what he did say was disconnected. The only sentence which seemed to have meaning, and to be spoken earnestly,

was, "It's all right, old fellow. Just you wait fifteen days, — fifteen days!" But when Mark questioned him, he could get no definite reply; only a repetition of the exhortation to "wait fifteen days."

Deal went over to one of the mongrel's haunts, and, by good luck, found him at home. The mongrel had a number of camps which he occupied according to convenience. The old man acknowledged that he had lent his canoe, and that he had accompanied Carl and Scip part of the way through South Devil. But only part of the way; then he left them, and struck across to the west. Where were they going? Why, straight to San Miguel; the Branch brought them to the King's road crossing, and the rest of the way they went on foot. What were they going to do in San Miguel? The mongrel had no idea; he had not many ideas. Scip was to stay up there; Brenner was to return alone in the canoe, they having made a trail all the way.

Deal returned to the plantation. He still thought that Carl's idea had been merely to explore the swamp.

Twelve days had passed, and had grown to fourteen; Carl was no stronger. He was very gentle now, like a sick child. Deal was seized with a fear that this soft quiet was the peace that often comes before the last to the poor racked frame of the consumptive. He gave up all but the necessary work, and stayed with Carl all day. The blue-eyed ghost smiled, but said little; into its clouded mind penetrated but one ray, — "Wait fifteen days." Mark had decided that the sentence meant nothing but some wandering fancy. Spring in all her superb luxuriance was now wreathing Florida with flowers; the spring flowers met the old flowers, the spring leaves met the old leaves. The yellow jessamine climbed over miles of thicket; the myriad purple balls of the sensitive-plant starred the ground; the atamasco lilies grew whitely, each one shining all alone, in

the wet woods; chocolate-hued orchids nodded, and the rose-colored ones rang their bells, at the edge of the barren. The old causeway across the sugar waste was blue with violets, and Mark carried Carl thither; he would lie there contentedly in the sunshine for hours, his pale fingers toying with the blue blossoms, his eyes lifted to the green line of South Devil across the sapphire sky.

One afternoon he fell asleep there, and Mark left him to cook their dinner. When he came back, his step-brother's eyes had reason in them once more, or rather remembrance.

"Old fellow," he said, as Mark, surprised and somewhat alarmed at the change, sat down beside him, "you got me out of the swamp, I suppose? I don't remember getting myself out. Now I want to ask something. I'm going to leave this world in a few days, and try it in another; better luck next time, you know. What I want to ask is that you'll take me up and bury me at San Miguel in a little old burying-ground they have there, on a knoll overlooking the ocean. I don't want to lie here with the Dons and the Aztecs; and, besides, I particularly want to be carried through the swamp. Take me through in the canoe, as I went the last time; it's the easiest way, and there's a trail. And I want to go. And do not cover my face, either; I want to see. Promise."

Mark promised, and Carl closed his eyes. Then he roused himself again.

"Inquire at the post-office in San Miguel for a letter," he said, drowsily. "Promise." Again Mark promised. He seemed to sleep for some minutes; then he spoke again.

"I heard that music, you know,—heard it all out plainly and clearly," he said, looking quietly at his brother. "I know the whole, and have sung it over to myself a thousand times since. I cannot write it down *now*. But it will not be lost."

"Music is never lost, I suppose," answered Mark, somewhat at random.

"Certainly not," said Carl, with decision. "My song will be heard some time. I'm sure of that. And it will be much admired."

"I hope so."

"You try to be kind always, don't you, old fellow, whether you comprehend or not?" said the boy, with his old superior smile,—the smile of the artist, who, although he be a failure and a pauper, yet always pities the wise. Then he slept again. At dawn, peacefully and with a smile, he died.

It should not have been expected, perhaps, that he could live. But, in some way, Mark had expected it.

A few hours later a canoe was floating down the Branch through South Devil. One man was paddling at the stern; another was stretched on a couch, with his head on a pillow placed at the bow, where he could see the blossoming net-work above through his closed eyes. As Carl had said, Scipio had left a trail all the way,—a broken branch, a bent reed, or a shred of cloth tied to the lily-leaves. All through the still day they glided on, the canoe moving without a sound on the bosom of the dark stream. They passed under the gray and solemn cypresses, rising without branches to an enormous height, their far foliage hidden by the moss, which hung down thickly in long flakes, diffusing the sunshine and making it silvery like mist; in the silver swung the air-plants, great cream-colored disks, and wands of scarlet, crowded with little buds, blossoms that looked like butterflies, and blossoms that looked like humming-birds, and little dragon-heads with grinning faces. Then they came to the region of the palms; these shot up, slender and graceful, and leaned over the stream, the great aureum ferns growing on their trunks high in the air. Beneath was a firmer soil than in the domain of the cypresses, and here grew a mat of little

flowers, each less than a quarter of an inch wide, close together, pink, blue, scarlet, yellow, purple, but never white, producing a hue singularly rich, owing to the absence of that colorless color which man ever mingles with his floral combinations, and strangely makes sacred alike to the bridal and to death. Great vines ran up the palms, knotted themselves, and came down again, hand over hand, wreathed in little fresh leaves of exquisite green. Birds with plumage of blush-rose pink flew slowly by; also some with scarlet wings, and the jeweled paroquets. The great Savannah cranes stood on the shore, and did not stir as the boat moved by. And, as the spring was now in its prime, the alligators showed their horny heads above water, and climbed awkwardly out on the bank; or else, swimming by the side of the canoe, accompanied it long distances, no doubt moved by dull curiosity concerning its means of locomotion, and its ideas as to choice morsels of food. The air was absolutely still; no breeze reached these blossoming aisles; each leaf hung motionless. The atmosphere was hot, and heavy with perfumes. It was the heart of the swamp, a riot of intoxicating, steaming, swarming, fragrant, beautiful, tropical life, without man to make or mar it. All the world was once so, before man was made.

Did Deal appreciate this beauty? He looked at it, because he could not get over the feeling that Carl was looking at it too; but he did not admire it. The old New England spirit was rising within him again at last, after the crushing palsy of the polar ice, and the icy looks of a certain blue-eyed woman.

He came out of the swamp an hour before sunset, and, landing, lifted his brother in his arms, and started northward toward San Miguel. The little city was near; but the weight of a dead body grown cold is strange and mighty, and it was late evening before he entered the gate, carrying his motionless

burden. He crossed the little plaza, and went into the ancient cathedral, laying it down on the chancel step before the high altar. It was the only place he could think of; and he was not repelled. A hanging lamp of silver burned dimly; in a few moments kind hands came to help him. And thus Carl, who never went to church in life, went there in death, and, with tapers burning at his head and feet, rested all night under the picture of the madonna, with nuns keeping watch and murmuring their gentle prayers beside him.

The next morning, he was buried in the dry little burial-ground on the knoll overlooking the blue Southern ocean.

When all was over, Deal, feeling strangely lonely, remembered his promise, and turned towards the post-office. He expected nothing; it was only one of the poor lad's fancies; still, he would keep his word. There was nothing for him.

He went out. Then an impulse made him turn back and ask if there was a letter for Carl. "For Carl Brenner," he said, and thought how strange it was that there was now no Carl. There was a letter; he put it into his pocket and left the town, going homeward by the King's road on foot; the South Devil should see *him* no more. He slept part of the night by the road-side, and reached home the next morning; everything was as he had left it. He made a fire and boiled some coffee; then he set the little house in order, loaded his gun, and went out mechanically after game. The routine of daily life had begun again.

"It's a pleasant old place," he said to himself, as he went through one of the orange aisles and saw the wild oranges dotting the ground with their golden color. "It's a pleasant old place," he repeated, as he went out into the hot, still sunshine beyond. He filled his game-bag, and sat down to rest a while before returning. Then for the first time he remembered the letter, and

drew it forth. This was the letter Carl meant; Carl asked him to get it after he was dead; he must have intended, then, that he, Mark, should read it. He opened it, and looked at the small, slanting handwriting without recognizing it. Then from the inside a photograph fell out, and he took it up; it was Leeza. On the margin was written, "For Mark."

She had written; but, woman-like, not, as Carl expected, to Mark. Instead, she had written to Carl, and commissioned *him* to tell Mark — what? Oh, a long story, such as girls tell, but with the point that after all she "liked" (liked?) Mark best. Carl's letter had been blunt, worded with unflattering frankness. Leeza was tired of her own coquetties, lonely, and poor; she wrote her foolish little apologizing, confessing letter with tears in her blue eyes, — those blue eyes that sober, reticent Mark Deal could not forget.

Carl had gone to San Miguel, then, to mail a letter, — a letter which had brought this answer! Mark, with his face in his hands, thanked God that he had not spoken one harsh word to the boy for what had seemed obstinate disobedience, but had tended him gently to the last.

Then he rose, stretched his arms, drew a long breath, and looked around. Everything seemed altered. The sky was brassy, the air an oven. He remembered the uplands where the oats grew, near Exton; and his white sand-furrows seemed a ghastly mockery of fields. He went homeward and drew water from his well to quench his burning thirst; it was tepid, and he threw it away, recalling as he did so the spring under the cool brown rocks where he drank when a boy. A sudden repugnance came over him when his eyes fell on the wild oranges lying on the ground, over-ripe with rich, pulpy decay; he spurned them aside with his foot, and thought of the firm apples in the old orchard, a fruit cool and reticent, a little hard too, not

giving itself to the first comer. Then there came over him the hue of Northern forests in spring, the late, reluctant spring of Exton; and the changeless olive-green of the pine barrens grew hideous in his eyes. But, most of all, there seized him a horror of the swamp, — a horror of its hot steaming air, and its intoxicating perfume, which reached him faintly even where he stood; it seemed to him that if he stayed long within their reach his brain would be affected as Carl's had been, and that he should wander within and die. For there would be no one to rescue *him*.

So strong was this new feeling, like a giant full armed, that he started that very night, carrying his gun and Carl's violin, and a knapsack of clothes on his back, and leaving his other possessions behind. Their value was not great, but they made a princely home for the mongrel, who came over after he had departed, looked around stealthily, stole several small articles, and hastened away; came back again after a day or two, and stole a little more; and finally, finding the place deserted, brought back all his spoil and established himself there permanently, knowing full well that it would be long before Monteano's would find another tenant from the North.

As Mark Deal passed across the King's road bridge over the Branch (now soon to be sainted), he paused, and looked down into the north border of South Devil. Then he laid aside his gun and the violin, went off that way, and gathered a large bunch of swamp blossoms. Coming into San Miguel, he passed through the town and out to the little burial-ground beyond. Here he found the new-made grave, and laid the flowers upon it.

"He will like them because they come from *there*," was his thought.

Then, with a buoyant step, he started up the long, low, white peninsula, set with its olive woods in a sapphire sea; and his face was turned Northward.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

THE PARTING DAY.

I.

SOME busy hands have brought to light,
And laid beneath my eye,
The dress I wore that afternoon
You came to say good-by.

About it still there seems to cling
Some fragrance unexpressed,
The ghostly odor of the rose
I wore upon my breast;

And, subtler than all flower-scent,
The sacred garment holds
The memory of that parting day
Close hidden in its folds.

The rose is dead, and you are gone,
But to the dress I wore
The rose's smell, the thought of you,
Are wed forevermore.

II.

That day you came to say good-by
(A month ago! It seems a year!)
How calm I was! I met your eye,
And in my own you saw no tear.

You heard me laugh and talk and jest,
And lightly grieve that you should go;
You saw the rose upon my breast,
But not the breaking heart below.

And when you came and took my hand,
It scarcely fluttered in your hold.
Alas, you did not understand!
For you were blind, and I was cold.

And now you cannot see my tears,
And now you cannot hear my cry.
A month ago? Nay, years and years
Have aged my heart since that good-by.

PESSIMISM.

BELIEF in the literal truth of the Mosaic cosmogony, while it remained undisturbed, precluded any scientific or rational inquiry into the origin of things. That veil being drawn aside by the hands of criticism and geology combined, we have the nebular hypothesis and the Darwinian philosophy. In the same way, dogmatic Christianity, so long as its authority endured, stilled all questionings as to the estate of man and the character of the Power which has fixed our lot and controls our destiny. Dogmatic Christianity gives in its way a complete solution of the mystery of human existence. It not only admits, but proclaims, that the present world and the condition of men in it are evil; but it holds out a heaven beyond, to be won by obedience to the divine command in this place of trial. For the existence of evil it accounts by the fall of man, at the same time providing a supernatural remedy in the form of a redemption, which, if men will lay hold upon its benefits, assures them of salvation. The ultimate triumph of good over evil it proclaims under the imagery of the Apocalypse. Thus with regard to the sum of things it is, for Christendom at least, optimistic, while it is pessimistic with regard to our present state. Its ultimate optimism is fearfully qualified, no doubt, by the doctrine of the broad and the narrow gate; but no one is hopelessly excluded from bliss by any Christian dogma except that which constitutes the most dreadful form of Calvinism.

The dogmatic system received a fatal blow when it was revealed that disorder, suffering, and death, instead of being brought into existence by the fall of man, had filled the globe for countless ages before his appearance, and that numberless races of beings, incapable of sin, had been consumed by a ravin to which

no moral law or object could be assigned. A recent Christian philosopher, M. Secrétan, has met the objection by giving the fall a retrospective effect, so as to involve all races from the beginning in the penalty of Adam's sin; but this is one of those desperate attempts to make the old bottles hold the new wine which are merely adding to the confusion.

By ascetic Christianity, especially in its darker forms of self-torturing monasticism, the pessimistic view of our present state has been carried to fearful extremes. Perhaps no anchorite has gone so far as the most renowned apologist of Roman Catholicism in modern times, Joseph de Maistre, who in a passage of the *Soirées de St. Petersburg*, outrunning anything in the archives of heathen superstition, proclaims that the power under whose dominion we are here requires to be constantly propitiated by vast libations of human blood, shed in war or by the axe of the executioner,—a doctrine which it is needless to say would have appeared to St. Paul one of devils. On the other hand, Protestantism and the theism which emanated from it and remained partly blended with it have given birth to an optimism not entirely consistent with Christian dogma,—the optimism of Leibnitz, of Paley's Evidences, of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, according to which this world, instead of being a prison house and a purgatory, is a beautiful manifestation of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity providing for the happiness of all creatures.

Now, however, the veil of Christian dogma, like that of the Mosaic cosmogony, is completely rent, and reason, perhaps for the first time, gazes freely on the mystery of existence. The established optimism is confronted by pessimism, which, by the mouths of Schopenhauer, Hartmann, and their school, proclaims

that the world, the estate of man, and the powers from which they emanate are evil; and this belief is evidently spreading along certain lines of individual temperament and of national condition.

Besides optimism, which affirms the definitive ascendancy of good, and pessimism, which affirms the definitive ascendancy of evil, a third hypothesis is possible, — that of a perpetual balance and everlasting conflict of the two principles as separate and independent powers. This opinion has been associated with the name of Manes, a daring heretic of the third century, though it is very doubtful whether he really held it. Manicheism shows no tendency to revive. Any dualistic hypothesis is repelled by the manifest unity of all-pervading laws, which indicates that the empire of the universe is undivided; while if we look into ourselves, we see that though good and evil both are there, and alternately prevail according to the vicissitudes of our moral history, the being in which they commingle is essentially one.

No one will compare with philosophic pessimism, such as is now propounded, mere wails, however passionate, and whether in prose or poetry, over the unhappiness of man's lot. A cry of individual anguish or despondency denotes no settled view of the universe. Often, in the poets especially, these lamentations are merely sentimental, and form a sort of intellectual luxury, adding zest to enjoyment by their pungency. Sophocles, in whose choruses some of the most thrilling of them are found, was evidently, from his general serenity, in temperament at least, an optimist, and he distinctly indicates his belief in the supreme dominion of a power of good. Some of the utterances of the book of Job taken by themselves could sound pessimistic enough; but the end of the story is happy, and the crowning moral is optimistic. We find, however, in this book an insight into the sad side of hu-

manity and a sympathy with a sufferer's questionings as to the benevolence and justice of the dispensation which show that the writer, if a Jew at all, was no ordinary Jew. The philosophy of the ordinary Jew was the tribal optimism of a land flowing with milk and honey for the chosen race, combined with pessimism for Egyptians, Canaanites, and other races which were not chosen.

In the weeping and laughing philosophers of Greece, Heraclitus and Democritus, we seem to come to a philosophic pessimism which, according to the temperament of the philosopher, pronounces the estate of man all misery or all folly. But even supposing the popular traditions about Heraclitus and Democritus to be true, it will not do to take Greek philosophy too seriously. The philosophy of Socrates and Plato was serious; it was an earnest attempt to meet a great outburst of profligacy, especially in the political sphere, by restoring the authority of the moral rule and settling it on an immutable foundation. But in the speculations of the Greeks generally on the mysteries of human existence, lively curiosity and intellectual ambition probably played a great part. It is difficult to suppose, for example, that Cynicism was more than a humor and a fashion. These great and terrible problems are not likely to be considered in earnest till they force themselves practically on the minds of men. They did force themselves practically on the minds of men, and of men of very deep and serious character, amidst the convulsions which attended the death of the Roman republic, and afterwards when life was made at once miserable and uncertain by the gloomy and suspicious tyranny of the empire. Lucretius, it is true, derived from Epicurus the philosophy to the service of which he nobly dedicates his high poetic gifts, and which he does his best to commend as the one haven of peace and rest for storm-tossed and perplexed humanity. But the practical ear-

nestness, the force, the penetrating tone, of the poem on *The Nature of Things* come not from the quiet garden of Epicurus; they come from the scene of civil war, massacre, fierce and restless intrigue, into which the Roman world had been turned by the parties of Marius and Sulla. What view the great Roman Stoics — great they may be truly called — took of the world and of the lot of men it would be difficult exactly to say. Certainly it was not one which led to annihilation of will and a renunciation of action, like that of the Buddhists and the pessimist philosophers of our own day. Witness the Roman law, of which Stoics were the great architects. Witness the best work of government under the empire, which was done by Stoic emperors and statesmen. Nothing can be more gloomy than the view of life presented by Seneca, with his constant references to suicide as the grand asylum and the consoling thought. The tone of Marcus Aurelius is that of hopelessness as to the state of things around him and the outlook of humanity; but with his sadness is constantly blended a resolute determination to do his duty. Epictetus is less melancholy; the practical evils of the time bore less heavily on him than on the statesman. But in all of them there is at once an evident belief in a supreme power of good and an active devotion to duty which plainly forbids us to class them among the pessimists. Belief in duty is belief in something that upholds duty; that is, in the existence and ultimate manifestation of an overruling power of good.

The serious philosophy of the men of the Middle Ages is to be looked for in their religion. Their other philosophy was either a mere intellectual exercise, useful in its way as a whetstone of the dialectic faculty, or a fantastic attempt to arrive at truth about facts by a manipulation of words, hardly less chimerical than alchemy. The religion was dogmatic Christianity, the relation of which

to the question between optimism and pessimism has already been stated. In view of its doctrine of eternal punishment, which implies the everlasting ascendancy of the power of evil over a certain portion of mankind and of the universe, it is capable of being reduced to a sort of Manicheism. The doctrine of Purgatory, by which the permanent domain of Satan is indefinitely diminished, is evidently a step in the direction of optimism, though its later history has accustomed us to think of it chiefly as an instrument of priestly lucre.

Hobbes was a political pessimist of the most thorough-going kind, and in his case we see the proximate origin of the tenet as clearly as we do in that of the Russian Nihilists. The old man had been frightened out of his wits by the disturbances of the reign of Charles I., while in his crabbed and adust nature there was no spring of sympathy with the noble actors on that scene, or with the great objects to which they aspired and which they partly attained. Rightly conceiving that the movement had been essentially a struggle against religious tyranny and reaction, he dreaded and detested religious not less than political liberty, and proposed to place the consciences as well as the persons of all citizens under the despotic control of his Leviathan; that is, as usual in the case of autocratic Utopias, of himself armed with unlimited power. His theory of human nature was, in effect, that men were a particularly ferocious and cunning race of wild beasts, whose natural state was internecine war, and who could be prevented from devouring each other only by being placed absolutely under the power of a keeper, to whom they were to surrender all rights, moral and civil, in return for the immunity from murder and robbery which would be enjoyed by them, or at least by so many of them as it did not please the keeper himself to plunder or kill. Religion with Hobbes was a state institution, and an instrument of

policy. A necessarian he was, of course, and his statement of the doctrine of necessity and of its compatibility with the idea of liberty is, like all that he wrote, admirable for clearness and terseness, and might have spared some trouble to those who have reproduced it in an extended form. If he was not courageous in other respects, he had at least the courage of his absolutist opinions; for he maintains that Uriah, having like the rest surrendered his rights to the Leviathan for the general boon of political order and security, had no ground for complaining of injustice at the hands of David. He has himself, in fact, reduced his own theory to absurdity by the inferences which his undaunted logic has drawn; while it has been practically confuted, over and over again, by our experience of free institutions, both civil and religious, of the security which they afford for order, and of the behavior of human nature under them. But, like other able pessimists, he has rendered a service by probing the weak places of the opposite theory, by fixing attention on the anarchical passions which really exist in men and showing that restraint is necessary as well as liberty; besides which he has given breadth and exactness to our ideas respecting the nature of a government.

Hobbes was closely followed in the same line by a greater man, formed in some measure under the same influences. Exaggeration, enthusiasm, and whimsical interpretation are now the bane of biography and history, and are fast converting the annals of the race, from *Cæsar* down to *Chaumette*, into a gallery of heroes misunderstood. We hope that we shall not be adding to the now wearisome series by saying that the present course of thought lends increased interest and importance to the character and writings of Swift. A philosophical pessimist Swift can hardly be called, and his fundamental theory of men and of the universe is for the most part veiled

under the conventional profession of an ecclesiastic. But the pessimistic view of human nature finds in the writings of this dark genius its most thorough-going, as well as its most forcible expression. "Study," says the great German oracle of pessimism, "to acquire a clear and connected view of the utterly despicable character of mankind in general." Swift's view can hardly be called accurate and connected, since it was never reduced to system, but the intensity of his misanthropic sentiment would have left Schopenhauer nothing to desire. The root of Swift's misanthropy clearly enough is to be found in a morbid character, itself probably the consequence of disease, either congenital or contracted in youth, combined with the influence of a depressing and souring lot. Born a posthumous child, bred up and supported by charity, which he fancied to be cruelly stinted, though it was probably as much as the giver could afford, he was a misanthrope from his cradle. From his early years he kept his birthday as an anniversary of sorrow, celebrating it by reading the passage of Scripture in which Job curses the day upon which it was said in his father's house that a man child was born. In his *Thoughts on Religion*, where if anywhere we have his settled opinions, he says, "Although reason were intended by Providence to govern our passions, yet it seems that in two points of the greatest moment to the being and continuance of the world God has intended our passions to prevail over reason. The first is the propagation of our species, since no wise man ever married from the dictates of reason. The other is the love of life, which, from the dictates of reason, every man would despise, and wish it at an end, or that it never had a beginning." His college course was one of fractiousness and disgrace; his early manhood was spent in a dependency which, though its degradation and irksomeness have been greatly exaggerated, can hardly

have been soothing to his spirit. By his reckless profanity and grossness he set a black mark against himself in the outset of his clerical career, excluded himself forever from high preferment in the English Church, and condemned himself to a deanery in place of a bishopric and to exile in Ireland, a country which he detested and despised, though his mischief-making genius rendered him for a time its idol. The extraordinary degree of unofficial influence which he enjoyed as the companion and connection of Harley and Bolingbroke served only to tantalize his ambition and to add keenness to his ultimate disappointment. Thrice bitter it must have been to this stirring and ambitious politician, with his consciousness of great political knowledge and high debating power, to see the gate of the House of Lords, after standing ajar for three years, hopelessly closed against him forever. But something deeper than the deepest chagrin is required to account for his conduct to the two women whom, by his strange dalliance with their affections, he sent broken-hearted to their graves. There must have been some radical defect or deformity in his nature, some seeds of the fearful affliction under which he tragically died. He was one of the most savage libelers of his day, and did not stick at accusing a lady who crossed his designs of having red hair and being privy to the poisoning of her husband. "It may be doubted," remarks Scott, "which imputation she accounted the most cruel insult, especially since the first charge was undeniable, and the second only arose from the malice of the poet." Old friendship was no protection against the satirist's malignity, as appeared in the case of Steele. Swift could do generous things: he was often munificent; he was sometimes magnanimous; and he was true to his patron Harley in adversity; though it is not easy to say when his good deeds sprang from genuine benevolence, or when from

the pride and ostentation of which he was undoubtedly full, and which made him specially delight in appearing as the dispenser of favors to literary men under the reign of his political patrons. But no one can imagine his views to be those of a serene and philosophic mind calmly observing and truthfully describing human nature and the estate of man. Any such pretension is belied by the epitaph which he wrote for himself: "*Hic jacet —, ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*" The man whose heart was being incessantly gnawed by a spleen which he styled indignation may be useful in the part of a Mephistopheles or an *advocatus diaboli*; he cannot be accepted as a teacher. Yet he may be well worthy of attention. When any one lifts his voice against misgovernment, he is invariably represented by the friends of the system as having a personal grievance; but if every one who had been personally aggrieved were to be disqualified for protesting, tyrants might sleep secure. So with the general dispensation under which we live. Any questionings as to its justice and beneficence are likely to proceed, not from the favored, but from the wretched; and when all has been said about the distorting influence of the wretchedness, the arguments will remain to be discussed.

There are different kinds of satire: the epicurean, which laughs at mankind, and of which the master is Horace; the stoical, which indignantly lashes mankind, and of which the master is Juvenal; the cynical, which hates and despises mankind, and of which the master, supreme and unapproached, is Swift. Nothing in the cynical line can compete with Gulliver, either in ruthlessness or in genius. A man may have retained his social relations and perhaps his personal friends, just as he retained his deanery or his skin, but he must in heart almost have broken with humanity before he could have written and launched upon the world the description of the

Yahoos. The tone of the period was optimist, especially in England. The series of civil wars and revolutions had been closed at last by a compromise which to its authors seemed admirably to combine constitutional monarchy with liberty, order with progress; Europe had been finally delivered by the arms of Marlborough from the reactionary tyranny of the French king; the union of Scotland with England had been accomplished; the halcyons of literature, art, and science were floating on the calm and sunlit sea. The spirit of a happy time was embodied in the philosophy of Locke and in the theology of Tillotson and Stillingfleet, as well as in the social writings of Addison and Steele. The age was well satisfied with itself and with its prospects; humanity felt very dignified in its laced coat and full-bottomed wig. Into the face of this self-complacent generation, Swift flung Lilliput, Brobdnag, and the Houyhnhnms; dwarfing man to show his littleness, magnifying him to show his coarseness, and finally gathering from the lowest depths of his animal nature a hideous picture of his loathsomeness. Science is not spared: contempt and ridicule are poured upon the Newtons, as well as upon the statesmen of the day. In the unspeakable filthiness of Swift's poems we see only another manifestation of the same spirit: he is not pandering to a beastly or licentious imagination; he is simply dragging to light what is degraded and revolting in our nature, and destroying by defilement the self-respect of humanity. He respects no sanctuary, and takes singular delight in rending the roseate veil that shrouds the marriage-bed, and in displaying to us there also a couple of Yahoos. It would be difficult to find in his writings a sincere and disinterested profession of admiration or reverence for anything human, or a whisper of hope for the future of mankind.

If the Religion of Humanity is ever es-

tablished, the Gospels and Epistles for Lent ought to be taken from the writings of Swift. From his own point of view he had studied his kind profoundly. Its littleness, its meanness, and its vileness he had thoroughly explored: "I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained, till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer." His cynicism, like the philanthropy of others, overflowed from man upon other creatures, and everything in nature that could justify contempt and loathing was evidently familiar and dear to him. Probably no other man ever lived who could say that he "had *often* observed, with *singular pleasure*, that a fly driven from a honey-pot will immediately, with very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement." He tells, with almost unequalled force, home truths which ought to be present to the minds of all rulers and educators of mankind; but he who should accept them unqualified by the truths on the other side would be a greater fool than the most extravagant Utopians. As a correction to political optimism of the Godwin and Jefferson type, his cynicism is particularly useful. In this respect he anticipates Carlyle, while he is wholly devoid of the mystical element which in Carlyle denotes an underlying optimism, with regard, at least, to the general constitution of the world. There have been two kinds of theoretic torism in England, apart from the mere bias of aristocracy and wealth: that of the religious cavalier, who believed in the divine right of kings, and that of the cynic, who disbelieved in popular intelligence and virtue. Swift is a teacher of torism of the cynical kind; probably no man held in more cordial contempt the superstitions of Filmer and Laud than he did; in fact, when he had become the under-

ground pillar of a tory administration, his avowed principles remained whig, as they had originally been. In one passage he even ogles speculative republicanism; but toryism has always known him for its own. Liberals may gather from him, not any special lessons concerning the weak points of free institutions, — for with theoretic politics he deals little, — but the general habit of salutary misgiving and watchfulness against the optimistic illusions bred by over-confidence in human nature. He reveals with the glare of an electric light the real difficulties with which we have to contend in advancing towards what the great English leader of the opposite party called the best form of government, — “that which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth towards the common good.”

Scott has persuaded himself that Swift “possessed in the fullest degree the only secure foundation for excellence in the clerical profession, — a sincere and devout faith in the doctrines of Christianity.” It may be said of biographers even with more truth than of fathers of families that they are capable of anything. Swift, it seems, like a man of sense, did punctually and decorously enough whatever in the way of worshipping or preaching was required of him as a dean. He read prayers to his family; was seen engaged in private devotion; even composed a prayer; and printed a dozen of sermons, including one on brotherly love, which is from beginning to end a most virulent tirade against “papists and fanatics,” the latter term of courtesy denoting the dissenters. He was a zealous defender of the privileges and interests of his order, writing vigorously in favor of the sacramental test, and against the commutation of the tithe on hemp. It is quite conceivable that he had his moments of religious emotion. But who can imagine that a man with a “sincere and devout faith”

could kneel down to pray, and rise up to write the Tale of a Tub, the Windsor Prophecy, or the Progress of Marriage? In the Thoughts on Religion we find the suggestive aphorism, “The want of belief is a defect that ought to be concealed when it cannot be overcome.” Soon afterwards we are told that doubts are not wicked “if they have no influence on the conduct of life;” if they do not prevent you from holding a deanery, trying hard to get a bishopric, advocating the sacramental test, and taking part in the persecution of dissenters. But Scott does not question the authenticity of those famous lines of Swift on the Day of Judgment, sent by Chesterfield in a letter to Voltaire, which are the very quintessence of cynical satire and (we can hardly doubt) an embodiment of the writer’s real view of the world: —

“Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepped aside,
And you who never fell from pride;
You who in different sects were shammed,
And come to see each other damned;
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove’s designs than you), —
The world’s mad business now is o’er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools! Go, go, you’re bit.”

Theistic theory and sentiment, whether in the shape of Christianity, or in any other shape, are radically inconsistent with misanthropy and pessimism, and it is hardly possible to doubt that in Swift’s case the misanthropy and pessimism were sincere.

Voltaire’s *Candide* is nothing but a squib on the extravagant optimism of Leibnitz and his school, with their pre-established harmony, their best of all possible worlds, and their attempts to conjure away the existence of evil by calling it a limitation or negation. It ends in persiflage, — “Cultivate your garden.” Of all squibs that ever were written it is the best, at least it would be if Voltaire could only keep himself

clean; but he finds it necessary once at least in every page to dip himself in the cess-pool. He was too light to have a serious philosophy; but such philosophy as he had was certainly not pessimistic. In *Candide* itself, the Utopians of Eldorado worship supreme benevolence with the pure rites of reason, and it is pretty clear that the writer is giving us his own ideal; while in politics Voltaire evidently thinks that the people may be made perfectly happy by a beneficent and enlightened monarch formed in his own school. There is, however, in *Candide* one passage which has not only a pessimistic tone but a ring of sad sincerity. "I longed," says a wretched old woman, "a hundred times to kill myself, but I still loved life. This absurd weakness is perhaps one of our most fatal propensities; for can anything be more foolish than to choose always to bear a burden which one is all the time wishing to throw off; to abhor one's being and still cling to it; to caress the serpent which devours us till it has eaten our hearts out?"

Passing over for the moment Hume, to whom we shall return immediately, we recognize in the now famous German, Arthur Schopenhauer, the originator of the pessimistic philosophy as distinguished from mere pessimistic sentiment. A claim is put in for the honor of simultaneous invention on behalf of the Italian Leopardi, with whose lamentations Schopenhauer was acquainted. But Leopardi was a good deal more of a poet than of a philosopher, and the writer of patriotic lyrics, however melancholy is their tone, can hardly have been a consistent pessimist. It has already been observed that we have no right to daff a pessimist's argument aside merely because by his personal temperament and circumstances he is naturally disposed to question the goodness of the dispensation. Yet it is impossible not to connect the philosophy with the special character and history of the man in such

cases as those of Leopardi and Schopenhauer. Leopardi was a miserable invalid, the victim of pecuniary distress, and a sufferer from that which, in the case of a man conscious of genius, is more galling than want of health and money, — the sense of aspirations blighted and energies denied a field. It seems that the influence of the tender friendship which watched over him in his last years modified the bitterness of his soul and with it the sombre hue of his writings. With the history and character of Schopenhauer the world has now been made well acquainted. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Danzig. His father is described as a man of determined and obstinate character and a successful speculator, but with a taint of something morbid, which he probably bequeathed to his son. The mother of Schopenhauer was a lady who might have been expected to give birth to a writer, but scarcely to the founder of pessimism. She was herself the author of some art critiques and novels, and the centre of a literary circle; but she is described at the same time as a gay and rather dashing woman of the world. She seems, however, to have helped to form her son's philosophy, and especially his doctrine concerning women, by the repulsive influence of her careless levity and by squandering the family fortune. Perhaps the social relations of a man of his temperament with ladies would almost suffice to account for his dislike. His literary talent is undisputed, and has helped the reception of his doctrine; but he was evidently a man of the most crabbed and bilious character. Medical science has applied its microscope to him, and supposes itself to have identified his disease. Besides his atrabiliousness, he was vexed with the infirmity of fear. During a visit which he paid to England, he formed an intense antipathy to the comfortable bigotry of the Protestant rectors, which evidently inclined him to a liking for Roman

Catholic asceticism by the mere force of repugnance. Apparently he wished to distinguish himself as a teacher, and would perhaps have liked a professorial chair; though it would not be just to ascribe too much to any feeling of disappointment his intense hatred of the official teachers, notably Hegel, on whom he poured out the vials, not to say the sloppails, of his wrath. He must in any case have seen in them deceivers of the brethren and enemies of pessimistic truth. He died unmarried. His last years were passed in retirement, with much material comfort, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Evidently, he was very conscious of his genius — he calls one of his own essays a pearl — and desirous of intellectual renown. During his life, however, his wish was not fulfilled. Germany at that time was full of the bright hopes of unity, engaged in the animating struggle for that boon, and little inclined to accept the teachings of a pessimist. But now she is suffering from the disappointment that follows the attainment of felicity, from the reaction that ensues on high nervous tension, and from the crushing pressure of taxation and the military system. Schopenhauer, accordingly, becomes a power, his doctrines mingling and harmonizing with those of the socialist leaders, whose influence is likewise the offspring of popular suffering and discontent. Overflowing into Russia, the dark stream of the pessimistic philosophy mingles with that of revolutionary revolt against the administrative abuses of the despotism; and the result is Nihilism, the most desperate of all the social insurrections, though its secrecy and the terror which it spreads have probably produced exaggerated notions of its extent. In France, it seems, a similar conjunction of pessimism with socialism is not unknown, albeit a French man of science has pronounced it impossible that the pessimistic virus should be generated in any country which drinks wine and not beer. The connection of pes-

simism as well as socialism with popular suffering is as clear as that of Calhoun's social theories with the possession of slaves. It is illustrated conversely by the case of the United States, where the good nature and philanthropic sentiment engendered by popular prosperity have given birth to Universalism and led to considerable mitigation of the doctrine of eternal punishment, even in churches which retain the orthodox profession.

Schopenhauer's philosophy may be succinctly described as Buddhism with a frontispiece of German metaphysics, to which his follower Hartmann has added another frontispiece of physics. He holds that this, instead of being the best, is the worst of all possible worlds. If you ask how he can be sure of this, the answer is that such a world, if another grain of evil were added to it, would cease to exist. There is no such thing as happiness. All action has its spring in uneasiness, and is painful in itself. Pain is positive; pleasure is merely negative. The only enjoyment that can be called real is the contemplation of works of art, and this is confined to a few. In this last article Schopenhauer shows the influence of Goethe. Vice is that excessive measure of will which encroaches on the sphere of another will; virtue melts into mere pity for human woe. The spring of all existence, and so of evil, is will, which Schopenhauer erects into a universal substance, apart from intelligence and consciousness. Will with its restless cravings thrusts us into life, and deludes us with vain shows of virtue and happiness to keep us there. Our great object should be to make will desist from its cruel work by denying it, each in his own person, and throwing ourselves into a state of Lama-like passivity and resignation. Suicide of volition, in short, is the consummation at which we are to aim. Actual suicide, which seems the logical conclusion of Schopenhauer's teachings, is forbidden, as being not a negation but an affirmation of will, — a

reason which would hardly have stayed the hand of Hamlet. Women, by whose allurements we are decoyed into propagating our species and keeping the race in the misery of existence, are naturally the objects of the pessimist's intense aversion. Love he thinks he has proved to be mere sensuality, stimulated by will in its craving for the realization of itself in the offspring of marriage. His counsel of perfection is monastic chastity, by which the propagation of the race would be quickly brought to an end. But in this line he appears rather to have held up a torch to emancipation than himself to have led the way. The life of an old bachelor in comfortable circumstances residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main was, it must be owned, more favorable to Lamaism and more anticipative of Nirvana than that of the work-people by whose daily labor the Lama was housed, clothed, and fed. Yet could any "affirmation of will" be more decided than the activity of an author with a strong, not to say gnawing, desire of literary fame?

This, we say, and everybody says, is Buddhism in a European dress. Yet in justice to Buddhism it must be remembered that there is more than one interpretation of Nirvana, and that according to the more favorable view it is not mere annihilation, which is Schopenhauer's ideal, but the passive and impersonal bliss of the drop reunited to the sea. The sea of Divine Being we cannot say, inasmuch as Buddhism knows no God; but the sea of being beyond the miseries, the chances, and the changes of the personal existence. There seems also to be in Buddhism a more decided presentation than there is in Schopenhauer's philosophy of the principle that the blessed consummation is to be attained by virtue, though it is the virtue that grows on the banks of the Ganges, not that which grows on the banks of the Spree. The very beautiful picture of the founder of the system, drawn in Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, is essen-

tially sustained by the critical authorities.

At the same time, Buddhism has not failed to show the consequences of looking only at the dark side of our lot, and of merely striking the balance between the existing amounts of good and evil, without inquiring whether in the good there is any promise of ultimate victory which there is not in the evil. It may have afforded a doubtful and feeble consolation to myriads toiling and suffering under hard task-masters on the burning plains of Hindostan; it has steeped boundless misery in a sort of spiritual Lethe; but it has produced no effort, no society, no government, no civilization, no church, except a vast collection of monasteries filled with idleness in a dull trance.

The metaphysical reasonings by which Schopenhauer attempts to prove *a priori* that no happiness can exist we, for our part, are content to leave in the hands of his able critics, Mr. Sully and M. Caro. To their tribunal also we consign his theory that the world is merely a representation of the human brain. That the notions which we form by means of these five bodily senses of ours, the methodized perceptions of which are science, have no appreciable relation to the truth of the infinite is a probability, we may say a moral certainty, which physicism, in its hour of triumph, will do well to take with it in its car. But that the phenomenal universe, including the discoveries of the telescope, is a mere figment of the human brain seems a belief which will find entertainment only in a brain of very peculiar construction.

One thing, however, may be said in defense of Schopenhauer's metaphysics. He has just as good a right to call the operative and generative power in nature will as anybody else has to call it force. Development and evolution, in the same manner, if they denote anything more than the ascertained succession of phenomena, denote what is

beyond the range of our perceptions. That things follow each other in a certain order, science can tell. She can point, perhaps, to each link of the ascending series, from the slime of the sea up to the intelligence, the moral nature, and the æsthetic faculties of man. But how the ascent takes place; how anything passes from one stage of its being into another stage; how any growth, combination, or change is brought about, is a question of which she is totally ignorant, and veils her ignorance, perhaps from herself as well as from her disciples, under a set of quasi-physical terms. The only creative or generative power of which we have any actual experience is effort, by which, unless our consciousness mocks us, man modifies his own character as well as the things around him. From this in fact our idea of force is derived, and science would undergo no real change if we were always to use the same name. Meantime, to know but half of being, to see the phenomena and the succession of phenomena, but to see no more, is surely to be a long way from the point at which you would be able either to solve the mystery of the universe, or to pronounce that there is no solution. Schopenhauer is also nearer the truth than some other modern philosophers in his version of asceticism. It is the fashion now to speak of asceticism as a relic of the worship of a fiend who was to be propitiated only by the sacrifice of pain. No doubt, in some cases, especially in that of the Eastern fakir, it is deeply tainted with a notion of this kind. But the aim of the Western ascetic, at all events in the main, has been self-purification. He has striven by mortifying the body to liberate the soul from her bondage to the flesh, and to prepare her for union with the divine. Grant that the effort has been misdirected, and that mere failure has been the result, though there would be something to be said on the other side; still, the phenomenon will not lose all its significance, and a

candid examination of it is essential to a complete history of humanity. We speak on the assumption that history is an important part of the study of man; for there seems to be a disposition in some quarters to set it aside as mere "gossip," which would be a very convenient arrangement for physicists determined to settle all questions without the help of any knowledge but their own.

That which has a practical and a most intense interest for us is Schopenhauer's uncompromising indictment of the goodness of the dispensation and of the character of the Power from which the dispensation proceeds. We mean the rational part of his indictment; for when a man avers that no real happiness is enjoyed by two young lovers on their wedding-day, or by a philanthropist who sees his vision fulfilled, he may be left to settle his quarrel with the facts. But here the German pessimist had been anticipated by a philosopher of more weight than himself, and one not open to the *argumentum ad hominem* which may be urged with effect against Schopenhauer and Leopardi. David Hume was a man whose placidity of temperament verged upon the lymphatic. He lived the life which he had chosen for himself, and evidently was very happy in the exercise of his intellectual powers and the enjoyment of his literary reputation. If he had a fault, it was perhaps that he was too placid, too much of an intellectual epicurist, and, with all the social amiability which so greatly endeared him to his friends, lacked the motive power of earnest love of humanity which would have impelled him to push his way vigorously to the truth. Evidently, a state of skepticism was to him not painful, but luxurious; certainty would have been almost unwelcome, as the termination of a pleasant dalliance with great questions. He loved gracefully to hold out the scales of argument without pronouncing to which side in his own opinion the balance inclined. This elegant neutrality,

or appearance of it, it was that made his writings peculiarly acceptable to men of the world, whom he seemed to place, with himself, above the angry insects of theological discussion. In his treatise on Natural Religion, the form of dialogue enables him to state all views without ostensibly embracing any one of them. Yet it can hardly be doubted that we have the real expression of his own thoughts in the following extract, which though long is not prolix, and which sets before us with a force enhanced by the writer's general calmness of style the overwhelming enigma of man's estate.

"And why should man, added he, pretend to an exemption from the lot of all other animals? The whole earth, believe me, PHILO, is cursed and polluted; a perpetual war is kindled amongst all living creatures. Necessity, hunger, want, stimulate the strong and courageous; fear, anxiety, terror, agitate the weak and infirm. The first entrance into life gives anguish to the new-born infant and to its wretched parent; weakness, impotence, distress, attend each stage of that life; and 't is at last finished in agony and horror.

"Observe too, says PHILO, the curious artifices of nature, in order to imbitter the life of every living being. The stronger prey upon the weaker, and keep them in perpetual terror and anxiety. The weaker, too, in their turn, often prey upon the stronger, and vex and molest them without relaxation. Consider that innumerable race of insects, which either are bred on the body of each animal, or, flying about, infix their stings in him. These insects have others, still less than themselves, which torment them. And thus on each hand, before and behind, above and below, every animal is surrounded with enemies, which incessantly seek his misery and destruction.

"Man alone, said DEMEA, seems to be, in part, an exception to this rule. For by combination in society he can easily master lions, tigers, and bears, whose

greater strength and agility naturally enable them to prey upon him.

"On the contrary, it is here chiefly, cried PHILO, that the uniform and equal maxims of nature are most apparent! Man, it is true, can by combination surmount all his *real* enemies, and become master of the whole animal creation; but does he not immediately raise up to himself *imaginary* enemies, the demons of his fancy, who haunt him with superstitious terrors, and blast every enjoyment of life? This pleasure, as he imagines, becomes in their eyes a crime; his food and repose give them umbrage and offense; his very sleep and dreams furnish new materials to anxious fear; and even death, his refuge from every other ill, presents only the dread of endless and innumerable woes. Nor does the wolf more molest the timid flock than superstition does the anxious breast of wretched mortals. Besides, consider, DEMEA: this very society, by which we surmount these wild beasts, our natural enemies, what new enemies does it not raise to us? What woe and misery does it not occasion? Man is the greatest enemy of man. Oppression, injustice, contempt, contumely, violence, sedition, war, calumny, treachery, fraud, — by these they mutually torment each other; and they would soon dissolve that society which they had formed, were it not for the dread of still greater ills, which must attend their separation.

"But though these external insults, said DEMEA, from animals, from men, and from the elements, which assault us form a frightful catalogue of woes, they are nothing in comparison of those which arise within ourselves, from the distempered condition of our mind and body. How many lie under the lingering torment of diseases? Hear the pathetic enumeration of the great poet: —

'Intestine stone and ulcer, colic-pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans: **DESPAIR**
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch.
And over them triumphant **DEATH** his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.'

The disorders of the mind, continued **DEMEA**, though more secret, are not perhaps less dismal and vexatious. Remorse, shame, anguish, rage, disappointment, anxiety, fear, dejection, despair, — who has ever passed through life without cruel inroads from these tormentors? How many have scarcely ever felt any better sensations? Labor and poverty, so abhorred by every one, are the certain lot of the far greater number; and those few privileged persons who enjoy ease and opulence never reach contentment or true felicity. All the goods of life united would not make a very happy man; but all the ills united would make a wretch indeed; and any one of them, almost (and who can be free from every one?), nay, often the absence of one good (and who can possess all?), is sufficient to render life ineligible. Were a stranger to drop, on a sudden, into this world, I would show him as a specimen of its ills an hospital full of diseases, a prison crowded with malefactors and debtors, a field of battle strewn with carcasses, a fleet floundering in the ocean, a nation languishing under tyranny, famine, or pestilence. To turn the gay side of life to him, and give him a notion of its pleasures, whither should I conduct him? To a ball, to an opera, to court? He might justly think that I was only showing him a diversity of distress and sorrow."

To this picture of the darker side of our lot there is, perhaps, nothing of much importance to be added, except the struggle for existence, which modern science has revealed, and which seems to involve as an essential part of the law of natural progress an immense amount not only of physical but of moral evil. If there is anything more to be said, it is that Hume, being unmarried, and with all his social qualities very much wrapped

up in himself, has not laid so much emphasis as he otherwise might have done on the wounds and the ruin of affection.

"Is the Deity," says Hume, "willing to prevent evil, but not able? Then is he impotent. Is he able, but not willing? Then is he malevolent. Is he both able and willing? Whence, then, is evil?" Whence, our hearts may well repeat, is all this pain, misery, and anguish, which a being whose moral nature in any degree resembled the better part of ours, who had any share of human justice, sympathy, and mercy, would presumably prevent if it were in his power? The answer of dogmatic Christianity has already been noticed; so have the objections to that answer, arising from the manifest existence of evil and misery on this globe before the appearance of man, with the attempt of M. Secretan to meet the objections by extending backwards the operation of the fall. Supposing Christianity to be true as an ethical system and as a general account of human nature, it will be capable of accommodation and extension without limit; but to foist upon it a philosophy of which its founders never dreamed, and which no ordinary understanding would find in it, is to make the gospel a concealment instead of a revelation of the truth. Besides, Hume would ask another question, Whence the fall? This is not the place to inquire whether dogmatic Christianity is identical with evangelical Christianity, or whether evangelical Christianity, stripped of Oriental and rabbinical forms, really says more than that man was spiritually dead and walking in darkness when life and light came into the world by Christ.

Eminent opponents of Schopenhauer take their stand on "meliorism," a name which they adopt as denoting a middle term between optimism and pessimism. The meliorist admits, as everybody but a Hindoo sage or a High German metaphysician would, the concurrent existence of good and evil, of happiness and

misery, of pleasure and pain, in the world. He does not attempt exactly to determine the relative proportions of the two elements; but he thinks he has satisfied himself by induction that there is a tolerable amount of happiness already, and that it is capable of being greatly increased by the adoption of methods which will constitute a new science. The treatment of happiness under the auspices of this science excludes all questions as to the existence of a Deity, or as to man's origin or destiny, dealing solely with this life and with the present world. But we are not told how men are to be prevented from thinking of these things, or how it is possible that, if they do think of them, their present sensations of pain and pleasure, happiness and misery, should not be affected by their thoughts. Anticipation, as well as the actual feeling of the moment, enters into our pain and pleasures. The present pang may be the same, but it makes all the difference to the man's sensation whether it is inflicted by a surgeon who is restoring him to health, or by a torturer who is putting him to death. The journey may be as toilsome, but the weariness will be less to a traveler going home, than to one going to prison. A hard life of duty is painful if there is no reward; but if there is a great reward in view, the pain is turned into pleasure. You may, if you think it worth while, create a factitious science by abstracting the consideration of our earthly life from all ideas that range beyond it; but you will find great difficulty in practically banishing speculative ideas and hopes which have taken firm possession of the mind of the race. You will hardly prevent those who have death always in view from continuing to ask themselves whether it is the end of existence or not. When we look up to the starry heavens, you will hardly restrain our thoughts from ranging beyond an earthly abode. Physical science just now is flushed with its splendid victo-

ries; it is inclined to assume that all ideas and aspirations will henceforth be bounded by its domain.

A melancholy temperament is considered by the meliorists to be one of the principal sources of human misery. From this they hope to deliver us, partly by physical appliances, partly by training us to direct our attention to the bright points of our lot and turn our minds away from what is less agreeable, as people liable to seasickness are kindly advised to fix their eyes on a distant object and not think about the unpleasant motion of the vessel. In this way it seems to be hoped that the whole race will in the end become as merry as Dick Swiveller. But Dick Swiveller is not a man. He is an impersonation of jollity. He looks neither before nor after; if he were to begin to look before or after, the character would vanish like a ghost at cock-crow. So it would if he met with any heart-rending misfortune, such as may any day befall the happiest and most buoyant of mankind. A man loses his wife just when their hearts have been knit together, or his only child; these are every-day accidents, and how will a Dick Swiveller philosophy take away their sting? Would there be any credit in being jolly beside the death-bed of affection? Religious resignation, if it is well founded, will take the sting from such misfortunes; but that is a very different affair. A cheerful temperament is no doubt an excellent thing, and it may be cultivated both mentally and by wise attention to physical health. But it will not prevent nature from sweeping men away by earthquake, plague, and famine, without mercy or justice. It will not alter the grim facts of the dispensation; and as the dispensation is, so men will see it, not in their convivial hours, but in their serious and reflecting moods, which make the grand tone of life. In the characters of the greatest men, and those who have done most for the race, the element of sadness has predominat-

ed, though beneath it there was a deeper spring of joy.

In some of these recipes for the cultivation of happiness there seems to be a fallacy of class. The great mass of mankind at the present time, to say nothing of the past, is a prey to evils of a much coarser kind than any of which mere temperament can be deemed the cause. Those who tell the miserable population of Hindostan, or that which, close to the palaces of London, covers square miles with its misery, squalor, and despair, to cultivate a cheerful temperament are like the old Duke of Norfolk who, in the midst of famine, advised the English peasantry to take a pinch of curry powder with their food. A similar fallacy seems to underlie the induction upon which a favorable estimate of existing happiness is based. A literary man asks perhaps a score or two of his acquaintance whether happiness or unhappiness has predominated in their lives. They reply that happiness has predominated. But these people, however fairly selected, are all members of a well-to-do class in a civilized country. People of the indigent class, or living in countries not civilized, and being there, from their weakness, the victims of violence, might, if they could express themselves articulately, give a less favorable verdict; not to mention that the persons interrogated have probably always had, under affliction, the comforts, real or imaginary, of religion.

Death, we are told, is not to be regarded in any disagreeable light; it is rather to be looked upon as throwing a pleasant though pensive tint of elegiac tenderness over our being, and as rendering by its certain approach each particular moment of our allotted span more precious. The last reflection is eminently true in the case of the man who is to be executed to-morrow. It surely is difficult to get rid of the conviction that the more pleasant life is made the more unpleasant will be the loss of it, and

the more disagreeable the thought that it may be taken from us at any moment by a whiff of infected air, or by the fall of a chimney-pot. There was a striking picture, years ago, in the London Academy of a miserable stone-breaker who had sunk placidly into his last sleep beside his heap of stones. Willingness to be at rest in such a case as this we can understand, but hardly in the case of a man in a state of prosperous energy, with all the means of enjoyment and a loving family around him. If our happiness comes to consist in an increased degree, not of the pleasures which satiate and pall, but of those which belong to mutual affection, the pang will be all the sharper, and bereavement will become in its bitterness a second death. We cannot help remembering, when we hear philosophers speak so complacently of the prospect of annihilation, that none of us have yet got fairly clear of the penumbra of Christian faith and hope, or of the comforting impression that those who are parted here will in some way meet again hereafter. Examples have been held up of men of the new school of science who have rested with perfect contentment in the belief that this span was all, and have even been spurred to higher activity thereby. But these men hardly constitute a ground for a fair induction. Not only did they spend their lives in a transport of iconoclastic exertion, which allowed no space for melancholy thoughts, but they had only just emerged from a state of strong religious conviction, the influence of which, however unconscious they might be of it, could not fail to linger in their minds.

That man is fatherless, under the care of no providence, and the sport of a blind but irresistible force which in a moment wrecks his happiness, perhaps crushes myriads out of existence by a death of agony, is an idea which has hardly yet had time to present itself to us unveiled and in its full significance. Some

think that it will be greatly softened if instead of blind force we teach ourselves to say law. But, in the first place, this is a comfort suited rather for the easy-chair of intellectual leisure than for rougher situations; it will not greatly relieve the mind of a man who finds himself buried alive in a coal-pit, or of a mother who sees her child in the agony of strangulation by diphtheria. In the second place, men of science have at last begun to admit what unscientific people urged long ago, — that law is a theistic term, to which untheistic science has no right. Untheistic science can take cognizance of nothing but facts, whether particular or general, and what comfort there can be in the mere generality of a cruel fact it is not easy to understand. We may make the passing remark, not irrelevant to the present subject, that with the admission that science is not entitled to speak of law is still coupled a confident assertion of the doctrine of scientific necessity. But how can there be necessity — at least, how can we have any assurance of it — without law? Can necessity be predicated of the mere recurrence of a general fact?

The struggle for existence is allowed to be an unattractive feature of the situation; but it is contended that its ugly aspect will be lessened, if not removed, by the beneficent intervention of society, which is sure to take the duty of selection into its own hands, and to exercise it by the milder agency of a control over undesirable propagation. This, in the first place, seems to imply that physical superiority, of which alone a legislator can take cognizance, is decisive, and that the world is better without such invalids as St. Paul, or Alfred, or Pascal. In the second place, it involves the assumption, which pervades all the social writings of Mr. Mill, that there is a wise and beneficent power called society, apart from and above the aggregate of individual action. Unluckily, no such earthly providence exists.

There is nothing but government, with the infirmities of which and the danger of intrusting it with unlimited power, or extending its sway to private conduct and to the household, experience has made us only too familiar. There is a gulf, across which we cannot at present see, between our actual political condition and that in which the world would be able to intrust its rulers with the power of regulating the union of the sexes, not to mention the other elements of the competition for existence. The nearest approach to any social action of this kind, perhaps, has been monasticism, which on the whole must have selected the physically weak for celibacy; but the net result of monasticism was not satisfactory. Moreover, it must be remembered that the struggle for existence goes on not only between individual members of society, but between nations and races. What Parliament of man or other earthly authority will ever be in a position to say to the inferior nations or races, You had better cease to beget children, so that you may quietly disappear and leave room for the Jingo, who will otherwise be placed by nature under the unpleasant necessity of slaughtering you in heaps, or otherwise exterminating you, in order to remove you out of the way of his evidently superior claim to existence?

This leads us naturally to a remark respecting human progress, the conscious promotion of which is another of the things to which we are exhorted to look as growing sources of comfort. Let it be granted that progress, so far as it depends on the wants of the race and the supply of these wants, is almost mechanical, and certain to continue in its present course. Surely, there is also a part of it, and not the least important part, dependent on the extraordinary efforts of good men striking out against the ever-flowing current of evil and indifference, which would otherwise sweep us backwards, and thereby rendering

special services to their kind. Sometimes the exercise of such energy is pleasant; but in other cases it involves a good deal of self-sacrifice, as it notably did in what few people are so fanatically antitheological as not to deem a great gain to humanity, the foundation of Christianity. But self-sacrifice can hardly be reconciled with reason, unless it brings with it an ultimate reward. A man may submit to martyrdom for the truth's sake, if he is to pass through the gate of death to the Father of Truth; he will hardly do so if he is to go down into the pit. People, in short, will sacrifice themselves to progress and to the general good of their kind if they believe that, apart from what may happen to them in the flesh, they have a perpetual interest in the result; on the opposite hypothesis, they will not. As we have said before, you cannot, in estimating the feelings of men, eliminate anticipation. A subjective existence, to be enjoyed in the lives of posterity when you have utterly ceased to be and the last trace of your memory has vanished, is a fantasy which may be fondled by a refined imagination, but will heal no wounds and countervail no hardships in the case of ordinary men. Here again the materialist or positivist view of life appears to have derived an idea and borrowed a hue from Christianity. Christian progress is that of the church militant gaining gradually a victory over evil, in which every Christian who acts up to his profession will have his share. This is a belief which, if sincerely entertained, cheers the most arduous, the most wearisome, and the dullest path of duty. Moreover, the end of the Christian progress is the reception into the divine essence of spirit perfected by trial and soaring away from the ruin of the material globe. The end of positivist progress is a physical catastrophe in which everything will perish. No thought very animating or very likely to nerve men to high self-sacrifice is produced by the

prospect of a march of humanity, like that of a blind column of animals or insects, towards final and total destruction. That those who at last drop into the gulf will be improved specimens of the race, and will carry with them the accumulated results of its efforts through all the ages, is hardly a redeeming feature of the outlook. Science has begun to calculate the rate at which the sun exhausts its vital fires; who can say that the fatal period may not even be anticipated by some other astronomical agent of destruction? However that may be, the certain end of the collective effort, to which we are to immolate ourselves individually, according to positivism, is inanity and dust.

Schopenhauer has insisted on the fact that with civilization and refinement sensibility to pain and grief will increase. The reply is obvious that capacity for pleasure will increase also; but it may be difficult to strike the balance. Art, from which alone Schopenhauer thinks any real pleasure can proceed, seems certainly, as character deepens and intellect grows more subtle, to contain in it a larger element of melancholy and of craving for the unattained. But, as has already been said, the misery of the mass of mankind consists in bodily want and toil that leave little room for enjoyment; the day is far distant when the mere question of sensibility will affect more than a few.

Infinite space might be consumed in settling the account between the past and the present in respect of material happiness. The railroads, telegraphs, and cheap cottons of the present are obvious; on the other hand, in old countries crowding involves no small loss of comfort and enjoyment. To the division of labor we owe a vast increase of production; but at the same time the labor of the producer becomes far duller and more wearisome than it was when each man saw and could rejoice in the finished work of his own hands. Even the

improvements which appear most completely within man's power are very long in coming, and almost seem as if they would never come. During the best period of Catholicism, morality in the vesture of religion strove earnestly, and not wholly without effect, to place restrictions upon war. But now such morality is again consigned to contempt, and Europe has developed a system of standing armies which again places assured peace at an immeasurable distance, and in the mean time makes the happiness and lives of millions the sport of imperial ambition or the dice of a political gambler.

The optimism which maintains that there is no evil in life, and the pessimism which maintains that there is no good, are equally out of court. But so far as it is a question between meliorism and the opposite theory, which we suppose must be called deteriorationism, the advocates of the less favorable hypothesis are not unlikely to hold their own. They may do so at all events if we take into consideration the whole human race, in past times as well as in the present, not merely the élite of a comparatively civilized generation.

This, however, is certain: the justice and goodness of the dispensation can be vindicated only on the hypothesis that the efforts and sufferings of the human race, and perhaps not only of the human race but of sentient beings, tend towards some achievement in which each individual contributor will have his part. Even an earthly king would deem it poor praise to be told that he had made myriads of his people miserable, without compensation or redemption, in bringing the rest to a very problematical state of happiness. Love of life and fear of death are a sufficient guaranty against the universal suicide to which Schopenhauer's philosophy would logically tend, as the sexual influence is against the extinction of the race by celibacy which he actually suggests. But this proves little ;

the burden of life is dragged by myriads whom no one would call happy. That mere existence is a blessing to a Hindoo peasant, who maintains himself by unceasing toil on the brink of destitution, sees his children starving round him, and ends his days by famine or some fearful disease, none but the most fanatical optimist will contend. Besides, we come back to the question why the Author of all being could not or would not confer upon the Hindoo peasant, who had committed no sin before his birth, the same measure of happiness which is conferred on other men.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his recent work on *The Data of Ethics*, which we all expected with interest and have read with respect, says that conflicting theories of ethics embody severally portions of the truth. "The theological theory contains a part. If for the divine will, supposed to be supernaturally revealed, we substitute the naturally revealed end towards which the power manifested throughout evolution works, then, since evolution has been and is still working towards the highest life, it follows that conforming to those principles by which the highest life is achieved is furthering that end. The doctrine that perfection or excellence of nature should be the object of pursuit is in one sense true; for tacitly it recognizes that ideal form of being which the highest life implies, and to which evolution tends." The writer can perhaps reconcile this better than we can with the mechanical theory of evolution and dissolution embodied in his *First Principles*. Not only is it a "reconciliation" with theology; it is theology itself, or something upon which theology might be built. The power which manifests itself throughout evolution clearly cannot be evolution itself. It is equally evident that "working towards" an object is a different thing from a merely mechanical progress, — from rhythm of motion, the instability of the homogeneous, and equilibration

Let there be added a definition of the highest life, and also a statement of the grounds on which that life is to be deemed higher than another; we shall then have, not indeed supernaturalism, but the foundations of natural theology, less the mere name of Deity. It is difficult to see why even prayer should be thought wholly irrational, if it is an entreaty for help in the endeavors to reach perfection, addressed to the great Co-Worker.

It is impossible to conceive a Power working through and with intelligence and beneficence towards an end assumed to be good, yet being itself unintelligent and unbeneficent. It is almost equally impossible to conceive an intelligent and beneficent Power making worlds as a child makes houses on the sand, merely that they may perish and leave no trace behind. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul has become so entangled with animistic fancies, mediæval superstitions, and imagery of crowns and harps, or of flames and serpents, crystallized into literal belief, that the contemptuous treatment of it by certain men of science may be considered excusable, if it is not philosophic. But let it be put simply on the hypothesis that the progress by which being has risen from protoplasm to humanity and the higher forms of humanity is still continuing and destined to continue; that spirit in its turn is coming into existence; and that it will not necessarily perish with the material world. There is nothing in this from which science need shrink, unless it be a foregone conclusion that anything relating to man which does not fall within the domain of physiology must be a silly dream. The notion of selfishness or of the eternal perpetuation of self which attaches to the belief in immortality and affords abundant matter for sneers and jibes appears to be perfectly gratuitous. It is in the best men that we seem to see the dawn of immortality, and the best

men are the least selfish. Spirituality is in fact emancipation from the influences by which selfishness is bred. Nor does it appear that we can set limits to the process, difficult as it may be for us to conceive of a being conscious and active, yet unlimited by self.

The eminent writer from whom we have just quoted looks forward to a millennium of his own, — the millennium of one who holds that “the ideally moral man is one in whom the moving equilibrium is perfect.” But this millennium is a weary way off, and it is to be feared that the prospect of it will hardly have much effect in inducing even ordinary men, not to speak of human wolves like the Fredericks and Napoleons, to subordinate their “simple representative feelings” to their “complex representative feelings,” on proper occasions and in due proportions. More than this, the millennium when it comes will be miserably imperfect, unless Mr. Spencer can induce nature to mend her behavior, as well as man. Let humanity be brought to the acme of moving equilibrium; let the sanitary aspirations of Dr. Richardson be fulfilled by the institution of a Salutland with all possible appliances of health and a name that does not outrage etymology; still, if nature persists in her practices of storm, flood, fire, plague, and earthquake, to say nothing of the burden which her stubborn and niggardly temper lays upon the sinews of toiling humanity, the happiness will be very far from perfect. It would be very far from perfect, even if it were to be lasting; but in the case of each man the moving equilibrium will be always advancing, in accordance with the law laid down in *First Principles*, to an inevitable “dissolution.” Death will always impend; and, as we have already said, the greater the happiness of man is, and the more sensitive and forecasting he becomes, the more terrible in all probability death will be. Even in Mr. Spencer’s philosophy we think we can dis-

cern anticipations of a condition in which to put off death would be the most absorbing of all objects, and the risk or certain sacrifice of life which men have faced from the love of their kind in doing good or in withstanding wrong would be regarded as mere insanity. Pile on the language of sentiment as you will, a man's conduct will be governed by his real interest; and his real interest must terminate with his existence. Then, after all, comes the general dissolution; the last generation of mankind, heir of all the preceding effort, perishes in some awful catastrophe, and the moral paradise is an atomic chaos.

Suppose effort, or that which presents itself to our consciousness as effort, to be the law of the universe and the life of the power which pervades it; suppose the object of effort in the case of man to be the attainment of a moral ideal which has a value in the eyes of the Author of Being; and suppose spirit, having attained the ideal, to be destined to survive the dissolution of the material globe,—suppose all this, and reason may sanction an optimistic view, not of our present state, but of the sum of things. Otherwise, though nobody but a metaphysician of gloomy temperament will deny the existence of a certain measure of happiness among men, or at least among the more favored portion of them, pessimism will have the best of the argument on the whole. The dispensation

under which we live can hardly be called beneficent: assuredly, considering the myriads who have been and still are being sacrificed, it cannot be called just.

No man of sense, no one who has faith in reason and truth, can doubt that the time has come for a perfectly free and frank discussion of all these questions, subject only to those restraints of reverence and charity which wisdom as well as right feeling would prescribe. All who give any thought to such matters know how we stand, and what is going on beneath the surface of apparent orthodoxy and conformity, even where the crust at present remains unbroken. If a real religious philosophy is possible, this is the time for its appearance. On one side, we have the official defenders of the established creed desperately identifying all religion with the untenable; on the other hand, we have men trained exclusively in physical science, contemptuously ignorant of history and philosophy, that is of moral and social man, and determined, with a fanaticism scarcely less virulent than that of theologians, to expel all religion from the world. Between the two extremes is it not possible to find some foundation for a rational religion? It must be possible, if we are in the hands of a being who cares for us, who has power to guide us to the truth, and to whose character the better part of ours affords a real clue.

Goldwin Smith.

MILES KEOGH'S HORSE.

ON the bluff of the Little Big-Horn,
At the close of a woful day,
Custer and his Three Hundred
In death and silence lay.

Three hundred to three thousand!
They had bravely fought and bled;

For such is the will of Congress
When the White man meets the Red.

The White men are ten millions,
The thriftiest under the sun;
The Reds are fifty thousand,
And warriors every one.

So Custer and all his fighting men
Lay under the evening skies,
Staring up at the tranquil heaven
With wide, accusing eyes.

And of all that stood at noonday
In that fiery scorpion ring,
Miles Keogh's horse at evening
Was the only living thing.

Alone from that field of slaughter,
Where lay the three hundred slain,
The horse Comanche wandered,
With Keogh's blood on his mane.

And Sturgis issued this order,
Which future times shall read,
While the love and honor of comrades
Are the soul of the soldier's creed.

He said:

*Let the horse Comanche,
Henceforth till he shall die,
Be kindly cherished and cared for
By the Seventh Cavalry.*

*He shall do no labor; he never shall know
The touch of spur or rein;
Nor shall his back be ever crossed
By living rider again.*

*And at regimental formation
Of the Seventh Cavalry,
Comanche, draped in mourning, and led
By a trooper of Company I,*

Shall parade with the regiment!

Thus it was

Commanded, and thus done,
By order of General Sturgis, signed
By Adjutant Garlington.

Even as the sword of Custer,
 In his disastrous fall,
 Flashed out a blaze that charmed the world
 And glorified his pall,

This order, issued amid the gloom
 That shrouds our army's name,
 When all foul beasts are free to rend
 And tear its honest fame,

Shall prove to a callous people
 That the sense of a soldier's worth,
 That the love of comrades, the honor of arms,
 Have not yet perished from earth.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

III.

FORD went back to his room, and turned over some new books which he had on his table for review. He could not make his choice among these volumes, or else he found them all unworthy; for after an absent glance at the deep chair in which he usually sat to read, he looked up his hat and went out, taking his way toward the shabbily adventurous street where the Boyntons had their lodgings.

Dr. Boynton met him at the door of his apartment with a smile of cheerful cordiality; but when Ford mentioned his encounter with Mr. Eccles, and expressed his hope that Miss Boynton was better, "Well, no," answered the doctor, "I cannot say that she is. She has had a shock, — a shock from which she may be days and even weeks in recovering." He rubbed his small, soft hands together, and beamed upon Ford's cold front almost rapturously.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the latter, with a glance of misgiving.

"Yes, yes," admitted the other. "In some respects it is regrettable. But

there are in this case, as in all others, countervailing advantages." He settled himself comfortably in the corner of the sofa as he proceeded. "Yes. The whole episode, on its scientific side, has been eminently satisfactory. The character of the manifestations at the séance, the violence with which neglect of the conditions was resented, the subsequent effects, primary and secondary, on the nervous organism of the medium, and, indeed of almost all persons present, have been singularly impressive, and indicative of novel and momentous developments. I don't know, Mr. Ford, whether you have had an opportunity of conversing with any of our friends since the evening in question, but I have seen many of them, and they have all testified to an experience which, however difficult of formulation, was most distinct. It appears to have been something analogous to the electrization of persons in the vicinity of a point struck by lightning. In the case of Mrs. Le Roy there has scarcely been a cessation of the effects. The raps in her room have been almost continuous, and the furniture of the whole house has

been affected. Miss Boynton has suffered the greatest distress from the continuance of the manifestations, and her mind is oppressed by influences which she is apparently powerless to throw off. In a word, everything has worked most harmoniously to the best advantage, and the progress made has been all that we could wish. Mr. Eccles perhaps told you of a marked increase of the discomfort he habitually suffers from indigestion?"

Ford hardly knew whether to laugh or rage at all this, but he merely said that Mr. Eccles had mentioned his dyspepsia, and remained in a bitter indecision, while Dr. Boynton went on. "Ah, yes! yes, yes! I think we may safely refer the aggravation of his complaint to the influences, still active, of our memorable séance. But I am not sure that Mr. Eccles's peculiar theory is the correct one. I distrust his speculations in some degree. A ferment of the kind he speaks of in the world of spirits would be more apt to ultimate itself here in the mind than in the stomach."

"Do you generally distrust speculations in regard to these matters?" asked Ford.

"I distrust *all* special speculation," said the doctor. "We physicians know what specialism leads to in medicine. I prefer to base my convictions solely upon facts."

"Are you able to satisfy yourself as to the facts of the séance here, the other night?"

"Not absolutely, — no. Not entirely. As yet we are only able to approximate facts."

"Then as yet you have only approximated convictions?" asked Ford.

"As yet I am only inquiring," said the doctor, with sweet acquiescence. "Startling and significant as those manifestations were, I feel that I am still only an inquirer. But I feel also that I have gained certain points which will

almost infallibly lead me to a final conclusion in the matter."

"Then you mean to say," pursued Ford, "that as a man of science you rose from Mrs. Le Roy's experiments in sleight of hand, the other night, with a degree of satisfaction. Have you the slightest confidence in her powers?"

"Why, there," replied Boynton, "you touch upon a strange problem. I am always aware, in these matters, of an obscurity of motive and of opinion which will not allow me to make any explicit answer to such a question as yours."

"You obfuscate yourself before sitting down, as you darken the room, that you may be in a perfectly receptive condition?"

"Something of that nature, yes. But I should distinguish: I should say that the obfuscation, though voluntary, was very largely unconscious."

Ford laughed. "I am afraid that I was in no state to judge of the exhibition, then. You are a man of such candor yourself that I am sure you will not blame my frankness in telling you that I thought the whole apparitional performance a piece of gross trickery."

"Not at all, not at all!" cried Boynton, with friendly animation. "From one point your position is perfectly tenable, — perfectly. You will remember that I myself warned you of the possibility of deceit in the effects produced, and said that I always took part in such a séance with the full knowledge of this possibility. At the same time, I always try, for my own sake, and for the sake of the higher truth to be attained, to keep this knowledge in abeyance, — in the dark, as we were saying."

"I see," said Ford, dryly. He waited blankly a moment, while Boynton watched him with cheery interest. "I suppose it was my misfortune to have been able to expose the whole performance at any moment. I did n't think it worth while."

"It was *not* worth while," Boynton interposed. "Those people would not have accepted your exposé, — I can't say that I should have accepted it myself; and in your effort to fulfill a mission, a mere mechanical duty, to society, you might have placed obstacles in the way of the most extraordinary developments. Nothing is clearer to my mind," he proceeded impressively, "than that it is our business, after the first intimations of a desire for converse on the part of spirits, to afford them every possible facility, to suggest, to arrange, to prepare, agencies for their use. Suppose you had detected Madam Le Roy in the employment of stuffed gloves; at the very moment when you seized upon the artificial apparition, a *genuine* spirit hand might have been about to manifest itself, in obedience to the example given. My dear sir," cried Dr. Boynton, leaning from his perch on the sofa toward the place where Ford sat, "I have gone to the very bottom of this matter, and I find that in almost all cases there is a degree of solicitation on the part of mediums; that where this is most daring the results are most valuable; and what I wish now to establish as the central principle of spiritistic science is the principle of solicitationism. If the disembodied spirits do not voluntarily approach, invite them; if they cannot manifest their presence, show them by example the ways and means of so doing. Depend upon it, the whole science must die out without some such direct and vigorous effort on our part."

He paused, leaving Ford in a strange perplexity. The smoothness and finish with which Boynton had formulated the preposterous ideas he had just expressed rendered it impossible for Ford to approach without irony a confession which he had meant to make in a different spirit. "Then you would not blame me if I had lost patience at any point of the game, and actively interfered in the process of solicitation?"

"As a mere exterior inquirer," returned Boynton, blandly, "I could not have blamed you."

"In the dark séance," said Ford, "I *did* interfere. It was my belief that Mrs. Le Roy was affording the agencies, as you express it, in that, too. I was shocked to find myself mistaken. It makes me sick to think that I should have hurt Miss Boynton, and if I could have suspected her of what I suspected Mrs. Le Roy I should never" —

"You were quite right," interrupted Dr. Boynton, courteously as before, but with a touch of pride. "My daughter was entirely innocent, for she was purely the passive instrument of my will; she was carrying out my plan, — a plan which the sequel proved triumphantly successful."

"I have said what I wished to say," remarked Ford, rising. "I can well believe that she did only as she was bidden. There were other things that showed that. I leave you to settle with yourself the little questions of honesty and decency in thrusting a helpless girl on to the performance of a cheat like that. You seem to be well grounded in your great principle, and I dare say you won't be troubled by my opinions. But my opinion of *you*, Dr. Boynton, is that you are either the most unconscionable knave and quack I have ever seen, or" —

Boynton sprang to his feet. "Not another word, sir! I regret for the sake of human nature to find you a ruffian. But there my concern in you ceases. I defy you to do your worst! Leave the house!"

"You defy me!" said Ford, setting his teeth, and struggling with the rage into which he found himself hurried. "What do you defy me to? Do you suppose I am going to mix myself up in any public way with your affairs? You are perfectly safe to go on and gull imbeciles to the end of time, for all I care."

"I am an honest man!" retorted Dr. Boynton. "I have an unsullied life be-

hind me, spent in the practice of an honorable profession and in earnest research into questions, into mysteries, on the solution of which the dearest hopes of the race repose. Who are you, to attain me of unworthy motives, to cry pretender and impostor at me? I have met, in the course of my investigations, rude incredulity from the thoughtless crowds who witnessed them, and insolent disdain from those qualified to question, but too proud or too indolent to do so. Till now this indifference has only accused my judgment. It remained for you to asperse my motives."

Dr. Boynton looked the resentment of an outraged man; he gained, in spite of his flowing rhetoric, a dignity which he did not have before. Ford stared at him in momentary helplessness. He was at the disadvantage that every man must be whose habits of life and whose temperament remove him from personal encounter, and who meets others in that sort of intellectual struggle in which his antagonist is for the time necessarily passive.

"You arraign me as a cheat," resumed Boynton, "and you dare to judge my principle by the imperfect first steps of those who attempt to put it in practice, by the crudest preliminary processes. But even here you have no ground to stand upon. Even here the ultimate fact utterly defeats and annihilates your insolent assumptions."

"I don't know what you mean," began Ford, "and" —

"I will tell you what I mean," interrupted Boynton, "and you shall judge your own case. If all our endeavors at spirit intercourse were for the ends of selfish deception, as you claim, how do you account for the final response to them? I am willing to believe that it was *your* hand that inflicted a hurt upon a woman, — oh, whether my daughter or Mrs. LeRoy, it was still a woman, — and that invoked any possible consequence from the violation of conditions

that you were bound in honor to respect; but *whose* hand was it that evolved itself from the darkness, and then dispersed that darkness? Whose hand was that which crowned my wildest hopes with success?"

"If you mean," said Ford, and he felt that after all it was shocking to own it, "the hand which turned on the gas, it was my hand."

"Your hand?" gasped Dr. Boynton.

"My hand — prepared by a trick so common and simple that it could have deceived no one but children, or men and women so eager for lies" —

"Oh, it was the truth, the sacred, vital, saving truth, they longed for! And it was this, it was this desire, you deluded!" Dr. Boynton hid his face in his handkerchief, and sank back upon the sofa. "Go, now," he said. "I will not, I cannot, I must not, hear one word of excuse from you. Your action is indefensible."

"Excuse?" cried Ford. "Do you really think I want to *excuse* myself? Do you think" —

"Why should you not wish to excuse yourself?" solemnly demanded Boynton, uncovering his face, which was pale, but calm. "You have dire need of excuse, if *sacrilege* is a crime."

"Sacrilege?" Ford was aware of forcing his laugh.

"Yes, sacrilege. You intruded upon religious aspirations to turn them into ridicule. You derided the hope of immortality itself, — the evidences through which thousands cling to the belief in God."

"You are such a very preposterous creature that I don't quite know how to take you," said Ford, "but I will ask you what you were doing yourself in making those simpletons think there were spirits present among them."

"I was leading them on to the evolution of a great truth, to the comfort of an assured immortality. But you, — were you aiming at anything higher than

the gratification of the wretched vanity that delights in finding all endeavor as low and hopeless as its own? Oh, I know your position, young man! I know the attitude of those shallow sciences which trace man backward to the brute, and forward to the clod. Which of them do you profess? It does n't matter. They all join in a cowardly contempt of phenomena which they will not examine; and if one of their followers, more just, more candid, than the rest, like Crookes, of London, ventures into the field of investigation, and dares to own the truth, they unite like a pack of wolves to destroy him. His methods are non-scientific! Bah! Did you think you were doing a fine thing, that day, when you lay in wait to dash our hopes, — to prove to us by the success of your trick that we were as the beasts that perish?"

"I can't say that I intended to trouble myself to expose you to them," said Ford.

"Then how much better were you," retorted Boynton, "than the worst you think of me? You call me an impostor. What were you but an impostor who wished to fool them to the top of their bent, for the sake of laughing them over in secret, or among others like yourself?"

"Here!" cried Ford. "I am sick of this foolery, and I warn you now that I will laugh *you* over with this whole city, if I know you to give another séance or public exhibition of any sort here. I believe there are no laws that can reach you, but justice shall. I am going to put an end to your researches, in Boston at least."

"You threaten me, do you?" cried Dr. Boynton, following him in his retreat from the room. "You propose, in your small way, to play the tyrant, to fetter my action, to forbid me the exercise of my faculties in the pursuit of truth! And you think I shall regard your threats? Poh, I fling them in your face! I value them no more than I care

for the miserable trick by which you have burlesqued without retarding my inquiries for an instant."

"Very well," retorted Ford, "we shall see!" He crushed on his hat, and left the house, Boynton pursuing him to the door, with noisy defiance, and remaining on the outer threshold to look after him.

IV.

Dr. Boynton watched Ford out of sight, and then, hot and flushed, turned back into the house. He did not return to the parlor, where the stormy scene had taken place between them, but went to his daughter's room. Egeria lay there in the twilight that befriended the shabbiness of the chamber, upon a lounge wheeled away from the wall, and at his entrance she asked, without lifting her eyes to his face (for women need not look at those dear to them, to know their moods), "What is it, father?"

"Nothing, nothing," panted her father, with a poor show of evasion.

"Yes, there is something," sadly persisted the girl. "Something has happened to worry you."

"Yes, you are right!" cried Dr. Boynton, with vehemence. "I have just met the grossest outrage and contumely from a man whom — whom — But, Egeria," he broke off, "tell me how you knew I was troubled. Did you hear angry talking?"

"No, I did n't hear anything. Who was the man, father?"

"Did you notice anything in my manner?"

"No, I saw nothing unusual."

"Then how did you know? Try to think, Egeria," said her father eagerly. "Try to trace the processes of your intuition. This may be a very important clue, leading to the most significant results. How could you suspect, having heard nothing, and in this darkened room, having seen nothing, strange in my

manner,—how could you divine that something had occurred to trouble me? How did you know it?”

“Oh, I suppose I knew it because I love you so, father. There was nothing strange in that. Oh, father, you promised me that you would n’t speak of those things again, just yet. They wear my life out.” He had drawn his chair, in his excitement, close to her couch, and sat leaning intently over her. She put her arm round his neck, and gently pulled his face down on her pillow for a moment. “Poor father! What was it vexed you?”

Boynton freed himself, instantly reverting with his first vehemence to the outrage he had suffered. “It was that young man,—that Ford, who was here the other night. He has gone, after heaping every insult upon me,—after telling me to my face that it was he who seized your hand in the dark séance, and produced by a trick the effect of the luminous spirit hand which turned on the gas. He dared to call me an impostor, to taunt me with forcing you to take part in my deceptions,—and this after the fullest and freest and frankest statement from me of the principle upon which I proceed in these experiments. And he ended by threatening me—yes, by threatening me with public exposure if I gave another séance in this city. The insolent scoundrel! If I had been a younger man, I should have replied in the only fitting manner. As it was, I treated his threats with contempt. I answered him taunt for taunt, and I defied him to do his worst. I a quack,—the shameless swindler! To take part in a mystery whose conditions bound him to good faith, and to defeat all its results by his miserable trickery!” Boynton started up and crossed the room. Suddenly he broke out, “Egeria, I don’t believe him! I don’t believe it was he who hurt you! I don’t believe that he produced that effect of a luminous hand! I believe that in both cases

supernatural agencies were at work; they must have been; and a man capable of wishing to defeat our experiments would be quite capable of claiming to have done so. He is a heartless liar, and so I will tell him in any public place. *He* forbid me to give another séance in Boston! *He* force me to quit this city in defeat and ignominy! I would perish first!”

“Oh, I wish we could go away! Oh, I wish we could go home!” moaned the girl, when the doctor’s furious tirade had ended.

“Egeria!”

“Yes, father,” said the girl, desperately; “I hate this wandering life; I’m afraid of these strange people, with their talk and their tricks and their dupes, and your part with them.”

“Egeria! This to your father? Do you join that scoundrel in his insult to me? Do you wish to add a crueller sting to the pain I have suffered,—you who know how unselfish my motives are? Do you deny the power—the strange power—which you have yourself repeatedly exercised, and which you have not been able to analyze?”

“No, no, father,” said the girl fondly, rising from where she lay, and going quickly to the chair into which her father had sunk, “I don’t deny it, and I don’t doubt *you*. *How* could I doubt you?” She sat down upon his knee, and drew his head against her breast. “But let’s go away! Let us go back to the country, and think it all over again, and try to see more clearly what it is, and—and—*pray* about it!” She had dropped to her knees upon the floor, and held his hands beseechingly between her own. “Why should n’t we go home?”

“Home! home!” repeated her father. “We have no home, Egeria! We might go back to that hole where I have stifled all my life; but we should starve there. My practice had dwindled to nothing, before we left; you

know that. Their miserable bigotry could not tolerate my opinions. No, Egeria, we must make the world our home hereafter. We must be content to associate our names with the establishment of — of a supreme principle, and find our consolation where all the benefactors of mankind have found it, — in the grave." Boynton paused, as if he had too deeply wrought upon his own sensibilities; but he resumed with fresh animation: "But why look upon the dark side of things, Egeria? Surely, you are better with me here than in that old house, where they would have taught you to distrust and despise me? You cannot regret having decided in my favor between your grandfather and me? If you do" —

"Oh, no, father! Never! You are all the world to me; I know how good you are, and I shall *never* doubt your truth, whatever happens. But go — let us go away from here — from this town, where we've had nothing but trouble, where I'm sure there's some great trouble coming to us yet."

"Do you think so, Egeria?" asked her father with interest. "What makes you think so? What is the character, the purport, of your prescience?"

"It's *no* prescience! It's nothing. It's only fear. I feel that I can't be myself here. Everything goes from me. I'm helpless."

"That is very curious!" mused Boynton. "Could it be something in the local electric conditions?"

"Oh, father, father!" moaned the girl in despair.

"Well, well, my child! What is it, then?"

"You have quarreled with this — this Mr. Ford?"

"Yes, Egeria; I told you."

"And he has threatened you, if you stayed — threatened to do something — I don't know — against us?"

"I suppose he means to vilify me in the public prints."

"Oh, then don't provoke him, father, — don't provoke him. Let us go away."

"Why, Egeria, are you afraid for your father?"

"I'm afraid for myself," answered the girl, cowering nearer to her father. "I can do nothing if he is by; and oh — he will come to see us, and I shall fail, and he will ruin you!"

"Egeria," said Dr. Boynton, "this is very interesting. I remember that on the day he came here — the day of the séance — you seemed to be similarly affected by his sphere, his presence. Can you analyze your feeling sufficiently, my child, to tell me why he should affect you in this way?"

"No," said Egeria.

"Do you remember any one else who has affected you as he has?"

"No, no one else."

"Very curious!" mused Dr. Boynton, with a pleased air of scientific inquiry. "Very curious, indeed! It opens up a wholly new field of investigation. All these things seem to proceed by a sort of indirection. We may be further from the result we were seeking than I supposed; but we may be upon the point of determining the nature of the chief obstacle in our way, and therefore — therefore — Um! Very strange, very strange! Egeria, I have felt myself, ever since we came to Boston, something singularly antagonistic in the conditions."

"Oh, then you'll go away, won't you, father, — you'll go away at once?" pleaded the girl.

"I am not sure," answered Dr. Boynton, in the same musing tone as before, "what our duty is in the premises. Suppose, Egeria," he continued with spirit, — "suppose that this antagonistic influence were confined to a single person in a population of two hundred and fifty thousand souls; would it not be a striking proof of the vastness of the resistance already overcome by spiritistic science, and at the same time an — a —

a — indication of responsibility in the matter which we ought not to shun?"

"I don't understand you, father," said Egeria, fearfully.

"I mean," replied her father, "that it may be our duty to sink all personal feeling in this matter, and lend every energy to the conviction, the conversion, of the person who thus antagonizes us."

The girl stood aghast, and for a moment did not reply, but glanced at her father's heated face and shining eyes in a sort of terror. Some instinct, perhaps, flashed upon her a fear against which the habit of her whole life rebelled, and kept her from directly opposing him. She subdued the tremor that ran through her, and answered, "You know that I think whatever you do, father. How — how?" — She apparently wished to temporize, to catch at this thought and that; without uttering any, she stopped short.

"How should I go about it?" radiantly demanded her father. "In the openest, the simplest manner possible, by submitting your — your gift to the test of opposing wills; by inviting this man to a public contest, in which, laying prejudice aside, he and I should enter the lists against each other in a fair struggle for supremacy. I am not afraid of the issue. In this view, he is no longer an enemy. He is a blind, opposing force of nature, which is simply to be overcome; he can no more have insulted or wronged me than the rock against which I strike in the dark, than the tempest that dashes its drops in my face. Poor, helpless, blameless obstacle! I am ashamed, Egeria, that I used harsh language to him; I am ashamed that I retorted from my vantage-ground the merely mechanical outrage which I suffered from him. My first business must be to — to — apologize; to seek him in a spirit of passive good feeling, and to invite him in a sentiment of the widest liberality to enter upon this rivalry; to — to" — Dr. Boynton bustled

about the room, seeking his hat. "It is my duty, it is my right, it is my sacred privilege, to go to him without a moment's delay, and withdraw every offensive expression that I may have used in the heat of — of — controversy; to solicit, upon whatever terms of personal humiliation he makes, his coöperation in this experiment; to conjure him by our common hopes of immortality" — Boynton had found that his hat was not in the room; he made a swift dash towards the door. Egeria flung herself against it, and, holding it fast, stretched out both her hands towards him.

"Wait!"

Her father suddenly arrested himself. "Egeria!"

"What — what" — the girl panted tumultuously, — "what — if I can't submit to the test?"

Dr. Boynton looked at her in stupefaction, as if this were a point that had not occurred to him; but she confronted him steadily. "You cannot refuse," he began.

"You have not considered this matter yet, father," said the girl. "You have not taken time" —

"Time, time!" retorted her father, with wild impatience. "There is no time! Eternity hems us in on all sides! It presses and invades at every point! The man may die; a wretched casualty — a falling timber on the street, a frightened horse, an open cellar-way — may snatch him from me before I can use him for the purpose to which Providence has appointed his being. And you talk of time! Come, my daughter, let me pass! You are not you, nor I, in such a crisis as this."

The girl moved from the door, and cast her arms about his neck, as he quickly advanced. "Oh, father, father!" she cried, "what is it you mean to do?"

"Why, I have told you, child," he answered, putting up his hands to unclasp her arms.

"Yes; but if I failed?" she implored, clinging the closer. "Remember that I have been sick, that I am still very weak, and wait, — wait a little."

Dr. Boynton's mood changed instantly. "Ha!" he breathed, and continued in his tone of scientific investigation: "Are you sensible, Egeria, of any distinct loss of psychic force through the diminution of your physical strength?"

"How can I tell, father? It is you who do it. I see, or seem to see, whatever you tell me. I have always done that. It began so long ago, when I was so little, that I can't remember anything different. I *want* to please you, I *want* to help you; but I don't know if I can, father. It has always come from my thinking that what you wished was perfectly wise and right."

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Boynton, "that is of course a condition of the highest clairvoyant force, though I don't remember to have heard it formulated before."

"And don't you see, father," said the girl, looking tenderly into his face, as if she would fain interpose her love between him and what she must say, "that if I lose this perfect confidence I lose my power to do what you want me to do?"

Dr. Boynton was hurt through the shield of her affection. "Have I done anything to forfeit your trust in my purposes, Egeria? If I have, it is certainly time for me to despair."

"Oh, no, no, father! I trust *you*; I love you this moment more dearly than ever I did. But are you sure — are you sure that it will all come out as you think? Are you sure that we are taking the right way? We have been trying now a long while, and I can't see that we've accomplished anything. Perhaps I'm not a medium, but only a dreamer, and dream what you tell me. I'm afraid sometimes it is n't right. I was thinking about it just before you

came in. What if there *should* be nothing in it all?"

"*How* nothing in it?"

"What if you were deceiving yourself? I can't tell how much my wanting to please you makes me do — Oh, I'm afraid — I'm afraid it's all wrong."

"Egeria," said Dr. Boynton, severely, "I have often explained to you my principle in regard to these matters. These are the first steps. It is necessary that we should take them. Other steps will advance from the world of spirits to meet them. I am convinced — I *know* — that in your last séance we had direct proof of this; and I will yet compel, I will *extort* from that lying villain the confession that he had no agency in the things he claims to have done." Boynton had lost his compassionate sense of Ford as an irresponsible moral force, and as he walked up and down the floor he broke from time to time into expressions of vivid injuriousness. "Listen, Egeria: I respect your conscientious scruples, though they belong to a petty personal conscience that I hoped before this you had exchanged for the race-conscience that gives *me* perfect freedom to think and to act. I will set the matter before you, and you will see the logical sequence of my course. In the development of the phenomena which now agitate the world, mesmerism came first, and spiritism came second. I follow this providential order, and I begin with mesmerism. In this, the results are unquestioned in your case. You have been accustomed all your life to my controlling influence, my magnetic force, by which you have seen, heard, touched, tasted, spoken, whatever I willed. I knew this and you knew it. A thousand successful experiments attest its truth. Well, when we come to deal with disembodied life, we have to deal with it as I deal with you. We have to show this life how to approach us; to suggest, to intimate, to demonstrate, the

ways and means of communication with us. The only *perfectly* ascertained fact of spiritistic science is the rap. This, with the innumerable exposures and explanations which expose and explain all the other phenomena, remains a mystery, insoluble, whatever we attribute it to. But as a method of commerce with the other life, it is nearly worthless, — slow, vague, uncertain. We *must* advance beyond it, or retire forever from the border of the invisible world. Now, then, you see the unbroken chain of my reasoning, and as an investigator I take my stand boldly upon the necessity of first doing ourselves what we wish the spirits to do. A feeble sense of right and wrong may call it deceit; a vulgar nihilism may call it trickery; but the results will justify us, — they *have* justified us. What I wish to do now, Egeria, is to determine whether an opposing force of doubt, embodied in a powerful intellectual organism, such as this man's undoubtedly is, can annul, can annihilate, the progress we have made. We cannot meet this force too soon; for if it *is* able to do this, we may have to retrace all our steps and begin *de novo*."

Egeria listened drearily to her father's harangue, and at the pause he now made she looked hopelessly at his eager face, and did not reply, though he evidently expected some answer from her.

"After all, Egeria," he resumed impatiently, "you have no manner of responsibility, moral or otherwise, in the affair. You have simply to yield yourself, as heretofore, to my will, and leave me to take the consequences. I will meet them all. But I wish, my daughter, to satisfy your minutest scruple. If you were acting in that séance upon the theories which you have often heard me advance; if you were supplying to the invisible agencies we had called about us the model, the prototype, the example, needed for communication with us; and if when that man seized your hand

—granting that it *was* he who did so — you were yourself consciously doing any of the things supposed to be done by the spirits" —

"I tried to bring myself to it; but I could n't, father; I could n't!"

"Then — then," panted her father, in a tumult of rising excitement, "it was not *you* who did those things? It was not *you*" —

"No, no!" desolately answered the girl. "From the moment the windows were darkened till my hand was seized, I did nothing but sit quietly in the centre of the circle and strike my palms together, as Mrs. Le Roy told me."

"Thank God!" shouted Dr. Boynton, in an indescribable exaltation. "I *knew* I could not be wrong; I *knew* that you had no part in those things. This is a glorious moment! This — this — is worth toiling and suffering and enduring any fate for!" He caught his daughter in his arms and pressed her to his heart, kissing her fondly and caressing her hair. "Now, *now*, everything is clear before me."

"I am so glad, father," Egeria began. "I was afraid you expected — that you would be disappointed — but indeed" —

"No, no! You were right. Your psychical perceptions were better than my logic. They taught you where to forbear. Your *conscience* — I am humiliated beyond expression to have undervalued it as a factor of our investigation — has brought us this splendid triumph. Egeria, we stand upon the threshold of the temple; its penetralia lie open before us; we have defeated death!"

The girl was perhaps too well used to the rhetorical ecstasies of her father to be either exalted or alarmed by them; and she now merely looked inquiringly at him.

"Don't you see, my dear," he continued with unabated transport, in reply to her look, "that if you did not do these things they were the results of supernatural agencies? It is this fact, as-

certained now past all peradventure, that makes my heart leap."

"Oh!" murmured Egeria, despairingly.

"But I must not lose a moment, now. I must see this young man at once, and challenge him to the ordeal that will release you from his noxious influence. I hope that I shall be able to treat him in the right spirit, and with the tenderness due an erring mind; I shall do my best, and I have every reason to be magnanimous. But his pretense of having performed by trick what was unquestionably the work of spirits is a thing that he must not urge too far. Or, yes, let him do so! I shall seek nothing of him but his consent to this contest. It may be for the general good that his discomfiture should not only be complete, but publicly complete."

"Don't go, father, — don't go!" implored Egeria, for sole answer and comment upon all this. "Let him alone, and let us go away."

"Go away?" cried her father. "Never! I must overrule you in this, my child," he continued caressingly. "I respect, I revere, your power; but it is out of regard for that power that I must combat your weaker mood. It demands of me, as it were, that I should ascertain all its conditions, and remove every obstacle to its exercise."

"Oh, I don't know what you mean," replied the girl, and broke into hopeless tears.

"You *will* know, Egeria," returned her father. "Not only shall I be clear to you, but you will be clear to yourself, as never before. I have now a clue that leads to final results, — the personal conscience in you, the race-conscience in me. I will be with you again in a little while, Egeria. Don't be troubled. Trust everything to me."

He made haste to get himself out of the room, and pausing in the hall on the ground-floor long enough to secure the hat of a visitor of Mrs. Le Roy (who

was then in a trance for the recovery of lost property belonging to this gentleman) he issued from the door to which he had lately followed Ford in their common rage. The owner of the hat had a larger head than Boynton, who, as he pushed his way along the street, with his face eagerly working from the excitement of his mind, had an effect at once alarming and grotesque; the squalid little children of the street shrank from his approach in terror, and followed his going with derision.

V.

Egeria had made a step after her father, as if to call him back, when he left the room, but she had turned again, and lain down upon her lounge without a word. It would have been useless to call him back; he could only have come to renew the scene that had passed between them, and the result would still have been the same.

From her despair there was but one refuge. She could appeal for help now only to the source of her terrors. The fact, hemming her inexorably in, pressed upon her excited brain with a strange, benumbing stress, in which there was yet all possible keenness of pain. Presently, it seemed as if she shrieked out with a cry that rang through the house. In reality she had uttered a little scream in response to a knock at the door.

"Oh, did I wake you?" asked the uncouth servant kindly, putting her head, in.

"Yes — no — I was not asleep," answered Egeria, lifting her face from the pillow.

"There's a gentleman in the parlor wants to see your father; and I don't know — well, I told him the doctor was out, but you was at home. Shall I say you'll see him? He says you'll do just as well."

Egeria sprang from her lounge, and flinging open a shutter began to arrange

her hair. "Yes; please tell him I'll come at once." At that moment she had but one sense, — the consciousness that Ford had come, and that she should have the courage to speak to him, and beseech him not to consent to her father's proposal. She did not know how or why she should have this courage, but all fear had left her. She hastily smoothed her hair and arranged her dress, and ran down the stairs into the parlor to encounter her enemy with such eagerness as a girl might show in hastening to greet her lover.

It was Mr. Hatch who came forward to meet her, and who took her hand. "Did n't expect to see me here, Miss Egeria? Well, I'm rather surprised myself. But I had to come back from Philadelphia, before I'd fairly got started on my grand rounds, and I thought I'd make one more attempt to say good-by to the doctor and you."

"I understood — I thought" — began Egeria, her voice shaken with her disappointment, "I thought it was — it was" — She stopped, and tears came into her eyes.

"I'm sorry it is n't, Miss Egeria," said Hatch kindly. "I would be willing to be anybody else in the world that you wanted to see."

"Oh, I did n't want to see them! I was afraid to see them, and I hoped they had come," answered Egeria.

Hatch smiled, but he looked at her compassionately, his head set scrutinizingly on one side, while she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and recovered herself in a sort of cold despair. "I want you to let me ask you what's the matter, Miss Egeria," he said, impulsively. "You won't think I'm trying to pry into your trouble?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, we all know what the doctor is: he's as good as gold, and as simple as a child, but he has n't got the practical virtues, — or vices, whichever you choose to call 'em. Now, you know, Miss

Egeria, that I respect the doctor rather more than I should my own father, if I had one: has the doctor run short of money?"

"Oh, no, no! Not that I know of! It is n't that at all," Egeria hastened to say.

"Well, that's one point gained," said Hatch. "I'm glad of it. You'll excuse my asking?"

"Yes, — oh, yes," she answered.

"Well, then, is it something that I can help you about? I don't care to know what it is, but I do want to help you. If I can, without knowing, you need n't tell me."

"You can't help me. But there's no reason why you should n't know. You can't help me against my father, can you?" she asked, putting the case, as women do, at worse than the worst, so as to have the comfort of finding the truth short of the extreme. "How can any one help me against him?" Then, as Hatch stood waiting with a somewhat hopeless and wholly puzzled face, "He does n't mean any harm," she hurried on distractedly, "but if he does it, he will kill me. He *has* done it, and nothing can save me! He's talking with him this moment, and planning it all out; and when they are ready I shall have to go out before the people, and try it, and fail."

"Is it some test of your power?" asked Hatch.

"Yes," answered the girl. "That man who was here the other night, — that Mr. Ford, — father has gone to him to get him to make some public appointment, and try whether I can do the things he says I can't do. He has been here. Father wants him to come and test it himself, and that's what he's gone to him for; and I know he will; and I can't do *anything* when he's by."

She said no more, and Hatch began to walk up and down the room. Presently he stopped before her. "Well, Miss Egeria, there's only one way out

of it. The way is to go and talk to that fellow, and get him not to keep his appointment with your father, if he's made one."

"For me to go? I thought of that; and then" —

"Oh, no," said Hatch, with a smile. "I'll do the going and talking. You make yourself easy about it. But after that, don't you think we could get your father to give this thing up, and go home?"

"Oh, if we only could!" cried the girl. "But it's no use. I have been talking to him, and begging him to; but he'll never go back in the world. He hates my grandfather."

"The old gentleman was rough on him; but you can't much wonder at it. I'm not saying anything against the doctor, mind; I don't go back on *him*; I don't forget what he did for me. But we can talk about all that afterwards. What we've got to do now is to go and beg off from that — Good-by, Miss Egeria; I must n't lose time."

She stopped him. "I can't let you. It would be throwing blame on my father. I'd rather let him kill me."

"Oh, I'll make it all right about the doctor," said Hatch. "No one shall have a right to blame him for anything. Don't you be troubled. I'll fix it. Don't worry!"

Egeria faltered. "You'll only lose your time. It won't do any good."

"But you don't tell me not to go?"

"It won't do any good," she said.

"Well," said Hatch, "I'm going to see this man, and then I'm coming back to have a talk with the doctor. I want to go away to-morrow feeling first-rate, and I don't believe I *shall* feel just right unless you take the Eastern road back to Maine about the time I take the Boston and Albany for Omaha."

Egeria followed him from the room, and responded with a hopeless look to the bright nod with which he turned to her at the outer door. As it closed, she

stood a moment in the dim entry, and then crept languidly up the stairs to her own room; she cast herself upon the lounge again, with her face to the wall, and lay there in the apathy which is the refuge from overstress of feeling. The worst could not be worse than the worst; and whatever happened it could but be another form, not another degree, of ill.

Hatch had some delay in finding Ford's address. The directory gave a place at which, when he had applied, the people told him that Ford had gone from them three months before. After some inquiry and debate among themselves, they were able to give his present address, and to identify him as the person of whom Hatch was in search. He climbed, heated and panting, to Ford's room, when he found it at last, and to a loud "Come in!" which followed his knock, he responded by entering and shutting the door behind him.

Ford stood before the fire-place, striking against the brick a burning paper with which he had been lighting his pipe. In this act, he looked round at Hatch over his shoulder, at first vaguely, and then with recognition, but not certainly with welcome. "Oh!" he said.

"Mr. Ford?" asked Hatch.

"Yes."

"I met you at Mrs. Le Roy's. I don't know whether you remember me."

"Yes, I do," said Ford. He drew two or three whiffs at his pipe. "Will you sit down? You know Mr. Phillips." He indicated with a motion of his head a third person, whose face, black against the window, Hatch had not made out.

At the mention of his name, Phillips came forward in his brisk way, and shook hands with Hatch. "Oh, yes," he said. "Mr. Hatch has n't forgotten me. I feel myself memorable since that night. I was then an element of the supernatural. Have you seen our friends lately?"

"Yes," said Hatch. "I've just come from them."

"They're well, I hope? Miss Boynton struck me as a most interesting person. Does n't her life of excitements wear upon her? Most young ladies find one world as much as they can stand; mingling in the society of two, as she does, must be rather fatiguing."

"Miss Boynton is n't very well; or, rather, she has n't been."

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that," said Phillips. "I hope it's nothing serious."

"Well, no," replied Hatch, uneasily. He turned to Ford, who from his superior stature had been smoking down upon Phillips and himself. "Mr. Ford," he added, "I came here from Dr. Boynton's to see you."

"Yes?" said Ford.

Phillips made a polite movement in the direction of his hat. "I think I'll be going, Ford," he explained.

"You can go," returned Ford, taking his pipe from his mouth, "but it is n't necessary. This gentleman can have nothing confidential to say to me. I'd rather you'd stay—for once."

"You're so flattering," said Phillips, "that I *will* stay, if Mr. Hatch does n't object. My engagement's at one."

"Oh, not at all," said Hatch, reluctantly. Ford had remained standing, with his back to the fire-place, and Hatch had not accepted his invitation, or his permission, to sit down. "As Mr. Phillips was at Mrs. Le Roy's that night, he might as well hear what I have to say. Mr. Ford," he added abruptly, "I want you to do me a great favor."

"Why should I do you a great favor, Mr. Hatch?" asked Ford, while he looked with half-closed eyes at the ceiling, and blew a cloud of smoke above Hatch's head.

Hatch glanced sharply at him, to see whether he spoke in gratuitous insolence or ill-timed jest. He decided for

the latter, apparently, for he returned, jocosely, "Well, do yourself a great favor, then."

"I don't feel the need of that," said Ford. "What is it?"

"Has Dr. Boynton been here this morning?" asked Hatch, with the anxiety he could not hide.

"No," said Ford, taking out his pipe, and looking at him.

"Then that makes it a great deal easier. I want to ask you, when he comes, — I know he is coming, — to refuse the proposition he will make you."

"What proposition is Dr. Boynton coming to make me?" demanded Ford, with his pipe between his fingers.

Hatch faltered, and scanned Ford's unyielding face. "I shall have to tell you, of course. He is coming to propose a public test séance with you, in which Miss Boynton's powers shall be put to proof. I ask you to refuse it."

Ford did not change countenance, but Phillips, from the easy-chair into which he had cast himself, smiled, and studied now his friend's sad, cold visage, and now the eager, anxious face of Hatch. "In whose behalf do you ask this?" Ford inquired, beginning to smoke again. "By what right do you ask it?"

"Miss Boynton has been sick, and is still very much unstrung. It would be a kindness, a mercy, to her, if you would refuse."

"How do you know? Do you ask it from her?"

Hatch hesitated in an interval of silence that prolonged itself painfully.

"I don't come at her request," he said, at last.

Ford made no comment, but continued to smoke. His pipe died out; he struck a match and kindled it again; and then smoked as before. "Mr. Hatch," he asked finally, "are you a spiritualist?"

"I am a spiritualist, but I am not a fool," replied Hatch.

"Then you don't care for the effect of this séance on the fortunes of your creed?"

"No, I don't. I care for the effect of it on a young lady who dreads it, and who — and on a man that I owe a good deal to. Look here, Mr. Ford; I don't decide on these things. I suppose spiritualism is a matter of faith, like other religions. These people are in earnest about it; that is, Dr. Boynton is, and his daughter thinks and does whatever he tells her to. I'm sorry they're in the business, and I wish they were out of it. They're good people, and as innocent as babies, both of 'em. I don't like the way you take with me, but you can walk over me as much as you like, if only you'll grant this favor. I'm in hopes to get them back to where they belong. I used to live in their town, and I know all about them. He's a visionary, but he's a good man, and their people are first-rate people. I would do anything I could for him. He's got a heart as tender as a child."

"Very likely," said Ford, with irony. "But I fail to see why I should let this child-like philanthropist go about preying upon the public. I may have my own opinion of his innocence. What if I told you I had detected them in a trick the other night?"

"I should n't believe you," answered Hatch, promptly.

Phillips half started out of his chair, but Ford smoked on unperturbed, and asked, as if the question were a pure abstraction, "Why?"

"Because I know that they *could* n't cheat."

"But if I told you they did, should you consider them innocent?"

"I should n't doubt them in the least. And let me tell you" —

Ford turned his back upon Hatch, and knocked the ashes of his pipe out against the corner of the chimney-piece. "Mr. Hatch, you said, a moment ago, that you were a spiritualist, but not a

fool. I shall not say whether I will or will not refuse Dr. Boynton's proposition."

Ford began to fill his pipe again, and paid not enough regard to Hatch's presence to seem to wish him away; it was quite as if he were not there, so far as Ford was concerned.

"Look here," Hatch began, "I am sorry that I offended you."

Ford glanced at him with the faintest surprise. "*How* have you offended me?"

"By what I said just now."

"Is it possible," asked Ford, "that you think you could say anything to offend me?"

"Well," returned Hatch, flushing, "I'm anxious to get you to say that you won't accept Dr. Boynton's challenge."

"I perceive that you are anxious," assented Ford.

"Oh, if I only — It's a very serious matter, — it is indeed! I would do anything to get you to say that. Come, now! The young lady is in delicate health; she will do whatever her father tells her, and if she does this I believe it will kill her."

Ford made no reply.

"I can see the thing from your point of view. I suppose you feel that you have a public duty to perform, and all that sort of thing. Well, now, I'm going to make a strong move to get Dr. Boynton out of this business, any way; and I ask you just to hold on till I have a chance to try. Can't you tell him that you'll think it over? Can't you go so far as to put him off a day, or half a day?"

Ford took a book, and going to a chair at the window began to look into it.

"Come," pleaded the other, "give me some sort of answer."

Ford seemed not to have heard him.

"Well, sir," said Hatch, "I've done with you!" He stared at Ford in even

more amaze than anger, and after waiting a moment, as if searching his mind for some fitting reproach, he turned and went out of the room.

Phillips rose from his chair with a shrug. "My dear fellow," he said, "I hope you'll let me know when this ordeal takes place."

"What ordeal?" asked Ford, without looking up from his book.

"Surely I need n't specify your public test séance with the Pythoness and her papa."

"I am not going to meet Dr. Boynton in the way you mean," returned Ford, quietly.

"No? Why, this is magnanimity!"

"I've no doubt it's inconceivable to you."

"Not at all! I know you better; you could be magnanimous to carry a point. But it must be inconceivable to our friend who has just left us. I fancied he was something in leather. Should you say shoes, or leather generally?"

Ford scorned to notice the conjecture as to Hatch's business. "Are you fool enough to suppose that Dr. Boynton ever intended to come to me on such an errand?"

"Why, I fancied so."

"You had better bridle your fancy, then. He has too much method in his madness for that. What he wanted was my refusal, beforehand, for professional use. He did n't get it. This fellow is part of the game. But I don't wonder you sympathize with him. He is a brother *dilettante*, it seems. He dabbles in ghosts as you dabble in bric-a-brac. He believes as much in ghosts as you believe in your Bonifazios. They may be genuine; in the mean time, you like to talk as if they were. Upon the whole, I believe I prefer blind superstition."

"Why, so do I," said Phillips. "The trouble is to get your blind superstition. I confess that when I was at Mrs. Le Roy's, — what an uncommonly good

factitious name for the profession! — and saw the performances of the phantom-like Egeria, — *that's* a good name, too! — I experienced a very agreeable sensation of fear. It was really something to be proud of. But it would n't last. It haunted me for a night or two; but I'm no more afraid in the dark now than I was before. And the worst of it is that my interest in the affair is gone with my terrors. Apparitions have palled upon me. It is quite as the good doctor said: people bore themselves with séances very soon. The question at present is, Will you go with me to Mrs. Burton's to lunch?"

"No," said Ford.

"You're in the wrong, Ford," argued Phillips. "You would please Mrs. Burton by coming; but it won't matter to her if you don't. That's the attitude of society towards the individual, and upon the whole one can't complain of it. You had better come. Mrs. Burton is really making a very pretty fist at a *salon*. In the first place, she keeps Burton out of the way: it's essential to a salon not to have the husband in it. You will meet the passing Englishman there, whoever he is; you stand a chance of seeing the starrng actor or actress, — operatic or dramatic; authors we have always with us, and painters, of course. Mrs. Burton is so far from pretty herself that she is not afraid to ask charming women who are also beautiful; you've no idea what decorative qualities beautiful women have. And then she introduces the purely American element, the visiting young lady. Really, she has an uncommon feeling for pretty girls; I never knew her to have an inharmonious young person staying with her yet; with her sense of values, the composition of her salon is delightful. Will you come? She told me to bring you; what excuse shall I make?"

"Tell her that I'm not the sort of person to be brought."

"Oh, there you do yourself wrong. I

shall be more just to her ideal of you. Good-by."

A knock was heard at the door, and Ford, without rising, growled, "Come in."

The door flew open, and Dr. Boynton burst into the room in the face of Phillips, who was just going out. He caught him by the hand.

"Why, Mr. Phillips, is it possible! This is doubly fortunate. Finding you and Mr. Ford together, — it's more than I could have hoped! I consider it a privilege — a privilege, in the old religious sense — to be allowed to say in your presence what I wish to say to our good friend here. Mr. Ford, I wish Mr. Phillips to hear me ask your pardon — humbly ask your pardon — for the violent language I used towards you at my lodging an hour ago." Phillips grinned his triumph at Ford, but softened the derision to a smile, as he turned again to Dr. Boynton.

"Will you sit down?" said Ford, with grave kindness, and without any token of surprise.

"Thanks, thanks! But not till I have taken you by the hand." Dr. Boynton stretched forth his small hand, and took the mechanically granted hand of Ford. "I wish to say that I have unexpectedly been enabled to see the subject matter of our difference from your point of view, and that I now recognize not only the justice, but the necessity — the necessity by operation of an inflexible law — of your attitude. In all these things," continued Dr. Boynton, placing himself luxuriously in Ford's deep chair, and didactically pressing the tips of his fingers together, "there *is* a law which I had quite lost sight of, — the law of progression through the antagonism of opposites."

Phillips made an ironical murmur of assent and admiration; Ford remained silent.

"We are both, outside of our mere individual consciousness, blind forces. I af-

firm, you deny. We grind upon each other in the encounter of life, and a spark of light is evoked by the attrition. It was just so this morning: light was evoked by which I shall always see the correctness of your position and the error of mine. Understand me: I do not at all agree with you in your opinion of the phenomena; and I have come, so far as that is concerned, to cement our enmity, if I may so speak." He smiled upon Ford with caressing suavity. "But what I have come for first is to withdraw all offensive expressions, and to say that I approve, even in its extreme, of your action on the afternoon of the séance." He beamed upon Ford, and then turned his triumphantly amiable face upon Phillips.

"Ford," said the latter, "this is very handsome!"

"Not at all, not at all!" cried Dr. Boynton; "simple duty, — self-interest, even. For I have a request to make of Mr. Ford, — a favor to ask. I wish Mr. Ford not only to continue steadfast in his opposition to my theories, but to assist me in a public exhibition, by antagonizing to the utmost of his power their application. I wish him to join me in testing the supernatural gifts of my daughter, either before a popular audience, or such persons, in considerable number, as we may select in common."

"I must refuse, Dr. Boynton," said Ford, gently.

Dr. Boynton's face fell. "I hope," he said, "you do not refuse because I have been remiss in not coming to you sooner."

"No," began Ford; but Dr. Boynton interrupted him.

"I started almost immediately upon your departure from my lodgings, to follow you up and make this application. But I was delayed by an accident: a child was run over in the street almost before my eyes, and was carried into the next apothecary's. The force of habit is strong; I remembered that I was a

physician, and forgot the larger in the lesser duty, till other attendance could be procured."

Ford frowned. "It has nothing to do with your delay. What you propose is quite out of my way. I could not consent to it on any conditions. I went to your séance the other day out of an idle whim. I don't care anything about the matter. I don't care whether there is any truth in your opinions, or any error in mine. I refuse because I am thoroughly indifferent to the whole thing."

Dr. Boynton rose, and buttoned his threadbare coat across his plump chest. "And you consider, sir," he said, "that you have incurred no responsibility towards me, towards humanity, by going as far as you have, and then refusing to proceed?"

"That is my feeling," said Ford, respectfully.

The doctor stood as if stupefied. "And — and — Excuse me, sir," he said, coming to himself, "if I remark upon the suddenness of your — your — indifference. One hour ago, you threatened that if I pursued my inquiries in this city you would expose me, as I understood, in the public prints. You left me with that threat upon your lips."

Phillips looked inquiringly at Ford, who said, "I left you in a passion that I'm ashamed of. I have no idea of carrying out that threat."

"Poh, sir!" cried Dr. Boynton, with mounting scorn. "You refuse, not from indifference, but from the sense of your inability to cope with me in this test."

"I am willing you should think that," assented Ford.

"I call this gentleman to witness," said Dr. Boynton, "that you have slunk out of a contest which you have provoked, and that you are afraid to meet me upon terms even of your own choosing. An hour ago I parted with you in hate; I now leave you in contempt. Good morning, Mr. Phillips." Dr. Boynton had already turned his back upon Ford; he

now strutted from the room without looking at him again.

"Our friend is violent," observed Phillips, when the door had closed upon him. Ford made no reply, and Phillips continued: "I fancied his accident rather too opportune."

"Very likely," said Ford.

"And you won't go with me to Mrs. Burton's?"

"No."

"I don't wonder at your indifference to society, with such really dramatic excitements in your own life. The *matinée* has been extraordinarily brilliant — for a *matinée*. They're apt to be tame."

VI.

In spite of the defiant temper in which Dr. Boynton had quitted Ford's lodging, he reached his own in extreme dejection. He found Hatch with Egeria in the parlor.

"Well, my friend," he said, wringing Hatch's hand, as he passed him on his way from the door to the sofa, "I have met with a great disappointment." Neither Hatch nor Egeria questioned him, but after an exchange of anxious glances waited silently. "It is n't that I care for the frustration of my hopes; I *do* care for that; but that is a small matter compared with the loss of my faith in human nature, my reliance upon the willingness of man to make sacrifices tending to — to — solve, to unravel, our common riddle." He let his head fall upon his breast.

"Oh, father," pleaded Egeria tremulously, after the little dramatic pause which Dr. Boynton had let follow upon his period, "did you go to see him?"

"Yes," said her father.

"And did he — is he going to do it?"

Dr. Boynton lifted his head. "No," he said, solemnly; "he refuses." Egeria drew a long breath, and turned very

pale. She seemed about to fall from her chair, which she had drawn next the corner of the sofa on which he had thrown himself. Hatch made a movement toward her, but she recovered herself, and sat strongly upright.

"He refused?" she gasped.

"My dear friend," said her father, looking toward Hatch, while he took her cold hand and gently smoothed it, "I must explain that I have had two interviews with this man, and what their nature has been. He came here this morning to boast that it was he who caught Egeria's hand in the séance that day. I drove him from the house. Afterwards, upon conversing with Egeria, I learnt that the manifestations were really genuine, and that at the moment he caught her hand she had no agency whatever in their production."

Hatch looked at Egeria. "I could have bet my soul on that!"

"On learning this," pursued Dr. Boynton, "I at once determined to challenge him to a new test, in which he should pit his influence over Egeria, which she describes as very extraordinary, against mine, and the public should decide upon the result. He has just refused the challenge, peremptorily and finally, and I have branded him as a coward in the presence of Mr. Phillips."

Dr. Boynton flung his daughter's hand away. Hatch and Egeria had the effect of refraining from looking at each other. At last, the young fellow said, recovering something of his wonted cheery audacity, "Well, of course it's a disappointment, doctor, but why not look at the bright side of it?"

"What bright side of it?" asked the doctor, tragically.

"Oh, it has its bright side," said Hatch, undauntedly. "It saves Miss Egeria from a good deal, and I'm glad of that, for one."

The doctor mistook the word. "Ordeal! There is no ordeal; there could have been no question about the result!"

"Not with you or me. But there's no use trying to deny it,—the public is against you, and would be glad to have her fail."

"Oh, yes, father: you know how it has always been," cried Egeria.

"The circumstances had never been propitious before; but now they were all with us. We *could* not have failed!" replied her father.

"Well, you might," said Hatch. "What do you think *did* produce the manifestations that day, doctor?"

"Do *you* ask that question?" demanded the doctor, in astonishment. "I answer, with an absolute certainty, such as I never reached before, the disembodied spirits of the dead!"

"I doubt it," said Hatch, quietly.

"You *doubt* it?" shouted Boynton, in amaze.

"Dr. Boynton, you've told me twenty times that you would n't give a straw for manifestations that took place in the presence of a dozen persons. Now, what makes you pin your faith to what happened the other day?" Boynton was silent; all his reasons, so prompt and facile, seemed to have forsaken him. "There were too many people on hand that day for me. You know I'm as much interested in these things, doctor, as anybody, and I should be the last to give aid and comfort to the enemy; but I could n't go those materializations, and the dark séance was rather too dark for me. I'll tell you what, doctor, I wish you'd go back home, and start new." Hatch planted himself directly in front of Dr. Boynton, who looked at him with astonishment and rising indignation.

"By what right do you presume to advise me?" he asked, with stately emphasis.

"Well, by no right," said Hatch easily; "or else the right that I have from the good you've always done me." The doctor waved away the sense of these with a gesture which was still state-

ly, but no longer severe. "I only speak from my interest in you and Miss Egeria, here. I think it's wearing on her, — wearing on you both."

"Has my daughter complained to you?" demanded the doctor, with more than his former hauteur, looking round at her. She returned his look with a glance of tender reproach, and Hatch answered:—

"No more than you, doctor. I'm talking of what I see. And I think you've made a wrong start. I think you've made a mistake. You oughtn't to have ever mixed yourself up with professional mediums. You were on the right tack at home. Now, I say, you just go back there, and you form a disinterested circle, — people that have n't got money in it, — and you go on with your investigations there; and when you've got a sure thing of it, you come out with it. But don't you do it *till* then! Heh?"

"There is reason in what you urge," replied Dr. Boynton; "or rather there *was* reason. But I have advanced beyond the point you indicate. *I have* got a sure thing of it, as you say. I am as fully persuaded of the reality of those manifestations as I am of my own existence."

"Which ones?" asked Hatch.

"Those in the dark séance, and" —

"I'm *not*!" returned Hatch; "but I don't want you to take my opinion for proof against them. I'm going to headquarters for that, and all I ask is, Don't you interfere with my little game." He took the doctor by the shoulders in a friendly caress, as he spoke, and then he rang the bell. The servant-girl put in her unkempt head at the door, with a look of surprise, after first going to the outer door, to see if the ring had come from there; evidently, she was not used to being rung for in-doors. "Ah, Mary — Jenny — Bridget — Susy — Polly — whatever it is," said Hatch; "you just ask Mrs. Le Roy to step here half

a second, that's a good girl, and I'll dance at your wedding." The girl vanished, grinning. As the big woman appeared at the door, "Walk right in, Mrs. Le Roy," he called out, and she advanced questioningly, while he closed the door behind her. "Now it's all among friends, you know, Mrs. Le Roy; we won't keep you a minute. You know the doctor has some peculiar theories on this subject. We don't care about the materializations, — *they're* all right; but you just tell us now how much you helped along in the dark séance, the other day."

"Well," said Mrs. Le Roy, with a sly look at each of her listeners, and a smile that ended in a small, thin chuckle, "give the spirits a chance, — that was the doctor's idea, as I understood it."

"Exactly," said Hatch, "and you *did* give 'em a chance?"

"Now, Mr. Hatch," said the huge sibyl, with a mixture of cunning and of that liking for Hatch which all women seemed to feel, "what are you up to?"

"I give you my word, Mrs. Le Roy, I'm up to nothing you'd object to. I just want to know how *much* of a chance you gave 'em."

Mrs. Le Roy hesitated a moment. "Well, pretty much all they wanted, I guess," she answered, at length.

"Do you mean," said Dr. Boynton, "that *you* produced the phenomena in the dark séance?"

"Well, I did give the spirits a fair chance, as you may say," admitted Mrs. Le Roy, with some awe and some apparent pity for Dr. Boynton.

He dropped his face in his hands, and bowed his head against the back of the sofa. "Oh, woman, woman!" he groaned.

"The witness can now retire," said Hatch, and amid Mrs. Le Roy's protestations of good intention and regret, and her mystification as to what it all meant, he took her by her vast shoulders and pushed her out of the door. "You're

all right, Mrs. Le Roy," he explained. "See you again in half a second. Now, doctor," he continued, turning to the desperate figure on the sofa, "you see how it is. It's just as I said; you're on the wrong tack. You can't make any headway in connection with professional mediums. You can't have your theories applied in the right spirit. What you want to do is to back out and start new."

Dr. Boynton controlled himself, and, turning about, looked up at Hatch with a candor that was full of immediate courage and enterprise. "My friend, you are right! I see my error, now; but experience alone could have shown it to me. I have attempted to work in the public way, when I should have strictly confined myself to the social way. I see that my success depends upon the application of my theories by followers purely disinterested. It may be that no progress can be otherwise achieved, in psychological science. The experiment must be absolutely free from mercenary alloy."

"Yes," said Hatch; "if you let them see that there is money in it, you can't get an honest count. Human nature is too much for you."

"The true method," Dr. Boynton mused aloud, "would be first to form some sort of society, in which the material basis was secured, and in which there would thus be leisure and disposition for the higher research. There are elements in our own neighborhood which could be as favorably operated with as — Yes, the result will be much slower than I thought; but in the end it will be sure, beyond all peradventure. Egeria!" he cried, starting up, "we will go home!"

"At once — now — to-day?" asked the girl, her pale cheeks flushing.

"This very hour. There is not a moment to be lost. Go and put our things together, child."

Egeria turned towards the door; then

she came back towards Hatch. "We won't say good-by now, Miss Egeria. I shall be at the depot to see you off."

"Yes, don't delay," said her father, impatiently. "We will be off by the first train." She went out, and he mechanically carried his hand to his pocket. "We can't go!" he cried, as if a sudden pang had caught him. "I have n't five dollars in the world; we are in arrears for board. You see, my dear friend, there is no hope."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Hatch, with the ease of a man who had suspected something of this kind. "This gives me a chance to pay you my old bill, doctor."

"My dear sir, I hope you would n't offer me an affront," said the doctor, staying the hand with which Hatch was opening his porte-monnaie.

"That's what I said to you when you would n't let me settle with you for my sickness, — or words to that effect."

"Mr. Hatch, you — move me!"

"How much do you owe Mrs. Le Roy?" asked Hatch.

"I have n't the least idea," replied Boynton. "It may be three weeks, — it may be two. How long have we been here?"

"We must ask Mrs. Le Roy that." Hatch rang again, and this time Mrs. Le Roy herself answered the bell. "The doctor's going away, Mrs. Le Roy, and he wants to pay up."

"Well, I'm real sorry," said the woman, who had her bonnet on, as if about to go out, "to *have* you go, Dr. Boynton, — you and Miss Egeria both. But I guess you better. I thought, may be, Mr. Hatch was up to something of that kind. I don't think you're just fit for the business. You put too much dependence on other folks, and you're sure to get exposed in the end. I don't suppose but what there's as much truth in it as there is in invention," she said, by way of reservation.

Boynton answered nothing, and at a

look from Hatch Mrs. Le Roy added, "Well, it's two weeks, — thirty dollars in all." She took the money from Hatch and put it in the pocket of her dress. "Well, I'm going out now, and I shall be gone till evening; so if I don't see you again, I'll say good-by at once, Dr. Boynton. Come and see me when you're up to Boston."

She held out her hand to Boynton, who refused it with a very short "No!" and a quick shake of the head. "You are a charlatan," he added, — "an impostor."

Mrs. Le Roy stared at him, until his meaning dawned upon her. Then it amused her through her whole huge person, which shook with the enjoyment. "Why, land alive, man! what are *you*?"

"Something quite beyond your comprehension," replied Boynton, with overwhelming state.

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Le Roy, as she went contentedly out of the room, "you certainly *are* a new kind of fool."

They heard the stairs creak under her tread, as she went slowly and comfortably up; then they heard her voice, as she made her adieux to Egeria, who was probably far too dimly informed as to her father's point of honor to be able to take her stand upon it. "Poor child!" they heard Mrs. Le Roy's voice saying, "I hope you'll stay at home, and get well rested. You look half sick, now. Good-by. I wish I could stay and see you off. But I can't. I've got a see-saunts with a patient of mine at her house, and I suppose I must go." She added in a louder tone, for the listeners below, "Take care of that poor old father of yours, and don't let him excite himself. I should be afraid he'd go out of his head, — if he was mine."

Hatch looked at his watch. "You won't be able to get the two o'clock train," he said. "But I'll tell you what," he added: "you don't want to stay here to-night, after what's passed between you and Mrs. Le Roy, and you

can take the five o'clock train on the Fitchburg road as far as Ayer Junction, and there you can connect with a train on the new road to Portland. You'll have a little night travel."

"Oh, that will make no difference," said the doctor. "I would rather travel all night than stay here. I feel that if I'm to begin anew I can't begin too soon. I shall be eternally grateful to you for your suggestion, my dear friend. I am sure now that it is in the right direction."

"Good!" said Hatch. "I shall not leave till nine o'clock on the Albany road, and I shall have plenty of time to see you off. You'll have to bank with me to the extent of tickets home, and I'll have to come down any way and get them for you: I have n't the money about me for them, now."

Hatch seemed to think that the doctor might take offense at this, but he merely said, "Yes, yes; quite right," and gave his hand dreamily, as the young man went out.

"Tell Miss Egeria I will meet you at the depot. Be there with you half an hour before the train starts."

"Thanks," said Dr. Boynton, and hardly waited for him to be gone before he lapsed into the easy corner of the sofa, apparently forgetful of all that had vexed him; his face was eager with the rush of his hopes and purposes, as he abandoned himself to a sort of passionate reverie. At times he rose and walked the floor, but mostly he kept his place on the sofa. He took no counsel with Egeria, and he gave her no help in the work of packing, about which she went swiftly in the rooms overhead. It was not a great work, and it was finished before his reverie was ended. She looked in at the door when it was done, dressed for going out in a costume which was at once fantastic and shabby. In her village life it had once been her best dress, and it looked as if there had subsequently been some sketchy attempts to make

it over into a street costume for city use ; her bonnet was of a former season ; her soiled gloves were frayed at more than one of the fingers. "I shall be back in a minute, father," she said, buttoning one of the poor gloves. "I'm going out to tell the expressman to come for our things." He looked at her, but did not seem to see her, and she passed on out.

Leaving her message at the express office, she stepped, after a hesitation at the door, into a little shop where they sold newspapers and stationery, and bought a few sheets of note-paper and envelopes, halting some time in her choice, and finally deciding on some paper of an outlandish color and envelopes of a rhomboid shape : they were not in good taste, but they were recommended to Egeria as a kind that the shopwoman "sold a *great* many of." At the door, in going out, the girl asked, "You have n't got a directory, I suppose?"

"No," said the woman ; "you'll find that at the apothecary's, three doors above."

"Thank you," said Egeria. She did not hesitate at the apothecary's, but going up to the desk, to which she saw the book attached by its customary chain, she looked out the address she was seeking, while the neat young lady accountant scrutinized her over the small colonnade at top of the desk, and telegraphed the young man at the opposite counter a satirical sense of Egeria's dress and an unfavorable opinion of her behavior. Egeria went out repeating to herself the address she had found, and as soon as she had reached her own room wrote it down, so as not to forget it. Then she wrote a letter, which, when finished, she tore up, hiding the fragments in her pocket ; she began a second, which she also destroyed ; at last she took the pieces of the first, and carefully putting them together copied it slowly in the small, painful hand of one neither acquainted with

the bold angularities of the fashionable female scrawl, nor accustomed to write any hand.

At the letter-box in front of the Fitchburg depot she faltered a moment ; then, for her father was pushing on into the building, she caught her letter from her pocket, and posted it.

VII.

Ford received Egeria's letter the next morning. He examined its outside, as people do that of letters coming to them in strange handwriting, and he bestowed a derisive curiosity upon the person who could choose that outlandish shape for a missive. A bold and dashing hand might have authorized the form, but Egeria's hand was timid and feeble, and only heightened its absurdity. She had not quite known how to address him ; she had decided at last to begin without that formality.

"I do not know why you refused what my father asked you to do ; but we were imposed upon as well as you. You had a right to suspect us ; but at home we are respectable people ; if you knew about us there you would not regret that you had refused.

"I felt grateful to you ; but perhaps it is wrong to write. If it is, I can only say that I meant it truly and rightly.

"EGERIA BOYNTON."

Ford read this note many times over, without being able to make up his mind upon it. Though he had hardened his heart, he was touched by what seemed the girl's simple pride in a former village respectability, and her resolution not to have it ignored by a city person who had found her in a false position. He could easily imagine the sort of standing she was proud of ; it had overawed him in his own village days : the house would be back a little from the street, with two Lombardy poplars at the gate of the picket fence, and a garden at the

side, and a long extension of wood-sheds and stabling in the rear; the blinds were mostly shut; in a corner of the front yard was the doctor's office in a small white building; the girl was kept indoors, and much away from other village girls; she was not the sort that a young fellow would dare offer to go home with from evening meeting.

Ford put the letter by, and did a good morning's work, and at one o'clock he gathered up the copy he had made, and carried it out to the newspaper office. He found himself without appetite for the lunch at his boarding-house, and he wandered about, the early part of the afternoon, playing in his mind with a tendency which was drawing him in the direction of the Boyntons. The origin of all our impulses is obscure, and every motive from which we act is mixed. Even when it is simplest we like to feign that it is different from what it really is, and often we do not know what it is. It would be idle, then, to attempt to give the reason Ford alleged to himself for yielding to the attraction which he felt. His cheek flushed and his pulse quickened, as he mounted the steps to Mrs. Le Roy's door; but this was the mood, half shame and half thrilled expectation, of many people who rang her bell.

The door was set ajar by the servant, who revealed a three-quarters view of her face and a slice of her person in response to Ford's summons. He asked if Dr. Boynton or Miss Boynton were at home, and she answered that they were gone, adding, "I don't know as they're gone for good;" and as he turned lingeringly away she said that Mrs. Le Roy was in.

"I'll see her," rejoined Ford, and entered.

Mrs. Le Roy made him wait her coming some minutes. He must have been announced to her merely as a gentleman, for after greeting him first with "How do you do, sir?" she added, "Ah, *how*

do you do?" as if upon recognition, and offered him her hand.

"I don't know that I ought to have troubled you," said Ford; "but I wished to ask when you expected Dr. Boynton back."

"Why, they ain't coming back!" exclaimed Mrs. Le Roy. "They've gone home. Did n't she tell you so?"

"She? Who?" asked Ford.

"The girl."

"Miss Boynton?"

"Laws, no! The girl at the door."

"Oh!" replied Ford, in confusion. "No; she said she was n't certain."

"Well, they have."

Ford rose. After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "They live somewhere in Maine, I believe?"

"Yes, down there some'er's," assented Mrs. Le Roy, indifferently.

"Do you know their address?"

"Well, no, I don't," Mrs. Le Roy admitted. She asked, after a questioning glance at Ford, "Did you want to find out anything about them?"

"Yes," returned Ford.

"Well," explained Mrs. Le Roy, "I could give you a see-aunts."

"A *what*?"

"A see-aunts, — consult the spirits."

"Oh!" said Ford. "No, thanks. I have n't time now," he said, as he would put off an importunate barber who had offered him a shampoo. "I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Le Roy, following him out into the hall. "We have test see-auntses the first Sunday evenin' of every month. Should be pleased to see you any time."

"Thanks," said Ford.

At the head of the street he met Phillips, walking toward the Public Garden. "Ah," said Phillips, "I was thinking of you."

"Were you?" growled Ford.

"Yes. I wanted to ask if you'd heard anything more of the Pythoness and her papa. They're as curious an outcome

of this bubble-and-squeak that we call our civilization as anything I know of. How did you find them?"

"I did n't find them; they've gone away," said Ford, not caring to deny the imputation that he had been to look them up.

"Gone away? How extraordinary! Has the doctor found Boston such a barren field, after all? Ford, you've deprived us of a phenomenon. You ought to have met him. It is n't often that a father comes and invites a young man to contest his control over his daughter. The contest is generally against the old gentleman's wishes. Where have they gone?"

"They've gone home," replied Ford.

"And that is"—

"I don't know. In Maine, somewhere."

"I might have known, in Maine,—the land of Norembega, the mystical city. The witches settled Maine, when they were driven out of Salem. You will find all the witch names down there. Well, I'm sorry they're gone. I had counted upon seeing more of them. One does n't often find such people in one's way. I've been speculating about them since I saw you, and I find myself of two minds in regard to them,—just as I was before I began. I suppose we must consider them parts of a fraud; the question is whether they are conscious or unconscious parts of it. If they're unconscious, it's pathetic; if they're conscious, they're fascinating. I don't wonder you could n't keep away,—that you had to come and try for another interview with them. As for me, I wonder that I have n't fluttered about them continually ever since I first saw them. The girl is such a deliciously

abnormal creature. It is girlhood at odds with itself. If she has been her father's 'subject' ever since childhood, of course none of the ordinary young girl interests have entered into her life. She has n't known the delight of dress and of dancing; she has n't had 'attentions;' upon my word, that's very suggestive! It means that she's kept a child-like simplicity, and that she could go on and help out her father's purposes, no matter how tricky they were, with no more sense of guilt than a child who makes believe talk with imaginary visitors. Yes, the Pythoness could be innocent in the midst of fraud. Come, I call that a pretty conjecture!"

"Why do you waste it on me?" asked Ford. "You could have made your fortune for the evening with that piece of quackery at the next place where you dine."

"Oh, it is n't lost," said Phillips. "I was n't wasting it; I was merely trying it on. Will you go with me to see a picture I'm hesitating about?"

"No; you know I don't understand pictures."

"Ah, that's the reason I want you to see it. You are the light of the public square, the average ignorance,—an element of criticism not to be despised."

"If I thought I could be of use," said Ford, "I'd come."

"You can. But what is the matter? Why this common decency?"

"I owe you a debt of gratitude. You've given shape to the infernal sophistry that was floating through my mind, and made it disgusting."

Phillips laughed. "About the Pythoness? My dear fellow, I'm proud of that conjecture. It was worthy of Hawthorne."

W. D. Howells.

WORDSWORTH.

THE complete edition of Wordsworth's Poems¹ of seven volumes compacted into three, and brought out by the Riverside Press in a most attractive form, with a portrait of the poet in his advanced years, and an introduction compiled from Mr. Lowell's fine critical essay, will meet a solid demand of many American readers. It may also serve as a fit occasion for some comments upon the works of one who with the progress of this century has steadily risen to the high position he occupies in literature.

The works of William Wordsworth have long been undergoing that winnowing process which has been and ever must be the fate of all literature claiming to be poetry. His name has become as familiar to English and American ears as those of any of the great poets of the world. And though it can hardly be said that his rank among these is definitely settled, yet it seems as if the verdict of the public speaking the language in which he wrote were more and more becoming final. This verdict, however, may in some respects vary from that of those enthusiastic contemporaries of his, who, almost banded together by a party spirit on his side, accepted all his verses as equally excellent; but it can never, of course, coincide with the narrow-souled censure and ridicule of the critics in the early part of the present century. The age grows more and more wisely critical, and is continually under the necessity of reviewing and enlarging its former judgments, now that so many poets with so many styles of thought and expression have sprung up since this commanding genius undertook to lay down the law of the muses, and to illustrate it in his own writings.

Wordsworth, though then unknown to fame, did not hesitate to come before the public in the double rôle of poet and expounder of the canons on which he thought poetry should be written. He published in 1798 the first volume of the Lyrical Ballads. It contained twenty-three of his poems, and one of Coleridge's, *The Ancient Mariner*. This was followed in 1800 by a second volume, containing thirty-seven poems. The author here informs the public that these poems "were written chiefly with a view to ascertain how far *the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society* is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure." In the preface to the second edition he has modified this language, and says of the former volume, "It was published as an experiment, which I hoped might be of some use to ascertain how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement *a selection of the real language of man in a state of vivid sensation*, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted which a poet may rationally endeavor to impart." And in his larger volume of 1815 he says, "The observations prefixed to that portion of these volumes which was published many years ago under the title of Lyrical Ballads have so little of special application to the greater part of the present enlarged and diversified collection that they could not with propriety stand as an introduction to it. Not deeming it, however, expedient to suppress that exposition, slight and imperfect as it is, of the feelings which had determined the choice of the subjects, and the principles which had regulated the composition of those pieces, I have transferred it to an appendix, to be attended to, or not, at the pleasure of the reader."

¹ *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. With a Memoir.* Seven volumes in three. Boston: VOL. XLV. — NO. 268.

Houghton, Osgood & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1878.

In these essays, the appendix and its supplement, he goes into a long and argumentative defense of his theory of poetry, which is, in the main, that there is no essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. Poetry is only a more animated, spontaneous, passionate prose; and "if metre be superadded thereto a dissimilitude will be produced, altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind."

Here it is seen that Wordsworth, in the course of fifteen years, changed his tone somewhat as expounder of the laws which he conceived should underlie poetry. But the critics and those of his readers who took the trouble to read and ponder his arguments, notwithstanding his noble definition of poetry and the function of the poet, still considered him a dangerous innovator. But the head and front of his heresy in their eyes was his selection of so many humble themes, and the extreme simplicity and sometimes baldness of diction with which he made his entrance into the literary world.

It is not very difficult to understand either the enthusiasm of his friends in the younger days of his revolt from the artificial and conventional poetry that satisfied most readers, or the narrow principles and spirit which prompted his conservative reviewers. He had entered the lists and thrown down the gauntlet, and stood before his countrymen without the time-honored costume of the popular minstrel, and the critics shouted that it was almost like coming in a ridiculous garb bordering on the *puris naturalibus*. He had shown an intellectual independence and an unyielding self-reliance in maintaining his opinions and in defending his verses that were almost unexampled in the biography of literary men. Jeffrey and his clique had great fun in picking him to pieces in the Edinburgh Review. But the Quarterly, the Monthly, and the Critical reviews praised him.

Charles Lamb, in 1814, wrote a review of *The Excursion* for the Quarterly, which, however, Gifford so mutilated that poor Lamb could hardly recognize it as his own. Lord Byron, who at the age of twenty-one felt it his mission to chastise all the poets of his time, had his crack at him with his satirical popgun. To his few admirers, however, — and he might have counted them on his fingers, — many even of those homeliest poems of his were indicative of a newer and higher poetic gospel, a return to true reverence of man and a true insight into nature, as those of a loftier strain. Time and culture gradually brought about more discrimination among the critics. His earnest friend, Coleridge, was from the first on his side, almost alone in a scholarly appreciation of his genius, and doubtless did much to influence the public in his favor. In his *Biographia Literaria*, he criticises some of his poems with a great deal of metaphysical subtlety. Still, while defending some of them which had been roughly handled by the reviewers, he differs widely as to his theory of poetry, and even goes so far as to say that he thinks the Anecdote for Fathers, *Simon Lee*, *Alice Fell*, *The Beggars*, and the *Sailor's Mother*, notwithstanding the beauties which are to be found in each of them, where the poet interposes the music of his own thoughts, "would have been much more delightful in prose, told and managed, as by Mr. Wordsworth they would have been, in a moral essay or pedestrian tour." Coleridge devotes many pages of this interesting work to the purpose of showing by extracts from Wordsworth's poems that his theory contradicted his practice, — or rather that the poet, while aiming at a natural and simple diction, and disgusted with the conventionalisms and affectations of much of the current poetry, "suffered himself to express at once in terms too large and too exclusive his predilection to a style the most remote possible from the false

and showy splendor which he wished to explode."

He appeals from the Wordsworth theoretic and controversial to the Wordsworth in his best inspiration; and maintains that "were there excluded from his poetic composition all that a literal adherence to the theory of his preface would exclude, two thirds at least of the marked beauties of his poetry must be erased." To such counsel as this his friend must have listened, as well as to his own wiser instincts, for subsequently his works bear evidence that his theories were not so strict that he could not often show a noble inconsistency in departing from them.

As somewhat indicative of the changes of public opinion with regard to Wordsworth, it is curious to note the gradual softening of the tone of the Edinburgh Review towards him between the year 1814, when Jeffrey penned the famous critique on *The Excursion*, beginning "This will never do!" and some thirty or less years later. The writer calls this poem "a tissue of moral and devotional ravings; a hubbub of strained raptures and fantastical sublimities." He talks of its "mawkish sentiment" and its "inflated description of sunsets;" asserts that "it is impossible for an ordinary reader to conjecture what he is about;" that "his effusions on external nature are eminently fantastic, obscure, and affected." He expresses "the repugnance excited by the triteness of its incidents [the tale of Margaret] and the lowness of its objects." The critic, however is not so prejudiced that he cannot mingle some praise with his censure. "Mr. Wordsworth, with all his perversities, is a person of great powers, and has frequently a force in his moral declamations and a tenderness in his pathetic narratives which neither his prolixity nor his affectation altogether deprive of their effect." He notes many beautiful passages, which he is fair enough to quote.

In 1815 there appeared a review of the *White Doe of Rylstone*, which represents the poet to be "in a state of low and maudlin imbecility." But some truths are said about the poem, which can never, I think, rank with his best. In 1822 Wordsworth's sonnets are characterized for "a solemn unmeaningness," — "a sort of prosy, solemn, obscure, feeble kind of mouthing, sadly garnished with shreds and phrases from Milton and the Bible, but without nature and without passion, and with a plentiful lack of meaning, compensated only by a large allowance of affectation and egotism." But in 1825 there seems to be the beginning of a change. The Review quotes what is said of Wordsworth by the author of the *Spirit of the Age*, and which is extremely eulogistic, but merely observes that it is overpraise, and tends to defeat its object. Ten years later the Review ranks Wordsworth's sonnets as next to Milton's; and in 1842 the poet is quoted, though with dissent from certain metaphysical distinctions, as "a high authority."

The new poet found appreciative readers in America sooner than in England, his first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, which had fallen almost dead in his own country in 1798, being reprinted in Philadelphia, along with the second volume, in 1802. His unfailing faith in himself, his indomitable perseverance in what he believed to be his high mission to mankind, sustained him always in the face of adverse criticism and neglect, from the very first. This was perhaps one cause of his final success, and made him a remarkable instance of a poet whose literary life had begun in extreme unpopularity, but was prolonged to his eightieth year, and crowned with laureate honors and the applause of two great nations.

I shall endeavor in this essay to note what appear to me to be the chief excellences, as well as the defects, of Wordsworth's poetry. We should first,

however, I think, look a little at the poet himself, — his mind, character, and the circumstances of his career ; for it is impossible to consider his works quite apart from a personality so strongly marked as his was.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, April 7, 1770, and was the second in a family of five. His father, John Wordsworth, was a lawyer. He was descended from a very old family who had long been settled in Yorkshire. His parents, who were most excellent persons, died when he was a boy. He inherited a disposition easily guided to moral and religious thought. His affections seem to have been strong. His intellectual tastes, his moral training, his love of nature, aided a temperament which easily avoided any vicious deviations. He was fortunate in his early schooling and companions, and in having passed his youth among people of simple habits, and surrounded by picturesque mountain and lake scenery. He was early accustomed to active life in the open air, and while a school-boy took great pleasure in hunting, fishing, rowing, skating, riding, and long country walks. The people among whom he lived were plain folks, unrestrained by conventional fashions, with slight differences of social standing ; and he early imbibed among them that love of liberty and equality, and that ready sympathy with human nature, even in its humblest aspects, which shone so conspicuously in his poetry. His life amidst the beauties, grandeurs, and solitudes of nature was conducive to thought, imagination, and mental independence. He seems never to have ceased to feel and to rejoice in this early ministry of nature to his mind and character. He was a lover of books too, but studied them less than he did nature and his own mind. While at Cambridge, he was apparently quite as much indebted to his long tours among the lakes and the mountains of England, during his vacations, or amid

the Alps, as to his prescribed university studies. But his chief study was evidently — himself. From youth to age this introspective habit of mind predominated in him. Hence that spirit which set him apart as a moral and religious teacher, as one who saw into the soul of things. Hence, too, that self-reverence, self-reliance, and it must be said self-consciousness which characterized him through life.

All the circumstances of that life may be said to have been fortunate for his poetical career. There was a time when, after leaving college, he was uncertain what profession he should choose for his maintenance ; but a timely legacy of £900 from Raisley Calvert, a young man who had known his poetical aspirations, and whom he had attended in his last illness, enabled Wordsworth to pursue that career which was his choice. No less fortunate were his residence in Germany, his experience in France during the Revolution, his intimacy with Coleridge, the constant companionship of his beloved sister Dorothy, and above all his happy marriage with his early school-mate, Mary Hutchinson. Happy, too, was he in living in a picturesque region, and, later, in obtaining a government office whose duties he could transact by deputy, and so be free to follow his literary work ; and last, and not least, in the well-deserved wreath of poet-laureate in his declining years, an office which, on the death of his friend Southey, he at first modestly declined as unsuited to his old age, but which, being urged upon him with the understanding that it should involve no onerous duties, he felt proud to accept.

Wordsworth at an early age considered that as a poet he had a great mission to fulfill. As he tells us in his long autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*, the resolution came to him one early morning among the hills, when returning home after a night of "dancing, gayety, and mirth : " —

"Magnificent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld: in front
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn, —
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.
Ah, need I say, dear Friend, that to the brim
My heart was full? I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to
me

Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,

A dedicated spirit."

And as a dedicated spirit he gave himself to his life-long work.

What this work was let us consider. Making all allowance for his defects and short-comings, there can be no question that we must accept the almost unanimous vote of our time, that he was a great and an original poet. This greatness and originality are chiefly noticeable in the wise and deeply reflective character of his poems, in their high moral and religious tone, in his faith in the ministry of nature to the soul, and in his expression of the religion of humanity. Nature and man form the substance of the themes he seeks to illustrate. Other poets, before him, have touched these chords, and their immortal music he listens to and loves. But from them he hears it come in fitful strains, often in a careless or expressionless rendering. Like a great musician he would use all the stops of his organ. He would commune at first-hand with the soul of man and nature. He would see creation to be a living, many-languaged symbol of the Creator. In the heart of the humblest peasant or beggar he can detect the heraldry of heaven, and find in the lowliest daisy thoughts too deep for tears. His finest passages, those that have become domesticated in the hearts of his readers, ring with this interior music. In his inspired moments he utters lines of wisdom and beauty memorable for all time, — second only to Shakespeare and Milton.

But Wordsworth has his prosaic side; and the truth must be spoken in making up a fair estimate of him. Perhaps there never lived a more unequal poet. We follow him, as we would in one of his long country walks, through loose, monotonous sands, over rough rocks and furze and wide, barren moors, and up steep mountain heights into regions of clouds and sunrises and sunsets, — an uneven path, and often requiring patience. With all his genius, the judgment of the posterity to which he appealed has by this time pretty clearly settled it as a fact that as a poet he is truly great only at wide intervals. His verses have good health and strong limbs, but they too often lack wings. His muse ranges from the highest flights of thought and emotion down to common and prosaic themes, treated in a dry and didactic way; and he often disappoints us in his treatment of even his noblest subjects. We are not lifted, not fascinated, as we hoped. Why *he* should not have felt this deficiency in his cooler self-criticism, and shown at least a more decided preference of his best to his worst, might seem strange, but that such instances of lack of true judgment of their own works have been no uncommon cases, even with men of genius. Perhaps it is their very genius that blinds them.

In Wordsworth's estimation everything that came from his pen had a peculiar value. It was as if he were listening to a divine voice, not when he was most unconscious, but the reverse. Probably there are few examples in the history of literary men more marked than his complete intellectual independence and self-justification, from his very first appearance before the public till his latest. Such is the tenor of his preface and its supplementary essays; and such is the impression left on us by a perusal of his *Memoirs* by his nephew. Hardly ever does he speak of his own poems without expressing this unshaken confidence

that they are destined to live.¹ Not that he did not carefully revise and correct sometimes, and take counsel of others; for the influence of Coleridge upon him must have been very powerful in suggesting alterations, in modifying some of his youthful tenets, and in enlarging his ideals. It was unavoidable that he should have profited by his intimacy with this remarkable man, and by his frank criticisms; and in *The Prelude* he himself confesses it. But both he and his friend Coleridge agree that great poets must "*create the taste by which they must be relished*," "must teach the art by which they are to be seen." In a letter to Sir George Beaumont he says, "Let the poet consult his own heart, as I have done, and leave the rest to posterity. The fact is, the English public are at this moment in the same state of mind with respect to my poems as the French with respect to Shakespeare; and not the French alone, but almost the whole continent. . . . Every great poet is a teacher; I wish to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing." This was in 1807. Unfortunately Wordsworth adopts the lofty but dangerous motto, "All, or nothing." He will admit of hardly any inequalities in his work. He stands up stoutly and proudly for the intrinsic poetic worth of every line he has written. All came sincerely from the fountains of his heart and soul, — why should not all be good? He is the great poet autocrat. He believes in and reverences himself so highly that it is impossible his Homeric head should ever be caught nodding.

Yet there is something about this lofty self-consciousness which would be almost Napoleonic in its tone, were it not that he is willing to argue about his works, and makes the mistake of going into reasons why such and such lines are highly poetic, and why the public is

in error about much that he has written. This is *aside*, of course, to his intimate friends, who he knows agree with him. He is too proud and too indifferent to public opinion to seek to change *that*. This consummate belief in himself has such a proudly calm, persistent character that it is almost contagious; and at times you begin to think you must have been wrong in any underestimate you may have arrived at, and must suspend your judgment, for a time at least.

I cannot help regarding this self-consciousness of Wordsworth as a grave defect of his nature, and as a cause of his having written so much heavy-paced, if not prosaic verse. It is significant that he chose for the theme of his longest poem the growth of his own mind. And this trait was doubtless intensified by the solitude in which he lived. Often random thoughts and trivial incidents seem to have been chosen for themes, and because they impressed him for the time were magnified into undue importance in his imagination. In those lonely walks among the lakes and hills, where he was wont to compose his poems, afterwards dictating them to his wife or sister, whatever pleased him stood a chance of being turned into verse. And he could always remember, and loved to recall, just where he had composed such and such a poem. He was fond, too, of quoting from himself, even in print, as he would from some other poet. It is curious to see what value he set on such simple effusions as *Harry Gill* and *The Idiot Boy*. Of the latter he says, "It was composed in the grove of Alfoxden, almost extempore;" and adds, "I mention this in gratitude to those happy moments; for in truth I never wrote anything with so much glee." He afterwards alludes to it in the same strain in one of his letters, where he defends it at great length. He also refers to it in *The Prelude*. *The Idiot Boy* comes about as near the humorous as anything Wordsworth's grave muse

¹ An exception to this, however, is found in a letter to Professor Reed, of Philadelphia, in 1839. See *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 354.

ever flung off. Even Coleridge calls it "a fine poem;" on what principle any one who knows his poetic creed, stated at such length in the *Biographia Literaria*, would be at a loss to discover. If Wordsworth had had a spark of the sense of the ludicrous, or the least notion of the obvious popular reception it could not fail to meet with, he would never have printed it except for a public of children.

To a poet thus habitually conscious of his high vocation, it must have been a moral duty, as well as a pleasure, to record mentally everything he could turn into verse. In his contemplative country walks he became omnivorous, like a hunter intent on bagging all sorts of game. On theoretic principle, as well as by choice, he drew into his net a variety of subjects such as few of the poets would have chosen, and treated them in a matter-of-fact and moralistic rather than an artistic way. Hence we have such poems as *An Anecdote for Fathers*, *We are Seven*, *Rural Architecture*, *The Idle Shepherd Boys*, *The Sailor's Mother*, *The Red-Breast and Butterfly*, *Lines Written in March*, *Simon Lee*, *The Waggoner*, and many more that might be named. Had he been constitutionally and habitually an artist, what great things he might have done! But he seemed to lack the artistic faculty both in selection and execution. How many leaves in his bulky volumes we must turn before we light upon anything on which we care to linger with deep delight! And how few are the poems, or the passages in poems, to which we return with zest,—few, I mean, in comparison with the whole mass of his poetry! For this is the true test of a poem: when, having read it, it haunts us with a vague aroma of its beauty, and draws us again and again, as we are drawn by some masterpiece of art in a gallery of paintings, or by the finest symphonies of Beethoven or Schumann. I can remember how the *Tintern Abbey* poem

so haunted me and drew me, and I was unsatisfied till it could be repeated from memory. To this day it has not lost its spell. So, too, the lines, "She was a phantom of delight," *A Complaint, Laodamia*, the poems on *Yarrow*, the *Ode to Duty*, the *Ode on Immortality*, some of the sonnets, and many golden passages bedded in the longer poems,—how they glow and shine contrasted with the great bulk of his work! Wordsworth *preaches* a little too much. Even his letters to his friends are didactic essays. We should rather hear him talk or sing. "It is always good to be with Wordsworth," says a critic I read lately. Well, it is good to go to church; but there are preachers *and* preachers, as the French would say.

The truth is, Wordsworth wrote too much to write always with poetic inspiration. For about sixty years his pen was seldom idle. Moreover, *he did not believe* that inspiration was necessary except on rare occasions. If true to his creed, this was not one of the obligations laid upon him. He is so undisguisedly prosaic in the greater part of his verse that I sometimes wonder he did not throw off altogether the shackles of metre and rhyme, and anticipate Mr. Walt Whitman. But it seems that though he did believe in prose-poetry he did not believe it was his mission to write poetic prose. The long-sanctioned demand for measure and rhyme had great importance for him. He was not unlike a broad-church divine, who preaches radicalism, but clings to his surplice and ritual. He must have his singing-ropes about him even when he talks

"Of Betty Foy and Alice Fell,
And Harry Gill and Peter Bell,"

and old *Simon Lee*, with his thin, dry legs and swollen ankles, and the blind Highland boy floating off in his wash-tub (afterwards exchanged for a turtle-shell). He could prove himself so insensible to the incongruous as to pen that stanza in *Peter Bell*:—

"Now, like a tempest-shattered bark
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of a foaming surge,
Full suddenly the Ass doth rise!"

and that other, which still stood in 1819:

"All by the moonlight river side
It gave three miserable groans.
'Tis come, then, to a pretty pass,'
Said Peter to the groaning ass,
'But I will bang your bones.'"

In *The Idiot Boy* this stanza held its ground until 1827:—

"Beneath the moon that shines so bright,
Till she is tired, let Betty Foy
With girt and stirrup fiddle-faddle;
But wherefore set upon the saddle
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy?"

But the most unfortunate eclipse that ever a bright, poetic star experienced—we can call it no less than a lamentable blunder—was his modern version of the find old ballad of *Helen of Kirconnel*. This is so strongly marked an illustration of that side of Wordsworth's nature which was not only matter of fact, but incapable of feeling the incongruous and ludicrous, that I must ask the reader to compare the two poems at length. Note the intensity of passion and movement in the original ballad. The version reads almost as if some one were trying his hand at a travesty of Wordsworth's most inferior work.

Of Wordsworth's sonnets, I have counted nearly five hundred, which is the best proof how fond he was of this form of expression. But of all these, let the reader ask himself how many retain for him in memory a charm that lures him back to them, as to the best of Wordsworth's other shorter poems. It is a little singular that, loving the sonnet as he did, he should not have concentrated his powers with more artistic effect upon what he has done in this way. Judgments differ, of course, but it seems to me there are not more than thirty or forty really fine sonnets among his works. I fear we must exclude from a high rank some hundreds he has written. We are all familiar with a few that are well

known. Next to these we may rank the stirring sonnets dedicated to liberty, several of which have the true Miltonic ring. But when we come to those on the River Duddon, those on his tours in Scotland and on the Continent, the long, dry series of ecclesiastical sonnets, and, lastly, those dullest of all, on capital punishment, we are troubled with the same old difficulty, only more so, of effort in getting through them.

In *lento* *luctantur* *marmore tonsæ*.

I should like, however, to quote here, especially as I have never seen it quoted, one of the most beautiful of all his sonnets, as it seems to me, and quite unlike any other he has done:—

"Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a medicant
For naught but what thy happiness could spare
Speak, though this soft, warm heart, once free to
hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow,
Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine,—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may
know!"

It is not often we meet with anything he has written so full of his life-blood as this.

In his narrative poems there is want of action and flow. It is the pictures we see by the way, and the truly poetic touches of feeling or glowing soliloquies, that redeem them from tameness. As Lowell says, "*We are forced to do our own rowing*, and only when the current is hemmed in by some narrow gorge of the poet's personal consciousness do we feel ourselves snatched along on the smooth but impetuous rush of unmistakable inspiration."

Of sluggish or unmusical rhythm there are abundant specimens, especially in his earlier works. In reading Wordsworth, I often feel about his rhythm as if I were wading against a stream in-

stead of floating along with it. This would never be so were the feeling of form in the poet's soul as sensitive as his thought. We could dispense with much profundity of thought, were we only borne along by a musical motion which wedded itself spontaneously to the idea. A perfect poem demands a fine accord between the body and the soul of thought. We are often moved by the *soul* of Wordsworth's thought; not often, I think, by the soul in intimate conjunction of form with his thought.

In one other respect, too, he fails to show himself a consummate artist. A painter would say he wants *effect*. This is felt in most of his sonnets. Even his stories lack point. He trusts to the value of a thought, but is too indifferent about artistic presentation. But the more precious the diamond, the more we demand for it an adequate setting.

That sensuous element¹ which is indispensable to a complete poetic organization, and is tremulously sensitive to form and rhythm, seems to have been small in Wordsworth's nature. I do not remember that a decided love of music is mentioned among his traits. He has little variety of metrical form, and is content with a limited range. And when he wanders into an unaccustomed metre, he is capable of such rhymes as

"Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill."

He had, however, enough rhythmic feeling to write — as to form — very good blank verse, which is evidence that he

¹ His biographer tells us that he was without the sense of *smell*, and regretted it exceedingly. And must not this defect have dulled his sense of *taste*?

² His sister writes in her journal at Grasmere, May 21, 1802, "W. wrote two sonnets on Buonaparte, after I had read Milton's sonnets to him." These were among the first sonnets he had written.

³ Mr. Matthew Arnold has published a selection of Wordsworth's poems, with a preface, in which he ranks him next to Shakespeare and Milton, and in a tone of confident assertion, yet very vaguely, as it seems to me, lays down the law of poetry.

must have considerably cultivated this sense. No doubt he was influenced in this respect by Coleridge, and by an intimate study of Milton,² the grand master of this measure. Perhaps it was in this dress that he felt most at ease, for it suited his grave, contemplative moods, and admitted the widest range of style, from the metrical prose that makes up the great bulk of his blank verse to the noble passages of genuine inspiration scattered through it.

There is one little poem of Wordsworth's, seldom quoted, I think, called *A Complaint*, which in completeness of artistic form stands conspicuously among his early and shorter poems, — as *Laodamia* and a few others do among those of more length and elaboration.

A COMPLAINT.

There is a change, — and I am poor;
Your love hath been, nor long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow;
And flow it did, not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
Blest was I then all bliss above!
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I? Shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love; it may be deep, —
I trust it is, — and never dry.
What matter? If the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.
Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

The only defect here is in the fourth line. What a pity some other word was not substituted for that "business"! ³

"Poetry," says Mr. Arnold, "is perfect speech." "The noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness . . . under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and truth." Mr. Arnold's love of formula, of theory, warps him into eccentric statements on this theme, which strike me as plausible half-truths. Poetry does not certainly consist in noble and profound application of ideas to life without noble and beautiful expression of them. Nor would Mr. Arnold assert this, I suppose, for he takes care to add, "under the conditions," etc. But he does not say what these

If he is not, strictly speaking, a poet of the poets, Wordsworth has the great merit, which he shares with Burns (who must have deeply influenced him in his youth) and with Cowper and others, of appealing to the common sense, the affections, the love of nature, the moral and religious sentiment, of a widely increasing number of readers who look more at the substance of ideas than their form. But he has more than this. He is deeply spiritual. He has the "vision," if not always "the faculty divine." It is a great boon to the thoughtful readers of to-day, to those who have become surfeited upon the highly seasoned but unsubstantial food which some of the popular poets have given us, to be able to turn to pages where they may find a genuine intellectual nutriment. And there are so many hours of life when this must outvalue all purely æsthetic enjoyment we may derive from poetry. Let us not ask too often for "winged words," for there are calmer moods that are content with more moderately moving vehicles of thought. Is there not nowadays too much tendency in poetry, as in other modes of art expression, to neglect a profound or a simple utterance of thought and feeling, and to overvalue some novel trick of manner and execution? How many wonderful dilutions are praised, let them only be sufficiently perfumed and spiced and seltzer-watered! Body and soul in verse are both, as I said, desirable; but if we cannot have both, let us for Heaven's sake have the soul. With Wordsworth this is the paramount necessity. Here is no light-brained, light-fingered minstrel, no flashy singer with a *répertoire* of trivial

and vapid themes clothed in studiously captivating numbers, but a deep-thoughted seer and teacher. If he rarely thrills you with electric shocks of surprise and profound emotion, he at least leads you out into the bracing air and the cloudless sunshine, where you may feel the immanent soul of things, the life that lives in and above nature and man. If he does not fascinate, he strengthens and consoles. That Wordsworth was no coldly moral philosopher, but had deep and tender affections, his biography and letters, no less than his poetry, must convince us. How he mourned for his noble brother John, the brave commander of the Abergavenny East-Indianman, who lost his life by shipwreck; how he loved his sister and his wife; how constant are his friendships with Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, and others; how he was touched by the distress of the poor and unfortunate, is well known.

He wrote poems that were welcomed by childhood as others were by youth and old age. Can we not remember the time when his simple rhyme of Barbara Lewthwaite and her lamb touched us to tears? Yet the *blasé* critics who hung enraptured on the scene-painting of Moore and the fire-works of Byron laughed at this genuine bit of pathos. And if there be any youth or maiden who is insensible to the strains of the Tintern Abbey poem or the Ode on Immortality, I can feel for such a one only regret and pity.

In his sympathetic portrayal of the hard, homely peasant life of shepherds or plowmen, surrounded by bare, rugged rocks and exposed to bleak winds and

conditions are. He dwells on the soul of poetry altogether, and not at all on its body. He eccentrically classes Molière among the great poets, therein seeming to sink the poetic form in the thought. He leaves us somewhat mystified as to the principles on which he makes his selection of the poems of Wordsworth. He says, "I can read with pleasure and edification Peter Bell, and the whole series of ecclesiastical sonnets, and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the

Thanksgiving Ode, — *everything of Wordsworth, I think, except Vaudracour and Julia.*" By what strange caprice of judgment does he except these two poems, one of which, The Ode, certainly seems to me to be nearly among his best (though it lacks swiftness of movement), and the other to be as good as most of his blank verse narratives? Or why does he select sixty of Wordsworth's sonnets, and omit Why Art Thou Silent? and why does he omit A Complaint, quoted above?

burning suns, and in the earnestness and sincerity with which he tells their humble stories, we are reminded of the noble pictures of François Millet and Jules Breton.

His sympathy with France in the Revolution, before that rising star which excited the hopes of all the friends of liberty was eclipsed by the bloody disk of anarchy, was a marked era in his life. Though the course of events on the Continent helped to change his political view, he had always a strong republican bias; and some of his finest sonnets and odes were inspired by the stirring incidents and commanding characters of that momentous time.

One of his deepest beliefs was in the beneficent ministry of nature to the soul of man. He is never weary of proclaiming this article of his faith; and the passages in which he dwells upon it are among his finest. It is a pervading and coloring element in his poetry. This makes the charm of the Tintern Abbey poem, of some memorable stanzas in Peter Bell, of Three Years she Grew, of many of the sonnets, and of many noble monologues in *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*.

No poet has given us more graphic, more glowing, descriptions of natural scenery. But nature is for him never dully and densely material, but radiant and glowing with spiritual meanings. He hears a language in her thousand voices to which most men are deaf and uninstructed, but which to him brings unceasing consolation and strength, endless revelation of truth. No poet has better expressed the mysterious correspondences of the material and spiritual worlds. What priceless passages, full of insight, wisdom, tender humanity, devout and rapturous aspiration; what lines and sentences that we never forget, that comfort and lift us, and plant our feet on foundations that have nothing to do with accident or change; what openings through the clouds of mortality; what

assurances that all is somehow and somewhere for the best! We hail him as the great poet of optimism. What an antidote was his sanative poetry to the morbid Byronism and Werterism that enervated the youths and maidens of the early years of this nineteenth century! Honor to the seer whose intuitions were so wise, whose sight was so clear, whose laborious hands gave such help in draining off the stagnant scum of the malarial waters which infected those days!

We cannot but admit there are times when poetry is like a refreshing bath in the ocean surf, stimulating to the higher life by virtue of its essential freshness, independently of its artistic form, and reminding us that

"O'er that art
Which you say adds to nature is an art
That nature makes."

I am not insensible to the hygiene of poetry, — the oxygenic quality that lies in an apt expression of a commanding idea, though it be in prose form. And I think that here lies much of the debt we owe to Wordsworth. We open his book and look for poetry, and we find wisdom, we find humane sympathies, we find religion, as we go out to take a walk and enjoy the beauties of nature, and find health, and come home with a good appetite. It is this quality that makes our own Emerson so dear to us as the first of American poets, in spite of his innumerable faults of inartistic construction and unmetrical finish.

We must therefore, I think, rank Wordsworth among the foremost English poets. Precisely what that rank is to be, who can say? And why weigh any poet by arithmetical scale, any more than you would the great painters, or tone-masters, or indeed than you would the rare flowers of a garden?

We remember other poets of this century who in some qualities surpass him. We remember the passion and the flow of Byron, the rapt improvisations and cloud tints of Shelley, the imaginative

thought of Coleridge, the warm color and sometimes Miltonic splendor of Keats; and, later, the fresh vigor and dramatic force of Browning, and the exquisite blending of poetic idea and musical rhythm in Tennyson. But for simple, heart-felt, graphic painting from nature, for tender touches of human sympathy, for wise and prophetic utterance of the highest thoughts and aspirations of the soul, what poet has surpassed Wordsworth, when at his best?

The force of his poetry is more cumulative than dynamic. It is a steady, earnest, self-confident movement in one true direction; and you may take up his volumes anywhere, sure of finding him faithful to a high standard that is in his thought, if not always in the glowing and highly poetic expression of it. Great is the debt of this century to the genius which so woos us from the low and external and accidental shows of things

into purer regions of contemplation and imagination. We may feel his limitations as an artist and inspired singer, — and how few are the poets who have written so much where these are not felt! — but we must give him high praise for what he has uttered in his hours of highest thought and emotion. We still sit at his feet and listen to his sincere and earnest voice, his words of thoughtful contemplation, of delight in the glories of nature, of reverence for humanity, and are still lifted into a serener air by his confessions of that noble Pantheism which our Emerson has so devoutly and wisely taught us, and which, misunderstood as it may be by small and narrow minds, is the spontaneous faith of all true poets. Onward and upward, like Æolian music marching before us, his strains will ever lead us, through nature, in her manifold symbols of beauty and truth, towards nature's God.

Christopher P. Cranch.

HELEN OF TYRE.

WHAT phantom is this, that appears
Through the purple mists of the years,
Itself but a mist like these?
A woman of cloud and of fire;
It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas!

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the Israelites, that sell
Thy lilies and lions of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gray gabardine,
With beard that floats to his waist;
It is Simon Magus, the Seer;
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The words he utters in haste.

He says : " From this evil fame,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee and make thee mine!
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine ! "

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise,
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
As a leaf is blown by the gust,
Till she vanishes into night!
O reader, stoop down and write
With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy rafts of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise and thy ships,
Thou, too, art become as nought,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

Henry W. Longfellow.

ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS AND THE VIOLIN.

IN what I have heretofore written upon the violin, that is, the papers, *Seeking a Lost Art*, and *King Cole and his Band*, in the *Galaxy*, and the article *Violin* in the *American Cyclopædia*, I have in the two former treated discursively many points connected with the making of the instrument and its gradually taking the place of the viol, and in the last confined myself to a methodical description of the instrument and a chronological account of its most celebrated makers. Among the divisions of this subject which remain for me untouched is the very interesting one which is offered by a comparison of the work of the great violin

makers of the past and an estimate of its real value.

As I was once asked, in sober, matter-of-course earnest, by an intelligent man, a great lover of music, whether I thought that a violin which I had in my hand, and of which I had been speaking, was "really made by Cremona himself," those of my violin-loving readers who never heard of any Signor Cremona will pardon me when I say that the history of violin making is, very briefly, this: The art, after having been long practiced by a promiscuous horde of unknown makers, who modeled their instruments each according to his own fan-

cy, — and their fancies were often grotesque enough, — was advanced greatly, and somewhat suddenly it would seem, at Brescia about A. D. 1525. There is reason to believe that in this ancient town of Lombard Italy the violin first took the form which it has retained for more than three centuries, and which it will probably never change. An attempt has been made to obtain for Bologna the honor of having produced the modern violin; the maker in whose favor this claim is set up being Gaspard Duiffoprugcar. But although Duiffoprugcar distinguished himself as a maker of viols and of lutes, there is no satisfactory evidence that he ever made a violin, — the violin having been looked upon, it should be remembered, as an inferior, “vulgar” instrument until the beginning of the seventeenth century, and even later. Of this the intending violin buyer may be very sure: that the aged seeming instruments offered to him, with inlaid backs and bellies, and very wide, stiff *f* holes, and the name of Gaspard Duiffoprugcar and a date of from 1512 to 1530 faintly printed in Roman letter on a soiled and discolored ticket, were never in the hands of that ancient lutanist, but are imitations of old Brescian instruments, and are at most thirty or forty years old. Bologna, having invented the sausage, should not be greedy of other fame. That is honor enough for one town.

There was another Gaspard, however, who did make violins with great success in the sixteenth century; and possibly the identity of name has something to do with the confusion of the function of the two persons. For in Italy at that time artists and artisans of high class were known, like kings and princes, by their baptismal names, to which was sometimes added the name of the places where they were born, — as, for example, Lionardo da Vinci. This Gaspard, having been born in the little town of Salo, when he went to Brescia and began to make violins there was known among

the Brescians as Gaspard da Salo, and that name he put upon the tickets in his violins. Gaspard da Salo's violins soon attained a great reputation, — so great that Benvenuto Cellini did not deem it beneath his dignity to carve the head of one of Gaspard's instruments, doing it by the order of Cardinal Aldobrandini. This violin has been for many years in the possession of Ole Bull. Toward the end of the sixteenth century Gaspard da Salo was succeeded in Brescia by Giovanni Paolo Maggini, who was in his turn succeeded by other Brescian makers of more or less repute; but with none of these have we at present any concern.

Before the appearance of Maggini in Brescia, an imitator of Gaspard, possibly a pupil, had begun at Cremona, another town of Lombardy, a manufacture of violins which was to transfer the great violin mart of Italy from the former place to the latter. This was Andrea Amati, the first of the great “Cremona violin” makers, and the first of a family which for four generations, and through a century and a half, maintained and augmented the reputation of the Cremona instruments, until their work was surpassed by the members of two other Cremonese families, the Guarneri and the Stradivari, and finally by Carlo Bergonzi, the pupil and successor in business of Antonio Stradivari, and the last of the really great Cremona makers. Andrea Amati was succeeded by his sons Antonio and Geronimo; they in turn were succeeded by the son of Geronimo Nicolo Amati, the most celebrated of this family of distinguished artisans. Nicolo Amati's reputation was rivaled, and during the last three quarters of a century has been partly eclipsed, by that of his pupil, Antonio Stradivari, whose reputation is now rivaled, although in no way dimmed or diminished, by that of his skillful pupil, Carlo Bergonzi. Of the Guarneri family, Andrea was the first. He worked between 1630 and 1690, and was a pupil of Nicolo Amati.

In turn, in his family, followed his sons Giuseppe and Pietro, and his nephew Giuseppe Antonio, called for distinction from his cousin Giuseppe "Joseph del Gesù," because of an I H S monogram which he used upon his tickets. When we add to these Lorenzo Guadagnini and Giovanni Battista, of the same family, with Francesco Ruggieri and his nephew Giovanni, who was a pupil of Nicolo Amati, we shall have completed the roll of all the makers of high repute in the great Cremona school. Andrea Amati, the founder of the school, began to make violins about 1550; Carlo Bergonzi, its last great exemplar, continued to make instruments until 1755-60; and Guarneri del Gesù died in 1745. We thus see that the Cremona school lived vigorously for just two centuries. It was really a school, each eminent Cremona maker having been the pupil, and in most cases the son or nephew, of some other eminent maker in whose family and workshop he was brought up. The craft would thus naturally have its traditions; and that it had them the workmanship of the instruments produced at Cremona between 1550 and 1750 very clearly shows.

The excellence of the Cremona violins as musical instruments and their fine finish as specimens of working in wood gave them early a high reputation, which they richly deserved. Undoubtedly they were the best and the handsomest violins that had been made. They had also this advantage, that as years went on their positive excellence became greater. The older they grew and the more they were used, — careful use being assumed, — the finer, richer, sweeter, mellower, became their tone. For although if a fiddle be in the beginning a bad one no age and no playing will make it good, one which is good in the beginning and has enough substance in it for a robust life becomes better every year that it is in the hands of a constant and careful player. Therefore it was that toward the end of the last century there began in

the musical world of Europe a "craze" for Cremona violins. The demand was at first for the Amatis, so great was the positive merit of the instruments made by that family, and so had its members through generations and centuries impressed themselves upon the musical world as the leading lutanists of Cremona. Such was the supremacy of the Amati name, and so comparatively underrated, if not unknown, was that of Stradivari, that it is recorded that Cervetto took to England, about 1775, instruments by the latter maker, and, being unable to sell a violoncello for five pounds, he took them back again to Italy! They would now, if they were good specimens of Stradivari's work and in good condition, easily be sold for five hundred pounds, and if of unusual excellence for seven or eight hundred. In 1876 I saw in London three violoncellos by Stradivari, for which the prices were severally six hundred and fifty, seven hundred and fifty, and one thousand pounds; and the possessor, although he was a dealer, was not at all eager to sell them at those prices. True, they were instruments of uncommon excellence and character, and were in perfect condition; but so rapidly has the reputation of Stradivari increased during the last seventy-five years that it is now impossible to buy any sound instrument made by him for less than five hundred pounds. The influence of fashion could not be more strongly exemplified. If violins are bought for the beauty of their tone, what was the matter with the ears of the violin players in England in the last century, that they could not discover the positive merit of Stradivari's instruments, and their superiority to those made by the Amati family? For a "Strad" is now worth as merchandise at least twice as much, and generally three times as much, as any Amati instrument in equally good condition.

When Paganini appeared playing upon a Cremona instrument, the admiration excited in all musical and semi-musical

circles of Europe by his wonder-working bow was reflected upon the Cremona violin makers; and as all sorts of foolish and exaggerated and affected notions were set afloat about the player, so like notions began to prevail about the instrument — the violin in the abstract — on which he played, and the great makers of it. It was supposed that there was some wizardry about his playing, and some mystery about violin making. The world is always so ready to find the source of all things greatly good in mystery, in inspiration. Alas that it is so! for in life there is no mystery unfathomable but life itself, as there is no evil irremediable but death. Paganini's wizardry is now all understood and equaled. It was the fruit of study, thought, and hard work. All the great players now do what Paganini did; and the mystery of Cremona violin making is a mystery no longer.

There was never any mystery at all about it, or any secret, or any art incommunicable or undiscoverable. This may be made plain by the consideration of what a violin is, and how it is made.

A violin is simply an oblong box of vibrating wood, — nothing more.¹ Make a box fourteen inches long, eight inches wide, and one inch and a quarter deep, of which the top is deal and the sides and back are of any hard, tough wood, like maple, or sycamore, or pear-tree wood; affix to one end of this a neck or handle about five inches long, and you have all the essential parts of a violin, except the strings. Moreover, if your wood, and particularly your deal, has been well chosen, and well proportioned in thickness, and the joints of your box are air-tight, it is within the bounds of physical possibility that when your instrument is properly set up it may equal in the quality and volume of its tone any violin made by Amati, Stradivari, Guar-

neri, or Bergonzi. Truly, the possibility is very remote, but it exists.

To set up your instrument for playing, you will have to stretch the strings over a bridge, and contrive some way of turning them, by increasing or diminishing their tension. This is easily done. But ere long certain difficulties would arise. In the first place, the corners of your box would be so much in the way as to annoy you, and indeed as to prevent your playing with any comfort; and a like difficulty would be made by the sides of the box just opposite the bridge, which would so interfere with the passage of your bow that you could play but little, if at all, upon the first and fourth strings. These difficulties would inevitably lead you, as the same difficulties led the makers of violins hundreds of years ago, to round off the corners of your box in sweeping curves, which would make it easy to handle and to hold beneath your chin, and to hollow out the sides opposite the bridge, so that the bow might pass over the two outside strings (first and fourth) without touching the sides of the instrument. Draw a parallelogram of the proportions mentioned above, but make it a little wider below than above; then mark with dotted lines these curves made for mere convenience and comfort, and you will find you have, to all intents and purposes, the well-known outlines of a violin. The form thus given is a very peculiar combination of curves, and it has helped not a little in the mystification of the world about this instrument. But this form has nothing whatever to do with the musical functions or the musical power of the violin, or with the quality of its tone. It is merely the result of mechanical contrivance to make the manipulation of the instrument easy. It need hardly be said, however, that as this form is required for convenience, efforts have been made to give it as much symmetry and beauty as possible.

Other difficulties or defects would soon

¹ It need hardly be said that all through this article I use the word *violin* for the whole violin family, including the viola and the violoncello.

be discovered. The tension of the strings would produce a pressure upon your deal top, or sounding-board, that would check its vibration, and also, ere long, cause the top to sag under the bridge, and finally to break. A certain dullness of sound might also lead you to suspect that your instrument did not vibrate as freely and completely as it might, could, and should, and that the sound did not "come out."

These defects of course were discovered centuries ago, and they were remedied in the following manner; the means being, as it will be at once seen, purely mechanical and to mechanical ends. Indeed, they are just such as would be adopted under similar circumstances by an engineer, a machinist, a ship-wright, or a house-builder. The top, the sounding-board, or as it is usually called the belly, of the violin, instead of being made flat, was arched to resist the pressure of the strings. This expedient, however, did not completely remedy the defect. The continuous pressure of the strings would bend or even break the arched belly directly under the bridge; and, moreover, the vibration was yet imperfect. The next step was again a purely mechanical one: it was the introduction of a sort of girder or string beam, which stiffened the arch of the belly against the pressure of the strings. This is called the base-bar. It is a long strip of wood glued firmly to the inner side of the belly, directly under the foot of the bridge, which sustains the pressure of the heaviest or base string. The base-bar extends nearly from one end of the belly to the other; it is thickest in the middle under the bridge, and tapers off in a curved line either way, until it comes almost to a point at each end. Thus supported, by a bar properly proportioned, the belly is able to bear up against the pressure of the strings.

It will be seen, however, upon a moment's reflection, that if the base-bar does no more than to strengthen or support

the belly the latter is still left in the position of a table upon which rests a heavy weight which it is able to bear. This condition of things is not good for vibration. The weight, that is, the pressure of the strings, checks in a measure the performance of the very function upon which the strings depend for their musical effect. What is needed is not only a support, but a counteracting force, — a force operating upward upon the belly, just as the strings operate downward. It will be seen that if this end can be attained exactly, that is, if the two forces just counterbalance each other, the belly is left as nearly as possible in its natural condition, and will vibrate as if, or almost as if, it were bearing no pressure. Again, a purely mechanical necessity is met by a purely mechanical contrivance. The base-bar is set in with "a spring." The convex curve of the bar is made upon the arc of a somewhat smaller circle than that of the concave of the belly to which it is to be glued. The result is that the belly is thrown up into a somewhat higher arch, and that there is an upward force operating constantly which is, or should be, equalized by the downward pressure of the strings. The equalization of these two forces is a very nice piece of mechanical work; but it is purely mechanical, both in end and means, — as much so as the shoring up of an old wall.

The more complete vibration of the instrument is obtained by another mechanical contrivance, one much more simple and obvious than that of the base-bar. The belly is connected with the back by an upright piece of wood which is pressed in between them, just behind, almost under, the other foot of the bridge, which is thus supported on one side by the base-bar and on the other by this piece of wood, which, from its effect, is called the sound-post. Upon these two appliances depends in a great measure, but by no means in an equal measure, the quality and volume of tone in a vio-

lin. The French, with that fanciful use of language which has less of simple manliness than suits us English-speaking folk, call the sound-post *l'âme du violon*, the soul of the violin, and such is the estimation in which it is commonly held. This preëminence I deny to it, and with no doubt or hesitation. Next in importance to the quality of the wood of which the belly is made, its thickness and its form, comes the base-bar, which indeed is so important that it will in a measure correct faults of construction and supplement defects in material, and moreover will, by change in its form and size, change the tone of an instrument entirely in character, for better or for worse. In one instrument upon which I experimented, a common Mittenwald violoncello, worth some fifteen or twenty dollars, but fairly well made, I had five base-bars, differing in weight and form, put in, at intervals of three months. I designed and shaped the base-bars myself, and stood by to see the workman put them in. Each one made an entire change in the tone of the instrument, which, be it remembered, was left in all other respects just as it was originally made. With one of these base-bars the tone of the instrument was not only clear, free, and large in volume, but noble in quality and sympathetic. The next bar that I put in made the tone thin, hard, mean, and tin-pan-like. It was difficult to believe that two such differing sounds came from the same instrument. Now the sound-post has no effect of this kind. A change in its place or its size will make an instrument a little more or less brilliant, or will transfer strength from one string to another; but the sound-post has no such formative power as the base-bar has, which may be said to make or mar a violin.

No other point in the construction of the violin calls for particular remark; and it should be kept in mind that all those which I have mentioned, the outline of the instrument, the arching of

the belly and the back, the sound-post, and the base-bar, are all mechanical contrivances for convenience in handling the instrument, or to relieve by mechanical means some mechanical disability.

Every one of these points in the construction of the violin was perfectly well known and practiced before the times of the earliest of the great makers. Before Stradivari, before the Guarneri, before the Amati, before Gaspard da Salo, violins were made with all the curves and arches that those makers gave them, and with the formative base-bar and the modifying sound-post. The violin was gradually perfected by unknown makers in the ages before the day of the first maker known to us, Gaspard da Salo; since which time there have been only unessential, although not unimportant, modifications in construction and slight changes in external form. The violin was fitted to be "the king of instruments" not by Amati, or Guarneri, or Stradivari, but by humble, nameless experimenters in the Middle Ages, who gradually, by one mechanical contrivance or appliance after another, made it what it has been for three hundred and fifty years.

The all-important point in a violin is one which does not depend at all upon the skill of the maker, and a defect in which no constructive skill can remedy, — this is the quality of the wood in the belly. If this be of fine, resonant quality, and the instrument is but tolerably well made, the tone is sure to be good; and if the wood has been left thick enough, any deficiency in vibration may be remedied by a little judicious working of it down on the inside by a competent person; whereas, of a piece of light, spongy wood, not all the skill of Stradivari or of Bergonzi could make an instrument of more than tolerable tone. The fitness of wood for violin making (by "wood" deal being always understood) depends, according to my observation, almost wholly, if not wholly, upon the

strength of the grain; that is, those hard, dark lines which mark the yearly growth of the tree, and which, owing to the way in which the log is cut for violin making, run edgewise straight up and down the belly of the instrument. If these are strongly developed, so that the wood looks coarse and presents a roughish surface, notwithstanding the varnish, it is almost surely resonant, and has in it the stuff of a good violin. If they are weak, and the surface presents a soft, smooth, pretty look, the wood is quite surely poor, and the violin made from it will have a weak, unsatisfying tone.

I once took in hand an instrument with which the possessor was dissatisfied, and with reason, for the tone was dull and hard. But I was very sure, on a brief examination, that it was an old Italian instrument of the Neapolitan school, and I saw that there was plenty of wood in it — too much in my judgment — of the good kind which I have described. On taking off the belly, which was very carefully worked inside, the reason of the dullness of the tone was at once apparent. The maker, evidently to try an experiment, had not only left the top too thick, but had made a sort of ridge down the middle, so that instead of one arch from side to side there were in a manner two. The great thickness of the wood enabled me to remodel the inside entirely, and work it all over; and the result was an instrument of exceptionally powerful and delicious tone, which was due entirely to the wood. It proved to be by the younger Gagliano.

Another case in point was that of the wreck of an old violoncello, a collection of slabs and splinters that in its grimy, ragged wretchedness looked more like an ash-barrel stranded on a curb-stone than like a musical instrument. Moreover, it had at first been very poorly and clumsily made, — so poorly that it had never had “corner blocks,” and every violin connoisseur will know of what poor manufacture that is evidence. But I had

rarely, if ever, seen such a piece of deal. The grain marks ran through it like copper wires, promising inexhaustible nerve and ample resonance, and I saw that it was more than a hundred years old and had never been tampered with. I bought it for a trifle; and under the restoring hands of that master lutanist and most skilful surgeon of disabled fiddles, Herman König, this ruin of the work of some clumsy nameless old maker became an instrument which for richness, power, and grandeur of tone I have rarely heard equaled. All the virtue was in that robust grain, which made the wood as elastic as steel, yet with the soft, rich vibration of wood.

The violin having been made what it is now in all its essential points before the time of Gaspard da Salo (A. D. 1525–50), and the chief requisite of a fine quality of tone being a piece of highly resonant wood for the belly, the fact that there is no mystery in violin making, and that no peculiar genius is required for the making of instruments of the very highest quality, need not be further insisted upon. The notion to the contrary which has so long prevailed is due partly to ignorance, and partly, as I have before remarked, to that unreasoning enthusiasm and love of mystery which is so prevalent among men. Mr. Gladstone has made a remark, which is quoted on the title-page of Mr. Hart’s book on the violin, to the effect that “to perfect that wonder of travel, the locomotive, has perhaps not required the expenditure of more mental strength and application than to perfect that wonder of music, the violin.” I cannot but believe that if Mr. Gladstone had known more of the construction of the violin and of its history he never would have uttered such a misleading opinion. There have indeed been many endeavors for the improvement of the violin within the last fifty or seventy-five years, although the “mental strength” that went to them has probably not drawn

largely upon the reserve of constructive force in the human race; but these efforts have not in any way "perfected" the violin. On the contrary, they have all failed, and have all, one after the other, been abandoned; and the violin remains, in all essential points, just what it became in the hands of the nameless makers of the Middle Ages.

What, then, did the great Cremona makers, what did Stradivari, in many respects, in most respects, the greatest of all of them, do which has given their instruments such celebrity? Simply this: they made carefully and with high finish of workmanship that which their humbler predecessors made carelessly and rudely. It was upon the viol, a weak instrument, with frets upon its finger-board, like those of a guitar, that the earlier lutanists of reputation expended their skill. It was the viol that was played by ladies and gentlemen; and it continued in favor with them even until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the violin and the violoncello with imperial power drove it out of existence. But in earlier times the violin was used only by "fiddlers," who played in companies of jesters and "jongleurs," and as the providers of dance music. Viols were made of great beauty of design and the highest finish; it was not until Gaspard da Salo began to make violins that they received much attention, as to either their construction or their appearance. What remained to be done for the "perfection" of the violin was merely the proper graduation of the thickness of the wood, the determination of the best form of curve for the arch, and the beautifying of the instrument externally. As Gaspard da Salo and his follower, Maggini, both used what has been found to be the best arching, it will be seen that what was left for the Cremona makers was mere matter of detail and of finish.

The Amatis, however, began by try-

ing experiments with the arch. This was heightened, producing what is known as the high model. Nicolo Amati at one time raised the arch somewhat suddenly from a flat surface, almost a groove, that ran around the edge of the instrument, and Jacob Stainer, the once famous imitator of the Amatis, exaggerated this high arching to an almost ridiculous pitch. But Nicolo Amati himself gave up this high arching in the latter part of his life, and returned to the flat model (which may be found in many of Gaspard da Salo's instruments), in which he was followed by his distinguished pupil, Stradivari, by Guarneri del Gesù, by Bergonzi, and since their time by all the best makers. The reason is plain. There is no mystery, or trick, or even knack about the matter. The belly of a violin is a vibrating plate of wood. The brilliancy and power of tone in the instrument depends upon the freedom of the vibrations. Now it is plain that a plate nearly flat will vibrate more freely and more strongly than one that is highly curved and twisted into hills and hollows. Hence, and hence only, the superiority of the flat model. But it was thought at one time that there was some hidden mystery of sound in the exalted curves of the big-bellied, high-backed fiddles; and they were preferred and looked upon with a kind of awful and wondering admiration. But as the violin drove out the viol by inherent strength, so the flat model drove out the high model; and Stainer violins that once would command fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars can now hardly be sold for five hundred dollars.

And thus it was that Stradivari and Guarneri and Bergonzi rose so highly in estimation above the once supreme Amatis. Their instruments were made on the flat model, and the Amati instruments, admirable in themselves, sweet in tone, but comparatively feeble, could not stand before the superior volume

and power and brilliancy of the flat-modeled instruments of the last three great Cremonese makers.

Of these three men, the first named, Stradivari, has attained a reputation which is at once deserved and fictitious, genuine and exaggerated. The man whose instruments could not be sold in England half a century after his death for five pounds apiece is now looked upon and spoken of as if he were a Heaven-endowed genius sent upon earth to make a revelation of the violin to inferior mortals, — as if he had by inspiration, or by patient elaboration, or by a union of both, evolved the ideal violin, created it, and bestowed it as a boon upon musical humanity. His praises have been sung by poets. Longfellow and George Eliot have honored him in this manner; but I must be pardoned for thinking that had they known what Stradivari really was they would hardly have thus glorified him in verse. For Stradivari invented nothing, revealed nothing. He was merely a careful, tasteful, painstaking workman, who availed himself of what others had done before him, and produced instruments which were made of the best and handsomest wood that could be procured, and finished to the highest point of perfection. Stradivari was a conscientious artisan of the highest class, who took pride in his work; and, being all that, he deserved honor, and the success and the money which his good work and his thrift brought him. There is no doubt that his violins were in most respects the best that had been made up to his time, and that the body of his work has never been equaled. Other makers, especially Guarneri del Gesù and Carlo Bergonzi, have equaled him in some respects, and, in my opinion, have surpassed him in one; but in his long and constantly laborious life (he lived to the age of ninety-three, and worked steadily for more than seventy years), he produced a multitude of instruments of such an average high

excellence that the work of no other maker can be compared as a whole with his work. In symmetry and in finish his instruments have never been equaled, except by some of those of his pupil and successor in business, Carlo Bergonzi; and in tone many of them leave little to be desired. But he was no inventor, no original genius, even in violin making; he brought no "mental strength" to his work, and there was no need that he should do so. He was an eclectic maker, and merely brought to mechanical perfection and the highest possible external beauty the violin which had been made with equal knowledge, but not with equal manual skill, by his predecessors, and notably by the first known of them, Gaspard da Salo.

In one point some of the instruments made by one of his contemporaries, Guarneri del Gesù, and by one of his successors, Carlo Bergonzi, are superior to his, — tone; not in power, not in brilliancy, in clearness, or perhaps even purity, but in an element of supremest musical value, — quality. I have never heard from any "Strad," in whatever hands, that delicious, penetrating, ravishing quality of tone that I have heard from more than one Guarneri del Gesù, even in the hands of an amateur. The tone of Stradivari's instruments is generally in every respect admirable, and they — the best of them, at least — may be relied upon for their equality, and for their ready and true response to the bow; but there is in the tone of some of Guarneri del Gesù's instruments a charm and grace beyond all this, — a tone that pierces the soul, and makes the delighted hearer forget admiration in emotion.

To what this difference is due I shall not pretend to say. I suspect that there are two causes of it: the wood of which Guarneri's best instruments are made, and a slight difference in the modeling of the belly. It must be only to their quality of tone that the violins of Guar-

neri owe a reputation which makes them the chief rivals of the "Strads," so that the price of good instruments by the two makers is nearly equal. For Guarneri's instruments are very rarely worthy to be compared with Stradivari's in finish, or even in careful modeling. Compared with Stradivari, he was a slovenly workman. The very modeling of the bellies and backs of his instruments, upon which the tone depends, is in very many cases far from being exact, and is even positively irregular. But there nevertheless is the delicious tone, — an enduring, indisputable proof that high finish and even careful workmanship are not absolutely necessary to the highest musical qualities in a violin. Unfortunately, Guarneri made no violoncellos, — a great loss to music. A violoncello with the Guarneri quality of tone would be the most enchanting instrument of its kind that was ever heard.

It is in a very great measure to the fine mechanical finish of Stradivari's instruments and to the beauty of the wood which he used for their backs and sides that they owe their reputation and the "fancy" prices which they now command. They are beautiful specimens of the finest kind of (so to speak) cabinet-maker's work; and this excellence being added to their very great merit as musical instruments makes them sought after as fast horses are, and old china. In their external beauty they have been equaled only by Carlo Bergonzi, the best of whose work is quite equal to his master's. As to varnish, a very important point in the external beauty of a violin, Bergonzi seems to me the superior. Among the many "Strads" that I have examined, violins and violoncellos, I have not found one quite equal in this respect to more than one of the few Bergonzis that I have met with. Bergonzi's varnish is richer in tone, more brilliant, and clearer.

Moreover, upon one principal point I hold an opinion which by all violin fan-

ciers and specialists will be pronounced rank heresy. I do not hesitate to say that the forms adopted by Stradivari, both in the outline of the instrument and in the scroll, are inferior to those of some other makers in the highest quality of beauty. They have positive beauty in a high degree; they are symmetrical; and besides they are well adapted to bring out all the power of the instrument; for they preserve as much vibrating surface as is compatible with the mechanical requirements for convenience of playing, before spoken of. But in its form the instrument has an unmistakable eclectic look. It lacks individual character, originality, expression. It seems too obtrusively to be the correct thing; and indeed has a self-conscious air of propriety and smugness which is as priggish as wood and varnish can be. It seems as if the form of such a violin might be arrived at by the rule of three. So as to the scroll: it is quite perfect. Such a volute you will hardly find, except in the capital of an Ionic column; and this it brings to mind more than it does the convolutions of the shell. It is so exact and correct that it suggests a machine as its origin rather than the carving tool of an artist. In a word, Stradivari, with all his unsurpassed finish of workmanship, seems to me to "dwell in decencies forever."

The question arises whether there are or will ever be violins equal to those of Cremona. So far as I can answer this question, I have almost done so already, — in the affirmative. If violin making were a mystery, and the conception and production of a violin were the result of inspiration or of genius, — such genius as produces a beautiful picture, statue, or building, — then indeed it might be as hopeless to expect violins of Cremona excellence as it would be to look for paintings equal to the productions of the great masters of Venice and of Florence. But violin making is no such art. It is simply a question of wood of a cer-

tain quality carefully worked into certain shapes and thicknesses. Take the *chef-d'œuvre* of Stradivari or of Guarneri del Gesù; find a piece of wood equal in resonance to that of your model; make the outlines identical by laying your model down upon your wood and marking the outside line with a pencil; make the back and the belly by measurement with calipers of the same thickness as that of the model; and you will have as good a musical instrument as your "Strad" or your Guarneri. That is, after it has been played upon as long as the other has been (or I will not say so long, but a few years), it will be as good, and possibly it will be better. It is inevitable, in the nature of things, that it should be so. For a violin is not a thing with a soul; nor is it the product of a soul; it is merely a combination of wood, which can be judiciously selected, and of form, which can be exactly determined. It is not only inevitable that it should be so; in fact, indisputable fact, it is so. This has been proved by a gentleman of leisure in Brooklyn (L. I.), Mr. Walter Colton.

Mr. Colton, an amateur musician, a lover of the violin, and a man of remarkable inventive faculty and mechanical skill, has given years to the study of the violin, in Europe as well as in this country. He makes violins; and having time and ample means at his disposal, he has invented, and with his own hand has made, tools and instruments by which he is able to reproduce forms and to graduate thicknesses to the last conceivable point of exactness and accuracy. Give him a "Strad" or a Guarneri, and he will reproduce its form, its proportions, and its thickness with such an absolute certainty that no difference can be detected by the nicest mechanical test, by sight or even by touch. Yet more: he will make an instrument on the model designed by Stradivari more exactly than "Strad" made it himself. For by his exquisitely delicate mechan-

ical appliances he secures a gradation of forms and thicknesses which is mathematically and scientifically true. But even "Strad" could do this only approximately and tentatively (although with remarkable success); and as to Guarneri, careful mechanical tests show ridges and hollows in his backs and bellies. As to the quality of tone of the instruments thus produced, it is equal, and in some cases superior, to that of some, at least, of the Cremona instruments.

I had an opportunity of comparing an instrument which had only just left Mr. Colton's hands with a very beautiful Guarneri violin, — one, indeed, which is well known and celebrated in Europe. The comparison was made in the only way in which such a test can be safely applied, — by having both the violins played in an invisible part of an adjoining room, with the doors open. This not only tests the quality of tone, but the "carrying" power of the instrument, and secures perfect impartiality on the part of the hearer. Thus compared, the Guarneri violin, admirable as it was, showed a very perceptible inferiority to the new violin which had been finished in Brooklyn not a month before the trial. This was not only my judgment at that time, but the opinion of musicians of unquestioned competence at others.

Nor do I suppose that Mr. Colton, with all his intelligence, with all his study, and with all the means and appliances that leisure and money can bestow, has a monopoly of making violins which equal those made in Cremona. There are doubtless hundreds of violins in the world which, being exact copies of Stradivari and Guarneri, and made of wood equally resonant with that used by those makers, *must* be, by physical and mechanical necessity *must* be, equal to their models. For they *are* just what their models are. The Cremona makers breathed no soul into their instruments; they were merely careful, intelligent,

painstaking workmen. The only advantage which the old instruments have over the new is that of long and careful use.

In one point Mr. Colton has achieved a great and a unique success. He is able to equal the Cremona varnish. Of the beauty of this varnish and of the mystery that has been thrown about it I need say nothing to the reader who knows anything of the history of violin making. For a hundred years it has been one of the lost arts. When I wrote *Seeking a Lost Art*, I recounted some of my experiences in trying after the Cremona varnish; but I left my readers uncertain whether or no I had discovered it. I now acknowledge that I did not discover it, and at the same time declare my conviction that Mr. Colton has done so. And after all it proves to have been an open secret,—no secret at all. I had discovered that all the talk about amber in the Cremona varnish was nonsense. It contained no amber. But Mr. Colton discovered in Italy that this varnish was used two or three hundred years ago commonly by all fine workmen in wood. Not only violins, but lutes and virginals and clavichords, and even tables and chairs, were adorned with it. He reproduces all the richness of color, all the transparency and all the splendor, of those old-time workmen. The lost art has been discovered.

One man, not a violin maker, did more for the violin than Stradivari did, or Guarneri, or Gaspard da Salo, or indeed than any other man known in the history of the instrument. This was the Frenchman Francis Tourte. In the latter part of the last century Tourte invented the modern violin bow. The old bow, as known to Gaspard da Salo, the Amatis, and even to Stradivari, was really a bow, to which the horse-hair supplied the place of bow-string. It was little more than a foot long. It must have been a very impotent instrument. Tartini, by increasing its length, added greatly to its efficiency. But still what

he effected was merely an improvement. The bow remained still a bow, a piece of wood bent over the hair. Tourte saw that to bring out the tone of the violin something more was needed, some power which would act upon the string in a more vivid and mordant way. He conceived the idea of making the bow not a bow,—a stick bent, not toward the string, but away from it. Under this he stretched the hair, which he (in effect) shortened by a screw and nut (called the frog); and thus he produced not only a high tension of the hair, before unattained, but a constantly active spring, which caused the hair to “bite” the string, to leave it elastically, and to press upon it with a clinging power before unknown. This great and original invention revolutionized violin playing. Without Tourte, Paganini would have been impossible, and all his great successors would have been impossible. No intelligent violin player will doubt this, upon a moment’s reflection. But without Stradivari, Paganini was possible; for he played upon a Guarneri instrument. All the splendor of modern violin playing, its grand and beautiful phrasing, its brilliant *staccato*, its long, sweeping *legato*, is the direct consequence of the invention of the Tourte bow. And not only these elements of style, but even, it would seem, the pathos of the instrument; for in all that we read of the great performers of an earlier date, the greatest praise is generally bestowed upon what is called “running divisions upon a plain ground,” or, in modern phrase, playing variations upon a theme. Nor are the violin compositions of the earlier masters and writers without evidence to the same effect. In their short phrasing, their lack of contrast of *staccato* and *legato*, and the absence of those passionate passages in which the violin is now surpassed only by the human voice, they all show the restraining influence of the short, limp bow. Tourte, who enabled modern violinists to work their won

ders, brought his invention to perfection; and bows of his workmanship are now so highly prized that one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five dollars are not uncommon prices for them, and even one hundred and fifty dollars has been given, the value depending merely upon the stick, the fiddle-stick, that was fashioned by his hand. This will not seem strange to laymen, when they know that if an artist, in coming before the public, had to choose between hav-

ing a first-rate instrument with a second-rate bow and a second-rate instrument with a first-rate bow, he would choose the latter. Of such supreme, such absolute importance is the bow since the days of Francis Tourte, who made the only essential improvement in regard to the violin of which there is any record. In all essential points the instrument has existed at its present state of perfection for more than three hundred and fifty years.

Richard Grant White.

BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS.

THESE volumes¹ are the fitting monument of family love and admiration. A brother writes the memoir, and a son selects and edits the works. Both brother and son have achieved their respective duties better than is too apt to be the case where such near relatives undertake to deal with the memory of one deceased. But the malice of an enemy could hardly have dared to predict that Mr. George T. Curtis would allow his judgment to be over deeply tinged by his enthusiasm, and a certain coldness of mental temperament, which was a serious drawback in his *Life of Webster*, has secured a high degree of excellence in this less ambitious but better written biography. It is the sketch of an intellect strikingly grand and massive, yet of singular simplicity of structure. Mr. Curtis's extraordinary power of intellectual insight was united with an equally admirable capacity for lucid exposition. What faculties he had outside of these were not remarkable. Thus, his literary tastes were not noteworthy; he manifested no leaning towards poetry, philosophy, art, or science; he never displayed either wit

or humor; he had surprisingly little propensity for an active participation in politics, and on the rare occasions when he concerned himself with public affairs he was by no means successful; he showed no fitness whatsoever for business, and lost much money in bad investments; he was not an orator; for though his weighty manner and clear statement could convince dispassionate men, yet he was altogether devoid of the power to sway the general concourse to his will. But if there were so many regions which he wisely refrained from seeking to penetrate, there was at least one province in which, during his life-time, he reigned almost supreme and invincible, — the province of legal argument. To some persons this may seem a circumscription of his powers within the narrow limits of a technical profession; on the contrary, it is far from being so. He was one of the very few members of the profession, either in England or in this country, who have vindicated the real greatness of the law, and have justified its final supremacy over all the rights and all the affairs of civilized men. In his hands

¹ *A Memoir of Benjamin Robbins Curtis, LL. D.* By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. With some of his Professional and Miscellaneous Writ-

ings. Edited by his son, BENJAMIN R. CURTIS. Two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

the science took its proper character, as that of perfect clearness and fundamental right. Subtlety and intricacy vanished like noxious vapors beneath the powerful sunlight which he sent over and through his subject, and into its every darkling corner. His language, alike in his arguments and his opinions, was concise, lucid, and forcible, a fitting vehicle for his thoughts, a model for judges to set before them, but which few judges have ever rivaled.

A striking difference between Judge Curtis and English lawyers of like distinction lies in his exclusive devotion to his profession. He was not a public character; he was simply a lawyer and a judge, differing from the poorest lawyer and the most insignificant magistrate not in kind, but only in greatness. It is probable that his life will be read by few persons outside of his own profession, and by them but for two or three generations. Then his memory will soon sink into oblivion. In England, on the other hand, a man of his professional standing would, in the natural and almost unconquerable order of events, have been made a public man, and put more or less prominently into the history of his country, to be known through many coming ages. He could hardly have avoided being made lord chancellor; he would have been obliged to go into a cabinet, and could not possibly have evaded Parliament. In short, he would have been compelled at least to dabble in statesmanship, in spite of his will or of his nature. Probably in Judge Curtis's case it would have been in spite of both: for he showed singularly little predilection for political life, and less aptitude for it than might have been expected from his eminence as a constitutional lawyer. As an attorney-general, indeed (which he might have been, had he so chosen, under President Johnson), he could have advised a government as few governments ever have been advised in any country. But a statesman is sel-

dom fortunate or successful who steers by the unvarying compass of rigid law and perfect logic in times as stirring as those in which Judge Curtis's life was passed. Upon pretty much every one of the few occasions when he gives us the opportunity to estimate his fitness for public life, we find him wanting in the most essential of all traits, — a comprehension of his fellow-men. Matters of feeling and belief with others were with him matters of law and reason. He was prone to set his irrefutable argument against the people's invincible sentiment, and in this unequal clashing the argument always had to go to the wall, while its advocate lost very much of his personal influence. He could never appreciate by how much popular conviction is more powerful than professional logic, and certainly could never believe that this superiority might often be right and fortunate.

In 1851 he was conducting a large and excellent practice in Boston, when the death of Mr. Justice Woodbury created a vacancy upon the bench of the supreme court of the United States. At once President Fillmore thought of Mr. Curtis as the best successor whom he could name; and the letter in which he suggested this nomination to Mr. Webster crossed one in which Mr. Webster made the same suggestion to him. The appointment promptly followed, and was greeted with a wide-spread satisfaction which must have been as gratifying as it probably was unexpected to the lawyer, only forty-two years old, who had been content sedulously to follow his profession, chiefly in his native State, and never to show himself in public life. He was immediately placed in the then very trying position of presiding at a fugitive-slave trial. A negro, alleged to be a fugitive slave, had lately been rescued from the United States marshal by a body of men who had burst into the court-room during an adjournment of the court. A negro lawyer, indicted for

complicity in this seditious enterprise, was to be tried at once before the new judge. John P. Hale appeared for the defendant, and haranguing the jury in his vehement way showed plainly that he meant to take the case altogether out of the control, not only of the court, but if need should be of the law also, and to secure an acquittal by an appeal to the passions and feelings of the panel. He actually ventured to tell the jurors that they were judges of the law, and need not and ought not to be trammelled by the rulings which should emanate from the bench. Judge Curtis stopped him short, and on the following day delivered a ruling or opinion, one of the strongest and clearest which he ever uttered, in which he disposed conclusively and forever of this preposterous claim, that the jury might make the law without regard to the bench. It should be remembered that at this time Judge Curtis sat only by virtue of an appointment made in a recess of Congress, and that the question of confirmation was yet to come before a senate composed of members who were certainly not beyond the reach of the popular excitement then surrounding all fugitive-slave questions. But he was never lacking in a perfect and serene courage.

Two or three years later, at the time of the famous Burns riot in Boston, when one of the defenders of the courthouse was slain by some unknown person among the assailants, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and others were indicted. Popular feeling was intense. The established law of the land and the supreme law of humanity were seen to be at variance. Each found abundant zealous supporters, and each inevitably numbered among its supporters some few who were neither wise nor temperate. These extremists of the abolitionist section dreaded that the predictions of Judge Curtis would be hostile to the prisoners, and they assailed him, before the trial, in a manner which

was not only unbecoming, but subversive of the independence of the judiciary. The temper of his mind and character was shown in the notice which he took of these manifestations; he wrote to Mr. Ticknor, "This is no affair of mine. My duty is to administer the law. This will be done." Such was the composed courage of the man. It so happened that the issue of the trial — favorable, as is well known, to the accused — was due to the unjustly abused judge, who detected and pointed out a fatal flaw in the pleadings which had escaped the eye of the over-excited counsel. The affair shows at once the strength and the weakness of Judge Curtis as a public man. It can hardly be doubted that he would have been well pleased to see offenders against a constitutional statute receive condign punishment, though they had only fulfilled the nobler laws of man's nature. On the other hand, he could not permit them to be condemned upon a bad indictment, though he alone was aware of the error. The sentiments of mankind meant little to him, but the law was holy.

His dissenting opinion in the famous Dred Scott case, delivered in 1857, was a monument which should long endure to his ability as a lawyer and his courage as a judge. The opinions in that cause had been before the country but a very brief time, when not only every lawyer but every clear-headed and unbiased man in the United States knew that the court had been obviously, grossly, and unpardonably wrong, and that the true law of the case had been pronounced by Judge Curtis in dissent. He made it perfectly plain that the negro might be a citizen of the United States, in spite of his race and of the serfdom of his parents. But even if it be admitted that a different view of this question could have been honestly taken by an able lawyer, at least there was not a nursing in any law office in the land who did not know that, after the majority of

the court had denied Scott's citizenship and had thrown out his bill on the ground that, since he was not a citizen, the lower tribunal had had no jurisdiction, the court thereupon became *functus officio* in the cause, had no further duty or power in respect of it, and committed an utterly improper and unprofessional act in proceeding to discuss and determine the further and subsequent questions which might have arisen on the merits. This course was adopted from a mistaken hope that the voluntary and irregular dictum of the court might put at rest forever the vexed matter of the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories; but it had the result which usually attends upon doing wrong in the hope that good may come of it. The good was not accomplished, and the dignity and authority of the court before the country suffered very serious and unfortunate diminution. But Judge Curtis individually, standing out in strong relief against the background of blundering furnished by his associates, received a great accession of reputation and influence with the people at large.

A further deplorable result of this ill-advised conduct on the part of the majority of the court lay in the misunderstanding to which the proceedings gave rise between Chief-Justice Taney and Judge Curtis, the full history of which is given for the first time in this biography by the reproduction, without mutilation, of the entire correspondence between the two. Judge Curtis appears preserving his temper, though under extreme provocation, throughout; but the chief-justice presents the sad and humiliating spectacle of a distinguished magistrate conscious of having done an inexcusable wrong, the vast consequences of which cannot be forecast, yet which from its peculiar nature can be neither avowed nor repaired. It is a painful spectacle that is exhibited in these letters, which nevertheless history must faithfully preserve, if for no other pur-

pose, then for the sake of the moral lesson and the warnings which it conveys. A brief synopsis of a narrative which, however, ought to be read at length, is as follows: After the cause had been twice argued, the chief-justice prepared an opinion which was read at a conference of the judges and adopted as the opinion of the court, Curtis and McLean, JJ., dissenting. Judge Curtis prepared, as he was entitled to do, his dissenting opinion. On March 6, 1857, the opinion of the chief-justice was publicly read from the bench as the opinion of the court in the cause. On the following day the dissenting opinion of Judge Curtis was read. A rule of the court required that forthwith after such reading the opinions should be filed in the clerk's office, whereby they became, by universal custom, if not by actual law, substantially public property, open to inspection by any person. Immediately after Judge Curtis had read his opinion he handed it to the clerk to be filed; the term of the court was adjourned and the judges separated. Judge Curtis was at once applied to, on behalf of a Boston newspaper, for a copy of his opinion, which he readily furnished. It was at once printed, and was soon distributed far and wide over the country, vastly to the discomfiture of the chief-justice whose errors it so clearly exposed. That magistrate, meanwhile, had not complied with the rule of the court concerning the filing of opinions, but had kept back that which he had read for the apparent purpose of trying, by addition and amendment, to strengthen it so far as possible against the destructive assault of Judge Curtis. When he had achieved this object so far as he was able, he filed the opinion, but at the same time notified the clerk to let no person obtain a copy of it until it should be published in its place in Howard's Reports. The authority for this instruction was found in a rule of court hastily made to meet this especial emergency at a meeting of some of the

judges held in vacation, and of which Judge Curtis was not even notified. The country was greatly vexed at this unusual secrecy, and almost any means would have been resorted to for obtaining the mysterious opinion. Judge Curtis, meantime, was passing his leisure days at Pittsfield, when the rumor reached him of what had been going forward. It is the privilege, founded in obvious necessity, of every dissenting judge to see the opinion from which he is obliged to dissent. Judge Curtis accordingly wrote to the clerk to obtain the amended document filed by the chief-justice. The clerk refused to send a copy, by reason of the orders of the chief-justice. Judge Curtis then wrote to the chief-justice, requesting that the clerk might be instructed to give him the copy which he wished, and to which he regarded himself as entitled from the very character and necessity of his office. The chief-justice replied, sustaining the action of the clerk; and in addition to this most extraordinary refusal to allow an opinion of the bench, delivered and filed, to be seen by a member of that bench he actually went so far as to utter an insulting insinuation that Judge Curtis did not wish the opinion for any proper purpose, but in order to furnish it to a relative of his for publication. Judge Curtis rejoined with perfect dignity and temper that he wished the document for uses strictly proper and official, and utterly repudiating the unfounded notion of the chief-justice. But it was to no purpose. The chief-justice had fallen into one of those terrible errors which deprive the unhappy blunderer of all reason and judgment; beside himself with anger and suspicion, he floundered more deeply and hopelessly than ever into the wrong. He wrote to Judge Curtis a letter which cannot be read without sensations of indignation and disgust, still withholding the opinion, tacitly thereby questioning Judge Curtis's good faith, and actually in terms accusing that gentleman

of having, for the first time in history, begun an assault upon the very court and bench of which he was himself a member, and of having sought, as the avowed object of his dissenting opinion, to impair the authority of the opinion of the court and to discredit it as a judicial decision. To this inexcusable outburst of foolish wrath Judge Curtis replied with force and dignity, and still with perfect self-control. The controversy was not further prosecuted, as indeed it could not well have been. The chief-justice triumphed for the moment, but at the cost of a stain upon his judicial career which can never be obliterated.

When Mr. Curtis was appointed to the supreme court, it was hoped that his age and constitution would lead to a long term of service. Many persons, therefore, were seriously disappointed, and a few were inclined to condemn him, when he resigned in 1857, after only six years of incumbency. But he had passed the meridian of life, and had accumulated very little property as a provision for his own old age or for his family after his death, and his niggard salary enabled him to lay nothing by. The history of the Dred Scott case had shaken his confidence in the bench, and though a proper sense of decorum had prevented a quarrel, yet it is impossible to suppose that his personal relations with his associates had not been over-severely strained. He was the first judge of the supreme court who had ever come back to the bar to practice, and some persons warned him that he would find it disagreeable in some respects to do so. It does not seem, however, that he did. He confined himself to arguing questions of law to the judges, and his practice was largely in the supreme court at Washington and in the circuit courts of the United States, whence it came to pass that his reputation was more national than is often the case. We are told that in the seventeen years elapsing be-

tween his retirement from the bench and his death he received for opinions and law arguments, which were his exclusive business, \$650,000. His opinion books are volumes of great value; he did a large and important business of this kind, and such was the weight of his authority that he saved an immense amount of costly litigation by the settlement of cases made by the parties solely upon the strength of his opinion, without recourse to the courts.

His unwillingness to go before juries prevented his being engaged in any of the *causes célèbres* of the day, except, indeed, the impeachment of President Johnson. But in his conduct of this great cause he won a distinction which should survive to a remote date in the history of the United States. The burden of the defense has ever been ac-

knowledged to have been borne wholly by him, and for the manner in which he bore it the nation owes him a large debt of gratitude. It has been long since admitted that, however President Johnson may be blamed, this impeachment was a grave political blunder, and that its success would have been a national misfortune, the magnitude and results of which we are fortunately left to imagine rather than to learn. That it so happily came to naught was chiefly, if not wholly, attributable to the fact that Judge Curtis delivered an argument so perfectly irrefutable that the republicans whose frame of mind enabled them to be convinced, or rendered them in any degree fit to assume the judicial function, were simply compelled by his clear statement of the law to vote, however reluctantly, for an acquittal.

J. T. M. Jr.

MR. FISKE'S ESSAYS.¹

THE last thing we read in a book is apt to be the motto upon its title-page, and it is only after an attentive perusal of Mr. John Fiske's *Darwinism and other Essays* that one can fully appreciate the appropriateness of the passage from Spinoza, by which the collection is prefaced:—

“Who studies thus to regulate his affections and appetites by the sole love of freedom, he will endeavor to fathom effects and their causes, and to fill his mind with the joy arising from a right understanding of the same.”

If ever there was a spirit thoroughly enlightened and invigorated by the “joy of right understanding,” it is that of the author of these pieces. Even the reader catches something of his intellectual

buoyancy, and is thus carried almost lightly through discussions which would be hard and dry in the hands of a less animated writer. If a philosopher is also to be a teacher, this is one of the best gifts he can possibly have, as well as one of the rarest.

Mr. Fiske is a thorough-going Darwinian, and his first essay is but a summary of a large variety of experiments and discoveries, all tending toward the scientific verification of the now familiar doctrine of the development of species by natural selection. In the second, third, and fourth essays, the objections of Mivart, Büchner, and Batesman to Mr. Darwin's hypothesis are examined and set aside, more or less respectfully, but always with the same open and charming good-humor which seems a necessary concomitant of Mr. Fiske's *gaudium cognitionis*. The pa-

¹ *Darwinism and other Essays*. By JOHN FISKE, M. A., LL. B. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

per entitled *A Crumb for the "Modern Symposium"* admirably supplements these three. No less confident and serene than his acceptance of the utmost logical results of recent scientific discovery is Mr. Fiske's assurance that the foundations of spiritual truth, so called, cannot possibly be shaken thereby. He takes, indeed, the only tenable ground, namely, that the "things of the spirit," however glorious and essential, are forever undiscoverable by the reason, and so that the two orders of truth cannot possibly conflict. It is difficult to see how any one who thinks on these matters at all can avoid coming to the same conclusion; but the peculiarity of the author of these essays is that he is simply content therewith, while of the majority it seems but to aggravate the craving and unrest. The difference between the cheerful and collected enunciations of Mr. Fiske and the impassioned sadness and difficult resignation of Mr. Frederic Harrison and some others of the authors of *A Modern Symposium* is very like the difference between the two best known of the Stoics, — between Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. The mournful magnanimity of the emperor is adorable, his gentle remoteness and dignified passivity — "One may live well even in a palace" — are very impressive. To be in the world, but not of it, and soon, soon to be quit of it, — such is the mood, hardly distinguishable from the pietistic, and only too congenial to many modern minds, which is caught from the spiritual aristocrats of all time. But the lusty courage of the lowly Greek braces the nerves and pricks to action: "Boldly make a desperate push, man, as the saying is, for prosperity, for freedom, for magnanimity. Lift up your head at last, as free from slavery. Dare to look up to God and say, Make use of me for the future as thou wilt. I am of the same mind. I am equal with thee." The prince was all his life-time

in bondage to sadness; the slave was emancipated and glad. And it would hardly be possible to find, outside the *Hand-Book of Epictetus*, a passage more strikingly akin to his own sane and sunny spirit than Mr. Fiske's last word on the *Modern Symposium*, which we quote almost entire for this and the additional reason that it makes a more direct appeal than any other in his book to the moral sense of the reader: —

"For all that physiological psychology has achieved, there is no more ground for doubt as to a future life to-day than there was in the time of Descartes. Whatever grounds of belief were really valid then are equally valid now. The belief has never been one which could be maintained on scientific grounds. . . . The question is simply one which science cannot touch. In the future, as in the past, I have no doubt it will be provisionally answered in different ways by different minds, on an estimate of what is called 'moral probability,' just as we see it diversely answered in the *Modern Symposium*. For my own part, I should be much better satisfied with an affirmative answer, as affording perhaps some unforeseen solution to the general mystery of life. But there is one thing which every true philosopher ought to dread even more than the prospect of annihilation, and that is the unpardonable sin of letting preference tamper with his judgment. I have no sympathy with those who stigmatize the hope of immortal life as selfish and degrading, and with Mr. Harrison's proffered substitute I confess I have no patience whatever. This travesty of Christianity by positivism seems to me, as it does to Professor Huxley, a very sorry business. On the other hand, I cannot agree with those who consider a dogmatic belief in another life essential to the proper discharge of our duty in this. Though we may not know what is to come hereafter, we have, at any rate, all the means of knowledge requi-

site for making our present lives pure and beautiful. It was Jehovah's cherished servant who declared in Holy Writ that his faith was stronger than death. There is something overwhelming in the thought that all our rich stores of spiritual acquisition may, at any moment, perish with us. But the wise man will cheerfully order his life, undaunted by the metaphysical snares that beset him, learning and learning afresh, as if all eternity lay before him; battling steadfastly for the right, as if this day were his last. 'Disce ut semper victurus, vive ut cras moriturus.'

Extremely able and interesting for quite other than didactic reasons are Mr. Fiske's papers on the late Chauncy Wright, on the Races of the Danube, and on the Fallacies of Mr. Buckle. Warm, personal admiration and acute, critical discernment could not well be blended in finer proportions than in the article on the lamented Mr. Wright. Whichever way the hackneyed *nil-de-mortuis* motto be read, whether it be taken that we are to praise the dead without stint, or say nothing at all if we cannot so praise them, it is most nobly superseded by the fond and fearless candor of a memorial like Mr. Fiske's. He loved Mr. Wright with that rare love which passes so far in generosity the ordinary love of women. He feels his loss to letters an irremediable one, but he thinks that he was too vague in some of his speculative views, and wholly mistaken in others, and he distinctly says so. Perhaps the most valuable passage in the whole book, philosophically, is that in which, still led by the "sole love of freedom," he criticises the attitude both of Mr. Wright and of John Stuart Mill toward the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and shows the opposite ways in which they appear to him to have misapprehended Mr. Spencer's meaning. His genuine and irrepressible tenderness for either man increases many fold the value of his

strictures. On Mr. Mill he makes the extremely lucid and sympathetic observation, which goes so far toward explaining the ascetic charm of that great writer and the mysterious popularity of his most difficult discussions, that there were in his mind not only immense enthusiasms, but even a slight tinge of mysticism, and that the wonderful equipoise of that mind did not come by nature altogether, but was in great part the result of consummate training and unremitting watchfulness over self. On the other hand, there is one favorite and highly characteristic expression in the conversation of Mr. Wright, "cosmical weather," which he quotes over and over again with the most affectionate iteration, and praises for its point and pregnancy in a manner which appears slightly exaggerated to one for whom it has not the charm of vividly recalling the presence of its author. For the phrase, after all, is only an image, — novel and striking indeed, but one which, as Mr. Fiske himself half allows, will not stand, for aptness, the test of a very searching scrutiny.

The essay on the Races of the Danube is so clear and orderly an account of the origin, migrations, and mutations of the different races now living on the continent of Europe that it is the reader's own fault if it does not make the subject permanently plainer to his mind; and it forcibly suggests the idea that Mr. Fiske has qualities of mind almost unused hitherto which would make him an exceptionally valuable writer of history.

The careful article on the Fallacies of Mr. Buckle has one aspect more remarkable than all the rest. It was written and published when the history of civilization was new, — that is to say when the writer was nineteen years of age; and the years — almost nineteen more — which have elapsed since then have rather confirmed than detracted from its value as a piece of criticism.

The judgment of posterity on the most ambitious book of its generation, and one of the most bewildering, was actually anticipated by a stripling, and its final rank assigned with singular fairness and precision. Scarcely even in the style is there a trace of immaturity, unless it be in a certain too conscious and cumbrous application to Mr. Buckle's loose arguments of the formal tests of logic, — a slight parade of *ignoratio elenchi* and *petitio principii*, like the complacency of a cadet in his uniform. The appendix to the critique on Mr. Buckle, which was written fifteen years later, on the appearance of Mr. Stuart Glennie's reminiscences, has greater simplicity of manner than the original piece, and not a whit less of ardor, vivacity, generosity, or any of the other engaging qualities which we instinctively associate with youth, and

admire most in it. The writer has reviewed his precocious effort, and knows now that it was good; wherefore, in all simplicity and modesty, he offers it unchanged to his new public, along with his own latest reflections on the same theme.

A like boyish simplicity of spirit and carelessness of effect seem to have dictated the addition to the graver and more elaborate papers in this collection of a few remarks on Table-Tipping and the supposed nature of Inspiration, and a longer essay on the management of large libraries, full of excellent practical suggestions based on the author's experience at Harvard. If Mr. Fiske had been in the least over-scrupulous about the symmetry and dignity of his book, he would have left these minor papers out, but it is very agreeably characteristic of him to have admitted them.

THE STRONG GOVERNMENT IDEA.

I NEED not review the history of the country to prove that up to this time there has been steady progress towards the realization of a broad ideal of national authority. Everybody knows how the constitution grew out of the demonstrated weakness of the confederate scheme of government; how the ability of the nation to deal with foreign enemies was shown by the War of 1812 and the Mexican War; how in the long conflict between the opposing theories of state sovereignty and national supremacy the former idea grew in strength, while the latter drew its nourishment only from the exigencies of the slave system; and how, finally, the civil war made the one theory patriotism and loyalty, and the other treason, while immensely strengthening the recognized powers of the national government, and giving it a hold on the hearts of the

people it never had before. The state's-rights theory survives, it is true, but only as a sentiment associated with the beaten rebellion. Even in the South the younger generation does not understand it, or care for it. The intelligent whites have made use of it to some extent, under the cry of "home rule," to release themselves from the consequences of negro suffrage; but it is not the living force in the convictions of great masses of people which it used to be. In its place there has come what the democrats call "opposition to the centralizing tendencies of the republican party." This opposition is scarcely formulated, however, into a political creed, and no democrat ventures to give it the old discredited name of state sovereignty. The existence and strength of the tendency towards nationalism are clearly shown by its avowal by one political party, and by

the hesitancy of the other to antagonize it with the counterpoise of state rights. A blind opposition without a well-defined hostile theory of government is a recognition of its force. If it were necessary to seek for further proofs of the existence of the centralizing movement, we should find them in a multitude of projects of legislation brought forward every winter at Washington, in the assertion by the republican party of the duty of the government to protect the citizen in his right of suffrage, and in the impossibility of conducting state canvasses on state issues. The latter evidence is an important indication of the condition of the public mind, irrespective of party feeling. It is very difficult now to have a state election that will be purely a verdict on state affairs. There may be important state offices to fill, amendments to the state constitution to ratify or reject, and legislative acts closely affecting the welfare of the people to approve or condemn; but when the contest grows hot, both parties draw their ammunition from Washington, and fight the battle over questions raised in national conventions, or at the last session of Congress. Men of first-rate talent can barely be persuaded to go to the legislature, and the state governments have fallen into the hands of small politicians, who use them as mere stepping-stones to influence and place in national politics.

It may be said in reply that we have a great political party opposed to centralization, and that its triumph, which in the natural course of politics must some day come, will reverse the engine and set the country back towards the old state's-rights theories. I grant that the masses of the democratic party in the North are opposed to a strong government. Being incapable of governing themselves wisely, they dislike all forms of restraining authority. The leaders imagine, just at present, that they want to abstract power from the national gov-

ernment and distribute it among the States. Let them once get possession of the administration at Washington, and they will change their tone. There is a great deal of truth in the remark made by President Hayes recently, that the party in power always favors a strong government, and the party out of power opposes it. When the democracy was in power, it had no scruples about dragooning Kansas to make it a slave State, nor did it hesitate to place its hand upon every citizen and force him to be a slave catcher. At that time the republicans were state's-rights advocates. With their personal-liberty bills they attempted to nullify the fugitive-slave law, and defied the federal authority. The war changed the attitude of parties; but if the democrats were again to be a few years in power, another change would very likely take place. The democrats would in all probability endeavor to perpetuate their hold on the government by schemes of centralization, against which the republicans would raise the standard of state authority. The South may probably be expected to remain for many years attached to its state's-rights notions, by reason of its natural desire to escape from the results of its defeat in war, and the unwillingness of its governing classes to recognize the full citizenship of the negroes; but the South will not be formidable much longer. Political power in this country is fast passing to the growing West, which is increasing in strength every day. The census of 1880 will shear the South of a large part of its relative power; and the census of 1890 will still further reduce its weight in electoral colleges and in Congress. While the East has got its growth, and the South is standing still, so as not to get out of sight of its former delusions and mistakes, the great West, with an almost limitless food-producing capacity, a population made up of the enterprising from all sections,

free from hampering prejudices and outworn faiths, and imbued with a strong sentiment of nationality, will continue to increase in power, and from its central position will reach out to govern the extremities of the country. Whatever may be the attitude of parties, therefore, the working of the forces which are producing great, compact nationalities wherever civilization prevails is not likely to be much impeded in the United States.

If we are now convinced of the existence in the United States of the same centralizing tendency, with the effects of which we are familiar in the Old World, let us inquire as to its probable results here. How will it affect the form and workings of our governmental system? Evidently, it is going to bring the government and the citizen into closer relations with each other. The citizen begins to demand more than he has received heretofore. He says to the government, "You have the right, in case of insurrection or foreign war, to seize my property and force me into the army, where my life is subject to the terrible hazards of battle and disease. Now I insist that you shall do more for me in return than to coin my money and carry my letters. I want protection in my essential rights of citizenship. Only once in two years do I have any voice in influencing the legislation of the country; only once in four years can I exert any control over its executive policy. On these rare occasions, when I can put my hand on the government which can always put its hand on me, I demand that I shall be free from restraint and violence, and that the expression of my will shall be guaranteed its due force and result." If he is told that he must look to his State for this protection and guaranty, he says, "This is illogical. I am not dealing with the State at these elections for congressmen and for president; I am dealing with the nation. From the nation I demand my

rights." There will be no resisting this demand. The democratic politicians will talk in vain about the prerogatives of the States. In vain will they dig up old anti-federalist interpretations of the constitution. The federal election laws will not be repealed. They will be strengthened and perfected, until the supervisory power of the national government over national elections is made much broader than it is now. The citizen will not stop with a demand for protection to himself and his ballot. He will go much further. He will say that he has the same interest in a fair election in another State as in his own, because the congressmen chosen in that State have just as much voice in making laws for him to obey as his own representative. He will therefore say that it is his personal right as a citizen that all elections of a national character should be fair and honest, and that all voters, wherever they may live, should have the same freedom to express their opinions and wishes with their ballots that he himself enjoys. If he lives in New York, he cannot look to the state government of Louisiana to insure such elections within her borders. He has no claim on that government, and no way to get at it. Yet he is wronged individually if, by the suppression of the vote of his party in a dozen parishes on Red River, a congressman is returned who helps establish a political policy antagonistic to his own views. To right such wrongs and prevent their repetition he must look to national law and administration.

Furthermore, in a government by parties, the right of each party to the exercise of the full measure of power which its voting strength entitles it to is unquestionable. If the republican party has a majority of the voters in a majority of the congressional districts in the country, it is entitled to control legislation in the house of representatives. If it is deprived of a majority in the

house by intimidation or ballot-box stuffing in a few districts, the whole party is wronged, every member of it is outraged in his essential rights of citizenship, and the basis of representative institutions is undermined. The party thus wronged cannot turn for justice to the State which permitted and perhaps instigated the injury. It will have recourse to the national authority, and will find warrant in the constitution for the exercise of power sufficient to punish and prevent such evils. In a free country the usurpation of a party by violence or fraud is as intolerable as the usurpation of a tyrant in a monarchy.

An early result from the development of the national idea, we may therefore expect, will be the exercise by the general government of still greater control over elections which are national in their character, and the recognition of its duty and power to protect the rights of citizenship and of parties. I think we may next look for a change in the manner of electing the president and vice-president. The present method is clumsy and antiquated, and is based on two notions now wholly discarded: one that the people are not to be trusted to vote directly for their chief magistrate, and the other that the States, rather than the people, constitute the national government.

The electoral colleges no longer serve a useful purpose. Their members have no free choice, as the constitution intended they should have, but are the mere instruments to express the will of the constituencies electing them, and often serve to balk the purpose of a majority of the whole people of the country. An aristocracy of electors like that which chose the old German emperors has no place in our republican system, and the choice of a president by thirty-eight separate bodies of electors, not a man of whom has any real freedom of choice, is a grotesque absurdity. The people are as competent to vote for their presidents

as for their state governors, and they will demand the privilege before long.

We may expect, too, that a system of legislation for the control of railways will be adopted at no distant day, which will afford protection to the capital invested in railway stocks and bonds, and to the lives of passengers, and will guarantee shippers against extortionate rates and sudden and arbitrary changes of tariffs. Ample warrant for such legislation can be found in the clause of the constitution which empowers Congress to regulate commerce between the States. A national marriage and divorce law is already demanded by public opinion. The conflicting laws of the States relating to this subject often work cruel wrong to individuals, and tend to weaken respect for the foundation institution of modern society. When an honest couple are sent to the penitentiary in Virginia because of a marriage that was perfectly legal under the statutes of the District of Columbia, where it was contracted, and a citizen of Indiana goes to jail for bigamy because that State refuses to recognize the validity of a divorce obtained by him in another State, the absurdity of the present system is glaringly apparent.

A national quarantine system is already in a fair way of being established. Our national currency system has withstood the assaults of demagogues for more than a decade, and has now passed all serious danger of destruction. The right of the national government to improve rivers and harbors, and construct canals and railways, was long denied, but is now recognized by all political parties. We may expect a more liberal and intelligent exercise of this power in the future. Among other results which the centralizing tendency will probably produce, we may, I think, foresee the following: an increase in the strength of the army and navy; the lengthening of the presidential term to six or seven years; the granting of larger powers to

the federal courts, to enable them to protect the rights of citizenship; the establishment of a postal telegraph system; the introduction of the metric system of weights and measures; the annexation of Canada; the conquest of Mexico, followed by a protectorate; government aid for an interoceanic canal, and for a railroad from the Rio Grande to the Isthmus of Darien; an intelligent and vigorous policy for extending our foreign commerce, building up our commercial marine, and opening markets for our manufactures. Authority will be found for many of these measures in the constitution as it now is. That instrument admits of very expansive interpretations. In framing it our fathers wisely made it elastic enough to be stretched to meet the needs of the powerful nation which they foresaw would grow out of the thirteen feeble colonies. When its capacity for liberal application is exhausted it will be amended, and finally it will, in all probability, be subjected to a thorough revision at the hands of a national convention.

Will not this crowding of the state governments into narrower fields of action, and this enlargement of the powers of the national government, weaken and in the end destroy republican institutions? Not necessarily. The demand for a stronger central government carries with it no disposition to surrender individual rights. The citizen believes that the central power is a more effectual agency to protect his rights and work out beneficial results to him than the

State can possibly be. He does not relinquish the principle that government should be for the sake of the governed. Never was republicanism stronger in the world than to-day. It would be folly to suppose that while Europe is weakening the authority of its sovereigns, or getting rid of them altogether, America is going to set up a Cæsar. The cry of imperialism will no doubt be raised again and again by the party out of power, in its denunciation of the measures of its successful rival; but unless the whole course of human thought should be sharply altered there will be no real danger of an invasion of popular rights by the central authority. Respect for office and dignity is not increasing. Indeed, it would be well if there were more of it. There was far more aristocracy of birth in this country a hundred years ago than now. As for our new aristocracy of wealth, it inspires no personal respect, and seldom succeeds in obtaining important public trusts. The great majority of the voting population will always be composed of men of small means or no means, and the national government will be their servant, and not the tool of great capitalists and corporations. Universal suffrage may work much mischief before universal education leavens it with judgment, but it will not enslave itself. No tyrant will be raised upon its shoulders. The strong government towards which we are steadily tending, we may feel assured, will be "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY.

At the breakfast given in honor of Dr. Holmes, nothing, to one observer, was so impressive as the contrasts. There were gathered over one hundred people,

presumably of intellectual power, dedicated to one pursuit, inspired by a common purpose, and met in a holiday mood to salute a prince of their line. At first

thought, the elements of sympathy and likeness seemed the telephonic wires that encircled the bright scene; as one studied it, the distances and distinctions started out like the true natures of men seen in their dreams.

There, for instance, were the well-nourished lives, — it was easy to distinguish them: the people whose paths had fallen in pleasant places, and whose soul's bread had been eaten by still waters; the men and the women who had become what they were by possession, not bereavement, — who had been expressed, not repressed. We did not need to be told who or where these were. It was not necessary to know that the gentleman with the quick smile, alert eye, and placidly whitening hair was the great Mr. Smith who wrote the treatise on *The Hopes of the Happygoluckies*; who had a home at Cambridge, belonged to the Literary Club, knew everybody, went everywhere, saw everything, heard everything else, — in short, who was born in Boston. It was not necessary to have pointed out to us the celebrated Mrs. Jones, familiar to us from infancy as the author of the epic poem on *New England Sewing Societies*, — Mrs. Jones, with the radiant brow, the conversational electricity, the absence of care and becoming bonnet which mark the woman whom the critics respect, whose books sell, who spends her summer at the mountains and her winter in town, and who feeds — and thrives, too — on the adulation of her intellectual inferiors and the recognition of those beyond her. We know her at once, — fair, fresh, and frolic, pulsating with hope and proud with achievement, rounded by attrition with the world, and grown muscular by the "passive exercise" which the soul, like a *Massage* patient, receives from a full and varied life. Hers is a happy story and a high mission, — may both be spared to us!

Then there are the other faces, into which one cannot look long without

tears, — the faces of the "starving authors." Of course, as we are often told, nobody starves in America, and I do not mean that any of our guests went without a supper, or wrote their last Lines to keep creditors from carrying away the cook stove. Yet ah, here, and there, and there, I know you, and you, and you, and I know the famishing you come from, and I read the hunger in your eyes. You are the care-worn and the care-broken, to whom your own gift is hid treasure. I know you, brave fellow! You are bowed with secret burdens that no man may number; you know what it is to be poor as death and hopeless as the grave. You have six children and an ailing wife; you support them by preaching in a parish in Sahara, or you cash checks in a bank in East Petroleum. The struggle for existence and the evil of it press hard upon you. Now and then your voice rings out, and you speak a word as tense as fever and as clear as duty. You do not speak it very often. You are tired when you get home at night, and cannot have a quiet study where the children may not come. Yet when you speak, we listen, and we always shall. Be comforted, and eat your breakfast!

And you, ah, you I know, — the little woman in the corner, looking out upon us all with thoughtful, clear, and yet half-deprecating eyes. She lives sixty miles up country, with a sick mother. She cannot come to Boston often. Under her quiet lady's uniform of black silk and *crêpe de lisse*, she hides impatient, crippled life enough to stir the world. Her eye is keen, her forehead good. Her story in *The Atlantic* commands attention. She is young. Life is before her. She is ambitious. She has power; she knows it, and so do we. All the sibyl in her chafes. She must go home to-night, and to-morrow tell the invalid about the breakfast, and a few people in the village will like to hear. Quivering yet with the friction of

mind on mind, the stir of presence, the fine wine of select society, she will sit down now and think it over, and tell us what it meant to her. She begins a new story. Her mother is taken worse. She herself caught cold, riding out sixty miles in her thin best clothes in the chilly evening after the breakfast was over. It begins to snow. The torpor of death settles on the village. The editor of something returns a manuscript of hers, with his regrets and thanks. A literary life seems as impossible to the poor girl as a dragoon's or a drayman's. She finishes her story for the village church fair.

How shall we tell her to be patient, — how bid her to go to her Goethe and read what he said of the power that developed best by long suppression? It needs a greater than Goethe to help that woman, — to teach her that the lesson learned in endurance may be the one which the world wants, the message spoken from denial the benison for which it waits, and that it was in the voice of one crying in the wilderness that it first heard the word, Repent.

Keener still, perhaps, in just such a group as this, are the heavily-drawn lines between the young and the old.

"The young," it has been finely said, "are never happy unless they are enjoying pleasure. The old are happy when they are free from pain." At our breakfast party, how eager the faces of the men and women on the hither side of fifty, — how nervous, how unrestful, inconsistent, how full of the stir of ambitions satisfied or thwarted, of aspirations nurtured or famished, of the jar of *doing*, not the calm of *done*!

Peacefully beside them rise, like statues in their niches, the figures of those to whom life is already as a tale that is told. The prophets, the priests, the kings, of our tribe are all of these. We do not need to name them. Every heart contains "their vision." Theirs is the glory, not the grasping, now. They seem to

tower above us high as a solemn thought above a light one. It occurs to me, as I watch them, that they are already set apart from us by an invisible line as silent as death, which yet God grant for years upon blessed years to come may be as near and dear as life! What do they see with eyes that look over into the eternal mystery? How shall they tell us? How should we understand? Does achievement seem less, far less, to them looking back than to us looking on? Does fame look small? Already the fret of life has fallen from them, like superfluous garments, dropped at home. They approach the Home of the soul. Do they see that it knows no exile and no burden, no loneliness, no denial, and no end?

One of the best appeals for immortality ever made by mortal was urged by Victor Hugo, not long ago, at a literary dinner in Paris. It is easy to understand, in such a company as that which gathered to honor our great poet and Professor, how a man came to pursue an argument for the eternal life of the human soul at an after-dinner speech. Let the wit flash, the thought leap, the feeling burn, but still the unsaid outmeasures the said, and the unfulfilled outweighs fulfillment. The success is there, and the struggle, the hope, and the dismay, the crown and the thorn of gifted life.

The great Frenchman, absorbing, as the great soul will, the solemn view of a merry scene, rebuked the sneer of youth with the faith of years, and flung his proud personality into the meek scale of truth.

He needed no other proof of eternal life than the fact that Victor Hugo existed. He knew that Victor Hugo's work was not yet finished.

"Messieurs, I perceive that the soul shall live forever because I know what I have done; I perceive that I shall never die, because I know what I have not completed."

O Poet and O Friend, whose birthday still in our hearts keeps festival! in the music thou hast given, in the strains thou hast not struck, in the New Song

thou shalt sing, in deepening reverence for truth, in deepening gentleness towards error, in deepening dreams of holiness, we feel thine immortality begun!

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

DICKENS'S LETTERS.

THE letters of Charles Dickens,¹ which Miss Hogarth and Miss Mary Dickens have lately given the public, are material which for one reason or another was not placed in the hands of the late Mr. John Forster for use in his biography of the novelist. Some of them are such as it is incredible a biographer should not have asked for, — even so autobiographical a biographer as Mr. Forster. They are what he would have wished to see, even if he did not wish to use them, but we are not at all sure that they would have lent much value to his work. They do not throw fresh light upon a character which we have learned to know in its energetic and egotistic hardness, upon a philosophy extraordinarily limited; upon the life so separately lived in its personal and its literary phases that the same man may be said to have carried on a double train of being. In most lives authorship reflects experience, or takes form and color from it; but Dickens's work after the wreck of his domestic happiness did not lose the charm that it had drawn from such happiness, and did not cease to portray it. His iron nerve was equal to this tremendous *tour de force*; but the sort of consciousness in which it resulted is matter for no analysis less subtle than George Eliot's or Hawthorne's, and is not pleasant to imagine. It seems to have resulted at least in an intensification of his disposition to centralize all things in himself.

He was a man who did not arrive at a Copernican conception of the universe. The sun always rose on his right hand and set on his left, and for the rest employed its time in revolving about him. As he advanced in life his universe narrowed, till there was scarcely room in it for the sun to perform this necessary function without incommoding the central figure. His last letters from America are curious and pathetic witness of his self-absorption. No fable was too gross for his vanity. He wrote home to Miss Hogarth in the actual belief that people brought their beds and slept all night in the streets, that they might be up betimes to buy tickets to his readings, and he mistook the movement of newspaper gossip about him for an excitement stirring the country to its depths. Life in the United States appears from these letters to have been a struggle for three terrible months to see and hear Charles Dickens; and the sound of Mr. Dolby stamping thousands of tickets in the room above the novelist's bed-chamber was a noise that rose above all public and private clamor in a nation that was then settling the terms upon which a conquered empire was to be readmitted to union and self-government. Twice he is sure that half Boston will be out to see his agent walk a match; and he is perpetually astonished that, though people turn and look after him, they do not follow him up, or block his progress on the street. The letters

¹ *The Letters of Charles Dickens.* Edited by his Sister-in-Law and his eldest Daughter. In two

volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

are not very discreetly edited, as regards America, and the boasted English tenderness of the privacy of living persons has not been used. Those who had the misfortune to be immediately connected with Dickens suffer most; they are classed with his doorkeeper and his man-servant; but very few Americans whom he mentions escape his patronage. He finds the country much reformed, in respect to himself; and the nation at large seems to have made a vast advance in not intruding upon him. But otherwise he did not find much to surprise him. The tobacco-chewers and the newspapers keep it up as badly as ever; and there are furnaces and stoves everywhere that discomfort him. There is a disease, he tells us, known as the American catarrh; he has this terribly, and he insists upon it a great deal.

But for observation of the country, or reflections upon it of the slightest value, the reader will look in vain. Perhaps it was the professional habit of exaggeration that had grown upon him; perhaps we did not deserve the exact truth; but he puts even unimportant facts concerning us a little awry. Mr. Staunton, as he calls the great secretary of war, he found remarkable as knowing Dickens's novels better than Dickens himself; and he pronounces upon the subtlety of his own insight by admiring the late President Johnson. His letters from this country during his last visit are, in fine, chiefly a shout of astonishment and exultation at the success of his readings. They are written in the boisterously high spirits, tending to horseplay in the humorous passages, which characterize all the letters. He did not like us, and small blame to him. We stood before him in the attitude of pirates offering a splendid ovation to their victim, and he naturally found us ridiculous and contemptible. His purpose was to get all the money he could out of us; and, if we would not legally grant him his rights in his property, and pay

for the privilege of reading him, at least to make us pay for seeing and hearing him. He did not have any hope of the international copyright, which we now fondly trust is near; and he did not recognize the fact that all decent American publishers now pay copyright to English authors, while American authors seldom receive compensation from English publishers. He was not a philosopher, and it is probable that the loss of copyright colored his opinions of us in all respects. He was not our friend during the war; and even after the war he was sorry that England had not joined the "French usurper" in breaking us up. A certain vulgarity of heart is shown in the terms in which he speaks of the Eyre massacre of the blacks in Jamaica; but he shared this vulgarity with another eminent paper-philanthropist, and it is probable that if they had both lived he would have stood shoulder to shoulder with Canon Kingsley in the foremost ranks of the Jingoës.

The letters relating to his first visit to America are few and unimportant; but they are characterized by the same inability to philosophize,—by the same narrow horizon, shutting down ten feet away from an observer who saw superficial generalities with preternatural keenness within that limit; though even within that limit he did not see detail correctly, or was unable to report it correctly. His literary conscience was a matter of slow growth; the critical reader of his earlier books must see how willing he is to sacrifice truth to effect, and stage effect at that; but he cannot help seeing, too, that while Dickens clings, to the last, to certain conventionalities and mannerisms of his own, he grows more and more truly dramatic, and more and more true to life. In these letters, however, there is no growth, apparently, of judgment or feeling. They are a young man's letters in 1837, and a young man's letters in 1870; a young man always in high spirits, fluent, quick, restless,

not deep nor wise. Considering that the half century of Dickens's literary life covered a period full of the most important events in the world's history ; considering that he passed them in a great capital where he must daily have met famous and interesting people of every sort, it is prodigiously astonishing how devoid of generous interest they are. They relate almost wholly to himself, and not even to himself in an entertaining or significant way. They tell how he came and went, where he slept, and what he had for dinner. In the second volume they are intolerably full as to his readings and his amateur theatricals, and his audiences and his fellow

performers. Unless his whole heart was in these things, they show very little of his intimate life. They are even more silent as to his literary art and method, and the reader of his books will get no light from his letters. A fair half of his work was such as the author of these letters might have produced, you say ; but the other half seems beyond him. Perhaps no greater proof of his genius could be demanded than this fact, that his own work seems greater than he in any light which he or his friends have been able to throw upon him. Great genius he was and remains, and his genius will shine more and more as his personality becomes remote.

JAMES'S HAWTHORNE.¹

MR. JAMES'S book on Hawthorne, in Morley's English Men of Letters series, merits far closer examination and carefuller notice than we can give it here, alike for the interest of its subject, the peculiarity of its point of view, and the charm and distinction of its literature. An American author writing of an American author for an English public incurs risks with his fellow-countrymen which Mr. James must have faced, and is much more likely to possess the foreigner whom he addresses with a clear idea of our conditions than to please the civilization whose portrait is taken. Forty-six, fifty, sixty-four, are not dates so remote, nor are Salem and Concord societies so extinct, that the people of those periods and places can be safely described as provincial, not once, but a dozen times ; and we foresee, without any very powerful prophetic lens, that Mr. James will be in some quarters promptly attainted of high treason. For

ourselves, we will be content with saying that the provinciality strikes us as somewhat over-insisted upon, and that, speaking from the point of not being at all provincial ourselves, we think the epithet is sometimes mistaken. If it is not provincial for an Englishman to be English, or a Frenchman French, then it is not so for an American to be American ; and if Hawthorne was "exquisitely provincial," one had better take one's chance of universality with him than with almost any Londoner or Parisian of his time. Provinciality, we understand it, is a thing of the mind or the soul ; but if it is a thing of the experiences, then that is another matter, and there is no quarrel. Hawthorne undoubtedly saw less of the world in New England than one sees in Europe, but he was no cockney, as Europeans are apt to be.

At the same time we must not be thought to deny the value and delight-

¹ *Hawthorne*. [Morley's English Men of Letters.] By HENRY JAMES, JR. London: Macmil-

lan & Co. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

fulness of those chapters on Salem and Brook Farm and Concord. They are not very close in description, and the places seem deliciously divined rather than studied. But where they are used unjustly, there will doubtless be abundant defense; and if Salem or Brook Farm be mute, the welkin will probably respond to the cries of certain critics who lie in wait to make life sorrowful to any one dealing lightly with the memory of Thoreau or the presence of the poet Channing. What will happen to a writer who says of the former that he was "worse than provincial, he was parochial," and of the latter that he resembled the former in "having produced literary compositions more esteemed by the few than by the many," we wait with the patience and security of a spectator at an *auto da fé*, to see. But even an unimbattled outsider may suggest that the essential large-mindedness of Concord, as expressed in literature, is not sufficiently recognized, although it is thoroughly felt. The treatment of the culture foible and of the colorless æsthetic joys, the attribution of "a great deal of Concord five and thirty years ago" to the remark of a visitor of Hawthorne that Margaret Fuller "had risen perceptibly into a higher state of being since their last meeting," are exquisite, — too exquisite, we fear, for the sense of most Englishmen, and not too fine only for the rarefied local consciousness which they may sting. Emerson is indeed devoutly and amply honored, and there is something particularly sweet and tender in the characterization of such surviving Brook Farmers as the author remembers to have met; but even in speaking of Emerson, Mr. James has the real misfortune to call his grand poem for the dedication of the monument to Concord Fight a "little hymn." It is little as Milton's sonnet on Shakespeare is little.

We think, too, that in his conscience against brag and *chauvinism* Mr. James

puts too slight a value upon some of Hawthorne's work. It is not enough to say of a book so wholly unexampled and unrivaled as *The Scarlet Letter* that it was "the finest piece of imaginative writing put forth in" America; as if it had its parallel in any literature. When he comes to speak of the romances in detail, he repairs this defect of estimation in some degree; but here again his strictures seem somewhat mistaken. No one better than Mr. James knows the radical difference between a romance and a novel, but he speaks now of Hawthorne's novels, and now of his romances, throughout, as if the terms were convertible; whereas the romance and the novel are as distinct as the poem and the novel. Mr. James excepts to the people in *The Scarlet Letter*, because they are rather types than persons, rather conditions of the mind than characters; as if it were not almost precisely the business of the romance to deal with types and mental conditions. Hawthorne's fictions being always and essentially, in conception and performance, romances, and not novels, something of all Mr. James's special criticism is invalidated by the confusion which, for some reason not made clear, he permits himself. Nevertheless, his analysis of the several books and of the shorter tales is most interesting; and though we should ourselves place *The Blithedale Romance* before *The House of the Seven Gables*, and should rank it much higher than Mr. James seems to do, we find ourselves consenting oftener than dissenting as we read his judgments. An admirably clear and just piece of criticism, we think, is that in which he pronounces upon the slighter and cheaper *motif* of Septimius Felton. But here there are not grounds for final sentence; it is possible, if that book had received the author's last touches, it might have been, after all, a playful and gentle piece of irony rather than a tragedy.

What gives us entire satisfaction, however, is Mr. James's characterization, or illustration, of Hawthorne's own nature. He finds him an innocent, affectionate heart, extremely domestic, a life of definite, high purposes singularly un baffled, and an "unperplexed intellect." The black problem of evil, with which his Puritan ancestors wrestled concretely, in groans and despair, and which darkens with its portentous shadow nearly everything that Hawthorne wrote, has become his literary material; or, in Mr. James's finer and more luminous phrase, he "transmutes this heavy moral burden into the very substance of the imagination." This strikes us as beautifully reasonable and true, and we will not cloud it with comment of ours. But satisfactorily as Mr. James declares Hawthorne's personality in large, we do not find him sufficient as to minor details and facts. His defect, or his error, appears oftenest in his discussion of the note-books, where he makes plain to himself the simple, domestic, democratic qualities in Hawthorne, and yet maintains that he sets down slight and little aspects of nature because his world is small and vacant. Hawthorne noted these because he loved them, and as a great painter, however full and vast his world is, continues to jot down whatever strikes him as picturesque and characteristic. The disposition to allege this inadequate reason comes partly from that confusion of the novelist's and the romancer's work of which we have spoken, and partly from a theory, boldly propounded, that it needs a long history and "a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion." Hawthorne himself shared, or seemed to share, this illusion, and wrote *The Marble Faun*, so inferior, with its foreign scene, to the New England romances, to prove the absurdity of it. As a romancer, the twelve years of boyhood which he spent in the wild solitudes of Maine were probably of greater advantage to him than if they had been passed at Eton

and Oxford. At least, until some other civilization has produced a romantic genius at all comparable to his, we must believe this. After leaving out all those novelistic "properties," as sovereigns, courts, aristocracy, gentry, castles, cottages, cathedrals, abbeys, universities, museums, political class, Epsoms, and Ascots, by the absence of which Mr. James suggests our poverty to the English conception, we have the whole of human life remaining, and a social structure presenting the only fresh and novel opportunities left to fiction, opportunities manifold and inexhaustible. No man would have known less what to do with that dreary and worn-out paraphernalia than Hawthorne.

We can only speak of the excellent comment upon Hawthorne's *Old Home*, and the skillful and manly way in which Mr. James treats of that delicate subject to his English audience. Skillful and manly the whole book is, — a miracle of tact and of self-respect, which the author need not fear to trust to the best of either of his publics. There is nothing to regret in the attitude of the book; and its literature is always a high pleasure, scarcely marred by some evidences of hurry, and such *writerish* passages as that in which *sin* is spoken of as "this baleful substantive with its attendant adjective."

It is a delightful and excellent essay, refined and delicate in perception, generous in feeling, and a worthy study of the unique romancer whom its closing words present with justice so subtle and expression so rich: —

"He was a beautiful, natural, original genius, and his life had been singularly exempt from worldly preoccupations and vulgar efforts. It had been as pure, as simple, as unsophisticated, as his work. He had lived primarily in his domestic affections, which were of the tenderest kind; and then — without eagerness, without pretension, but with a great deal of quiet devotion — in his charming art.

His work will remain ; it is too original and exquisite to pass away ; among the men of imagination he will always have his niche. No one has had just that vision of life, and no one has had a literary form that more successfully expressed his vision. He was not a moralist, and he was not simply a poet. The moralists are weightier, denser, richer, in a

sense ; the poets are more purely inconclusive and irresponsible. He combined in a singular degree the spontaneity of the imagination with a haunting care for moral problems. Man's conscience was his theme, but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy which added, out of its own substance, an interest, and, I may almost say, an importance."

INTERPRETED.

THE master's portrait hangs upon the wall
 'Mid votive flowers ; his pictures, left and right,
 Hover and bend, and seem to woo his sight
 With pleading look and gesture. Silent all :
 Voiceless the thunders of the mighty Fall ;
 Noiseless the drum-beat and the bugle-tone,
 The hiss of wave and spray, the rustling leaves,
 The shout which hails the heaped-up harvest sheaves,
 The whisper of the father to the son,
 Heart clasped to heart and tearful cheek to cheek, —
 Voiceless and moveless all, and yet they speak.
 And he, the master, answers to his own,
 "You are my best of life ; stand forth and be
 Interpreters between the world and me."

Susan Coolidge.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

LETTER-WRITING has become one of the characteristic occupations of our time. We keep up multiplied correspondences with people whom we know and like in very various degrees, just as we also possess photographs of people whose lives have cut accidentally across our own, but whom we may never meet again. How different from the more concentrated life of three or four generations ago, when a letter and a portrait were solemn things, both connected only with persons really interested in one

another ! Notwithstanding the occasional pleasure of a letter from a stranger, or the excitement of some unusual sentiments expressed in language more telling and natural than is generally used, letter-writing has become a conventional matter and an onerous tax on one's time. If we must answer for every idle word we speak, it is to be hoped that the idle words we write are not to be exempt from responsibility. Women especially treat their correspondence as an affair of state, magnify its idleness into pressing

business, make it a pretext almost as universally available as the old-fashioned "headache," and end by believing themselves as important as cabinet ministers. A man in any public position is generally assailed with letters, many utterly frivolous; editors have protected themselves only by the avowed use of the waste-basket; but even in the quietest walks of private life, the letter-writing which affectionate friends expect from one is frequently a severe and unavoidable ordeal. Business letters can be dispatched in five minutes; great interests and important transactions can be compressed into half a dozen lines and a few moments of time; but when it comes to the friendly letter which politeness requires you to write, you look hopelessly round, with the conviction that you will be dubbed heartless unless you devote at least three quarters of an hour to detailing the state of your health, your trivial occupations, the last book you read, the last local news you heard, the state of the weather, etc. If such letters are a relief to a sick person, or to one buried in cares likely to damp his spirits, charity may be alleged as a reason for the inditing of them; but this is a specious pretext, often used in cases to which it really does not apply. We have forged an additional social chain in thus gradually making correspondence a necessary part of our life. "The mail" has come to be the turning-point of the day in many households. What you hear and what you write is nothing more or less than gossip, which does not change its character, nor grow more respectable, by being *written*. Two thirds of our letters are utterly unnecessary, and a waste of time to the writer, while to the recipient they are often the source of foolish and unwholesome excitement. As usual, the ease and cheapness of communication have been abused, like the invention of printing and every other beneficial institution. In London, where city mails are delivered every two hours with unflinching

accuracy, the evil has grown even worse than we know of here. During the "season," the number of notes, on card-board paper, with elaborate monograms, treating of such weighty subjects as a toilet, a drive, an invitation, a begging for some social *protégé* who wants to go to So and So's ball, an appointment or an excuse for some party of pleasure, is bewildering, and a still greater tax on the time of the recipients than even their customary daily correspondence. However, such people have so much time to "kill" that they need not quarrel with the facilities which the post-office gives them of accomplishing their object and yet seeming immensely busy; but for ordinary human beings, it is a great pity that fashion should encourage aimless correspondence to the degree usual at present. Let us hope that our cities will not do more in the way of repeated mail deliveries than exist at present, and that when letters open with excuses for previous silence our friends will take the hint.

— The father, the uncle, even the mother-in-law or the step-mother, plays an important part in fiction; but the mother, if she is introduced at all, is always an uncomfortable figure, is always in the way. Can any student of human nature explain this? No love like mother's love ever was known, — so sings the ballad, though in many keys and in many ways; but in love stories every love but mother's love is sung, and sung and sung again. The practical Scotch lassie said not long after her marriage, "A man's a man, ye ken! but he's no' a body's mither!" Put the practical Scotch lassie into a novel, and see how quickly and how completely she forgets and forsakes her mither, and cleaves to her man. The mothers who ran to catch us when we fell were not common even in the literature of our childhood. The English Orphans certainly were motherless. Robinson Crusoe's mother was rarely, if ever, in his thoughts. Friday

found his father, but does not seem to have asked for his mother. There were no mothers in Sandford and Merton, in *The Boy Hunters*, or in *The Wide, Wide World*! Mother Goose was a mother only to other people's children; Mother Hubbard's only child seems to have been her dog; and the old lady who lived in the shoe went so far to the other extreme that her children were greater in number than she could properly bring up.

Mothers are specially conspicuous by their absence in all the novels of Dickens: the Pecksniffs, the Chuzzlewits, the *Dombey*s, Walter Gay, Lizzie Hexam, Dick Swiveller, the Marchioness, the Fat Boy, *Oliver Twist*, Little Dorrit, Little Em'ly, Little Ned, Smike, Traddles, Poor Jo, the Wards in Chancery, Agnes, Dora, Ham, Sloppy, Pip, and many more knew no mother's love, no mother's care. Even the mothers Dickens did create were more entertaining to other people than to their own children. The most motherly of all of them, perhaps, was the mother of Mr. Micawber's twins. David Copperfield's mother was ever the "poor baby" Miss Trotwood called her; Sam Weller's mother was his step-mother; Arthur Clennam's mother, it seems, was not his mother at all; Steerforth's mother was not very lovable, nor was the mother of Uriah Heep; the Nicklebys, the Jellybys, the Wilfers, had but little comfort in their mothers; Esther Summerson's mother she could never claim, poor girl, and it would have been better for Edith Skewton if her mother had died in giving her birth. And so it goes through the long list of novels, from the *History of a Foundling* to *Elsie Venner* and *Jane Eyre*. The Braddons, the Ouidas, the Guy Livingstones, even the George Eliots, have little room and little liking for mothers. Trollope has mothers; so has Charles Reade, Catherine in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, for instance, and the Baroness in *White Lies*; but there are three fathers and no mothers in *Foul*

Play; Griffith Gaunt has two wives at once, but no mother; we cannot imagine Peg Woffington's mother; and Lady Bassett, who has no mother of her own, is so anxious to become a mother that she is led into the Terrible Temptation, and borrows another mother's child. Thackeray, whose critics say he could never draw a woman, has given us mothers, and good ones. Helen Pendennis and Amelia Osborne were, if anything, motherly; but even these are neutralized by the mother of Clive Newcome's wife. From Richardson to Henry James, Jr., the novel has been little more than a half orphan asylum. Who can tell why? Who will give us a Becky Sharpe who is not forced to become her own mamma; or a Jenny Wren who is not only her own mother, but her father's mother too? Why have all the Pips been brought up by hand; why have all the Topsy's grown?

— In the Contributors' Club of November, mention is made of a certain renowned English author who makes an inordinate use of the phrase "all the same;" and surprise is expressed that the professional critics have not commented upon it.

It has, for years past, been a constant subject of wonder to me that a similar criticism has not been passed upon Mrs. Oliphant's use of the word *soft*. At first, its incessant repetition wrought in me a feeling of impatience, and then of disgust; until, one day, I conceived the happy thought of reading her books with a lead-pencil in hand, with which to underscore the word in the text and number it in the margin. Ever afterward, its appearance became a source of unmixed delight to me. I find she is sure to recur to it more than once in a page throughout the book.

But a more outrageous instance of this mannerism is Trollope's use of the words *of course*. The hunter for the phrase is sure to bag a brace or two on every page; and the very acme of such sport

was found in *The Way we Live Now*, where (if I recollect rightly) the aggregate amounted to five hundred and twenty.

Without this expedient, — although I have “a tough faculty of reading,” — I should long ago have been obliged to give up reading the works of these two charming authors, from very weariness.

— Apropos of Mr. White’s article on English manners, it may be said that one mistake of the English, or, to speak accurately, of a good many Englishmen, is that of regarding the manners of a well-bred Englishman as the model for all people. It seems difficult for an ordinary Englishman to get rid of the notion that the best of anything which his country can produce must necessarily be the best that can be found anywhere; he is apt to make the English way of doing or thinking the absolute standard for mankind. It is a foible we all more or less indulge ourselves in, — this of judging things by reference to our own habits and likings; but the weakness is very marked among the English. Even many of their best writers are not content to characterize an action as simply brave, or strong, or honest, but as a deed of English honesty or courage, as though England produced a special kind of virtue, a little better than is elsewhere to be seen. It is not worth while to be exasperated by this calm, unconscious arrogance; but whatever hostile criticism the English meet with they provoke by their habit of invidious comparison. The type of good manners which England gives is but one type, after all. The essence of good breeding, we know, is one and the same every-

where; yet so long as races and temperaments differ, men’s manners, fortunately, will differ also. Social intercourse would become as monotonous and tedious a thing if we all moved and spoke in the same way, as it would be if we all thought and expressed ourselves alike. We find the manners of a high-bred Englishman pleasing; but so, in a somewhat different way, do we those of a thorough-bred Frenchman or German. Taking them in the aggregate, however, one may say that the French are a better-mannered people than the English; they may have no more essential refinement of thought and feeling, but as a race they are endowed with a superior quickness of intelligence, a grace and tact that render their courtesy a more attractive thing. I should be sorry from a narrow experience to draw too wide an inference, but the civility which Mr. White mentions as commonly to be met with from the lower classes of Englishmen struck me as more like servility and a keen eye to sixpences. An Englishman does not enjoy doing anything for you for nothing. Our own people often exhibit a brusqueness and even positive disrespect of manner which are meant to assert their equality with any one they have to deal with, though the brief replies of our officials and trades-people sometimes come only from a business-like desire not to waste time. One cannot but feel that the more unpleasant manifestations of the democratic spirit among us are partially, at least, compensated for by the genuine self-respect and generous willingness to do a gratuitous kindness, instances of which we have all met frequently.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SUPPLEMENT.

THE HOLMES BREAKFAST.

The Publishers of the Atlantic Monthly ask the pleasure of your company at a Reception and Breakfast to be given at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, on Wednesday, December 3, 1879, at twelve o'clock, in honor of the seventieth Birthday of

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

An early answer is desired.

220 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON,
NOVEMBER 13, 1879.

The 29th of August was the anniversary of Dr. Holmes's birth, but since many of his friends and literary associates would be absent at that season, it was decided to issue the above invitation later in the year. The guests invited were chiefly writers for *The Atlantic*, and it was desired to bring together both old and new contributors to a magazine with which Dr. Holmes had been peculiarly identified. There were some who shared with him the pages of the first number, and some who were for the first time to be fellow-contributors in the number then in type. His own pen had been employed upon the magazine with unflagging interest from its establishment in 1857, and it seemed fit that his associates should do honor at this time to one whose aim and achievement in literature, as recorded in *The Atlantic*, had been so high and so conspicuous.

The company, to the number of a hundred, met at the Brunswick, at noon, and spent a couple of hours socially, after which they took their seats at the tables, according to the diagram on the following page, a lithograph of which was given to each guest, so that it was easy to discover the names of any who might be strangers in person. At the last moment one or two slight changes were necessarily made, on

account of unforeseen absences. Mr. Longfellow, who had expected to be present, was detained by sickness, to the great regret of all.

Grace was said by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., and after the cloth was removed, Mr. H. O. Houghton, senior member of the publishing house, introduced the guest of the day in these words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Some writer has said that a pure despotism and a pure democracy are identical. We have present here to-day a despot who rules us with imperial sway, and we all acknowledge his authority, and even claim that it is not his power, but our own, which he exercises over us. It is our thoughts which he speaks; it is our humor to which he gives expression; it is the pictures of our own fancy that he clothes in words, and shows us what we ourselves thought, and only lacked the means of expressing. We never realized, until he taught us by his magic power over us, how much each of us had of genius, and invention, and expression. And it is especially fitting that we should honor, even in his own country, a prophet who has revealed to us what wonderful people we all are. It is also fitting that he who was present at the christening of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and gave it its name, should drink a cup of tea in honor of its attaining its majority, and entering, as we trust, upon a new career of usefulness.

"We have had before this one occasion of celebrating the threescore and tenth anniversary of one of its leading writers. These occasions remind us both of the age of *The Atlantic* and of the youthfulness of its various contributors. One of the pleasant reminiscences of this occasion is the fact that most of the leading contributors, from its start in 1857, are still among its princi-

	Mrs. Jackson.	Mr. Whittier.	Mrs. Loughton.	Dr. Holmes.	Mr. Houghton.	Mrs. Stowe.	President Eliot.	Mrs. Wisner.	
Mr. Warner.									Rev. Phillips Brooks.
Mrs. Whitney.									Mrs. Fields.

Mr. Warren.		Rev. J. F. Clarke.	Professor Gray.		Mrs. Moulton.
Mrs. Sherwood.		Dr. Bowditch.	Mr. Agassiz.		Mr. Scudder.
Governor Rice.		Mr. Dyer.	Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr.		Miss Larcom.
Miss Sprague.		Mr. W. P. P. Longfellow.	Mr. Fiske.		Mr. Winter.
Mr. Osgood.		Mr. Van Brunt.	Mr. Perry.		Mrs. Clement.
Miss Jewett.		Mr. Haskell.	Rev. G. E. Ellis.		Mr. Higginson.
Col. Waring.		Mr. Lodge.	Mr. Flagg.		Miss Bloede.
Mrs. Anthony.		Mr. Burlingame.	Mr. Crocker.		Mr. Trowbridge.
Mr. Harper.		Mr. Anthony.	Mr. Coffin.		Mrs. Diaz.
Mrs. Fairchild.		Mr. Bugbee.	Rev. Joseph Cook.		Mr. Burroughs.

Entrance.

Mr. Fairchild.		Mr. A. Smith.			
Miss Annan.		Mr. Eggleston	Rev. Dr. Wharton.		Miss Hale.
Mr. Bishop.		Mr. Dwight.	Mr. Bigelow.		Mr. Parkman.
Miss Perry.		Mr. Millet.	Dr. Brewer.		Mrs. Walker
Mr. Parton.		Dr. Angell.	Mr. Foxcroft.		Mr. Clemens.
Mrs. Wells.		Mr. Andrews.	Mr. Fawcett.		Miss Preston.
Rev. Dr. Bellows.		Mr. Deming.	Dr. Warren.		Mr. Mifflin.
Mrs. Aldrich.		Mr. Ward.	Mr. Hovey.		Mrs. Lathrop.
Mr. Norton.		Mr. Davis.	Mr. Gilman.		Mr. Stedman.
Miss Curtis.		Mr. Apthorp.	Mr. Sanborn.		Mrs. Dorr.
Mr. Lathrop.		Rev. J. B. Harrison.	Mr. Atkinson.		Mr. Cranch.
Miss Carrington.		Mr. E. Ingersoll.			

Miss Phelps.									Mrs. Sargent.
Mr. Fields.									Mr. Underwood
	Mrs. Mifflin.	Mr. Aldrich.	Mrs. Howe.	Mr. Howells.	Mr. Longfellow.	Mrs. Howells.	Mr. Emerson.	Mrs. Cooke.	

pal writers. Besides our honored guest, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, and Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke are still writers, who were among the original contributors; and there has been a troop of young men and women coming on, nearly a thousand in all, any one of whom might well consider it a laudable ambition, if not to excel, to equal those who have gone before them.

"Nevertheless, both literature and the publishing of books are in their infancy in this country; we have been so given to the development of the material resources of the land, and to settling the great questions of domestic and foreign politics, that but little space has been left for the poet and the historian. But our unrivaled scenery, our soon to be extinguished native races, the wonderful variety of climate, and the heterogeneous character of our population, the new and exciting events of the present age of invention and discovery, all open wide fields for the future historian, the novelist, and the poet. And, we doubt not, this field will be occupied and cultivated, and we shall have other men and women come after us who will sing of the wrongs and heroism of the Indian, who will paint our mountains and rivers, and discuss the great problems of humanity with a more vigorous pen and with a wider reach of knowledge and fancy than has existed heretofore, and we trust that this class will be found among the younger contributors of *The Atlantic*. We welcome many of them here to-day, both ladies and gentlemen.

"To these festivities we always intended to invite the ladies. But the fact is (I trust the reporters will not hear this, for it is spoken in the strictest confidence) publishers are bashful! We were afraid to ask, for fear we should be refused. Those of us who were once young cannot fail to remember how our hearts throbbed and our courage failed when we were about to pop the momentous question, the answer to which was to make us happy or miserable for life. But, when it was once done, and the winter of our discontent had been made glorious summer by an acceptance so sweet and expectant, just as if the answer had been ready for us ages before, we felt that popping the question was no great affair after all, and we should only like to do it

as often as we could have opportunity. Such has been our experience to-day, as witness the gathering around this board.

"And have we not here to-day the author of the great prose epic of the century, — a narrative which preceded, like the murmur which precedes the earthquake, the greatest social revolution of ancient or modern times?

"We have only to look along these tables, and eyes answer back to ours which have scanned the secrets of the human heart, and have portrayed them to us with such vividness that they in turn have become a part of our own lives.

"If the profession of letters were only the tossing of words, like grace-hoops, or the mere fencing with glittering swords, without strength for dealing heavy blows, we might well despair. Not such are the thoughts that breathe or the words that burn. The sweet, sad story of *Evangeline* is an immortal protest against wrong, and *Evangeline* and *Gabriel* are living examples to teach us how 'to suffer and be strong,' while, in the lines of our peace-loving Quaker poet, marshaled in behalf of the oppressed, we hear the crack of the rifle, the crash of artillery, and feel the ground shake under our feet with the tread of squadrons forming for the defense of freedom and the equal rights of all.

"In an old almanac of the year 1809, against the date of August 29, is the simple entry, 'Son born.' The ink with which that entry was made was blotted with the coarse sand universally used at that time, and that sand to-day, firmly imbedded in the ink, still glistens on the record. May the sands of this life, which blot the record of immortality awaiting our autocrat, be as adhesive, and continue for many years to come to give out its coruscations of light and truth and beauty!

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you as a sentiment, 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. O King! live forever!'"

DR. HOLMES'S POEM.

At the giving of the toast the company rose enthusiastically and drank the health of the poet. When they were again seated and the applause which greeted him as he rose had died away, Dr. Holmes read, without preface, the following poem: —

THE IRON GATE.

Where is this patriarch you are kindly greet-
ing ?

Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting
In days long vanished, — is he still the
same,

Or changed by years, forgotten and forget-
ting,

Dull-eared, dim-sighted, slow of speech and
thought,

Still o'er the sad, degenerate present fretting,
Where all goes wrong, and nothing as it
ought ?

Old age, the gray-beard ! Well, indeed, I know
him, —

Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the
prey ;

In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,

Oft have I met him from my earliest day :

In my old *Æsop*, toiling with his bundle, —

His load of sticks, — politely asking Death,
Who comes when called for, — would he lug or
trundle

His fagot for him ? — he was scant of
breath.

And sad "*Ecclesiastes*, or the Preacher," —

Has he not stamped the image on my soul,

In that last chapter, where the worn-out
Teacher

Sighs o'er the loosened cord, the broken
bowl ?

Yes, long, indeed, I've known him at a dis-
tance,

And now my lifted door-latch shows him
here ;

I take his shrivelled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves
us,

Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's
prime,

Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he
leaves us,

The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time !

Altars once flaming, still with incense fra-
grant,

Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how
deep !

Still as the silver cord gets worn and slender,
Its lightened task-work tugs with lessening
strain,

Hands get more helpful, voices, grown more
tender,
Soothe with their softened tones the slum-
berous brain.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age re-
members,

Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening
embers

That warm its creeping life-blood till the
last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token

That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows
cold,

Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken,
Its labors ended and its story told.

Ah, while around us rosy youth rejoices,

For us the sorrow-laden breezes sigh,
And through the chorus of its jocund voices
Throbs the sharp note of misery's hopeless
cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying

From some far orb I track our watery
sphere,

Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting,
dying,

The silvered globule seems a glistening tear.

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion

To win from saddening scenes our age-
dimmed eyes,

And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confu-
sion

The wintry landscape and the summer
skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,

And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring noonday find
us,

And glimmering starlight shows the gates
of pearl.

—I come not here your morning hour to sad-
den,

A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff, —
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome
laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has bright-
ened,

Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent mes-
sage came ;

If hand of mine another's task has light-
ened,

It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers,
 These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of toil's
 release;
 These feeblèr pulses bid me leave to others
 The tasks once welcome; evening asks for
 peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
 Let me not vex the too long suffering lyre;
 Though to your love untiring still beholden,
 The curfew tells me — cover up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents
 cheerful,
 And warmer heart than look or word can
 tell,
 In simplest phrase — these traitorous eyes are
 tearful —
 Thanks, Brothers, Sisters — Children — and
 farewell!

DR. HOLMES'S REMINISCENCE.

"Our honored guest," said Mr. Houghton, as the doctor finished, "after reading such a poem, will not be expected to deliver his prose speech, and has honored me with that duty." He then read the following, from Dr. Holmes's pen:—

"The establishment of *The Atlantic Monthly* was due to the liberal enterprise of the then flourishing firm of Phillips and Sampson. Mr. Phillips, more especially, was most active and sanguine. The publishers were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Lowell as editor. Mr. Lowell had a fancy that I could be useful as a contributor, and woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half-slumbering, to call me to active service. Remembering some crude contributions of mine to an old magazine, it occurred to me that their title might serve for some fresh papers, and so I sat down and wrote off what came into my head under the title, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. This series of papers was not the result of an express premeditation, but was, as I may say, dipped from the running stream of my thoughts. Its very kind reception encouraged me, and you know the consequences, which have lasted from that day to this.

"But what I want especially to say here is that I owe the impulse which started my second growth to the urgent hint of my friend Mr. Lowell, and that you have him to thank, not only for his own noble contributions to our literature, but for the spur

which moved me to action, to which you owe any pleasure I may have given, and I am indebted for the crowning happiness of this occasion. His absence I most deeply regret for your and my own sake, while I congratulate the country to which in his eminent station he is devoting his services."

MR. WHITTIER'S POEM.

Mr. Whittier had been obliged to leave the company before this, but he had brought a poem which was read by Mr. James T. Fields:—

OUR AUTOCRAT.

His laurels fresh from song and lay,
 Romance, art, science, rich in all,
 And young of heart, how dare we say
 We keep his seventieth festival?

No sense is here of loss or lack;
 Before his sweetness and his light
 The dial holds its shadow back,
 The charmed hours delay their flight.

His still the keen analysis
 Of men and moods, electric wit,
 Free play of mirth, and tenderness
 To heal the slightest wound from it.

And his the pathos touching all
 Life's sins and sorrows and regrets,
 Its hopes and fears, its final call
 And rest beneath the violets.

His sparkling surface scarce betrays
 The thoughtful tide beneath it rolled,—
 The wisdom of the latter days,
 And tender memories of the old.

What shapes and fancies, grave or gay,
 Before us at his bidding come!
 The Treadmill tramp, the One-Horse Shay,
 The dumb despair of Elsie's doom!

The tale of Avis and the Maid,
 The plea for lips that cannot speak,
 The holy kiss that Iris laid
 On Little Boston's pallid cheek!

Long may he live to sing for us
 His sweetest songs at evening time,
 And, like his Chambered Nautilus,
 To holier heights of beauty climb!

Though now unnumbered guests surround
 The table that he rules at will,
 Its Autocrat, however crowned,
 Is but our friend and comrade still.

The world may keep his honored name,
 The wealth of all his varied powers;
 A stronger claim has love than fame,
 And he himself is only ours!

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

Mr. Houghton now relinquished the duties of toast-master to Mr. W. D. Howells, whom he introduced as follows:—

"It may be a surprise that the editor of *The Atlantic* should not appear on this occasion. But it may not be generally known to the contributors that he is in some sense a mythical character, and is never seen except by his representative and keeper. He is a tall, cadaverous, and grave-looking being, wearing immense magnifying-glasses on his eyes, and living in an attic, the only furniture being a high stool, a turning-lathe, and a grindstone. His only implement is a sharp knife, which he uses for defense, and for cutting out the brilliant passages from the contributions of young authors. He uses the grindstone to sharpen his knife, and the turning-lathe to reduce all contributions to the uniform *Atlantic* standard. For fear he might disturb us in our festivities to-day, he has been carefully locked in his room, and the junior partner has the key in his pocket. His representative, however, is here. He is a modest young man, very little versed in the ways of the world, but he has sufficient shrewdness to carry only the complaints to the real editor, and keep the compliments for himself.

"I propose now to introduce to you the representative of the real editor, and to beg of you to treat him gently, as it is not his fault if any of you have been treated roughly by the editor. As the remainder of the entertainment is to be purely literary, I shall also ask him to take charge of it."

MR. HOWELLS'S RESPONSE.

"After so flattering an introduction, I ought to let my case rest, perhaps; but I cannot forbear attempting to commend myself a little more specifically. I wish to say that I am *not* the author of a certain printed letter which the ladies and gentlemen present may have seen in the hands of their friends, expressing the regret of the editors that they 'cannot use the inclosed contribution,' but that they 'thank

the author for the opportunity of reading it.' I wish to say that I *am* the author of those comfortable notes of acceptance with which you are familiar; it is I who urge you to write again; it is I who beg the author of a ten-page article to make it twenty, or extend it into a series; and it is I who advise unsuccessful writers of prose to try something in the way of poetry. Finally, it is upon my private bank account that all the large and adequate checks are drawn. When they are meagre or unsatisfactory—But I yield to the imploring gaze of the publishers, and leave this branch of the subject.

"In listening to Mr. Houghton's account of that real editor whom he has withheld from you, I could not help thinking of the truculent personage whom Mr. Byles Gridley brought Gifted Hopkins to behold in the act of 'smelling' (as reading manuscript is technically called) Mr. Hopkins's Blossoms of the Soul. It is a terrible picture to have been painted by one who has never had anything but kindness from our ungentle craft, and I shudder to think what it would have been if Gifted Hopkins's own hand had sketched it. I suppose that almost any contributor might portray the real editor of *The Atlantic* in such a way that the editor himself would never know the likeness; and yet, but for the natural enmity of editors and contributors, I think that editor might have safely appeared on this occasion; for looking round these boards he could have seen no writer whose contributions he had ever rejected! Indeed, I conceive a certain propriety in the real editor's being here, if only to behold the honored guest, without the help of whose creative genius there would have been at this moment no *Atlantic* editor, no *Atlantic* contributors, and no *Atlantic* breakfast. The fact is known to you all, and I will not insist upon it; but it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who not only named, but who made, *The Atlantic*. How did he do this? Oh, very simply! He merely invented a new kind in literature, something so beautiful and rare and fine that while you were trying to determine its character as monologue or colloquy, prose or poetry, philosophy or humor, it was gradually penetrating your consciousness with a sense that the best of all these had been fused in one,—a perfect

form, an exquisite wisdom, an insurpassable grace. This, and much more than any poor words of mine can say, was the Autocrat, followed by the Professor, and then by the Poet, at the same Breakfast Table. We pledge him by all these names to-day, not only with the wine in our cups, but with the pride and love in our hearts, where we have enshrined him immortally young, in spite of the birthdays that come and go, and where we defy the future that lies in wait for our precious things to know his quality better, or value his genius more highly, than we. Some of his great compeers, whose names praise them best, we have with us to-day, and while we have to regret the absence of Longfellow and the distance of Lowell we rejoice in the presence of Emerson and of Whittier. We should be glad to sit attentive to them if after-breakfast speaking were their pleasure or habit, but we must respect the silence they prefer to guard. On no others, however, can we have any mercy. The custom of speech-making after a public banquet was invented from a deep and subtle knowledge of human nature. It is to no ordinary observation of mankind we owe the discovery that the most fortunate moment to extort eloquence from those gifted in oratory is when they are helpless from repletion, and every faculty tends to resign itself to a luxurious torpor. But it has been found that in this defenseless condition they may be successfully bidden to stand and deliver, and I shall proceed upon this well-ascertained fact. The ladies, indeed, shall be spared, so far as the speaking goes, when they will; though we should be pleased to hear from every one of them, and we will never believe that *their* silence is more golden than their speech — till they prove it.

"They have long ago proved the reverse in literature, and in every department of a magazine which has so largely embodied American literature they have been of the first. Without entering upon the distinctions that bring differences, The Atlantic heartily welcomes them here, and owns itself their debtor. The time is coming, without doubt, — although I must leave others to prophesy more intelligently of this, — when their power shall be directly felt, not only in our literature but in our polity, and when they shall publicly influ-

ence our civilization. But awaiting that time, I think they may be richly content with the achievement of a woman whom I am very proud to see here, — a woman whose book has done more than the work of any other American to redeem and purify our national life; whose great novel, *Iliad* and parable in one, remains sole and grand as its occasion. I need not name the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin; and in claiming a part of her fame for the magazine which she has so often honored with her contributions, I desire to salute her first of the women to whom we bow in the only toast I shall read. And I hope that another distinguished woman, whose repute in poetry, oratory, and all generous culture has given us the right to expect so much of her, will not think it too much if we expect to hear her voice in response to the toast, 'The girls we have *not* left behind us.' I call upon Mrs. Julia Ward Howe."

MRS. HOWE'S POEM.

The company rose and drank Mrs. Howe's health, when she responded as follows: —

"Ladies and Gentlemen, — One word in courtesy I must say in replying to so kind a mention as that which is made, not only of me, but of those of my sex who are so happy as to be present here to-day. I think, in looking on this scene, of a certain congress which took place in Paris more than a year ago, and was called a congress of literary people, *gens de lettres*. When I heard this was to take place, I immediately bestirred myself to attend its sittings, and went at once to the headquarters to find how I might do so. I then learned, to my great astonishment, that no women were to be included among these *gens de lettres*, — that is, literary people. Now we have thought it a very modest phrase sometimes to plead that, whatever women may not be, they are people. It would seem to-day that they are recognized as literary people, and I am very glad that you gentlemen have found room for the sisterhood to-day, and have placed them so numerously here. I must say that to my eyes the banquet looks very much more cheerful than it would without them. It looks to me as though it had all blossomed out under a new social influence, and be-

side each dark stem I see a rose. But I must say at once that I came here entirely unprovided with a speech, and not dreaming of one; yet I came provided with something. I considered myself invited as a sort of grandmother, — indeed, I am, and I know a grandmother is usually expected to have something in her pocket. I have a very modest tribute to the illustrious person whom we are met to-day to honor, and with your leave I will read it."

Thou metamorphic god !
 Who mak'st this straight Olympus thy abode,
 Hermes to subtle laughter moving,
 Apollo with serener loving ;
 Thou demi-god also !
 Who dost the powers of healing know ;
 Thou hero who dost wield
 The golden sword and shield, —
 Shield of a comprehensive mind,
 And sword to wound the foes of human kind ;

Thou man of noble mold !
 Whose metal grows not cold
 Beneath the hammer of the hurrying years ;
 A fiery breath doth blow
 Across its fervid glow,
 And still its resonance delights our ears.

Loved of thy brilliant mates,
 Relinquished to the fates,
 Whose spirit music used to chime with thine,
 Transfigured in our sight,
 Not quenched in death's dark night,
 They hold thee in companionship divine.

O autocratic muse !
 Soul-rainbow of all hues,
 Packed full of service are thy bygone years ;
 Thy wingèd steed doth fly
 Across the starry sky,
 Bearing the lowly burthens of thy peers.

I try this little leap,
 Wishing that from the deep
 I might some pearl of song adventurous bring.
 Despairing, here I stop,
 And my poor offering drop, —
 Why stammer I when thou art here to sing ?

At the close of Mrs. Howe's poem Mr. Howells said: "The language of graceful appreciation is not rich enough and not varied enough to go round all the distinction of this company; and if I attempted to pay tribute in fit terms to each guest whom I invoked to address us, I feel that I might exhaust it at the second or third speaker.

I have observed, moreover, that nobody listens to introductory eulogies except the victim whom they afflict with a prophetic sense that his turn is coming, and put to the pain of trying to look as if some one else was meant. We may, it seems to me, wisely spare ourselves this. We know one another's worth, and fortunately there is no one here who needs a formal explanation or indorsement from me in this or any other company. I will therefore call upon those whom we hope to hear in as brief terms as possible, leaving to the collective consciousness and the general intelligence the praises which I forbear. We have here among us one from another literary centre, — one whose well-known prowess in killing a bear might well make all the lions present tremble, if he were not one of them himself. I will now introduce to you Mr. Charles Dudley Warner."

MR. WARNER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Warner said: "I have always supposed, until this morning, that the Breakfast Table of the Autocrat was a creation of the fancy. But I see that it is a simple fact, — there is the same long sitting at the table that there was in the book, and more talk than tea. When I was a boy in the western part of Massachusetts, breakfast used to begin by early candle-light, as this one is likely to finish, only at the other end of the day. This is, no doubt, the Boston way. It is the same breakfast of the book, and I think I can recognize most of the familiar characters. I am not going to get myself into trouble by attempting to name them, — to say who stands for the master, and the professor, and the poet, and the divinity student, who has grown up from the boy John, and who might have been the school-mistress who took the long path. But I must be permitted to express my pleasure in seeing here the soldier scholar from Cambridge, the 'Member of the Haouse.'

"They seem to me a very goodly company, whether they were in a manner created by the Autocrat, who has been stirring about in the literary dough so long, or whether they have risen themselves. The literary folk are getting to be plentier every year; the position is n't quite so lonesome as it was in Irving's day, when all the literary

men and women in America might have been put into an omnibus, without the necessity of hanging out *complet*. Plentier, yes; but they could still all be gathered about a few tables like this. I doubt if they are yet considered very necessary people in the world, — not necessary like business men, merchants and brokers, manufacturers, railroad men, cooks, and dress-makers. They are thought to occupy a little supplementary fraction of creation apart, where they humbly labor to amuse the world in its leisure time, when it has an hour to waste, and to support the publishers. Perhaps it is their own fault, mainly, that the literary workers are looked down on by the Philistines. Literature, to many of us, is only a hand-mirror in which we see ourselves, and not a Claude Lorraine glass, such as the Autocrat set up, in which the world is immensely tickled to see itself, distinct as a photograph, and yet refined as a dream.

"But I merely rose, Mr. Chairman, to express my profound gratitude to one of the noblest doctors in any literature, for the cheer and delight I owe him all along in life, ever since I could read. I confess that I did hope, on coming here, to learn the secret by which one arrived at the age of the Psalmist, preserving all the brilliant vigor and youthfulness of a man of forty. Perhaps he will tell us when we come here next time, — when we come in litters or on crutches, or by telephone, or by that other 'phone' which makes the body appear where it is not, — when we come to celebrate his ninetyeth birthday.

"It is my good fortune to be permitted to read a poem, addressed to the guest of the morning, by a lady (I am permitted to do this because the election of school committees has not yet taken place in Massachusetts) whose presence here prevents my saying what I should like to say of her writings. It is written by the poet who dwells in a Grand-Lama-like privacy behind the letters H. H. Nobody knows who she is, and I believe she does not know herself. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I am authorized to announce publicly that H. H. is really the author of certain works of fact and fiction, — I hope I am saying nothing indiscreet, — the maternity of which has been much discussed; of course, I allude to Queechy and Lord Say and Seal, — the

Wide, Wide World is claimed by another person. If I could read this poem so that you would feel the quotation marks, which I see as thickly strewn here as they ought to be in some poems that have none, you would think that the Autocrat himself composed it, though he did not arrange it."

MRS. JACKSON'S POEM.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

All days are birthdays in the life,
The blessed life, that poets live;
Songs keep their own sweet festivals
And are the gifts they come to give.

The only triumph over Time
That Time permits, is his who sings;
The poet Time himself defies,
By secret help from Time's own wings;

From old-age heights descrying dawns,
New dawns more golden far and bright,
"New beacons crowned with brighter flame"¹
Than ever smote his youthful sight.

His "Last Leaf"² flutters, not to fall,
But fifty sunny springs to learn;
His "Comet"³ speeds across the sky,
But year by year will swift return.

His "Pilgrim's Vision"⁴ dims nor wanes;
"Departed Days"⁵ their joys restore
To him whose hand can ever fill
Their hours "from Time's gray urn once more."

Secrets which lilies share with stars,⁶
And Spanish girls in reverie hide,⁷
Which Yankee maidens tell to none,⁸
And oystermen to waves confide,⁹

The "Voiceless"¹⁰ sorrows, which "have known
The cross without the crown of glory," —
All find their voice in him who tells
Them in the poet's tender story.

The "Living Temple" men passed by,¹¹
Too blind to see its "mystic gate,"
Revealed by his sweet minstrelsy
Is full of worship true, though late.

¹ The Secret of the Stars. ² The Last Leaf.
³ The Comet. ⁴ The Pilgrim's Vision. ⁵ Departed Days. ⁶ The Star and the Water-Lily.
⁷ A Portrait: A Spanish Girl in Reverie. ⁸ Our Yankee Girls. ⁹ The Ballad of the Oysterman.
¹⁰ The Voiceless. ¹¹ The Living Temple.

Old "Boston Common's" tangled shade¹
 With legends woven thick as leaves,
 He gleans its harvests old and new,
 And binds them in his shining sheaves.

Great "Freedom," "queen" of all our land,²
 With star "stripes folded on her breast,"
 He crowns with jewels, sings her fair,
 And hails her queen from east to west.

Strong hymns for armies and for saints,
 For brave men lying in the dust,³
 For "Sun-Days" and for days of gloom,
 For "trembling faith" that fears to trust;

For summer and its lilled lakes,⁴
 For winter and its "frozen domes,"⁵
 For glowing hours when "hearts are one,"
 And hands are clasped in happy homes;

For "Chambered Nautilus" a praise⁶
 Which its fair "ship of pearl" insures
 Forever from forgetfulness,
 While memory of man endures;

For shadow with its sudden light⁷
 From distant and unlooked-for sun,
 Like his own pensiveness lit up
 By gleams of unexpected fun;

For visions of young "girlish grace,"
 For grave philosophers that wed,⁸
 For portraits of fair grandmothers⁹
 That have a hundred years been dead,—

All these and countless more beside
 Our poet sings with matchless art,—
 Sings out of his exhaustless store,
 Exhaustless as his poet's heart.

What is the calendar could keep
 Such poet's life in date or name?
 His days are as a thousand years,
 His thousand years and days the same.

All days are birthdays in the life,
 The blessed life, that poets live;
 Songs keep their own sweet festivals,
 And are the gifts they come to give.

Then, Poet, grant us now this boon,—
 So small when all is said and done,—
 Thy verses' birthdays let us keep,
 Hundreds of birthdays in this one!

H. H.

¹ Boston Common: Three Pictures. ² Freedom, our Queen. ³ A Sun-Day Hymn. ⁴ Midsummer. ⁵ Nearing the Snow-Line. ⁶ The Chambered Nautilus. ⁷ Sun and Shadow. ⁸ The Philosopher to his Love. ⁹ Dorothy Q.: A Family Portrait.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S SPEECH.

At the close of Mrs. Jackson's poem, Mr. Howells said: "It must be because the groves of Academe really fringe the sea-coasts of Bohemia that I am able to call upon President Eliot, of Harvard University."

President Eliot said: "Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—How shall I interpolate my unprepared prose into this mass of poetical manuscript? Looking around these tables, and listening to what has been said, I have felt as if this company did not fully understand the friend in whose honor we are met. I see here only one or two representatives of the medical profession. It seems to me that it is my duty to remind all these poets, essayists, and story-tellers who are gathered here, that the main work of our friend's life has been of an altogether different nature. I know him as the professor of anatomy and physiology in the medical school of Harvard University for the last thirty-two years, and I know him to-day as one of the most active and hard-working of our lecturers. Some of you gentlemen, I observe, are lecturers by profession, at least during the winter months. Dr. Holmes delivers four lectures every week for eight months of the year. I am sure the lecturers by profession will understand that this task requires an extraordinary amount of mental and physical vigor. And I congratulate our friend on the weekly demonstration of that vigor which he gives in our medical school. Most of you have perhaps the impression that Dr. Holmes chiefly enjoys a pretty couplet, a beautiful verse, an elegant sentence. It has fallen to me to observe that he has other great enjoyments. I never heard any other mortal exhibit such enthusiasm over an elegant dissection. And perhaps you think that it is the pen with which Dr. Holmes is chiefly skillful. I assure you that he is equally skillful with scalpel and with microscope. And I think that none of us can understand the meaning and scope of Dr. Holmes's writings unless we have observed that the daily work of his life has been to study and teach a natural science,—the noble science of anatomy. It is his to know with absolute exactness the form of every bone in this wonderful body of ours, the course of every artery and

vein and nerve, the form and function of every muscle; and not only to know it, but to describe it with a fascinating precision and enthusiasm. When I read his writings I find the traces of this life-work of his on every page. There are three thousand men scattered through New England at this moment who will remember Dr. Holmes through their lives, and transmit to their children the memory of him, as student and teacher of exact science. And let us honor him to-day, not forgetting—they can never be forgotten—his poems and essays, as a noble representative of the profession of the scientific student and teacher.

MARK TWAIN'S EXPLANATION.

Mr. Howells, on introducing Mr. S. L. Clemens, said: "We will now listen to a few words of truth and soberness from Mark Twain," who rose diffidently and said:—

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I would have traveled a much greater distance than I have come to witness the paying of honors to Dr. Holmes, for my feeling toward him has always been one of peculiar warmth. When one receives a letter from a great man for the first time in his life, it is a large event to him, as all of you know by your own experience. You never can receive letters enough from famous men afterword to obliterate that one, or dim the memory of the pleasant surprise it was and the gratification it gave you. Lapse of time cannot make it commonplace or cheap. Well, the first great man who ever wrote me a letter was our guest,—Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was also the first great literary man I ever stole anything from, and that is how I came to write to him and he to me. When my first book was new, a friend of mine said, 'The dedication is very neat.' Yes, I said, I thought it was. My friend said, 'I always admired it, even before I saw it in *The Innocents Abroad*.' I naturally said, 'What do you mean? Where did you ever see it before?' 'Well, I saw it first some years ago, as Dr. Holmes's dedication to his *Songs in Many Keys*.' Of course my first impulse was to prepare this man's remains for burial, but upon reflection I said I would relieve him for

a moment or two, and give him a chance to prove his assertion if he could. We stepped into a book-store, and he did prove it. I had really stolen that dedication almost word for word. I could not imagine how this curious thing had happened; for I knew one thing, for a dead certainty,—that a certain amount of pride always goes along with a teaspoonful of brains, and that this pride protects a man from deliberately stealing other people's ideas. That is what a teaspoonful of brains will do for a man,—and admirers had often told me I had nearly a basketful, though they were rather reserved as to the size of the basket. However, I thought the thing out and solved the mystery. Two years before I had been laid up a couple of weeks in the Sandwich Islands, and had read and re-read Dr. Holmes's poems till my mental reservoir was filled with them to the brim. The dedication lay on top and handy,—so by and by I unconsciously stole it. Perhaps I unconsciously stole the rest of the volume, too, for many people have told me that my book was pretty poetical, in one way or another. Well, of course I wrote Dr. Holmes and told him I had n't meant to steal, and he wrote back and said in the kindest way that it was all right and no harm done; and added that he believed we all unconsciously worked over ideas gathered in reading and hearing, imagining they were original with ourselves. He stated a truth, and did it in such a pleasant way, and salved over my sore spot so gently and so healingly, that I was rather glad I had committed the crime, for the sake of the letter. I afterward called on him and told him to make perfectly free with any ideas of mine that struck him as being good protoplasm for poetry. He could see by that that there wasn't anything mean about me; so we got along right from the start.

"I have met Dr. Holmes many times since; and lately he said—However, I am wandering wildly away from the one thing which I got on my feet to do, that is, to make my compliments to you, my fellow-teachers of the great public, and likewise to say I am right glad to see that Dr. Holmes is still in his prime and full of generous life; and as age is not determined by years, but by trouble and by infirmities of mind and body, I hope it may be a very long

time yet before any can truthfully say, 'He is growing old.'

MR. HARPER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Howells said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, — We have among us to-day a member of the most ancient and honorable house of book-makers in New York, who I hope will say something to you to allay the animosity prevailing between authors and publishers, which I perceive has now risen to its height. I introduce Mr. J. W. Harper, of New York."

Mr. Harper said: "Mr. Chairman, Publishers and Editor of the Atlantic Monthly, Ladies, and Gentlemen, — For more than a quarter of a century I have been coming to Boston on many happy occasions, and this is one of the happiest. I well remember when I first saw to-day's illustrious guest. It was long ago; not, as our Autocrat expresses it, 'in the year eighteen hundred and ever so few,' nor, as Thackeray has it, 'when the present century was in its teens.' It was just after the close of the last half century, and on a cold winter afternoon, when the sun was fast setting behind the then ungilded dome of the State House, and it was in old Bromfield Street. It was not in the Bromfield Street Methodist Church, nor in the contiguous Methodist inn, known as the Bromfield House, which for many years might have been the convenient resort of good Methodist elders, and of the peripatetic presiding elders, who were called by the genial Bishop Wainwright the 'bob-tailed bishops' of their flocks and districts. Doubtless that comfortable inn, with its hospitable sheds, was well known to you, Mr. Chairman. You were then the assistant superintendent of the Bromfield Street Sunday-school, and you were at that time a young man, and a most exemplary young man, for your home was then, as now, in Cambridge; and in those days all the young men in Cambridge were exemplary. In fact, the elective course was unknown!

"I was in the large stable adjoining the Bromfield House, endeavoring to secure a sleigh, when there entered a gentleman, apparently of my own age. He came in quickly, and with impatience demanded

the immediate production of a team and sleigh, which, though ordered for him, had somehow been forgotten. The new-comer, it was evident, was not to be trifled with. There was no nonsense about him, and I was not surprised in the least when, a few years later, I learned that he had become an Autocrat.

"On that particular night he had a long drive before him, for he was to lecture at Newburyport, or Nantasket, or Nantucket, or some other then unannexed suburb of Boston. I doubt if the horse survived the drive, and I am quite certain he is not now living. But the driver lives, and the young New Yorker who then admired him, and would fain have driven with him on that cold winter night, has since, in common with thousands of other New Yorkers, been filled with grateful admiration for what that driver has done for literature and for the happiness and improvement of the world.

"It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that the peculiar province of the New Yorker is to admire. The *nil admirari* does not belong to him, and I think that is to his credit; for when a man ceases to admire, he ceases to feel. True, the New Yorker sometimes admires the wrong thing, and so does the Londoner, very often the Parisian, and possibly, once in a great while, the Bostonian! We are all of us sometimes apt to admire vulgar success, instead of the thing that deserves success. But, as a rule, patriotic New York sympathizes with whatever is noble and worthy, whether it be at one time the attempt to overthrow a corrupt ring, or at another the assertion of political independence. And I venture to declare, Mr. Chairman, that not here, nor even in your proud Memorial Hall of Cambridge, is there greater reverence for things which Massachusetts holds sacred than in my own native Knickerbocker city. In the same way that, as a nation, we love England for her lessons of freedom, so do patriotic citizens of New York, and throughout our whole Union, love Massachusetts for all her traditions of liberty.

"*Nil admirari*, 'to wonder at nothing, O Numicius, is about the only thing to make and keep a man happy!' This, Mr. Chairman, I think our honest Autocrat, had he edited that epistle, would have said, in a vigorous note, is the sentiment of the snob.

The man who is afflicted with what the late Mr. Bristed, in his entertaining book on English University Life, calls *eironeia*; in other words, the swell, the Dundreary, the Sir Charles Coldstream, the man who pretends to be worse than he is, who represses enthusiasm, who would stifle honest admiration of the beautiful and good, and who affects to be a fool, ends generally by being what he affects to be. But I protest, Mr. Chairman, that this young man, or this old man, — for he's old and decrepit when young, — this Mantalini, this ape, is not a New Yorker any more than he is a Bostonian or an Englishman. Surely he hails not from our stalwart West or impetuous South, yet it is a melancholy reflection that he is indigenous to the best society everywhere. To be natural and unaffected and truthful and reverent is to be a gentleman, or, better, a good man, or a good woman, — a Colonel Newcome, if you like, or such a woman as we find in that recent beautiful illustration of young New England womanhood, The Lady of the Aroostook.

"I intimated, Mr. Chairman, that it was the peculiar province of New York to admire Boston. I ought to say that it is a privilege which New York appreciates. It is a privilege to visit your beautiful city, fast becoming the most beautiful city on the continent, to know your brave, earnest men of Massachusetts, and a greater privilege to know your noble women, — ay, and to know that our New York homes, derived from Dutch and English ancestry, are brightened and refined and bettered by many a fair Rose Standish, whose wise and wifely ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.

"On this occasion it is a very great privilege to join with you, my good and esteemed friends, the publishers of The Atlantic Monthly, in honoring your authors. Your catalogue as publishers and your list of contributors to The Atlantic Monthly (and as a publisher I say it with honest admiration) are, indeed, a roll of honor! But your authors are not yours only; they are the nation's, because their thoughts and words have become part of the nation's life. To apostrophize them in the language of a great master, 'Noble and illustrious names! kind friends, teachers, benefactors! Who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of

applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honor to the literary calling in the honor which it bestows upon you?' "

MR. STEDMAN'S POEM.

As Mr. Harper sat down, Mr. Howells said: "This is all so good and true — especially in its appreciation of character in a certain fiction which shall be nameless — that I think we had better try another New Yorker. I will invoke now a gentleman whose presence we could wish was as familiar to us as his poetry, — Mr. E. C. Stedman."

Mr. Stedman prefaced his poem with a brief speech and then read the following :

I.

'T was the season of feasts, when the blithe birds had met
In their easternmost arbor, an innocent throng,
And they made the glad birthday of each gladder yet,
With the daintiest cheer and the rarest of song.

II.

What brave *tirra-lirras*! But clear amid all,
At each festival held in the favorite haunt,
The nightingale's music would quaver and fall,
And surest and sweetest of all was his chant.

III.

At last came the nightingale's fête, and they sought
To make it the tunefullest tryst of the year,
Since this was the songster that oftenest caught
The moment's quick rapture, the joy that is near.

IV.

But, alas, half in vain the fine chorus they made,
Fresh-plumed and all fluttering, and uttering their best;
For silent among them, so etiquette bade,
To the notes of his praisers sat listening the guest.

V.

Quel dommage! Must a failure, like theirs, be our feast?
Must our chorister's voice at his own fête be still,
While he thinks, "You are kind. May your tribe be increased.
But at this I can give you *such* odds if I will"?

VI.

What avail, fellow-minstrels, our crotchets and staves,
 Though your tribute, like mine, rises straight
 from the heart,
 Unless, while the bough on his laurel-bush
 waves,
 To his own Sngerfest the one guest lends
 his art ?

VII.

Whose swift wit like his, with which none dares
 to vie,
 Whose carol so instant, so joyous, and true ?
 Sound it cheerly, dear Holmes, for the sun is
 still high,
 And we're glad, as he halts, to be outsung
 by you.

MR. ALDRICH'S SPEECH.

When the applause which followed Mr. Stedman's poem allowed him to speak, Mr. Howells said : " We have given New York her innings, and I think we should now like to hear from a metropolis nearer home. I shall call upon a gentleman from Ponkapog, familiar to us both in person and in poetry, — Mr. T. B. Aldrich."

Mr. Aldrich said : " I am quite in the condition of the late Artemus Ward, who said that he felt he had the gift of oratory, but that he did n't happen to have it about him. I cannot, however, let this hour pass without alluding to a certain characteristic of our honored friend which no one has yet touched upon. I mean his judicious and inexhaustible kindness to his younger brothers in literature. In the midst of a life singularly crowded with duties, he has always found time to hold out a hand to the man below him. It is safe to say that within the last twenty-five years no fewer than five thousand young American poets have handsomely availed themselves of Dr. Holmes's amiability, and sent him copies of their first book. And I honestly believe that Dr. Holmes has written to each of these immortals a note full of the keenest appreciation and the wisest counsel. I have seen a score of such letters from his busy pen, and — shall I confess it ? — I have one in my own possession. Twenty years ago I printed a volume of boyish verse : the first copy that came from the binder's was dispatched to the ' Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' — as if he had been waiting for it. In return I received

the kindest letter ever written by a celebrity to an obscurity. It virtually told me not to make any more verses unless I could make better ones. It told me this, but with such delicate frankness of phrase that it seemed to me as if the writer had laid his hand in tender reproof upon my shoulder, as an elder brother might have done. The fresh and subtle learning of the Autocrat, the humor and pathos of the Poet, that sky-lark quality of note in his lyrics, — he could not have perfected all these precious gifts, if God had not given him the most sympathetic of human hearts."

MR. WINTER'S POEM.

" I don't think it will be well," Mr. Howells resumed, " for me to attempt any geographical distribution of the next gentleman, who, exiling himself from his native Cambridge, has made his home in another city. His voice, whether heard in speech or in song, is always musical, and I trust we shall hear it now. I call upon Mr. William Winter, of Nork York."

Mr. Winter, after a few preliminary remarks, of a playful character, read his poem, — naming it for the occasion *Hearts and Holmes*, — which is here, by his request, entitled

THE CHIEFTAIN.

I.

If that glad song had ebbed away,
 Which, rippling on through smiles and tears,
 Has bathed with showers of diamond spray
 The rosy fields of seventy years, —
 If that sweet voice were hushed to-day,
 What should we say ?

II.

At first we thought him but a jest,
 A ray of laughter, quick to fade :
 We did not dream how richly blest
 In his pure life our lives were made ;
 Till soon the aureole shone, confest,
 Upon his crest.

III.

When violets fade the roses blow ;
 When laughter dies the passions wake,
 His royal song, that slept below,
 Like Arthur's sword beneath the lake,
 Long since has flashed its fiery glow
 O'er all we know.

IV.

That song has poured its sacred light
On crimson flags in Freedom's van,
And blessed their serried ranks who fight
Life's battle here for Truth and Man, —
An oriflamme, to cheer the Right
Through darkest night!

V.

That song has flecked with rosy gold
The sails that fade o'er Fancy's sea;
Relumed our storied days of old;
Presaged our glorious life to be;
And many a sorrowing heart consoled
In grief untold.

VI.

When, shattered on the loftiest steep
The statesman's glory ever found,
That heart, so like the boundless deep,
Broke, in the deep no heart can bound,
How did his dirge of sorrow weep
O'er WEBSTER's sleep!

VII.

How sweetly did his spirit pour
The strains that make the tear-drops start,
When, on this bleak New England shore,
With Tara's harp and Erin's heart,
He thrilled us to the bosom's core
With thoughts of MOORE!

VIII.

The shamrock green on Liffey's side,
The lichen 'neath New England snows,
White daisies of the banks of Clyde,
Twined ardent round old Albion's rose,
Bloom, in his verse, as blooms the bride,
With love and pride.

IX.

The silken tress, the mantling wine,
Red roses, summer's whispering leaves,
The lips that kiss, the hands that twine,
The heart that loves, the heart that grieves, —
They all have found a deathless shrine
In his rich line!

X.

Ah, well! that voice can charm us yet,
And still that shining tide of song,
Beneath a sun not soon to set,
In golden music flows along.
With dew of joy our eyes are wet, —
Not of regret.

XI.

For still, as comes the festal day,
In many a temple, far and near,
The words that all have longed to say,
The words that all are proud to hear,
Fall from his lips with conquering sway,
Or grave or gay.

XII.

No moment this for passion's heat,
Nor mine the voice to give it scope,
When Love and Fame and Beauty meet
To crown their Memory and their Hope!
I cast white lilies, cool and sweet,
Here, at his feet.

XIII.

True bard, true soul, true man, true friend
Ah, gently on that reverend head,
Ye snows of wintry age, descend;
Ye shades of mortal night, be shed!
Peace guide and guard him to the end,
And God defend!

MR. TROWBRIDGE'S POEM.

Mr. Howells introduced Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, who read a poem entitled

FILLING AN ORDER.

To Nature, in her shop one day, at work compounding simples,
Studying fresh tints for Beauty's cheeks, or new effects in dimples,
An order came: she wiped in haste her fingers and unfolded
The scribbled scrap, put on her specs, and read it, while she scolded.

"From Miss Columbia! I declare! of all the upstart misses!
What will the jade be asking next? Now what an order this is!
Where's Boston? Oh, that one-horse town out there beside the ocean!
She wants — of course, she always wants — another little notion!

"This time, three geniuses, A 1, to grace her favorite city:
The first a bard; the second wise; the third supremely witty;
None of the staid and hackneyed sort, but some peculiar flavor,
Something unique and fresh for each, will be esteemed a favor!
Modest demands! as if my hands had but to turn and toss over
A Poet veined with dew and fire, a Wit, and a Philosopher!

"But now let's see!" She put aside her old, outworn expedients,
And in a quite unusual way began to mix ingredients, —
Some in the fierce retort distilled, some pounded by the pestle, —
And set the simmering souls to steep, each in its glowing vessel.

In each, by turns, she poured, she stirred, she skimmed the shining liquor,
Threw laughter in, to make it thin, or thought,
to make it thicker.

But when she came to choose the clay, she found, to her vexation,

That, with a stock on hand to fill an order for a nation,

Of that more finely tempered stuff, electric and ethereal,

Of which a genius must be formed, she had but scant material —

For three? For one! What should be done?
A bright idea struck her;

Her old witch-eyes began to shine, her mouth began to pucker.

Says she, "The fault, I'm well aware, with genius is the presence

Of altogether too much clay, with quite too little essence,

And sluggish atoms that obstruct the spiritual solution;

So now, instead of spoiling these by over-much dilution,

With their fine elements I'll make a single, rare phenomenon,

And of three common geniuses concoct a most uncommon one,

So that the world shall smile to see a soul so universal,

Such poesy and pleasantry, packed in so small a parcel."

So said, so done; the three in one she wrapped, and stuck the label:

Poet, Professor, Autocrat of Wit's own Breakfast Table.

SOME OF THE LETTERS.

Mr. Howells: "Ladies and Gentlemen, — I think it is only fair at this point that we should hear the defense of those who put themselves in writing, not being present. Mr. Osgood has certain letters which he will read."

Mr. Osgood then read the following letters: —

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
WASHINGTON, 25 November, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — I am obliged to you for inviting me to a breakfast in honor of the seventieth birthday of Dr. Holmes. Nobody enjoyed his breakfast-table talk some years ago more than I did. Seventy years used to seem a great age, but I can't think of Dr. Holmes as growing old. I am sorry I can't enjoy the breakfast with him. May

he still live many years, — happy himself, and, as he always has done, making others happy. Sincerely, R. B. HAYES.

CAMBRIDGE, November 14, 1879.

GENTLEMEN, — I cannot decline your kind invitation without a word of preface. Between my brother and myself there has never been but one subject of rivalry, — that of age; and there I long since gained the day, — having found myself generally considered his superior on this point. This circumstance has placed me in a *quasi* paternal attitude toward him, and gives me a double claim to enjoy the pleasant evidence of his success which you now offer.

As intermediary between my brother and a casual portion of society, I have been made the depository of many favorable opinions in his behalf, and can honestly say that I have never accepted any commission for my services, in the way of personal compliment. Employed, as I have so often been, as an opaque sentient medium to transmit rays of appreciation without loss of heat by absorption, I am pleased to report to you the uniform success of the experiment.

I wish my brother all that he would himself select from the bouquets of good-will that are made up for such occasions, and freely tender him that title to seniority of which I have so long deprived him.

As on a former occasion, I feel unwilling to seat myself among our *littérateurs*, on the score of my scant authorship, — even with the added plea of brotherhood to your guest.

I thank you, therefore, gentlemen, for the attention, and regret that I must decline your invitation.

Respectfully yours, JOHN HOLMES.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, }
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., }
22 November, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — If it were possible for all of his friends who would gladly take your guest by the hand personally to appear at your feast, they would come as the leaves come when forests are rended; and as he sits among you, honoring and honored, and watches the orators pouring out their homage in sincerely eloquent speech and song, he will see behind each one of

them, as in the old pictures of saints, the cloud of witnesses innumerable filling the distance with their "All hail!" None of the brilliant company, poet, or orator, or wit, or story-teller, will breathe a strain of gravity, or humor, or fancy which will not seem to be his own; for, of all our masters in literature, Holmes is the one of whom it will be said: "He touch'd the tender stops of various quills."

I do not dare to write as fully as I can all that is in my grateful heart for him and for his works. But with all his triumphs there was one thing that he could not do until this year. Never before could he show that at seventy the heart of the man may be still the boy's unworn heart of truth and generous loyalty, and as we sit around the table, — if you will allow me to believe myself among you, — and look at him and listen to him, we can wish for each other no fairer fortune than to be just as old and as young as Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Most truly, his friend and yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

1623 H STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., }
November 30, 1879. }

MY DEAR SIRs, — Not distance, but winter, keeps me from your festival. Your guest has ever been so ready to recognize what is praiseworthy in others, that he has twice over the right to be honored for his mastery over the two great instruments of thought, poetry and prose; and over both the most excellent words of human life, the joyous and gay, and the serious and serene.

But as to believing that his seventieth birthday is at hand, I hold him, and shall continue to hold him, in my mind and in my affections, as having an inalienable right to all the freshness and sincerity and vivacity of youth, with gravity struggling hard to keep dominion over his countenance, and laughter escaping for shelter to his eyes; he himself being always true to his friends and true to his country at any cost.

Give him my best wishes for his happiness, as they rise from my heart, and may he live longer than I have time to tell his years.

Your own well-wisher and friend,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

MR. CRANCH'S SONNET.

Mr. C. P. Cranch, on being introduced to the company, said he had a small paper life-preserver in his pocket, in the shape of a sonnet, which he could use at any moment, if he found himself swimming too far beyond his depth in this unaccustomed element of public speech. He wanted to congratulate Dr. Holmes on his health, strength, and youthful appearance. He remembered another seventieth birthday celebration, — that of Mr. Bryant, at the Century Club in New York, at which Dr. Holmes read one of his brilliant poems. That was fifteen years ago, yet how gently time has touched him! We are tempted to apply to him the familiar but still appropriate old lines, —

"Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
His infinite variety. Others cloy
The appetite they feed. But he makes hun-
gry
When most he satisfies."

Mr. Cranch said that he made this an easy transition, or as musicians would say, a *modulation* into another chord, and then read the following sonnet: —

A fountain in our green New England hills
Sent forth a brook, whose music, as I stood
To listen, laughed and sang through field
and wood,
With mingled melodies of joyous rills.
Now, following where they led, a river fills
Its channel with a wide, calm, shining flood,
Still murmuring on its banks, with change-
ful mood.
So, Poet, sound thy "stops of various quills,"
Where waves of song, wit, wisdom, charm our
ears
As in thy youth, and thoughts and smiles
by turns
Are ours, grave, gay, or tender. Time for-
gets
To freeze thy deepening stream. The stealthy
years
But bribe the Muse to bring thee amulets
That guard the soul whose fire of youth still
burns.

COLONEL HIGGINSON'S SPEECH.

Mr. Howells said: "Ladies and Gentle-
men, — I will next introduce a gentleman so
well known otherwise that I can only hope
to achieve novelty by presenting him to you
in his character of legislator, — Colonel T.
W. Higginson."

Mr. Higginson said: "I am one of those whose contributions to the pages of *The Atlantic* have of late years not been very abundant, but whose presence at its public breakfasts and dinners has been unflinching and conscientious. And I can truly say that I have never attended any more satisfactory than this, when one of the traditions of years has been broken and the hospitality of the invitation has been as comprehensive as that conveyed on a political handbill which I saw displayed during the heated canvass last year, when in a notice of a meeting were these words: 'On this occasion ladies, without distinction of sex, will be welcome.' Mr. Chairman, and Mr. Autocrat, Mr. Publisher, — and shall I say, Messrs. Publishers and Publisheresses, — it used to be said by Dr. Johnson, or somebody, that poetry was like brown bread: those who made it in their own households never thought much of what they found anywhere else. I am sure it is not true of the poetry of the present day, and least of all is it true in Boston. And in regard to the prose writers, I have not failed to notice the serenity which has marked those among us who are ready to draw our swords upon one another on any other occasion. It is pleasant for an active literary man to look around at this social meeting and see near him at the board some one whom he is preparing to annihilate in the next issue of the Contributors' Club, and whose calmness of countenance can only be understood on the theory that he himself has some experiment of annihilation to try on you, which will appear in the next number but one. All these little, temporary, superficial matters disappear in the great unity of feeling which has prevailed up to this time among the literary men of America; at any rate, they are all lost in the recognition of one Autocrat.

"I have noticed that the gentlemen who have spoken before me have indulged in little personal reminiscences. Mine are perhaps of a tenderer nature than those of any who have preceded. I shall always, to my dying day, look with deepest affection on Dr. Holmes as having been the very last man who publicly in print, before all the world, spoke of me as 'my young friend.' It touched my heart very much at the time; it was more than eighteen

years ago. I should like to speak of that most delightful of sunny old men, the father of Dr. Holmes, whom I knew and loved when I was a child and hardly knew that there was such a person as Dr. Holmes in the world. The Autocrat once said, and it was an admirable truth, that to have a thorough enjoyment of letters it was needful that a man should have tumbled about in a library when he was a boy. I was brought up in Cambridge, my father's house being next door to that of Dr. Holmes's gambrel-roof house, and the library I most enjoyed tumbling about in was the same in which his infant gambols had first disturbed the repose of the books. I shall always remember a certain winter evening, when we boys were playing before the fire, how the old man, gray and gentle and kindly as any typical old German professor, and never complaining of our loudest gambols, — how, going to the frost-covered window, he sketched with his penknife what seemed a cluster of brambles and a galaxy of glittering stars, and above that he wrote: *Per aspera ad astra*, — Through difficulties to the stars. He explained to us what it meant. I have never forgotten that quiet winter evening and the sweet talk of that old man. What the asperities were that he had encountered in the education of his own children I did not take the liberty to inquire. There was something in the hastily sketched thicket that was suggestive of young birch-trees, but that may have been only imagination. As I see our friend here, now in his age that seems so like youth, I remember that wintry evening, and I think of him. His difficulties in life, his *aspera*, have been few; may his passage to the stars be distant."

THE END.

At the close of Colonel Higginson's speech Mr. Howells arose and said: "It is related of the Emperor Charles the Fifth that he satisfied the ardor of the Bolognese for titles by waving his sword above an assembly of all the citizens and proclaiming them '*Todos nobles!*' Profiting by this eminent example, I pronounce you from this point all orators."

The company slowly dispersed; many gathering again about Dr. Holmes to repeat their congratulations.

THE UNREAD TRIBUTES.

There was a necessary limit to the reading of poems, the delivery of speeches, and the naming of letters from absent friends, but it is possible to preserve in this record some of the responses to the invitation, and words of acknowledgment, which were missed in the hearing.

MR. FIELDS'S FAIRY TALE.

Mr. James T. Fields was one of those from whom word was expected. A lecture engagement compelled him to leave the room shortly after the speaking began, or he would have read the following fairy tale:—

Once upon a time a company of good-natured fairies assembled for a summer moonlight dance on a green lawn in front of a certain picturesque old house in Cambridge. They had come out for a midnight lark, and as their twinkling feet flew about among the musical dewdrops, they were suddenly interrupted by the well-known figure of the village doctor, which, emerging from the old mansion, rapidly made its way homeward.

"Another new-born mortal has alighted on our happy planet," whispered a fairy gossip to her near companion.

"Evidently so!" replied the tiny creature, smiling good-naturedly on the doctor's footprints in the grass.

"That is the minister's house," said another small personage, with a wink of satisfaction.

"Perhaps it is a boy," ejaculated Fairy Number One.

"I know it is a boy!" said Fairy Number Two. "I read it in the doctor's face when the moon lighted up his countenance as he shut the door so softly behind him."

"It is a boy!" responded the fairy queen, who always knew everything, and that settled the question.

"If that is the case," cried all the fairies at once, "let us try what magic still remains to us in this busy, bustling New England. Let us make that child's life a happy and a famous one, if we can."

"Agreed," replied the queen; "and I will lead off with a substantial gift to the little new-comer. I will crown him with Cheerfulness, a sunny temperament brimming over with mirth and happiness!"

"And I will second your majesty's gift to the little man," said a sweet-voiced creature, "and tender him the ever-abiding gift of Song. He shall be a perpetual minstrel to gladden the hearts of all his fellow mortals."

"And I," said another, "will shower upon him the subtle power of Pathos and Romance, and he shall take unto himself the spell of a sorcerer whenever he chooses to scatter abroad his wise and beautiful fancies."

"And I," said a very astute-looking fairy, "will touch his lips with Persuasion; he shall be a teacher of knowledge, and the divine gift of Eloquence shall be at his command, to uplift and instruct the people."

"And I," said a quaint, energetic little body, "will endow him with a passionate desire to help forward the less favored sons and daughters of earth, who are struggling for recognition and success in their various avocations."

"And I," said a motherly-looking, amiable fairy, "will see that in due time he finds the best among women for his companionship, a helpmeet indeed, whose life shall be happily bound up in his life."

"Do give me a chance!" cried a beautiful young fairy, "and I will answer for his children; that they be worthy of their father, and all a mother's heart may pray that Heaven will vouchsafe to her."

And after seventy years had rolled away into space, the same fairies assembled on the same lawn at the same season of the year, to compare notes with reference to their now famous protégé. And then and there they declared that their magic had been thoroughly successful, and that their charms had all worked without a single flaw.

Then they took hands, and dancing slowly around the time-honored mansion, sang this roundelay, framed in the words of their own beloved poet:—

"Strength to his hours of manly toil!
Peace to his star-lit dreams!
He loves alike the furrowed soil,
The music-haunted streams!

"Sweet smiles to keep forever bright
The sunshine on his lips,
And faith, that sees the ring of light
Round Nature's last eclipse!"

LETTERS OF REGRET.

PHILADELPHIA, November 22d.

GENTLEMEN,— I am sincerely sorry that I cannot accept your invitation to be present at your pleasant celebration of Dr. Holmes's birthday. I must content myself to be one with all the rest of the world who delight to honor your good poet every day in their own homes. Very truly,

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, }
WASHINGTON, 18th November, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — It would give me the greatest possible pleasure to be present at the reception and breakfast to be given on December 3d in honor of the birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and I regret very sincerely that my official duties will not permit me to leave Washington about that time. With my best thanks for the honor you have done me by your kind invitation, I remain,

Very truly yours,

C. SCHURZ.

BOSTON, November 19th.

GENTLEMEN, — I regret that my engagements will prevent me from accepting your invitation to be present at the breakfast in celebration of the seventieth birthday of Dr. Holmes. It is my hope and trust that you and he will live to be present at the celebration of his hundredth birthday, when he may look back to the treasures of wit, learning, and wisdom contributed to the literature of his country with even more satisfaction than that with which we all point to his achievements in letters during the past thirty or forty years. One thing appears certain, that he can never grow old, in the mental and moral sense of the term. It is impossible to read his later poems without being impressed by the spirit of youthfulness with which they are animated; and age is of small account when the mind preserves its elasticity and the heart its warmth. Very sincerely yours,

E. P. WHIPPLE.

YALE COLLEGE, }
NEW HAVEN, November 25th. }

GENTLEMEN, — I had hoped till within a day or two to be able to accept your very polite invitation to be present at the reception and breakfast of Wednesday. I find, however, that I cannot do so consistently with my duties and engagements, which at this season are more than usually pressing. It would give me especial pleasure to render honor to the man of seventy who, however long he may live, can never grow old, and, however late he may die, will show that he is loved of the gods, in that he will surely die young. Although I have not always been able to accept his physiological and theological theories, and have sometimes thought they have reached

the extremes of ultra-Calvinism, I have never failed to yield my heart to the wit, the wisdom, and the pathos which he never fails to enshrine in flowing prose or sparkling verse. With greetings to the Autocrat, I am very respectfully yours,

NOAH PORTER.

661 FIFTH AVENUE, }
NEW YORK, November 25th. }

GENTLEMEN, — I am truly sorry that it is not in my power to accept your kind invitation. It would give me the sincerest pleasure to join in the honors to the beloved poet, who, from my pupil in the university, has become my teacher in the high school of life. I would fain add a leaf to the laurel which will crown his brow, and confess my debt for the smiling wisdom, the exquisite humor, the joyous hilarity, the tender pathos that softens the lambent wit of the man who, on the verge of old age, has never grown old, but with the experience of years preserves the freshness of youth.

With my best wishes that the light of his eventide may long shine with the morning beauty of his early manhood, I am, most cordially, his friend and yours,

GEORGE RIPLEY.

COURIER-JOURNAL COMPANY, }
LOUISVILLE, November 26th. }

GENTLEMEN, — If anything short of a famine could induce me to travel all the way from Kentucky to Boston to dine, it would be your hospitable invitation to meet Dr. Holmes and to join his immediate neighbors in doing honor to his seventieth birthday. But I am unable so to arrange it. The best I can do to compensate myself for the loss, and to repay you for your kind remembrance of me, is to devote the time when I should be eating and drinking, and, it might be, speaking, in his praise and to his health, to such a memorial at long range as shall best express the affection in which he is held by Kentucky and the Kentuckians, as a poet and as a genial, patriotic man.

Believe me, we all love him sincerely, and are proud of him, and we warm to you because you love him and are proud of him. I remain, gentlemen, with great respect,

HENRY WATTERSON.

PHILADELPHIA, *November 27th.*

GENTLEMEN, — Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to assist at the proposed festival of a great man, whom all men honor, were it not for my miserable condition and the increased suffering which I endure whenever I attempt to travel. . . . In my enforced and most reluctant absence, permit me to wish Dr. Holmes, and the distinguished friends who will gather about him on the memorable 3d of December, all possible joy on the occasion of a festival which, though it should be of Rabelaisian proportions, can hardly repay him the pleasures which he through the majority of his seventy years has given to the world. Yours very sincerely, GEO. H. BOKER.

1215 J STREET, WASHINGTON.

GENTLEMEN, — I deeply regret that fate will not be so good to me as to allow me to be among the fortunate ones who are to meet on the 3d to greet the Poet at the Breakfast Table. But at least fate cannot prevent me from wishing, no less for the thousands who love him than for the poet himself, many, many happy returns of the day. Yours sincerely,

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

GENTLEMEN, — Thanks for the kind invitation with which you have honored me. I would gladly testify my respect for Oliver Wendell Holmes by attending the reception on the 3d of December, but I am too old to share in public festivities. I can only write to say that I am grateful to him for many pleasant hours, which I owe to his philosophic thoughts, scintillating with sparkles of wit, like deep waters sprinkling sun diamonds as they flow. I also thank him for the healthy tones of pure domestic affection which breathe through his writings; showing that he habitually estimated woman not merely as the petted plaything, with bright eyes, coral lips, and shining hair, but as the beloved and respected friend, companion, and partner of man's life. May his fine faculties remain unimpaired till the soul changes its form and passes into a larger and freer life. L. MARIA CHILD.

HAMILTON, *November 19, 1879.*

MISS MARY A. DODGE deeply regrets that an expected absence from town pre-

vents her from accepting the polite invitation of the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly* to a reception and breakfast at the Hotel Brunswick, on December 3, 1879, at twelve o'clock, in honor of the thirty-fifth birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes (which by mistake appears in the note of invitation as the seventieth).

MURRAY HILL, 19 East 37th Street, }
November 20, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — Nothing would have given me more pleasure than to participate in the honor you propose to render to Dr. O. W. Holmes, — the first of our wits, among the first of our poets, and who as an essayist, in his peculiar line, has no equal on either side of the Atlantic, — but I regret that my engagements will not allow me to be absent from New York at the time. With many wishes for your success, I remain yours most truly,

PARKE GODWIN.

EDGEWOOD, }
Thanksgiving Day, *November, 1879.* }

GENTLEMEN, — Illness only has forbidden an earlier acknowledgment of your enticing invitation for the 3d proximo.

I cannot forbear sending from my sick-room words of cheer for the veteran wit, philosopher, humanitarian, humorist, — how shall I characterize him?

I do not know what sort of pabulum he is used to provide for patients in the practice of his special profession; but if it be one half so well weighed and so well put as that which he has furnished in times past — between book covers — for the whole English-reading world, he must have wrought amazing cures.

One wonders how such a man as Dr. Holmes should ever grow old himself or let others grow old about him. Blessings on him! Very truly yours,

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

NORTH BEND, OHIO, }
November 24, 1879. }

DEAR SIRs, — I regret that it will be impossible for me to be present at the breakfast to be given by you in honor of the seventieth anniversary of Dr. Holmes's birthday, and to pay my humble respects in person to the delightful poet. It would have given me great pleasure to be among the fortunate, and of course hungry, guests

at such a breakfast table, and to sit in the electric atmosphere of the happy Autocrat, who, I trust, will live to prove his charming fancy of the Seventy-Year Clock, in his own case, at least, a fable and a dream, taking no note of time thereby, but, instead, continuing to

Drink of Time's rich cup, and never surfeit,
Fling in more days than went to make the gem
That crowned the white top of Methusalem.

Thanking you for your kind invitation,
I remain very truly yours,

JOHN J. PIATT.

P. S. The above quotation may be said to be a *Lamb* chop, and therefore, I hope, not unbecoming a breakfast table.

29 WAVERLEY PLACE, }
NEW YORK, November 18, 1879. }

DEAR SIRs, — I thank you for your kind invitation to the festival of December 3d, which is just received.

I have never known a greater social pleasure than to meet Dr. Holmes, nor is there a man on earth whom I should more delight to join in honoring, but I shall not be able to share these enjoyments with you on this occasion. I am very truly yours,

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, }
BALTIMORE, November 29, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — I have delayed a reply to your attractive invitation to the breakfast to be given in honor of Dr. Holmes, hoping that I should be able to accept; but it is now quite clear that I cannot leave my post, and I must be content to send you my thanks. In this new university we consider "the Professor at the Breakfast Table" as one of the permanent members of the academic staff, and though we do not hear his voice or see his smile we feel his power and enjoy his wit. As the years go on we expect that new generations of young Hopkinsians will delight, as their predecessors have done, in the humor and poetry which "the Professor at the Breakfast Table" has brought to the Harvard festivals, — the salt of many a banquet. With sincere regret that I must be absent, I am, dear sirs, yours sincerely,

D. C. GILMAN.

NEW HAVEN, November 24th.

DEAR SIRs, — Accept my sincere thanks for your invitation to the breakfast

in honor of the birthday of our distinguished poet, prose writer, and scientist, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and my regrets that circumstances personal to myself will prevent my attendance.

Do me the favor also to convey to your honored guest my expressions of esteem for his character and admiration for his writings. . . . In all English literature I do not know any prose but that of the Autocrat and the Professor which can be put on an equality, for brightness and lightness and flexibility, with the rapier-like prose of Voltaire, About, and some other famous Frenchmen. It has been a piece of good fortune, not merely for the American republic of letters, but also for our mother tongue, that Dr. Holmes has lived.

May the valuable life be continued for many years to come. Very respectfully yours,

J. W. DEFORD.

WASHINGTON, D. C., }
November 22, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — I am much obliged and much honored by your invitation to the reception and breakfast you propose to give at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, on the 3d December, in honor of the seventieth birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes. . . . But I must be content to send you my thanks and my regret that I cannot be with you. I know Oliver Wendell Holmes only as he is known to the millions, — as a man of letters and a man of high character, one of the most brilliant of American authors and scholars, a poet and a philosopher; one whose genial wit has often brushed away clouds of care and sadness from the thoughtful brow of Boston, and mantled our land generally with smiles of joy and gladness.

Though I cannot be with you in person, I shall rejoice with you that the days of Oliver Wendell Holmes have been thus long in the land; that he has reached what Victor Hugo calls "the youth of old age;" that his life has been a success to himself, a source of pride to Boston, an honor to men of letters, a help and a happiness to countless thousands of his countrymen. With my best wishes for the continuance of his life and health, and the hope that I may yet have the pleasure of celebrating one or more of his future birthdays, I am,

gentlemen, with very great respect, very truly yours,
FREDK. DOUGLASS.

46 PARK AVENUE, }
NEW YORK, November 20th. }

GENTLEMEN, — There is a doctor here in New York who thinks I ought not to go anywhere or do anything, and he frowns upon my accepting your invitation to the Holmes breakfast. . . . But I take the liberty to send my congratulations to your honored guest on his arrival at the venerable dignity which crowns so many of his stately and tuneful brotherhood in Eastern Massachusetts. . . . I have often been saddened by words which showed that he was drifting away from his youth with regret. Allusions to the fact that he was growing old have crept into merry song and dainty fantasy. . . . I have been sorry for this, because I and a great multitude of others have enjoyed Dr. Holmes's life about as much as he has himself; so that if life could be measured by the amount of pleasure and satisfaction it begets, he must have been living at a tremendous rate, and have crowded into these brief seventy years of his the age of Methuselah, at least. . . . He has lived young, and done a great deal to help the rest of us to do so, for which we owe him a large debt of gratitude. . . . Yours very truly,

J. G. HOLLAND.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER, }
PHILADELPHIA, November 27, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — It has rarely happened to me to write the word "regret" with stronger sense of its meaning than when I have to write my inability to join the Atlantic company at breakfast next Wednesday, and the festival to mark the seventieth birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I wish I could be there to note the many O. W. H.'s combined into one in him, when they all reach the day that completes the three score and ten together, to see which is older, oldest, or youngest, — the physician curé of the body, the keen but genial wit, the charming raconteur, the poet, the philosopher, the man (rare man who is so many men), — which of these comes to the score of seventy with most of the freshness and vigor of youth, tempered by the maturing influence of years.

We have autocratic authority for be-

lieving "they do well to [breakfast] together. A breakfast party made up of such elements is the last triumph of civilization over barbarism. Nature and art combine to charm the senses; the equatorial zone of the system is soothed by well-studied artifices; the faculties are off duty, and fall into their natural attitudes; you see wisdom in slippers and science in a short jacket."

These are real feasts of wit, intellect, and good-fellowship; and I only half express my regret when saying, I am very, very sorry I can't be there. Very truly yours,
GEORGE W. CHILDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 1, 1879.

GENTLEMEN, — I have delayed until today my answer to your kind invitation to the dinner given in honor of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the hope that it might be possible for me to come, but I now see that it is out of my power. I earnestly wish I could be with you to congratulate your honored guest upon the attainment of the age which Victor Hugo calls "*la jeunesse de la vieillesse*."

Through a long life of literary work — for his first successes were won in his boyhood — he has carried with him the respect and the affection of a constantly growing multitude of readers, and if all who love and admire him could be permitted to give him each a day of their lives his years would extend beyond those of Methuselah. Certainly few men could have their days indefinitely prolonged with equal pleasure and profit to the world. As artist and moralist he is equally blameless. In all his works there is not to be found a slovenly line nor an impure thought. We may all, therefore, with as much selfishness as regard for the public good, heartily wish him long life and undiminished powers. I am faithfully yours,
JOHN HAY.

PALAZZO BARBERINI, ROME, }
Wednesday morning, December 3, 1879. }

DEAR MR. HOUGHTON, — I have just received the invitation of the publishers of The Atlantic Monthly to breakfast today and meet Oliver Wendell Holmes, who I am informed is seventy years of age. I don't believe it. He is as young as ever he was, as full of life and genius and humor as ever he was, and it is all humbug;

he is only a boy. He told me so himself, he has told several persons of my acquaintance the same fact, and I know he meets other "boys" and reads poems to them every year ridiculing their absurd pretensions of being old. But it is a besetting sin of young creatures to pretend to be old. Let him wait; he will get old in time — perhaps; I am not sure. I know some extremely wise and serious fellows of twenty-one who are really old, but I doubt if he ever will be. I accept with the greatest pleasure. I know there will be great fun, and excellent talk, and speeches *ad lib.*, to all of which I shall listen with great pleasure. It is now just a quarter to eleven o'clock, and the breakfast is to begin this very day at twelve. This will just give me time to get there. I shall take the lightning express at half past eleven, and be with you in a flash, so that I shall be able to get back here to a late dinner. I don't

mind postponing my dinner for an hour for the pleasure of meeting a young friend, and telling him how I admire and delight in him, and all he is and all he does, and trying to encourage him to go on. There are so few young people left, we must keep all we have. I shall, in our phrase, "be happy to meet him as an American," and as an (I came very near saying *old*) friend. Please say to him for me, "Bless you, my boy!"

How lucky it was I got your invitation in time! How lucky there is such a thing as electricity and a lightning train! Yours most faithfully,

W. W. STORY.

There were other letters from invited guests who were unable to attend, which would have found a place in this record except for the unfortunate fire which destroyed them before they were placed in the editor's hands.

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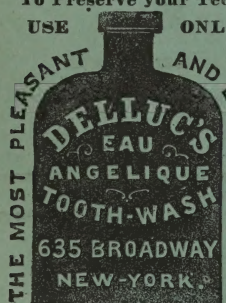
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A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XLV. — MARCH, 1880. — No. CCLXIX.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

II.

THE JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ADMINISTRATION, 1825-1829.

THERE was little cordiality, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, between the occupants of the Capitol and of the Executive Mansion, or, as it has been called since the occupation of Washington by the British, the White House. The interior of the building was then burned, and the exterior walls were so blackened by the smoke that they were painted white to conceal the marks of the conflagration.

Mr. Adams, who had been defeated by the people, and whose election by the house of representatives was believed by many to have been secured by a bargain between his friends and those of Henry Clay, sought to conciliate his opponents by attempting in his inaugural message to ignore party lines. In this he followed the example of Mr. Jefferson, who commenced his administration, erected on the overthrow of his political antagonists, with the memorable declaration, "We have called by different names brethren of the same principle; we are all republicans, — we are all federalists." His early appointments were made without regard to the political opinions of the appointees, and he ap-

peared determined so to distribute his "patronage" as neither to reward his partisans nor to proscribe his opponents. Instead of harmonizing the personal feuds between the friends of those who had been candidates with him, he antagonized each one with his administration at the earliest possible moment, and before the expiration of his first year in the White House he had wrecked the republican party left by Monroe as completely as his father had wrecked the federal party established by Washington.

Mr. Adams's failure in the administration of an office for which he had been educated inspired him with a wayward and an obstinate spirit of contrariety. He was honest, in the common acceptance of the word, yet his sense of political morality was so warped that he was dogged and daring without the advantages accruing from honesty. The federalists hated him, because he had deserted their ranks, in which he naturally belonged; while the democrats (or republicans, as they called themselves) distrusted him, because they knew that at heart he was their enemy. He was faithful to his public duties, not only examining the details of executive business, as it was transacted in the different departments, but passing many of his evenings in mechanically signing

patents and land-warrants. His annual and special messages to Congress displayed immense information and profound reflection; but many of the recommendations made in them were cold abstractions, of no practical value, and they were never heeded.

The president had married, when in London, Miss Louisa Catherine Johnson. Her father was an American by birth, but just before the Revolution he went to England, where he resided until after the independence of the colonies had been recognized. His brother, then the governor of Maryland, obtained the passage of an act by the Assembly of that State establishing his title to lands which would otherwise have been confiscated, and he returned to the United States, where he was appointed superintendent of revenue stamps. Mrs. Adams was well educated, highly accomplished, and well qualified to preside over the domestic affairs at the White House. She had four children, — three sons and one daughter, — of whom one only, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, survived her. It is related, as evidence of her good sense, that on one occasion Mrs. Mason, of Analostan Island, called, accompanied by two or three other ladies belonging to the first families of Virginia, to enlist Mrs. Adams in behalf of her son-in-law, Lieutenant Cooper (afterwards adjutant-general of the United States army, and subsequently of the Confederate forces), who wanted to be detailed as an aid-de-camp on the staff of General Macomb. Mrs. Adams heard their request, and then replied: "Truly, ladies, though Mesdames Maintenon and Pompadour are said to have controlled the military appointments of their times, I do not think such matters appertain to women; but if they did, and I had any influence with Mr. Adams, it should be given to Mrs. Scott, with whom I became acquainted while traveling last summer."

Mr. Adams's private secretary was his

son, John Adams, who had inherited many of his peculiarities, and who soon made himself very obnoxious to the friends of General Jackson. One evening, Mr. Russell Jarvis, who then edited *The Washington Telegraph*, a newspaper which advocated Jackson's election, attended a "drawing-room" at the White House, escorting his wife and a party of visiting relatives from Boston. Mr. Jarvis introduced those who were with him to Mrs. Adams, who received them courteously, and they then passed on into the east room. Soon afterwards they found themselves standing opposite to Mr. John Adams, who was conversing with the Rev. Mr. Stetson. "Who is that lady?" asked Mr. Stetson. "That," replied Mr. John Adams, in a tone so loud that the party heard it, "is the wife of one Russell Jarvis, and if he knew how contemptibly he is viewed in this house they would not be here." The Bostonians at once paid their parting respects to Mrs. Adams and withdrew, Mr. Jarvis having first ascertained from Mr. Stetson that it was Mr. John Adams who had insulted them. A few days afterwards, Mr. Jarvis sent a note to Mr. John Adams, demanding an explanation, by a friend of his, Mr. McLean. Mr. Adams told Mr. McLean that he had no apology to make to Mr. Jarvis, and that he wished no correspondence with him. Considering his personal relations with the president, he had no right to be at the drawing-room.

A week later, Mr. John Adams went to the Capitol to deliver messages from the president to each house of Congress. Having delivered that addressed to the speaker of the house of representatives, he was going through the rotunda toward the senate-chamber, when he was overtaken by Mr. Jarvis, who pulled his nose and slapped his face. A scuffle ensued, but they were quickly parted by Mr. Dorsey, a representative from Maryland. President Adams noti-

fied Congress in a special message of the occurrence, and the house appointed a select committee of investigation. Witnesses were examined and elaborate reports were drawn up, but neither the majority nor the minority recommended that any punishment be inflicted upon Mr. Jarvis.

Mr. John Adams was married, while his father occupied the White House, to his mother's niece, Miss Mary Hellen, of Washington. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Hawley, of St. John's Church, and General Ramsay, who was one of the groomsmen, is authority for the statement that the president, usually so grave and unsocial, unbent for the nonce, and danced at the wedding ball, in a Virginia reel, with great spirit.

Mr. Adams found the furniture of the White House in a dilapidated condition. Thirty thousand dollars had been appropriated by Congress for the purchase of new furniture during the administration of Mr. Monroe; but his friend, Colonel Lane, commissioner of public buildings, to whom he had intrusted it, became insolvent, and died largely in debt to the government, having used the money for the payment of his debts, instead of procuring furniture. When an appropriation of fourteen thousand dollars was made, to be expended, under the direction of Mr. Adams, for furniture, he took charge of it himself, and one of his first acts was to buy the silver plate of Mr. Crawford. This was severely criticised by the democratic press, as was the purchase of a billiard-table for the White House, about which so much was said that Mr. John Adams finally paid the bill from his own pocket.

Mrs. Adams won popularity at Washington by the graceful manner in which she presided over the hospitalities of the White House. The stiff formality of the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Washington and Mrs. John Adams, and the free-

and-easy "receptions" of Mr. Jefferson's daughters, had been combined by Mrs. Madison into what she christened "levees," at which all ceremonious etiquette was banished, and no requisitions were made beyond those which regulated good society in private houses. Mrs. Monroe, who had mingled in the fashionable circles of London and Paris, as well as of her native city of New York, had continued these evening levees; and Mrs. Adams, in turn, not only kept up the custom, but improved the quality of the refreshments, which were handed around on waiters by servants. State dinners were also given during the sessions of Congress, to which such senators and representatives as had called at the White House to pay their respects were invited, and Mrs. Adams left no opportunity unimproved for making the administration of her husband popular.

Mr. Adams used to rise between four and six o'clock, according to the season, and either take a ride on horseback, or walk to the Potomac River, where he bathed, remaining in the water for an hour or more in the summer. Returning to the White House, he read two chapters of Scott's Bible and the corresponding commentary of Hewlett, and then glanced over the morning papers and the budgets sent from the departments until nine, when he breakfasted. From ten until four he remained in the executive office, presiding over cabinet meetings, receiving visitors, or considering questions of state. Then, after a long walk, or a short ride on horseback, he would sit down to dine at half past five, and after dinner resume his public duties.

On one occasion, Mr. Adams imperiled his life by attempting to cross the Potomac in a small boat, accompanied by his son John and by his steward, Michael Antoine Giusta, who had entered his service at Amsterdam in 1814. Intending to swim back, they had taken off nearly all of their clothes, which

were in the boat. When about half-way across, a gust of wind came sweeping down the Potomac; the boat filled with water, and they were forced to abandon it and swim for their lives to the Virginia shore. By taking what garments each one had on, Antoine managed to clothe himself decently, and started across the bridge to Washington. During his absence, Mr. Adams and his son swam in the river, or walked to and fro on the shore. At last, after they had been about three hours undressed, Antoine made his appearance with a carriage and clothing, so they were able to return to Washington. Mr. Adams purchased that day a watch, which he gave Antoine to replace one which he had lost in the boat, and he alluded to the adventure in his journal that night as "a humiliating lesson, and a solemn warning not to trifle with danger." A few weeks later a revolutionary veteran named Shoemaker, who had been for thirty years a clerk in the general post-office, went in to bathe at Mr. Adams's favorite spot, the Sycamores, was seized with cramp, and was drowned. The body was not recovered until the next morning, while Mr. Adams was in the water; but the incident did not deter him from taking his solitary morning baths, which he regarded as indispensable to health.

Mr. Adams took great interest in arboriculture, and was a constant reader of Evelyn. He had planted in the grounds of the White House the acorns of the cork-oak, black walnuts, peach, plum, and cherry stones, apple and pear seeds, and he watched their germination and growth with great interest. A botanic garden was established under his patronage, and naval officers were instructed to bring home for distribution the seeds of such grains and vegetables as it might seem desirable to naturalize.

Henry Clay, as secretary of state, was the most important member of Mr. Adams's cabinet. He had obtained his

position, it was asserted, by a bargain, and this was flung in his face with great pertinacity by his political opponents. The foreign policy of the administration, which encouraged the appointment of a minister to represent the United States in the Congress of American Republics at Panama, although in accordance with the "Monroe doctrine," was denounced as federalism. Mr. Clay, who had never been a federalist, did not wish to be regarded as a restorer of the old federal party, and he accordingly began to create the whig party, of which he naturally became the leader.

Mr. Clay made a good secretary of state; but his place was in Congress, for he was formed by nature for a popular orator. He was tall and thin, with a rather small head and gray eyes, which peered forth less voluminously than would have been expected in one possessing such eminent control of language. His nose was straight, his upper lip long, and his under jaw light. His mouth, of generous width, straight when he was silent, and curving upward at the corners as he spoke or smiled, was singularly graceful, indicating more than any other feature the elastic play of his mind. When he enchained large audiences, his features were lighted up by a winning smile, the gestures of his long arms were graceful, and the gentle accents of his mellow voice were persuasive and winning. Yet there has never been a more imperious despot in political affairs than Mr. Clay. He regarded himself as the head-centre of his party, — "*L'état, c'est moi*," — and he wanted everything utilized for his advancement. The other members of the cabinet soon espoused his cause, or became the partisans of General Jackson, and Mr. Adams found himself deserted by those whose support he had reason to expect.

The diary of Mr. Adams shows that, while he never complained to his cabinet that they had deserted him, he felt

bitterly disappointed that he was not the choice of the politicians and of the people for reelection. He would not, however, even write a few pleasant words of thanks (when asked to do so) to an editor who supported him; neither would he appoint to, or remove from, office any one because of an individual preference for or against himself. Distinguished politicians from different sections of the country, who would call on him while sojourning at Washington, would be treated with glacial frigidity, and perhaps be unceremoniously dismissed, that he might take a solitary walk, or ride on horseback. General Jackson was meanwhile being brought before the public, under the direction of Aaron Burr, Martin Van Buren, and Edward Livingston, as a "man of the people." They had persuaded him to resign his seat in the senate of the United States, where he might have made political mistakes, and retire to his farm in Tennessee, while they flooded the country with accounts of his military exploits and his social good qualities. Daniel Webster told Samuel Breck, as the latter records in his diary, that he knew more than fifty members of Congress who had expended and pledged all they were worth in setting up presses and employing other means to forward Jackson's election.

The supreme court then sat in the room in the basement of the Capitol, now occupied as a law library, which has an arched ceiling supported by massive pillars that obstruct the view, and which was badly ventilated. But it was rich in traditions of hair powder, cues, ruffled shirts, knee-breeches, and buckles. At that time no justice had ever sat upon the bench in trousers, nor had any lawyer ventured to plead in boots, or wearing whiskers. Their honors, the chief-justice and the justices, wearing silk judicial robes, were treated with the most profound respect. When Mr. Clay stopped, one day, in an argument,

and advancing to the bench took a pinch of snuff from Judge Washington's box, saying, "I perceive that your honor sticks to the Scotch," and then proceeded with his case, it excited astonishment and admiration. "Sir," said Mr. Justice Story, in relating the circumstance to a friend, "I do not believe there is a man in the United States who could have done that but Mr. Clay."

Mr. Justice Washington, who inherited Mount Vernon, where his remains lie interred near those of his illustrious uncle, George Washington, was a small, insignificant-looking man, deprived of the sight of one eye by excessive study. He was a rigid disciplinarian and a great stickler for etiquette, and on one occasion he sat for sixteen hours without leaving the bench. He was also a man of rare humor. One day, as the judges were disrobing, after having heard Senator Isham Talbot, of Kentucky, argue a case with extraordinary rapidity of utterance, he dryly remarked, "Well, a person of moderate wishes could hardly desire to live longer than the time it would take Brother Talbot to repeat moderately that four hours' speech we have just heard."

Chief-Justice Marshall, who had then presided in the supreme court for more than a quarter of a century, was one of the last survivors of those officers of the revolutionary army who had entered into civil service. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a small head and bright black eyes. He used to wear an unbrushed, long-skirted black coat, a badly fitting waistcoat and knee-breeches, a voluminous white cambric cravat, generally soiled, and black worsted stockings, with low shoes and silver buckles. He was a rapid walker, and he never wore an outer garment, even in the most inclement weather. A great judge, prominent among the mighty intellects of his epoch, and uniting inflexible honesty with rare genius, he was greatly endeared to those who knew him in private life, and his

homeliness and slovenliness were attractive, as epicures value the cobwebs on a bottle of old wine. Pitching quoits was his favorite amusement, and when his iron circle "rung the Meg," or so fell that it encircled the peg at which he had thrown it, he exhibited childish joy.

Mr. Chief-Justice Marshall was originally a federalist, and many of Mr. Adams's friends thought that if General Jackson should be elected president he would resign, and Mr. Justice Johnson, of South Carolina, would be made chief-justice. "Then," predicted Daniel Webster, "in half an hour Mr. Justice Washington and Mr. Justice Story will resign. A majority will be left with Mr. Johnson, and every constitutional decision heretofore made will be reversed." This prediction was not realized, as Chief-Justice Marshall remained on the bench until his death, which occurred near the middle of General Jackson's second presidential term.

The circle of what was termed "good society" at Washington had been, and was then, very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few senators or representatives brought their wives to cheer their congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings. A few diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at head-quarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction. The most friendly and cordial intercourse prevailed, and those who met at dinner parties and at evening entertainments were like members of one family, in general sympathy.

The costume of the ladies was classic in its scantiness, especially at balls and parties. The fashionable ball dress was of white India crape, and five breadths, each a quarter of a yard wide, were all that was asked for to make a skirt, which only came down to the ankles, and was elaborately trimmed with a dozen or

more rows of narrow flounces. Silk or cotton stockings were adorned with embroidered "clocks," and thin slippers were ornamented with silk rosettes and tiny buckles.

Those gentlemen who dressed fashionably wore "Bolivar" frock-coats of some gay-colored cloth, blue, or green, or claret, with large lapels and gilded buttons. Their linen was ruffled; their "Cossack" trousers were voluminous in size, and were tucked into high "Hessian" boots with gold tassels. They wore two and sometimes three waist-coats each, of different colors, and from their watch-pockets dangled a ribbon, with a bunch of large seals. When in full dress, gentlemen wore dress-coats with enormous collars and short waists, well-stuffed white cambric cravats, small-clothes, or tight-fitting pantaloons, silk stockings, and pumps.

One of the leading belles was the daughter of General Adair, a stately Kentucky beauty, who had married Colonel Joseph M. White, the delegate from Florida, and was known as "Florida White." Visiting Europe afterwards, she was received in the highest circles, and among other characteristic stories told of her is her attendance at a fancy ball given by one of the Bonaparte family. On receiving the invitation, she called on the hostess, and asked what she should wear. "Why," replied the princess, "wear an American costume. Have you no original American costumes?" "Oh, no," said Mrs. White, "we follow your fashions." "But," answered the princess, "you are a Kentuckian. Have you no Indians in Kentucky?" Mrs. White took the idea, and appeared at the ball as an Indian girl, gay with beads and feathers, with a quiver at her back and a bow in her hand. Her tall, stately, and graceful figure never appeared to greater advantage, and she was afterwards known as "*la belle sauvage*."

Great Britain was then represented

by Mr. Charles Richard Vaughan, a trained diplomat, whose urbanity and hospitality contributed largely to the social enjoyments of Washington. The delightful manner in which he managed not to offend the sensibilities of the citizens, which smarted under the recollections of the British raid on the capital, was displayed when he was by a mistake invited with other dignitaries to attend a dinner on Independence Day. Knowing well that the staple of the toasts and of the speeches on that occasion would be abuse of the British, which he could not quietly listen to, he wrote a polite response, saying that he must decline, as he thought that he should be indisposed on the Fourth of July.

Prominent as an adopted citizen of Washington and as a personal friend of President Adams was Dr. Wm. F. Thornton, superintendent of the patent office. He had resided in the house on F Street adjacent to that occupied by Mr. Adams when secretary of state, and the two families were very intimate. Dr. Thornton was the original architect of the Capitol, and he had by personal appeals to his conquering countrymen, in 1814, saved the patent office, with its models, from the general conflagration of the public buildings. He was also a devoted lover of horse-racing, and on one occasion, when he expected that a horse of his would win the cup, Mr. Adams walked out to the race-course to enjoy the doctor's triumph, but witnessed his defeat. After his death and the death of his accomplished wife, it became known that she was the daughter of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, of London, who was executed for forgery in 1777. Her mother emigrated to Philadelphia soon afterwards, under the name of Brodeau, and brought her infant daughter with her. In Philadelphia, she opened a boarding-school, which was liberally patronized, as she had brought excellent letters of recommendation, and displayed great ability as a teacher. The daugh-

ter grew up to be a lady remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments, and married Dr. Thornton, who brought her to Washington in 1800. It is not believed that she was aware that she was the daughter of Dr. Dodd, although her husband was, and mentioned it to some of his intimate friends.

Another noted resident of English birth was Thomas Law, a younger brother of Lord Ellenborough, who had held a high civil trust in British India, and who came to the United States, it was said, to avoid being called as a witness against Warren Hastings. He brought with him half a million of dollars in gold, which General Washington advised him to invest in real estate in Washington, and, when this advice had been followed, consented to his marriage to his wife's granddaughter, Miss Annie Custis. Neither the investment of his affections nor of his money proved satisfactory, for he quarreled with his wife, and his real estate, when sold after his death, did not bring one quarter of what he had paid for it. He was a very eccentric man, one of his habits being to carry in his hands a piece of dough, which he constantly manipulated, to preserve the thread of his story in conversation. Such was his absence of mind that on asking, one day, at the post-office if there were any letters for him, he was obliged to confess that he did not remember his name; but when, a few moments afterwards, a friend addressed him as "Mr. Law," he hurried back, gave the address, and received his mail. He was an inveterate gambler, and once sent a man to Paris with a programme for breaking the banks of the gambling houses there. Instead of breaking a bank, the unlucky agent lost every cent of his money, and was obliged to work his passage home, to be reproached by Mr. Law for not having succeeded.

Mrs. Law's brother was George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, who resided

at Arlington, an estate on the Virginia bank of the Potomac, which he had inherited from his grandmother. It was his delight to indulge in recollections of the *Pater Patriæ*, although the old inhabitants used to say that many of his reminiscences were apocryphal. "I ought to know," he used to say. "Taken from my orphaned cradle to his paternal arms, nourished at his board, cherished by him from childhood to manhood, I ought to know something of the first president of the United States and the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon." Mr. Custis was a short, stout, ruddy-faced gentleman, who resembled the traditional British fox-hunting squire, and who was an enthusiastic sportsman, a miserable painter, and a tolerable farmer.

A protégé of General Washington's, whose name is identified with Washington city, died in its vicinity soon after Mr. Adams became president. It was Pierre Charles l'Enfant, whose design for laying out the metropolis is just beginning to be displayed to advantage. A native of France, educated as an officer of engineers, he tendered his services and his sword to the United States early in the revolutionary struggle. Having distinguished himself in several engagements, receiving a severe wound at the siege of Savannah, he was subsequently sent by General Washington to France, to have executed there his designs for the diploma and the badge of the Order of the Cincinnati. A few years later, he was employed to design a plan for the federal city and to lay it out, but he soon became embroiled with the commissioners and was discharged. He then became an unsuccessful petitioner before Congress for a redress of his real and fancied wrongs, and his tall, emaciated figure, enveloped in an old green surtout coat and crowned with a napless beaver hat, was well known at the Capitol.

Ireland contributed to the educated society of the district the widow and the

son of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the ill-starred founder of the United Irishmen, an association which had unsuccessfully attempted the emancipation of Ireland. The young man, who bore his father's name, had inherited his genius, and was thoroughly acquainted with his romantic career. A life of the father, by the son, contained much information concerning the Irish rebellion, and shed much light on many important transactions. The younger Tone was commissioned in the United States army, and wrote a treatise on Light Artillery.

Eleazar Williams, who afterwards figured as the Lost Prince of the Bourbon House, was at Washington during the Adams administration, and was then known as "the half-breed Seneca Indian preacher." He was lobbying in favor of the ratification of a treaty under which the Senecas residing in the State of New York were to be removed to Michigan, and it was rumored that he was well paid for his services by those who wanted to have the New York lands vacated. Nearly every winter there was a delegation of Indians at Washington on some similar errand, in the full glory of war-paint, leggins of scarlet cloth, bright blue blankets, pouches embroidered with porcupine quills, and with stolid looks of self-complacency.

The visit of General Lafayette to Washington had given a great impetus to free-masonry there. The cornerstone of a new masonic temple was laid, and many of the leading citizens had taken the degrees, when the rumored abduction of William Morgan was made the basis of a political and religious anti-masonic crusade. It was asserted that Morgan, who had written and printed a book which professed to reveal the secrets of free-masonry, had been kidnapped, taken to Fort Niagara, and then plunged into the river, "with all his imperfections on his head." Many well-informed persons are of the opinion that he was hired to go to Smyrna, where he

lived some years, and then died; but his real or supposed assassination awakened a profound indignation. Many good men who belonged to "the mystic tie" felt it their duty to dissolve their connection with it, and the anti-masonic party was at once got up by a goodly number of hopeful political aspirants. As General Jackson and Mr. Clay were both "free and accepted masons," Mr. Adams had at first some hopes that he might secure his reelection as the anti-masonic candidate, but those hopes were speedily dissipated.

A small theatre was occasionally opened by a company of actors from Philadelphia, who used to journey every winter as far South as Savannah, performing in the intermediate cities as they went and returned. The Jeffersons, the Warrens, and the Burkes belonged to this company, in which their children were trained for histrionic fame, and President Adams first saw the elder Booth when that tragedian accompanied one of these dramatic expeditions as its brightest star. On another occasion he saw Edwin Forrest, then unknown to fame, and enjoyed the finished acting of Cooper as Charles Surface, in the *School for Scandal*. The popular performance at that time was *Tom and Jerry*, or *Life in London*, and the flash sayings of Corinthian Tom and Bob Logic were quoted even in congressional debates.

Card-playing was then a fashionable and popular amusement, and the Guelphs and the Ghibelines who withstood each other in debate would meet fraternally at whist tables, enlivened by their "keen encounter of wits." Grave political questions were often discussed while the shuffling and dealing was going on, by that class of congressmen who hoped that by rubbing their opinions together a light might be struck at last. Refreshments were usually served at nine o'clock, and midnight seldom found the players out of bed.

Sunday was religiously observed at

Washington. The prominent denominations had, by collections taken up throughout the country, raised funds for the erection of churches dedicated to their respective creeds, and the Unitarians had been especially well cared for by their New England brethren, who had not only aided them liberally in the erection of their place of worship, but had given them a fine-toned bell. During the sessions of Congress, there was some divine service on Sunday mornings in the hall of the house, the chaplains of the two bodies officiating alternately. Sunday afternoon was a favorite time for dinner parties, followed by political conferences. How to elect or how to defeat General Jackson was the subject of prolonged discussion among those interested on the one side or the other.

Washington was also favored once a year with a discourse, generally in the open air, by that celebrated itinerant, Lorenzo Dow. The style of his impassioned oratory was as singular as the matter of his sermons and his personal appearance. He was then a middle-aged man, tall and well formed, with remarkably pale and emaciated features, long black hair, and a heavy black beard. He spoke with great earnestness, and many "who came to scoff remained to pray."

Christmas was then observed in the District of Columbia as a high day and a holy-day. The descendants of the gallant Episcopal cavaliers of Virginia, of the sturdy Presbyterians of Scotland, and of the devout Romanists of Maryland united with the newly arrived immigrants from New England in making Christmas a merry day for all. Glad peals of swinging bells ushered in the morning, while young and old, bond and free, rejoiced that the sacred birthday had come again. The yule-log blazed on ample hearths; huge punch-bowls were filled with apple-toddy or egg-nog; dining-rooms were green with holly and cedar; bands of young masqueraders

went about with jokes and gambols; and as the night came on, fair maidens were kissed under the mistletoe boughs, while the happy negroes sang in rude style an equivalent for the carols of Old England. When the old year was rung out and the new year was rung in, there was a visiting observance of the day which President Washington had inaugurated when the federal government was located at New York; but Christmas was the favorite holiday.

Newspaper "organs" formed an important feature of the early political machinery at Washington. Railroads as well as the magnetic telegraph were then unknown, and it took two days or more for the transmission of intelligence between the federal metropolis and New York, while it was a week or two in reaching Portland, St. Louis, New Orleans, or Savannah. This made it advisable for each successive administration to have a newspaper published at Washington, which would reliably inform the subordinate officials what was being done, and keep alive a sympathy between them and the president. The "outs" and prominent aspirants for the presidency also had their organs, to keep their partisans advised of what was going on, and to secure uniformity of action.

The National Intelligencer was never devoted to Mr. Adams, as its proprietors had a kind regard for Mr. Clay, but it was always hostile to the election of General Jackson. Mr. Joseph Gales, its editor, wrote ponderous leaders on the political questions of the day, and occasionally reported, in short-hand, the speeches of congressional magnates. His partner, Mr. W. W. Seaton, attended to the business of the establishment, and by hospitable attentions to congressmen secured the public printing and several lucrative typographical jobs. During Mr. Adams's administration these matters were investigated by a committee of the house of representatives, but there

was no evidence of any intention to defraud the government.

The National Journal had been established as a Calhoun organ, with John Agg, an Englishman of great ability, as its editor, and Richard Houghton, afterwards the popular editor of the Boston Atlas, as its congressional reporter. In 1825 the paper was purchased by Peter Force (afterwards noted as a bibliologist), and became the "hand-organ" of all the elements of opposition of General Jackson. Such abusive articles and scurrilous remarks as the dignified National Intelligencer would not publish appeared in the columns of the National Journal. Some of these articles, which reflected upon the character of Mrs. Jackson, gave great offense to her husband, who was persuaded that they were inspired by President Adams.

Mr. Houghton was succeeded as congressional reporter for the National Journal by Eliab Kingman, a graduate of Brown University, who inaugurated Washington correspondence with the press. Others had written letters to some one paper, but Mr. Kingman was the first to write to several journals in different places, sending to all the same items of news in different forms. Among the other newspaper men in Washington were William Hayden, congressional reporter for the National Intelligencer, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Houghton as editor of the Boston Atlas; Lund Washington, equally famed as a performer on the violin and a writer of short-hand; James Gordon Bennett, afterwards the founder of the New York Herald, who wrote spicy political letters for the New York press; S. L. Knapp, a graduate of Dartmouth, who abandoned the law for journalism, and corresponded with the Boston Gazette; James Brooks, a graduate of Waterville, afterwards the founder of the New York Express and a representative in Congress, who was the correspondent of the Portland Advertiser; and J. S.

Buckingham, who used to write editorial letters to his paper, the Boston Courier. Mrs. Ann Royal was the only "interviewer" and the only female writer for the press, and she published her impressions of men and things in an annual volume, which was supplemented in later years by *The Huntress*.

The administration of Mr. Adams, which had been commenced in harmony, ended in disappointment. General Jackson, when he came to Washington after his election, was received with high honors, and the apartments which had been fitted up for him at Gadsby's National Hotel were thronged, while the White House was deserted. Mr. Justice Story wrote to his wife that "Mr. Adams has no more favors to bestow, and he is now passed by with indifference by all the fair-weather friends. They are all ready

to hail the rising sun. Never have I felt so forcibly the emptiness of public honor and public favor."

General Jackson, who had in previous years accepted courtesies from Mr. Adams, did not call on him, in accordance with usage, on his arrival at Washington. Mr. Adams, stung by this neglect, determined not to play the part of the conquered leader at the inauguration, and quietly removed to the house of a friend in the suburbs on the morning of the 3d of March. When General Jackson was being inaugurated, amid the shouts of the assembled thousands, Mr. Adams was taking his usual constitutional horseback exercise. The artillery salute, fired when his successor had taken the oath of office, must have reached his ears, and notified him that he was again a private citizen.

PEPITA.

SCARCELY sixteen years old
Is Pepita! (You understand,
A breath of this sunny land
Turns green fruit into gold:

A maiden's conscious blood
In the cheek of girlhood glows;
A bud slips into a rose
Before it is quite a bud!)

And I in Seville, — sedate,
An American, with an eye
For that strip of indigo sky
Half-glimpsed through a Moorish gate, —

I see her, sitting up there,
With tortoise-shell comb and fan;
Red-lipped, but a trifle wan,
Because of her coal-black hair;

And the hair a trifle dull,
Because of the eyes beneath,

And the radiance of her teeth
When her smile is at its full !

Against the balcony rail
She leans, and looks on the street ;
Her lashes, long and discreet,
Shading her eyes like a veil.

Held by a silver dart,
The mantilla's delicate lace
Falls each side of her face
And crosswise over her heart.

This is Pepita, — this
Her hour for taking her ease :
A lover under the trees
In the *calle* were not amiss !

Well, I must needs pass by,
With a furtive glance, be it said,
At the dusk Murillo head
And the Andalusian eye !

In the Plaza I hear the sounds
Of guitar and castanet ;
Although it is early yet,
The dancers are on their rounds.

Softly the sunlight falls
On the slim Giralda tower,
That now peals forth the hour
O'er broken ramparts and walls !

Ah, what glory and gloom
In this Arab-Spanish town !
What masonry, golden-brown,
And hung with tendril and bloom !

Place of forgotten kings ! —
With fountains that never play,
And gardens where day by day
The lonely cicada sings !

Traces are everywhere
Of the dusky race that came,
And passed, like a sudden flame,
Leaving their sighs in the air !

Taken with things like these,
Pepita fades out of my mind :

Pleasure enough I find
In Moorish column and frieze.

And yet I have my fears,
If this had been long ago,
I might—well, I do not know—
She with her sixteen years!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD.

I.

MR. GEORGE BARROW was walking rapidly up Broadway one October afternoon. He had an appointment to keep, and so, to judge by their anxious haste, had most of his neighbors, who pushed by each other, or dexterously evaded the opposite current of sidewalk travel. The chief interruption to the hurrying stream lay in the slower movement of impotent folk, children, and women who were charmingly unconscious of blocking the way, and babbled of whatever came into their heads as freely as if they were in a country lane. Two ladies in the middle of the stream were so very leisurely in their movements that they seemed constantly to be dropping behind in the tide of travel. Successive companies passed them, and Mr. George Barrow, in his turn, overtook them and slackened his pace. He was too much preoccupied to notice who they were, but in a momentary dislocation of the crowd he had an opportunity to pass. By a common accident at such times, one of the pair retreated a pace, and he stood for a moment by the side of her companion. He was impatient to push on, but was detained by the press in front of him just long enough to hear from his neighbor the words,—

“Mr. George Barrow? My dear Helen, I confess to being in love with that gentleman.”

At the mention of his name, he instinctively raised his hat and turned his head, but before he could look on his neighbor he had caught the rest of the sentence, and darted forward; a suppressed note of dismay told him that he had been discovered, and he pressed on more rapidly, as if he might thus obliterate the incident. His errand took him shortly down a side street, and walking at a more leisurely pace he was able to reflect.

He was still blushing a little; he was also smiling to himself. The accident seemed so odd, so entirely independent of his will, that he could consider it without in the slightest degree apologizing to himself. It was plain that the candid young lady who uttered the confession supposed herself making it to her friend; he had himself more than once made a like blunder when walking in a crowded street, but he could not remember ever having divulged any important or tender secret, least of all to the person from whom he would most carefully have guarded it. At this, he readily admitted to himself that the confession he had heard could scarcely be an unreserved one. Whatever theories might be held as to the solitude of a great city, he could not assent to one which would make it reasonable for a young lady to utter such a confidence on Broadway, if it were anything more than an extravagant mode of stating an ordinary interest

in him. Still, the most modest man is open to subtle flattery in unguarded moments; and he blushed again, as he asked who among his acquaintances and friends could possibly have delivered herself of even so much truth as lay at the bottom of this extraordinary declaration. He had not noticed the dress or the figures of the two ladies; he recalled perfectly the pleasant voice in which the words were spoken, but he tried in vain to associate it with any one whom he knew. Besides the voice, the only clue which he had was in the name of the friend; and here again he was obliged to confess that amongst his somewhat limited range of acquaintance there was no one whom he knew as Helen. Helen herself was naturally of less interest to him than Helen's confiding friend, and he returned to the voice and the words, as if they might yet yield the secret. There was a half-jesting tone in the sentence, — of that he was sure; but he would fain believe that the other half was of sincerity.

It was the sincerity, or, more exactly, the possibility of sincerity, in the tone and words that gave him a little sense of guiltiness in attempting to discover the person who had uttered the words. Whoever she was, she certainly would not have chosen to have him overhear her; and the unpleasant fact was not so much in his having overheard her as in the consciousness on his part of being known by her to have overheard. She knew that he overheard; he knew that she knew it; worst of all, she knew that he knew that she knew it. There could scarcely be a doubt of this, and he was not the one to build on the doubt.

It will readily be seen how painful to a sensitive and honorable young man would be this accidental participation in a secret which concerned himself so nearly, and the embarrassment in Barrow's case was the greater that he was not wholly free to accept the deliberate confession of this unknown young lady. If

it were possible that in the darkness of night, say, upon a lonely, remote heath, he should whisper a like secret to some trusted friend, it might properly adopt the same phrase, — "I confess to being in love with — Miss Cameron." Yet he had so indefinitely made this statement to himself that it would be very unreasonable to suppose him prepared to make it to another, under the most favoring circumstances. He was in love with Miss Cameron, after the shy fashion which dreads nothing so much as exposure to the object of love. He hovered about her, he watched her at concerts and in society, and bestowed a mute homage upon her which half-intoxicated him without apparently bringing him any nearer to the person herself. There is with some lovers a sort of hasheesh experience, when the exploits of their own imagination seem almost more delightful than the real pleasure at which they aim. At any rate, Barrow's regard for the beautiful Miss Cameron had been thus far so delicious that he was in danger of substituting the shadow for the reality. The sudden discovery that he was himself an object of interest to an unknown lady acted as a touch-stone to his concealed passion, and showed him how disagreeable was the possibility of a divided regard. There was something distressing to him in the thought that he might perchance have awakened an interest in himself just when he had disposed to another of any reversionary rights he might have; moreover, he seemed to see himself by this turning of the glass, and to disclose the weakness of his own love-making. A resolution seized him. He would have done with this toying with love. Yet even as he declared this to himself, he could not help feeling something more than curiosity respecting the unknown lady. He pitied her confusion from the bottom of his heart. He wished that it were possible to undo the mischief. There came a glow of modest

pride at being thus selected. At that moment he fancied he knew a little how a woman might feel when she discovered herself to be loved. Would that he had already disclosed himself to Miss Cameron!

The appointment which he was hastening to keep was nothing more serious than the obedience to a command from his cousin and familiar friend, Anna Lester, who had sent for him to come to her that afternoon, as she needed his help.

He found her sitting before her writing-desk, and she jumped from her seat and welcomed him with an excess of gratitude.

"George Barrow, you are a man of honor. The clock is striking four, and you are here at the moment. Now, what do you think I want of you?"

"To help you at your German, and save you the trouble of using a dictionary?"

"Nonsense. It is not the trouble; but your definitions and explanations are more intelligible than the dictionary's. No; you write a beautiful hand" —

"More accomplishments charged to me," he murmured, — "more useful accomplishments?"

"And I want you to write some invitations for me. Besides, you express yourself so cleverly; you are so — so concise, I think the word is."

"Anna, Anna, when shall I convince you that I am not to be flattered into doing what you want me to do?"

"Never, so long as you do it like a good boy, as now, for example," and she gently forced him into her chair. "Here you have paper, pen, ink, everything but ideas. I have the idea; you shall find the words. Listen. I mean to invite a few friends for the evening. Everybody says that society is frivolous, and everybody else complains that people indulge in foolish and conventional phrases. A few persons, G. B. among them, demand that Woman shall reform

society by the establishment of intellectual coteries. George, I am that Woman. I will be a Madame de Sévigné, is it? — somebody whom you quote to me. Don't shake your head. You don't believe in my reformatory powers? Wait till you are one of my convicts. You are not to put all this into the invitations. I don't want my friends to know they're to be reformed. All reformers begin by pretending to amuse. My guests are to be invited to a gathering where no one is to speak" —

"But, Anna" —

"You are not to speak, sir. Listen to me. You despise the average young man because he describes everything as 'gay,' or 'jolly,' and the average young woman because she finds everything 'so nice,' or 'heavenly,' or what not. You say these people have no discrimination in their style, and besides that they talk about the weather and other senseless topics. Now it is no better if they are made to talk French or German all the evening. One can be silly in a foreign language, and then that is so like a boarding-school. No, my guests are to pass the evening without articulate speech. They may bring slates, especially pretty little porcelain slates, or pencil and paper, and they may talk with the deaf-mute alphabet, but above all they may talk with signs. You are a good mimic; be so good, sir, as to say, 'What a pleasant gathering Miss Lester has!' without opening your lips." Barrow laughed, but laid aside his pen which he had been holding, and stood up before his cousin. He looked about the room at an imaginary company; his smile broadened; he looked significantly at Miss Lester, and bowed intelligently to a bust of Clytie that answered the purpose of a young lady for the moment; he clasped his hands in a subdued ecstasy.

"Excellent!" cried Miss Lester. "I understood it perfectly, though your glance at me was a trifle too mysterious,

as if I were the keeper of a company of lunatics. Never mind, you will do well enough when you have a real person to look at, — Miss Nelly Cameron, for instance. Clytie cannot smile back." Barrow was a trifle dismayed. He had sedulously refrained from mentioning Miss Cameron to his cousin.

"There, there, George," said she, "keep that look for the evening. You could do wonders with it. It is far more eloquent than speech. Now do you not see how much vivacity could be given to an evening, and how much could be taught of the art of expression? Why, young men will learn what to do with their arms and hands, and the fan will resume its old place. Oh, don't quote Addison to me, unless you can do it in pantomime. Then, if people get nonplused, you know they can write, and they won't dare to write such silly, incoherent things as they say. One thing more: I propose that each person may be permitted to ask and to answer one question, *viva voce*, during the evening. The occasional explosion of a solitary sentence will give it the appearance, at least, of originality. Now you understand my plan. I want you to frame the invitations so as to convey an accurate notion. It won't do to have any one come with visible speech."

Barrow found the task a somewhat difficult one, and scribbled over a good many sheets of paper before he had anything to show to his cousin.

"You might let the first invitation be addressed to Miss Cameron," said she, as she stood patiently behind his chair.

"Do you mean to invite her?"

"Certainly; she has wit as well as voice, and I think she knows how to write legibly."

"Well, Anna, will this do?" and he read her what he had finally written: —

Miss Lester begs the pleasure of Miss Cameron's company as one of a party of amateur deaf-mutes on Thursday evening.

To guard against misunderstanding, a copy of Restrictions is inclosed.

GRAMERCY PARK, October 16th.

"You see, Anna, I call them Restrictions, to avoid anything so formal and formidable as Rules and Regulations."

"Well," said Miss Lester, a little doubtfully, "perhaps that is as good a way as any. I had intended to include it all in the invitation. But let me hear the Restrictions."

RESTRICTIONS.

(1.) Guests are expected to refrain absolutely from speech, except that each is allowed to ask and to answer aloud one question during the evening.

(2.) The deaf-mute alphabet, pantomime, and writing, whether on paper or slate, to be the sole modes of communication.

(3.) The Restrictions to be observed only in the drawing-room. Free speech allowed in the dressing-rooms.

"Oh, but that will never do!" cried Miss Lester. "The drawing-room would be deserted immediately."

"Not at all," said Barrow. "Do you not see that as the gentlemen and ladies have separate dressing-rooms, there will be no inducement to them to desert the drawing-room, where they will be together?"

"But they will evade it; they will all go into the halls or on the staircase. Some of the girls always sit on the stairs. And then they will say that they can talk in the supper-room."

"Oh, we must not draw the rule so that a coach and four can drive through it. How will this do?"

"(3.) This restriction does not apply to the dressing-rooms, where free speech will be allowed."

"That seems to shut the door," said Miss Lester, looking at it critically. "George, I hope they won't go wild, and go home!"

"Oh, never fear. You will have dancing of course?"

"To be sure. You restore my courage. We are like two conspirators. I was Lady Macbeth at first, and I am like her now when the deed was done."

"Excuse me, Anna; don't wrench me into Macbeth, if you please. Shall I write the invitations?"

"Do. Here is the list, and I will help you. You may write to all the ladies, including Miss Cameron, and I will write to the gentlemen."

"Including Mr. Jenness."

"Nonsense. You never saw Mr. Jenness."

"Put that indignant tone into your face Thursday evening, Anna. Nobody will mistake it."

"George Barrow! I shall have to begin a course of flattery on you again."

II.

The days between the issuing of the invitation and Thursday evening were pretty fully occupied by Miss Lester in receiving her puzzled friends, and explaining to them with tiresome iteration the details of her scheme. She thought that her form of invitation and accompanying code of Restrictions were comprehensive enough, but she found it necessary to answer very elementary questions, and to state definitely what was not as well as what was expected. The ingenuity of her guests in discovering difficulties amazed her. As she put it briefly to her cousin, George Barrow, the way of reformers is hard. Miss Cameron was one of the few who did not call, and this was set down to her credit. She, as Miss Lester said pointedly to Barrow, could see through a ladder.

Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulties which every one found, every one accepted. It was to be like a masquerade, they declared to one another, and in the dressing-rooms there were affecting

leave-takings before the perils of the drawing-room were essayed.

"Good-by, Clara," said one. "I shall miss that pretty lisp of yours. It is impossible to lisp in pantomime."

"At least," was the retort, "we are not forbidden to laugh, and I shall know your charming little cackle. It will have a positively brilliant effect in the general stillness."

"I do not believe it will be still at all," said a third. "I shall make my one question so long and parenthetical that it will last until supper time, and my answer will last all the rest of the evening." It was evident that there was a latent spirit of mutiny present, and that there were some who were mischievously bent on evading the Restrictions by some ingenious device or other.

"We can vary the entertainment by *Dumb Crambo*," suggested one; "only the guessers will have to act their guesses, and the players will have to guess the guesses."

The gentlemen from their dressing-room flung winged words across the entry, as their last opportunity for Christian intercourse; but once they stepped over the threshold and began their descent, a giggling silence possessed the company, each faintly expressing his or her sentiments by feebly conceived pantomime. It was plain that the noble art of expression had suffered by too free a use of the tongue. It was amusing, too, to see the distraction which prevailed, since each was, as it were, trying to oversee his neighbor, overhearing being impossible. The novelty of the experiment made some lose their self-possession, but it had the curious effect upon the more bashful and reticent of loosening their powers of expression. Indeed, it was not long before the scene became exceedingly animated. As very few were found to shine in this form of conversation, a general confidence returned, and the fun of the thing removed embarrassment. Bursts of laughter and checked

exclamations were heard on all sides. Miss Lester was regarded as a sort of umpire, and was frequently appealed to to know if this or that half-articulate expression was justifiable. Amongst the company was a professor in a deaf-mute college, who had been invited somewhat as a professional musician who has to be coaxed into entertaining the company, and Miss Lester plied her arts to draw out this gentleman. He was amused and slightly scornful at the infantile attempts in an art which he was accustomed to see exercised with grace and fluency. It was not very hard to persuade him to tell the story of Joseph and his Brethren to an admiring circle, who had been privately and separately notified what the story was to be, and who were thus able to follow the text, with only such difficulty as their defective memories supplied.

There was more frolic in the pantomime than in the slow process of correspondence, but the ladies all came prepared with materials for conversation. Miss Lester's wishes were easily gratified. The instinctive taste of her guests had furnished them with the prettiest and most engaging little tablets and slates, which often formed unique and picturesque additions to dress. Nor was it long before the incompleteness of the pantomime and the repression of many witty or effective sentiments which required written speech for expression led to a general use of writing materials. Groups began to form, chiefly by twos, and the room had almost the appearance of containing a class in drawing or writing. Some of the more conscientious, upon abandoning acted speech, felt it incumbent upon them to make the transition to written words through picture-writing, and a rapid system of hieroglyphs was developed. Once in a while, two persons, in despair of making themselves understood, and choked with their inarticulate thoughts, would fly from the drawing-room and fire their sentences across to

one another from the sanctuaries of the dressing-rooms. For it was noticeable that during the earlier part of the evening no one ventured to speak aloud. Even the young lady who threatened to project her one question into supper time lost either the desire or the courage. In fact, each one, being limited to a single question, was loath to throw away the precious privilege too cheaply, and in the general stillness there was an alarming dilemma for any one who should speak. Either the question asked must be significant, in consideration of its unique value, when it became every one's property, or it must be indifferent, because it was to be common property, when it would thereby be worthless to the questioner. At any rate, for one reason or another, almost every one was disposed to hoard the one opportunity of speech; and the longer it was hoarded the more necessary did it become that it should be worth its price. Only now and then did some impatient person, in despair of satisfactorily answering on slate or paper, indulge in a long, rambling answer, reluctant to bring it to a close, and laughingly interweaving all possible facts and sentiments that could legitimately be construed as belonging to the answer. Traps were set by ingenious conversationalists to make it impossible for their adversaries to answer except by word of mouth, and these independent, isolated sentences shot into the general ear — for it seemed as if even whispers were loud — sometimes covered the unfortunate speech-maker with confusion.

Mr. George Barrow was an amused spectator much of the time. He did not know many of the guests, and was frequently by the side of his cousin, ready to perform any little service she might desire. Yet he was not so preoccupied that his eyes failed to follow Miss Cameron's movements, which Miss Lester, with her usual penetration, was quick to discover.

‘You will confuse Miss Cameron,’

she suddenly wrote on her tablet. "She will think she is awkward."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Barrow with his eyebrows.

"Then come with me," motioned Miss Lester; and she took his arm to cross the room. The matter of introduction was one which she had gayly performed many times in the evening when it was entirely unnecessary, simply because it was so graceful and intelligible a piece of pantomime. She had used it as a device for breaking up sets and bringing together people who she felt sure would play at each other skillfully, and secretly enjoyed the use of a weapon which she could scarcely have used so freely had she been at liberty to speak. To offer to be escorted whither the escort did not know enabled her to form new combinations, which were apt to be surprises to two people at least; and it was somewhat like a game for her, as she moved her pieces from one place to another on the board. Barrow, of course, was not unprepared, as his companion guided him to where Miss Cameron sat talking with the professor in the deaf-mute manual, which displayed gracefully her nimble fingers. The needlessness of speech was for the moment agreeable to him, as Miss Lester disengaged the two who were talking, and presented Mr. Barrow to Miss Cameron as if he were a figure in a wax-work show. The lady who received him shot a glance at Miss Lester, as if she saw something significant in her gesture of introduction, and then turned and asked him with her fingers, —

"Do you speak deaf-mute, Mr. Barrow?"

Barrow, who did not know the manual, made a happy guess at the question, and answered, — the one answer he was to be allowed in the evening, — "No, I do not speak deaf-mute." Miss Cameron laughed, and had recourse at once to her slate.

"Why do you waste your one answer on seven words?" she wrote.

"Oh, it is off my mind now, and I can resign myself to utter silence."

"You can ask a question."

"Yes; but I cannot think of one important enough to ask the whole company."

"For my part," wrote Miss Cameron, "if I were confined to writing, I should learn short-hand; for I think conversation would degenerate into epigrams if we had to write out everything we said. I feel as if I were charged so much a word over ten words. You sit there and look at me as I write this, and I know you are wondering what wise thing Miss H. C. is writing."

"Your slate is nearly full," rejoined Barrow. "Let us use my block. This gives us the advantage of both talking together. While you are answering the question I now write, I can be writing something else." She accepted one of the layers of paper from his block, but looking up described an interrogation mark with her forefinger.

"Oh, I forgot," wrote Barrow. "I meant to ask a personal question, and here is where writing comes in to help a timid man. You wrote H. C. just now. I know what C. is, but I should have written E. C., — not, of course, N. C. Now, pray, how do you spell it with an H?"

"This is not conversation," she wrote back, as she saw him continuing to write after he had handed her a slip. "You must listen to me while I am talking, or we shall get very much confused. Can you not spell my name with a rough breathing? You see I have just begun to study Greek, and am airing my learning." While Miss Cameron was writing this, Barrow was scribbling upon his paper: —

"I think Anna Lester is mistaken if she fancies she can cure us of frivolity by setting us to writing. I have myself written more foolish things this evening than I have uttered during the past forty-eight hours. It is extraor-

dinary what rude things I am capable of writing,—things I should blush to say aloud. For instance, I accidentally overheard”— At this point, discovering that Miss Cameron had come to a stop, he held out his hand for her paper, and at the same moment she took his. They read their papers, and it suddenly flashed over Barrow's mind,— This is Miss Helen Cameron! Perhaps she is the Helen whose place I unwittingly took. He looked at her with a sudden curiosity. What was his amazement to find her covered with confusion! He glanced at his paper to see what he had written that should make her blush. Now, he had not finished the sentence which he was writing, nor had he the remotest intention of writing his Broadway experience; it was merely a trifling incident of the evening which he had meant to tell, to point a remark. The situation confounded him with its awkwardness. He was apparently about to tell Miss Helen Cameron what no man of honor would disclose. She could not know that he had not recognized her as one of the two behind whom he had walked, and whose place he had for a moment taken, to hear from her companion a confession which, even if said in fun, no lady would wish to have had overheard, far less repeated in coarse jest. And this, moreover, was the woman whom he loved, and whose good opinion was worth the world to him. What could she think of him! What did she think! She showed plainly enough that she had no wish to continue the conversation, for she got up abruptly and went across the room.

In the occupation of his mind this evening with Miss Helen Cameron, he had quite forgotten the incident of a few days back, but now it returned vividly to him, and he was agitated by the recollection. True, Miss Helen Cameron might not have been the Helen for whom the confession was intended; yet why then should she be so disturbed at

his words? At the time he had not associated her with that unknown and indeed unseen lady. He had heard her named by his cousin only with her familiar name, and he remembered well how inappropriate to her stateliness and fine bearing the name Nelly had seemed. And now returned the wavering in his mind between his mute regard for Miss Cameron and his half-romantic, chivalric feeling toward the unknown lady whose voice only he had heard. Could it be possible, then, that the two ladies whom he had passed that Saturday afternoon were in the balances before him? He blushed at the temerity of his position; yet even as he blushed he felt a singular attraction toward the one who had so openly proclaimed her liking for him. As he stood thus, a tablet was suddenly thrust before him. He looked up. Anna Lester looked mischievously at him, and his eyes fell on what she had written:—

“My dear, romantic cousin: Do you know that you have been standing motionless for nearly three minutes, thinking, in all probability, of Miss Nelly Cameron? Your face is a sorry tell-tale. It is quite as significant as speaking aloud. Now, come with me. I have a friend who asked to have you introduced early in the evening. I suspect she is an admirer of yours. Your affectionate, base flatterer.

“P. S. Her name is Miss Elwell, and she has a charming voice. You must ask her a question which will require a spoken answer.”

Barrow gave his arm to his cousin. He was so possessed with the romance in his mind that it was only another confirmation when Miss Lester, guiding him to a distant part of the room, left him confronting not Miss Elwell alone, but Miss Cameron, who had been busy writing, and who held, he could see, the unfortunate paper which he had left in her hands. Miss Elwell acknowledged the introduction with a profound courtesy

and a certain plenitude of manner which had all the appearance of being donned for the occasion.

"Miss Cameron has told her," sighed Barrow to himself. "It is useless for me to attempt to explain. I should only get into deeper trouble. The best I can do is to ignore it all." It was easier to sigh this to himself than to meet Miss Cameron's somewhat accusing face. He took his book, and wrote hastily to Miss Elwell:—

"Pray pardon my impertinence; impertinence, I find, comes easy to me on paper. I had the pleasure of addressing my cousin's—Miss Lester's—notes of invitation; yet your name was not among them." Miss Elwell looked over his hand as he wrote, and at this point took the paper from him.

"I accidentally overheard of the party from my friend, Miss Cameron, whom I am visiting, and she easily begged a special invitation for me." The phrase was so evidently unnecessary and obtrusive that it had a significance at once. Barrow was nettled. It seemed as if she was bent on undeceiving him, if he really fancied her confession to have any sincerity in it. He wrote carelessly:—

"How long have you been visiting Miss Cameron?"

"Several weeks," was the reply. "I think I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before, though I have often seen you. You know a few glimpses sometimes will serve in place of a long acquaintance."

"I find that my acquaintance with people," Barrow wrote boldly, "is often marked more by the voice than anything else. I remember voices as some people remember faces, and I have even fancied that I knew people by their voice better than by their face. If, for instance, I had ever heard your voice, I think I should not have forgotten it; your face I wish I could politely say I had seen before, yet I must have seen it some-

times when you have been with Miss Cameron."

"Either my face or my back," she wrote quickly. "Unfortunately, this is the last place in the world for hearing any one's voice. I am afraid, Mr. Barrow, if you care to remember me at all, you will have to make an effort and remember my face."

He looked up, half unconsciously, as he read this, and bashfully withdrew his eyes from her smiling face. The excess of manner which she had put on when they met was gone, and in place he saw a frank, mirthful girl who watched him half roguishly. Miss Cameron had left them, and just now he discovered that the room was becoming deserted by the movement of the company into the supper-room. He offered his arm to Miss Elwell, and they walked after the rest. "It must be," he said to himself, "that she only uttered an extravagant expression of no value." His pride suffered a little at this disillusion, and there still remained a hurt feeling that he should have so laid himself open to Miss Cameron. "Miss Elwell meant nothing," he reasoned; "yet I, like a brute, seemed to be vain of the words and ready to repeat them to the next person." Suddenly he remembered Anna Lester's words; he turned to Miss Elwell and led her to the piano. "Will you not sing just one song before we go into supper?" he asked, with his one question. Miss Elwell bowed, and drew off her gloves, as she sat down at the instrument. She hesitated a moment, and then, looking curiously at her companion, sang:—

"What were the words she said, she said?"

What were the words she said?

She shot the words from her curvèd lips,
And my little heart lay dead.

"She spake the words in jest, in jest!

She spake the words in jest!

Up sprang my heart from its little grave,
For the riddle love had guessed."

Miss Elwell sang the song demurely, with a rich, contralto voice, and then,

rising, took Barrow's arm again. He was perplexed in the extreme. Trying to make allowances for the difference of the voice in singing and in speech, he persuaded himself there was kinship in the voice that sang this song with the voice which he had heard on Broadway. He wrote on Miss Elwell's slate,—

"Thank you for the song and the voice; but unless I am always to hear you sing, how can I remember you by your voice when I meet you again? Pray say something; or, stay, I will ask you a question."

"That is useless," she interrupted him. "I recklessly threw away both question and answer as soon as I entered the drawing-room. I hesitated at the piano, but I thought that singing would not be a breach of contract."

He was forced to be content with this reply, and indeed the lively scene of the supper-room prevented any very sustained conversation. Young men were performing miracles of dumb show, as they flourished their plates and cups about in heroic attempts to understand and be understood when their fingers were so abundantly engrossed. One ingenious young man was engaged in a corner cutting an alphabet out of cake, while his companion vainly endeavored to explain to him both that she was hungry and that a single alphabet would be entirely inadequate toward expressing anything. Miss Lester had provided a supply of mottoes, which were drawn with great eagerness by her guests, each hoping to find these somewhat arid compositions more expressive than formerly.

"This is the hard-tack," explained Miss Lester to Miss Cameron, with whom she was hobnobbing, "which our shipwrecked conversationists are snatching at in my desert island. Nelly, when I am at liberty to open my mouth, I intend to scold you roundly. I find pencil and paper very ineffectual for scolding purposes."

"Write your scolding, Anna. I have

no objection to writing mine. Poor Mr. Jenness has been trying in vain to make out some severe words which you wrote him. I do not know what they were, but I have caught him eying them and you all the evening."

"Poor Mr. Jenness should not try to make out too much meaning in them," replied Miss Lester. "My dear, I have a great mind to repeat them here for you, but I won't, because — because they were silly." The last four words were scratched out before they reached Miss Cameron, and she tried hard to decipher them.

"It's no use, Nelly," wrote Miss Lester again; "my scolding, however, shall be perfectly legible. Why did you get up and leave my poor cousin so abruptly?"

"Because" — rejoined Miss Cameron, and the four words that gave her reason were maliciously scribbled over before they reached Miss Lester's eyes.

"Well," continued that young lady, "when I get you under my tongue, you will not be able to scratch out anything. Writing is one thing; speech, thank goodness, is another. For scolding purposes and for purposes of confession, give me speech."

Miss Anna Lester was in fact, if the truth must be told, rather more restless under her experiment than were her guests. They had so entered into the fun of the thing that there was a rivalry of pantomime and a determination not to break into speech. Dancing, on which she had counted as a great resort, was repeatedly broken up by the merry retreat of the dancers to more lively conversation. After supper, however, dancing became more general. Barrow found himself in the same set with Miss Elwell and Miss Cameron, and as he passed to one and the other it was with a perplexity that showed itself somewhat plainly in his face. He looked seriously at each in turn, — far more seriously than the exigencies of the quadrille demanded, — and encountered

Miss Elwell's laughing eyes and sober mouth, Miss Cameron's more unquiet look.

The evening at length came to an end. Each guest, bidding Miss Lester good-night, expressed in the most effective manner his or her delight over the frolic. Bursts of laughter came from the rooms up-stairs, as confidences were rapidly exchanged; but true to the last, the several couples as they passed down the staircase preserved a demure silence of lips, until they had stepped over the threshold of the porch. Barrow was one of the last to leave, and as he entered the gentlemen's room above he caught sight of two figures about to issue from the opposite room, cloaked and hooded.

"Helen," he heard one of them say, "say what you please, I am mortified and disappointed."

There could be no mistaking that voice. He had heard it once before, and only once.

III.

If Miss Lester were in earnest in wishing to scold Miss Cameron, she had an early opportunity of doing so, for she received a call from that lady the next day after the deaf-mute party. Miss Cameron came without her friend, and this gave additional reason for Miss Lester to administer her rebuke. But either she had forgotten her intention, or feared to bring down retaliation upon herself. She had enough to do to discuss the amusing episodes of the night before.

"And how did your friend, Miss Elwell, like George Barrow?" she finally asked.

"I really cannot tell," said Miss Cameron. "She provokes me sometimes by her half-mocking ways, and I tell her that I never am quite sure what she thinks of any one until she has cried over him and laughed over him."

"Well, has she cried over my gallant cousin?"

"I can't say what she may have done in private. Before me she has indulged in a series of laughs which make me almost afraid to bring them together."

"Why, do you mean to bring them together?"

"She insists that I am to give a tea-party, to which you and he are to be invited."

"Well, Nelly, I shall not decline such a gracious and hearty invitation, and when George understands that he is invited to meet a young lady whom he excites to uncontrollable laughter I can scarcely imagine the alacrity with which he will accept."

"Anna Lester, you are not quite fair. Why will you force me to say" —

"To say what?"

"Let us begin over again. My friend is very mischievous, though she looks so demure. I do not know your cousin well. You must remember that I never spoke to him until last night, if one can call that speaking. Of course, I have my ideas about him. Have I not heard you praise him? Does not everybody praise him? Have not I myself foolishly praised him before I knew him, simply repeating what everybody says and — and what he looked, before I talked with him at all? It is too bad, Anna Lester, for you to sit there and hear me say these things; but I tell you plainly, your cousin is not what I supposed him to be, — but I have no right to say that."

"No, indeed, you have no right to say it!" said Miss Lester indignantly. "Why do you come to me with such speeches, Helen Cameron? As if George Barrow were not a good deal more than I ever saw in him!"

"I am very penitent, Anna, and very miserable, or else I should not be coming to you with this. Mr. Barrow tells you everything, does n't he?"

"He never mentioned your name to me, Helen Cameron."

"Never? — not since last Saturday?"

"No. Stop. It was last Saturday that he wrote my invitations for me. He did n't exactly mention you. Indeed, I believe I mentioned you first," and Miss Lester smiled a little grimly.

"Was it in the afternoon?"

"Yes; it was about four o'clock that he was here. My dear Nelly, what in the world is it? I am dying of curiosity."

"I don't know that I want to tell now," said Miss Cameron, looking a little more composed.

"Oh, do tell. I don't tell George everything."

"Do you tell Henry Jenness everything?"

"Nell, you are getting spiteful, and it does n't become you."

"I have partly got over my misery, Anna,—that is all. Well," suddenly, "I will tell you. But surely you will receive it in confidence?"

"Wild horses shall not drag it from me."

"I don't care about the horses."

"Well, not a Barrow shall wheel it away."

"You must know, then, that last Saturday"—

"This is truly exciting," said Miss Lester, pressing forward eagerly, with her hands on her knees.

"Helen Elwell and I had been in Brooklyn as far as the Park, and there we met an old school friend, and you may imagine how much gossip we talked. We named over every one who had been at school with us, and, as Helen said, a cloud as big as a man's hand seemed to rest on every one of them. It was perfectly ridiculous, and we did not escape the contagion, you may be sure. Our friend came with us nearly to the ferry, chattering all the way, and when we left her we kept up the edifying conversation, going over again all the names, and speculating about them. Helen was as absurd as possible. She began to pretend all manner of attachments, and I was nearly as silly. Oh,

Anna, what a confession I am making! Let me stop here."

"Stop here! Why, my dear Nelly, you are at the most interesting point."

"Well, we were walking slowly up Broadway, for we were quite tired, and Helen had begun to appropriate various friends of mine whom she had met or had heard me speak of. It amused me and I humored her, but it got to be a little provoking, and I suppose I was cross and rather ashamed of her and myself, for all at once she mentioned your cousin as her latest and most valuable—captive, she called him. This was too much; I knew she had never spoken a word to him, and had only seen him once or twice, and I protested." Miss Cameron was silent.

"And very proper, my dear; but I don't see anything in that to throw you on the verge of hysterics."

"Oh, but Anna, you cannot understand. At that very moment who should pass us but—but Mr. George Barrow himself."

"How extraordinary!"

"Oh, not extraordinary at all. It was a just punishment," and Miss Cameron hid her face, and laughed and cried. Anna Lester looked at her in amazement.

"Well, my dear," she said finally, "I must really think that you make too fine a point of it. What was there so very dreadful in that? If you had told George that you were in love with him, that would have been another thing."

"Oh, but I did, Anna, I did; that is just what I did, and for which I never, never, never shall forgive myself,—no, nor him either. How could he—how could he listen, and then taunt me with it afterward!"

"Come, come, Helen. Abuse yourself as much as you please, but don't you bring a railing accusation against George Barrow."

"Oh, I know; it was all my own fault," admitted Miss Cameron, again penitent. "Anna, you shall hear the worst. Helen

had just been audaciously setting up a special claim for him, and I was provoked to answer, 'I am in love with Mr. George Barrow,' when at that very moment I discovered that Helen had stepped behind, and a gentleman was receiving my confidence. That gentleman was Mr. George Barrow."

Miss Lester covered her face, and laughed and laughed.

"Oh, my poor cousin, my poor cousin!" she exclaimed at length.

"And pray where is his poverty?" asked Miss Cameron, with some asperity at getting no commiseration for herself.

"Excuse me, Nelly, but I can only faintly imagine his discomfiture at the situation."

"I doubt his being discomfited," said Miss Cameron, dryly. "At any rate, he recognized us by raising his hat. He meant we should know that he heard."

"I do not believe that," said Miss Lester. "George is the soul of honor. If he overheard anything thus accidentally, he would keep it to himself. And he is so romantic he would build an entire air castle from this little incident. Are you sure he recognized you?"

"He recognized his name, but he did not turn about to look at my face."

"Of course he did not!" said Miss Lester, indignantly.

"But he must have been behind us. Do you think he could have known our backs?"

"Well, Nelly, if he had been looking hard, I think he would have known yours. I suspect he knows you at every angle" —

"Be still, Anna; you distress me."

"But I do not believe he would have known Miss Elwell."

"He intimated last night that he knew me."

"What!" Hereupon Miss Cameron produced the paper which contained Barrow's unfinished sentence. Miss Lester studied it attentively.

"The most I can say, Helen, is that

if he were about to refer to that incident — and I do not believe he was — he had not the remotest notion that you were the one."

"He said very directly to Helen Elwell that he had a quick ear for voices and recognized people by them."

"Did he ever hear yours?"

"Never but that once, that I know of."

"I confess I am puzzled. I wish I could have heard him talking with you and Miss Elwell. I knew something was going wrong with him all the evening."

"I have his conversation with Helen," said Miss Cameron, meekly producing the scraps of paper.

"Ah! that is one of the advantages of the new method," said Miss Lester, sagaciously. "Let me read it, my dear." She read the sentences slowly; then she jumped up, then sat down again.

"Helen, Helen!" she exclaimed, "I have it, — I am sure I have it. He has a suspicion. He thinks it was Helen Elwell who made the pretty little speech."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do; my intellect is working with extraordinary clearness. Now, Nelly, can you remember the very words you used when you were accidentally overheard?"

"Oh, I remember them too distinctly. I have said them over and over again; they stick to me like burs. I have tried hard to believe I said something else."

"First, does he know that Miss Elwell's name is Helen?"

"No, I do not see why he should."

"And does he know that yours is?"

"Yes; he asked me last night, and looked very much surprised when he found that it was."

"Well, now, exactly what did you say on that momentous Saturday afternoon?" Miss Cameron hesitated and colored. Then, as if it was nothing to be ashamed of, she repeated with some emphasis, —

"Mr. George Barrow? My dear Helen, I confess to being in love with that gentleman."

Perhaps the excitement made her raise her voice a little. Be this as it may, Mr. George Barrow, who had entered at the other end of the room, heard for a second time distinctly the extraordinary words which had caused him already so much pleasurable pain. He did what any man of honor under the circumstances must needs do: he turned and fled like a coward. Yet, noiseless as he thought he was, he could not pass through the hall without being heard as he went by the other entrance to the parlor. At that moment, Anna Lester threw the door open, thinking a visitor had come, for she had heard the bell, which Miss Cameron had not. Her cousin stood before her in all the guiltiness of innocence.

"You heard me again!" cried Miss Cameron, passionately and convulsively.

Mr. Barrow had the courage of his convictions, at all events. Miss Lester had her own instantaneous grasp of the situation. She went through the open door into the hall and rushed wildly up-stairs at the same moment that George Barrow, pushing by her, entered the parlor. He stood before the weeping girl.

"Yes, I accidentally overheard you," he said. There was something in the mournful tones of his voice which led her to look up. His face was singularly tell-tale. Nor was it long before he confirmed its story of ingenious pleading by words which at any rate we should not be justified in overhearing, — certainly not in overhearing with cool calculation. Whatever mystery still remained to him he was content to hear afterward. Miss Helen Elwell's voice, agreeable as it was in music, had a teasing quality about it in speech which could by no possibility be mistaken for Miss Helen Cameron's.

Horace E. Scudder.

FLOWERS IN THE DARK.

LATE in the evening, when the room had grown
Too hot and tiresome with its flaring light
And noise of voices, I stole out alone
Into the darkness of the summer night.
Down the long garden walk I slowly went.
A little wind was stirring in the trees;
I only saw the whitest of the flowers,
And I was sorry that the earlier hours
Of that fair evening had been so ill-spent;
Because, I said, I am content with these
Dear friends of mine, who only speak to me
With their delicious fragrance, and who tell
To me their gracious welcome silently.
The leaves that touch my hand with dew are wet;
I find the tall white lilies I love well;
I linger as I pass the mignonette;
And what surprise could sweeter be than this,
To find a late rose waiting with a kiss!

Sarah O. Jewett.

EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS.¹

THE history of Egypt can never be fully known, although its memorials are more numerous and more profoundly interesting than the remains of any other ancient civilization. No other people ever took such pains to perpetuate their annals. Every one of their temples and colossal sculptures, as well as their eternal pyramids, seems to have been designed to preserve the name of a Pharaoh and the events of his reign. Mounds of stones along the Nile and by its old and deserted channels in the Delta designate the sites of dead and forgotten cities; and every column and pedestal and fragment of wall still bears the indestructible characters which tell of the pride and power of some successor of Amon-ra.

Many of the ancient peoples have left behind them but slight vestiges of their occupancy. The nomadic races especially, like their flocks and herds, only browsed the annual herbage, and then, leaving the earth unscarred and nature's landmarks undisturbed, vanished into the darkness. The Egyptian bent nature to his will. He left his mark upon the splintered crags of mountains; he changed the course of the great river, and defended his rich, black valley from the Libyan sands.

The ruins of Egypt, beyond all others on the planet, show grandeur of design with adequate skill and boundless energy in execution. To an Egyptian architect nothing was impossible. We are not losing sight of the works of the Greeks; but the art and architecture of that lively and accomplished people have been so long domesticated in modern life and blended with modern thought that they give us an impression

of elegance and proportion, of refined and tranquil beauty, but never the sense of sublimity. The central idea in Egypt was an all-compelling power, finding expression in original and tremendous forms. The Hall of Columns at Karnak and the gigantic twin statues of Amen-hotep III. are instances of the purely sublime.

It was wonderful that the picture-writing served both for history and for ornament. The inscriptions on temple walls and on shafts of stone seem to be a complement to the architecture, an efflorescence of beauty. And among the lonely mountains from which the huge blocks were quarried may still be seen on the faces of the cliffs the cartouches of Pharaohs, the memoranda of architects, and the *mots* of jesters. It was as if all Egypt, in every reign, had been chiseling the memorials for history. The broad-based pyramid, that lifted its head so high above the toilers in the valley, was the symbol of Khufu, or Khafra, or Menkaura. Every new temple commemorated an expedition to Syria, or Mesopotamia, or "the miserable land of Kush." Every obelisk and statue stood for a hero. So these fragments of dead cities still remain for us sermons in stones.

The vast cemeteries underneath and around the impressive ruins are also full of memorials. In the lapse of ages the under-world became incredibly populous; and we find the warrior, priest, astronomer, architect, or poet sleeping in an "everlasting habitation," on whose walls are depicted in still lively colors his name and family, his public services and private life, and the principal events of his time. In the ceremonies of his

¹ *A History of Egypt under the Pharaohs, derived entirely from the Monuments.* By HENRY BRUGSCH-BEY. Translated from the German by

the late HENRY DANBY SEYMOUR, F. R. G. S. Completed and Edited by PHILIP SMITH, B. A. In Two Volumes. London: John Murray. 1879.

embalmed body were laid away (as if to gratify the eager curiosity of after-ages) similar records traced on leaves of papyrus, as well as copies from the hoary litanies of the gods. Never was there a people with such an overpowering desire for immortality. Their buildings were to be the landmarks of their history; their bodies they strove to secure from corruption, as well as from insult; and they pleased themselves with an endless vista of the life to come, after passing the ordeal before Osiris, the judge of all.

In the long interval since Menes (properly Mena), some fifty centuries before our Christian era, there have been many vicissitudes. War has been the chief destructive agency in the Nile Valley, although brutal ignorance, cupidity, and fanaticism have done much. Sometimes a victorious flotilla came down from the black kingdoms above Elephantine, and left its ugly marks on the populous shores. Sometimes the Shasu, the Bedouins of antiquity, dashed through the line of fortresses on the east, across the isthmus. Sometimes, in return for an Egyptian excursion into the home of the Khita, there came an Assyrian or a Persian invasion, attended, of course, by the overthrow of public edifices, and by the effacement of the most venerable inscriptions. Sometimes rival kings in the upper and lower country, above and below Memphis, made havoc over the disputed boundary. But of all despoilers the followers of Mohammed have been the worst. Such blind bigots could have no soul for the grandeur of antiquity, and no interest in the early records of civilization. The zeal for destruction has been ceaseless and insatiable. The exquisitely wrought marbles and porphyries of the elder world have been built into tasteless palaces and mosques. Cairo is but a huge mosaic, for which every noble monument of ancient art has contributed a priceless stone.

The sands, too, have been slowly covering some of the most characteristic remains. M. Mariette, following upon a hint in Herodotus, uncovered an avenue bordered by a hundred and fifty sphinxes, which had been buried under sand from twenty to seventy feet deep. If the sands could be cleared away, and if all the multitudes of ruins could be studied by competent archæologists, with ample resources at command, there would be, probably, few important gaps in the history that could be constructed from the monuments.

Since the time when Champollion deciphered the hieroglyphics, many valuable discoveries have been made. The labors of Lepsius, Wilkinson, Rougé, and Mariette are known to all who have given any attention to this most fascinating subject. The discoveries of the last-named and justly celebrated *savant* are perhaps of greater extent and value than those of any other modern explorer; but it frequently happens in archæology, as in natural science, that after the eager observers have collected a great number of facts in detail, another of a more reflective turn coördinates them into the certainty of knowledge, or places them in the assured sequences of history.

One of the coördinating minds is found in Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey, the author of the work now under consideration. Having spent nearly thirty years in exploration and in the study of inscriptions, with the active aid of the Khedive's government, Dr. Brugsch has become doubtless the first living authority on the subject. He, above all others, seems to give life and fluency to the obscure and inflexible symbols of ancient thought. Readers do not need to be told that while equivalents in contemporary languages come to the translator almost without thought, there is a great gulf between the mental processes of the ancient and the modern world. In a very high sense of the word Dr. Brugsch

is an interpreter, and succeeds in representing the formal and severe hieratic symbols in bright and smoothly connected phrases. But this facile grace is one of his minor qualifications. His work shows that he has ample historical and philological knowledge; and his perception of the necessary order of events, the development of ideas, the growth of institutions, and all that makes the continuity of a nation's life seems more like the operation of a marvelous instinct than the result of a process of reasoning. He has undertaken to construct, as completely as is now possible, a history of the Egyptian dynasties from Menes to Alexander the Great, based upon the monumental inscriptions and upon the few historical papyri. To be sure, he uses as illustrations the remains of the tables of Manetho; also the accounts of Herodotus, Diodorus, and other Greek writers; but his reliance is upon the contemporary records graven in imperishable stone.

It would be with extreme diffidence that we should attempt to criticise the results of these vast labors, guided by such intelligence and such devotion to truth. The most striking characteristics of our author, after his industry and breadth of understanding, are his sense of justice and the high and delicate tone of moderation shown in his statements and in his far-reaching deductions. In the presence of the awful mystery of monumental Egypt, there is great temptation to extravagance; the imagination kindles at the thought of the long ages of human life, until the faculties are better fitted to rhapsodize than to attend to the delivery of a calm judgment. But Dr. Brugsch is so careful, so self-contained, so free from bias, that he soon gains the reader's entire confidence.

Probably the most worthy tribute to the author, and the most desirable thing for the reader, will be, in lieu of comments or speculations of our own, to

present a compact summary of the most striking portions of his work.

Perhaps the learned reader will pardon us for stating that the cartouches of the Pharaohs, first discovered and so named by Champollion, have been of the utmost importance in fixing dates, and in other respects. The cartouches might be considered as royal coats of arms. Each monarch had his own, and it was chiseled or painted upon all the public works of his reign. At first it was a simple oval, or rounded parallelogram, inclosing representations of birds and animals, and other signs. As time went by, some renowned king would require two or more ovals to contain the symbols of his dignity. The cartouche of the warrior King Aahmes has three ovals; that of Thutmes IV. has four; while six were necessary for the great Ramses.

The names to which we are accustomed are not Egyptian, but Greek. The Nile valley was known to its inhabitants only as Kham, Khem, or Khemi, "the black land." Arabia was Teschen, "the red land." The first great capital was, in Egyptian, Men-nofer, "the good place;" and this the Greeks perverted to Memphis. The city Annu (On in the Scripture) was named by the same people Heliopolis. Thebes is the Greek variation upon Tebe or Tabe.

The history of Egypt, like that of other nations of the Old World, begins in the time of the gods. There were different theological schools; the earliest being at Memphis, the most influential at Thebes, and the latest at Tanis (Pi-Ramses). There was throughout the land little of the ferocity that characterized the worship of the tribes of Canaan. The chief god at Memphis was Ptah or Patah, the Former or supreme architect. This divinity was considered by the Greeks the same as their Hephaistos; but the two deities were totally different. The Memphian god was an awful creator; the Greek was a shrewd, lame smith. In an

inscription upon the temple at Denderah Ptah is termed "chief of the society of gods that created all men." At Philæ he is mentioned as the divinity "who created all being, and formed men and gods with his own hands." The chief of the deities at Thebes was Amon-ra, the sun-god. The god of Tanis, where Moses was born, and of Pi-tom, near by, was named "He who Lives," and his visible symbol was a brazen serpent. Judging from the number of the temples, and from the frequent occurrence of the name, we should say that Amon-ra was most generally venerated. The word Amon was constantly wrought into the names of titles of kings. Thus Amon-hotep (called Amunoph by the Greeks) signified "the servant of Amon." But Osiris, with Isis his wife and Horus their son, seemed much nearer to human sympathy, and were called on more familiarly; just as Christ and the Virgin are more frequently the objects of adoration among Catholics than the first person in the god-head. The pictures of Isis with the infant Horus in her arms were not unlike those of the Madonna with the holy child. The religious system of the Egyptians was not very sharply defined, and the lives of their gods were less poetical and entertaining than the Grecian myths. But, though the doctrine might be vague, the ritual or religious service was rigidly followed. The priests were all-powerful, and, like the bishops in the Middle Ages, were often generals, premiers, and court architects, as well as temple ministers. The Pharaoh himself could not long rule against their will. A certain Amon-hotep, the fourth of the name, being the son of a foreign woman (probably from Canaan), introduced the worship of a new sun-god, Aten, as the one god, and took upon himself the name of Khu-en-aten; but he was resisted by the haughty priests of Thebes, and was forced to leave his capital and build a residence elsewhere. There has always been a short way of dealing with heretics.

Egyptian chronology has been the subject of fierce discussion for many years. But with every fresh discovery of a papyrus, or of an inscription, or a royal tomb, some facts have been established tending to prove that the higher estimates of the antiquity of the kingdom are probably nearer the truth.

It seems to be tolerably certain that from Menes (Mena), the founder, to Ramses II., who was the Pharaoh of the Hebrew oppression, there was about as long a period in the history of the world as has passed since that far-off epoch. This calculation is based upon the rule of allowing three lives to a century. There are many circumstances that make the lives of kings precarious; but it is known that quite a number of the Pharaohs reigned over sixty years; and, upon the whole, it is believed that the rule before named is just. According to this the date of Menes is B. C. 4455. Menes reigned at Tini (Greek, *Thinis*), near Abydus, west of the Nile. His name signifies "the constant." He founded Memphis, and formed or enlarged its site by turning the Nile to the eastward. The great dyke which he made still remains, and restrains the annual inundation. It is sad to think that it was his fate to be eaten by a crocodile; but perhaps the story grows out of the myth of Set (Greek, *Typhon*).

According to Manetho, the first three dynasties of Memphian kings, twenty-seven in number, lasted eight hundred and twenty-one years; but this can never be verified. The names he gives differ from those on the monuments, but the persons may be the same, as the kings often had secondary titles or royal nicknames. Thus the name Tota, one of the Pharaohs of the first dynasty, signifies "he who beats."

The earliest well-known king is Senoferu, founder of the fourth dynasty, conqueror of the peninsula of Sinai. Khufu, bunglingly misnamed Cheops by Herodotus, was his successor. Khafra

(in Greek, *Kephrenes*) and Menkaura were also of this dynasty. The monuments of this period are of the utmost historical value. Then arose the three gigantic pyramids named The Lights, The Great, and The High One, between three thousand and thirty-five hundred years before Christ, and from twelve hundred to seventeen hundred years before Abraham. Formerly there were seventy pyramids on the same plain of Ghizeh. In the same, or perhaps in an earlier, period was quarried the prodigious bulk of the Sphinx. Not far distant from this monstrous work a statue of Khafra, builder of the second pyramid, was found in a well near the ruined temple of Isis. It is a noble work of art, and its identity is established by the inscriptions. The stone is diorite, green in color, and exceedingly hard.

It may not be amiss to notice here the work of Professor Piazzi Smith, in which he says that the Great Pyramid was not a royal tomb, but was built to preserve astronomical data; and that the supposed sarcophagus in "the king's chamber" never held the body of Khufu, but was made for a metrical standard. This eminent mathematician has attempted to prove that a king used all the resources of a reign in erecting a pile five hundred feet high in order to make clear to future ages the points of the compass and the precise length of a Jewish cubit; and all this ages before the Jews had been "evolved." Dr. Brugsch nowhere alludes to this ingenious folly, that we remember; but in the course of his work the design of the pyramids is placed beyond controversy. The names of the principal pyramids are very significant: Qebah, the cool; Ab-setu, the purest of places; Kha-ba, the rising of souls; Men-setu, the firm place; Nuter-setu, the most holy place; Nofer-setu, the most beautiful place; Tat-setu, the most lasting place; Men-ankh, the inn of life; Kha-nofer, the good rising; Ba, the soul. These names show that the kings knew

what they were building. In the early ages every Pharaoh set about constructing his pyramid as soon as he was crowned. Later, when these piles had become numerous, it was the custom to make a chamber in the rock for a tomb.

One inscription relates the ceremony of placing the embalmed body of a king in his stone coffin in the heart of his pyramid. His son and successor spent a long time alone with the mortal remains; then he came out and "shut the doors, laying sealing-earth upon them, and pressed upon them his own royal seal, thus commanding the priests: 'I, I have completed the locking up; no other of any kings shall any more enter in.'" There is not space in this article to go over the ground, but we may mention one thing which appears to be decisive. The third pyramid was explored by Colonel Vyse, who obtained permission to remove the sarcophagus. The vessel was wrecked near Gibraltar, but the cover of the sarcophagus was saved, and here is the translation of the inscription still to be read upon it: "O Osiris, who hast become King of Egypt, Menkaura, living eternally, child of Olympus, son of Urania, heir of Kronos, over thee may she stretch herself and cover thee, thy divine mother, Urania, in her name as mystery of heaven. May she grant that thou shouldst be like God, free from all evils, King Menkaura, living eternally."

A formidable inscription for a yardstick or a standard bushel! The occurrence of Greek words shows either that the translator used equivalents for the names of Egyptian divinities, or that the inscription was renewed in a later age. The general form of the prayer is of very ancient origin, and examples of it have been often met.

There is undoubtedly evidence of great mathematical knowledge in the construction of the Great Pyramid. But because seven hundred and fifty-six, the

number of feet in the length of one side, happens to be a multiple of the mean diameter of the earth, it is rather a violent inference to assert that the court architect was acquainted with that diameter. For we know how the pyramids were made; and if Khufu had lived another year the pyramid would have been the larger by one course of stone on each side. It is not doubted that The Lights (originally so called, perhaps, because encased in white marble) was a tomb, like all the others, — a wonderful tomb, doubtless, but still a tomb, and nothing else. When the pyramid was finished there could have been no access to the top either from without or from within, and the theory of Professor Proctor that it was used as an observatory appears to be baseless. Without telescopes and the other instruments of the astronomer, an elevated platform would have been of little service.

The long period of Egypt's glory under the powerful sway of successive dynasties of Theban kings must be passed over rapidly. The greater part of the time from the Vth to the XIIth dynasty rests under shadows that will never be lifted.

We have one precious memorial of the time of King Assa, of the Vth dynasty. It is a work upon morals and social philosophy by Prince Ptah-hotep, the king's son, written upon papyrus, and now in the national library at Paris. This is older by hundreds of years than any other literary work extant. We give an extract:—

“If thou art become great after thou hast been humble, and if thou hast amassed riches after poverty, being because of that the first in the town; if thou art known for thy wealth and art become a great lord, let not thy heart become proud because of thy riches, for it is God who is the author of them for thee. Despise not another who is as thou wast: be to him as towards thy equal. Let thy face be cheerful as long

as thou livest: has any one come out of the coffin after having once entered it?”

With the Vth dynasty the exclusive residence of the Pharaohs at Memphis closes. From the VIth to the XIth the capital was in Middle Egypt. Thebes arose at some time during this long and dim interval; and it was in the XIIth dynasty that the wonderful temple of Amon (in modern Karnak) was built.

The kings of the XIIth dynasty were warlike, and greatly extended the boundaries of power. Among them were Amenemhat and Usurtasen I., whose names occur frequently in the monuments.

The immense tombs at Beni Hassan commemorate the first five kings of this dynasty. In their time trade was opened with the East by way of the Red Sea, and voyages were made to Punt, or Ophir, for gold, ivory, and incense. The figures in the tombs represent Libyans, Asiatics, and Kushites, as well as Egyptians. In this period Tanis, in Lower Egypt, came into prominence.

The information about the XIIIth dynasty is very scanty. The Turin papyrus (an undoubted relic of antiquity, but much torn and defaced) names no fewer than eighty-seven kings. During this period the lowlands near the Mediterranean were largely occupied by Semitic people, who had flocked in from the desert. The common speech was mixed with Semitic words, just as English was once interlarded with French. The chief city (besides Tanis) was Pitom (town of the sun-god), also called Pi-ankh (city of the living god). This was the capital of the nome of Sukot (in the Bible, Succoth). The descendants of these Asiatic people still live about Lake Menzaleh, and show their non-Egyptian origin in their features. The settlement of these foreigners made the conquest of Egypt easy, and led the way to the rule of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings. Egyptian tradition says the Hyksos were Syrians, and Dr. Brugsch

believes they had Arabs (Shasu) for allies.

The XVth and XVIth dynasties were the Hyksos and their descendants. The XIVth was that of Xoïs; but it is not at all certain that this, as well as the XVIIth of Thebes, was not contemporary with the Hyksos rule. It is certain that for a considerable period Upper Egypt was governed by native sub-kings, while the lower part was under the foreign yoke. There is still extant a haughty message from King Apopi of the north to Ra-Sekenen, called the Hak (governor), at Thebes. A tradition is preserved that Joseph was the favorite of this Pharaoh Apopi, although the records state that several years of famine, the only instance recorded, occurred in the reign of Taa III., also a shepherd king.

Here our author takes up the scriptural story of Joseph, and in the most fascinating way notes the correspondence of his career with what is known of Egyptian history and customs. His being sold as a slave was in accordance with usage then and since. Probably the last of the Hyksos was then upon the throne in Zoan-Tanis, or in Auaris, holding his court in Egyptian style, but not excluding the common use of Semitic speech. The city of Zoan, in the nome of Tanis, having been strengthened and beautified in the time of Ramses II., was thenceforward called Pi-Ramses. To-day the place is named San (from Zoan). Auaris was on the old Pelusiac branch of the Nile. It is of course an obscure ruin, even if its site is accurately known; and the Nile channel has been filled up for ages. Joseph was made Adon over all Egypt (Genesis xlv. 9). Dr. Brugsch ingeniously dissects his title, as it is transferred to the story in Hebrew (Zaphnath-paaneah), and shows that it means "governor of the district of the dwelling-place of life," or "of the living one." This fixes his residence at Zoan-Tanis,

or Pi-tom, where the god was so named. The name of Joseph's wife, Asnat, is pure Egyptian. Her father, Potiphera (gift of the sun), was priest at On (Heliopolis). It is curious, also, to know that a papyrus is in existence which may be called the oldest novel, — using the word in the sense of Boccaccio, — and which furnishes a parallel to the story of Joseph and the wife of Putiphar. Dr. Brugsch quotes some suggestive passages, and thinks the two stories have a common origin.

Now comes an important discovery. There was a certain Aahmes (child of the moon), whose exploits have been fortunately preserved for us. He calls himself "chief of the sailors," and relates how he commanded a flotilla from Thebes, overthrew the Hyksos king (probably Apopi), and captured the city of Auaris. Dr. Brugsch translates the military memoir in full. There is very little doubt that this renowned warrior succeeded to the throne, and wore the *pschent*, as lord of both Upper and Lower Egypt. At all events, it was an Aahmes who was the first of the XVIIIth dynasty, known to the Greek chroniclers as Amosis. Aahmes was therefore the new king that arose and "knew not Joseph." His mother was Aah-hotep (servant of the moon), and her jewels, magnificent and wholly unequaled specimens of art, were lately found in her mummy case near Thebes, and are now in the Khedive's museum at Boulak.

After the long foreign domination, the temples were cleansed and beautified by the orthodox king, and many new edifices erected. Time was required for these mighty works. A temple begun by Aahmes was one hundred and eighty years, three months, and fourteen days in building. Among the mighty kings of this dynasty were Thutmes I., II., and III. (The name signifies son of Thut, the scribe of the gods, whose heavenly dwelling was the moon.)

Thebes was once more the capital; and the long period was one renowned for art, as for arms. The empire was extended in all directions. The memorials of the Hyksos were obliterated. The third Thutmes was the Alexander the Great of Egyptian history. Countless memorials of him exist in temples and statues. The records of the principal events of his reign are chiseled on the walls of the holy of holies in the temple of Amon at Karnak. These inscriptions cover large spaces of time, and some of them are curiously minute, embracing lists of booty, prisoners, and of tributes levied. Among these are names from the Khita (the Hittites of the Bible) and from Naharain ("between the rivers," Mesopotamia) and other places, showing that Semitic people lived in Canaan three hundred years before the Exodus. This Thutmes erected gigantic statues of his ancestors, and glorified himself and them in poems full of magnificent hyperbole, which Dr. Brugsch recites. We quote from one:

POEM UPON THUTMES III. AND THE
GOD AMON.

(On Granite Tablet now in Museum at Boulak.)

- (1.) Come to me, said Amon, and enjoy yourself,
and admire my excellences.
Thou, my son, who honorest me, Thutmes
the third, ever living.
I shine in the light of the morning sun
through thy love.
- (2.) And my heart is enraptured, if thou direct-
est thy noble steps to my Temple.
- (3.) Therefore will I mark thee out as wonder-
ful. I give thee power and victory
over all lands.
All people shall feel a terror before thy
soul,
And shall fear thee to the utmost ends of
the world, to the four props of heav-
en.
- (15.) I came, and thou smotest the land of the
East,
Thou camest to those who dwell in the ter-
ritories of the Holy Land.
I make them behold thy Holiness, like the
star Canopus,
Which pours his light in a glance of fire
When he disperses the morning dew.

We quote a few paragraphs from a poem written upon the accession of Amon-hotep II., son and successor of Thutmes III:—

- (35.) Behold then the king finished his course of
life, after many years, glorified by con-
quests and by (sieges . . .),
- (36.) And by triumphs, beginning in the first
year (and finishing) in the last day of
the month Phamenoth, in the fifty-
fourth year of his reign.
- (37.) Then he fled upwards to heaven, when the
disk of the sun went down. The fol-
lower of a god joined himself to his
creator.
- (38.) When now the earth was clear and the
morning broke, the disk of the sun
rose, and the heaven became clear, then
was the King Amon-hotep II. (may he
live forever!)
- (39.) Placed on the chair of his father, and he
took possession of the throne. He pos-
sessed the greatest fullness of strength.

We may mention that in the reign of Amon-hotep III., the famous twin statues of the king were erected, one of which was long after called the vocal Memnon. This story of the morning music was wholly a Greek fiction. The portrait statues were executed under the direction of a court architect, also named Amon-hotep, and were transported from Syene on a vast raft resting on eight ships. The architect has described his vast undertaking, and has celebrated himself at length and in a duly self-conscious manner. Dr. Brugsch says that the making and transporting of these statues (each seventy feet high, and a mountain of itself) could not be accomplished by any means known to the moderns. This king in one inscription avers that on a certain expedition to Naharain he killed two hundred and ten lions with his own hand. It is not related whether he used the long bow, — a favorite weapon with hunters in all ages.

This XVIIIth dynasty came to an end with the heretic King Khunaten. It extended from 1900 B. C. to 1433 B. C. The ideas of this king were undoubtedly Semitic. It was among these peoples

that the truth of the one God was developed, and by them was for ages preserved.

We have a prayer composed in the reign of Khunaten by one Aahmes, a zealous supporter of the new religion. It is full of beauty and dignity : —

“Beautiful is thy setting, thou sun’s disk of life, thou lord of lords and king of the worlds. When thou unitest thyself with the heaven at thy setting, mortals rejoice before thy countenance, and give honor to him who has created them, and pray before him who has formed them, before the glance of thy son, who loves thee, the King Khunaten. The whole land of Egypt and all peoples repeat all thy names at thy rising, to magnify thy rising in like manner as thy setting. Thou, O God, who in truth art the living one, standest before the two eyes. Thou art he who createst what never was, who formest everything, who art in all things ; we also have come into being through the word of thy mouth.”

The address of the queen of Amon-hotep IV. (Khunaten) to the rising sun is also fine : —

“Thou disk of the sun, thou living god ! There is none other beside thee ! Thou givest health to the eyes through thy beams, creator of all beings. Thou goest up on the eastern horizon of the heaven, to dispense life to all which thou hast created : to man, four-footed beasts, birds, and all manner of creeping things on the earth where they live. Thus they behold thee, and they go to sleep when thou settest.

“Grant to thy son, who loves thee, life in truth to the Lord of the land, that he may live united with thee in eternity.”

In the XIXth dynasty, Ramses II., son of the terrible Seti I., is the monarch that most engages our attention. Dr. Brugsch has shown that Ramses II. (one of whose names was Soter-en-ra) was the Sesostris of the Greek historians. In this reign and in that of Seti

I., was built the Hall of Columns at Karnak, the most gigantic of Egyptian works ; also the magnificent temple of Osiris at Abydos. Seti made many campaigns in Asia, and at one time brought immense masts from Mount Lebanon to serve as flag-staffs for his temples. The rock temple in Nubia, built by Ramses II., sometimes called the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, Dr. Brugsch thinks is the grandest work of art in the world. This monarch was undoubtedly great, and not nearly so ferocious as Seti I., to whom wanton slaughter was the chief joy of life. But he was a hard and cruel king, and the worst neighbor that a peaceful country could have on its border. He was associated with his father at the age of twelve, and reigned sixty-seven years. His exploits are celebrated profusely upon the walls of the great temple, both in sculptured representations of battles and in an elaborate poem by Penta-ur (Penta the Great), the oldest song of triumph in the world. The song of Moses came a generation later. The poem of Penta was first deciphered by the Viscount Rougé, and has been newly rendered by Dr. Brugsch. As a whole, it is grand ; but it is very long, and unquotable within our limits. The battle scenes are powerfully drawn and deeply cut in enduring granite, and are accompanied by descriptions, enabling the beholder to follow the course of conquest and to see the butchery of the unhappy Canaanites.

In the Bible we read that the Israelites “built for Pharaoh treasure-cities, Pithom and Raamses.” Ramses II. made Zoan-Tanis his seat. He built it anew, strengthened its fortifications, and made it the key of Egypt. Hence it came to be known by his name. The papyri show that this immense work was done by slaves, though they are never mentioned as Israelites or Hebrews. Dr. Brugsch quotes a letter of the time, written by a traveler from Middle Egypt, who had visited the new city. One sees

that the art of Pencilling By the Way is not wholly modern; for the Egyptian scribe presents a gay picture in a few swift and delicate touches, almost worthy of the graceful pen of Willis. Nothing is said of the stripes and tears of slaves. The correspondent is as silent on that subject as an American newspaper before Garrison. This Ramses was the father of the princess who found and reared the infant Moses, — Merris, the Jewish legend calls her, and we know he had a daughter named Meri. The persons of the family of Ramses are represented on the walls of the temple at Abydos. There are fifty-nine sons and sixty daughters. The fourteenth child was Mineptah (the friend of Ptah), and he, after considerable turmoil, ascended the throne (B. C. 1310). It was in his reign that the Exodus took place. It is wonderful to observe the perfect correspondence between the Mineptah II. of history and the Pharaoh of the Bible. He was a cowardly, vacillating, weak, and insignificant monarch. He is also specially reprobated by archaeologists, because, having done nothing worthy of remembrance, he caused his name to be chiseled over many cartouches of celebrated kings.

Mineptah II. also continued to reside at Tanis or Pi-Ramses. From thence Thutmes III. had formerly gone forth to attack Canaan, and there Ramses II. returned in triumph. But now Mineptah was at peace with the Khita, and he had admitted the Shasu again into the Delta. The gate of the East was no longer strictly kept; else the Exodus could not have prospered. Still, the city of Ramses was a noble capital, as has been described. Its harbor was filled with vessels that made voyages to Syria, and it had a vast plain for military exercises, a kind of Champs de Mars. Here it was, according to Scripture, that Moses and Aaron wrought their miracles, "in the plain of Zoan."

From Pi-Ramses in a direct line to

old Pelusium the course would have led over marshes and lagoons. The Sea of Serbonis lies eastward of the old Pelusiac mouth of the Nile. It was a sea of shallows, and filled with papyrus (bulrush) and other aquatic plants, but is now almost dried up. A narrow strip of sand divided it from the Mediterranean. The point aimed at after leaving Sukot (as mentioned in the biblical account) was Pihakhiroth ("the entrance to the gulfs"), between Migdol ("the tower") and the sea, over against Baal-Zephon (a noted temple). To Moses, going eastward, this was the inevitable route. The danger of marching on the border of Serbonis was well known in ancient times. Strabo relates that once while he was in Alexandria the sea (Mediterranean) rose so high between Pelusium and Mount Casius as to make the latter an island. Diodorus says that an army under Artaxerxes, not knowing the treacherous nature of the margin, was nearly swallowed up. Milton had these accounts in mind when, in *Paradise Lost* (B. II. 592), he wrote: —

"A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
'Twixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk."

Dr. Brugsch gives a map of the eastern portion of the Delta with the ancient names, and by this means shows the course of the Israelites so clearly that it is impossible to doubt.

The Israelites set forth from Zoan-Ramses on an easterly course, and in a day's march reached Succoth. This means the nome or district of Sukot, of which Pi-tom was capital. (From Zoan to Pi-tom was twenty miles.) The next day, according to the Bible, they encamped at Etham, having marched about the same distance. The word should be Khetam, which signifies a fortress. The particular fortress meant here is the double one at the crossing of the old Pelusiac branch of the Nile, the two parts being connected by a bridge. This is called the fortress Daphnai by Herodo-

tus. It was on the border of the desert, and there were no further obstructions in the way to Canaan; but by divine command the Israelites turned to the north, passing by Migdol, a noted monument, and reached the western extremity of Serbonis. Here was the entrance to the narrow strip of land between the Mediterranean and the Serbonian Sea. The royal troops came up with the fugitives near the sea, "beside Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-Zephon." Rather than give battle with the waters in his rear (even if he had been able), Moses pushed along the sand bar and reached Mount Casius in safety. The Egyptians rashly pursued. A great wave from the north swept over the barrier, and the awful tragedy of a drowned army followed. From Mount Casius the Israelites turned southward, "into the wilderness of Shur." This Hebrew word is equivalent to *Gerrhon* in Greek, and *Anbu* in Egyptian, the Wall, meaning the barrier of mountains between Egypt and Arabia. Continuing southward, they naturally found unpleasant drinking at the Bitter Lakes, or in the springs near by, on the present route of the Suez Canal, and they called them waters of *Marah*. Still further south are the palm-shaded wells of *Elim*, bearing a similar name to this day. Then the Israelites for the first time came into the peninsula of Sinai, near one of the arms of the Red Sea. Dr. Brugsch further assures us that in the original Hebrew the name translated as the Red Sea has no such signification. It means, he says, a reedy sea, a sea of shallows, water-plants, and bogs, which Serbonis is, and the Red Sea is not.

So, with the suggestion that the Almighty had perhaps brought about the safety of the fugitives and the destruction of the pursuers by natural means, — as by a great wave from the Mediterranean forcing the army into the bog, — Dr. Brugsch maintains that his account is strictly biblical, and that it is not pos-

sible to point out any other route that will accord with the biblical names and the facts of geography. There is no more memorable instance in all literature of thorough research and of resistless demonstration than this portion of Dr. Brugsch's great work.

It is a significant fact that the length of Mineptah's reign and his place of burial are not mentioned in the monuments. One coincidence is noticed by our author, and that is that the chief priest in the time of this king was named *Levi*.

It might be profitable to follow through the dynasties, but probably the patience of readers would be exhausted. In the XXth, nearly all the kings bore the name of *Ramses*; the third was known to the Greeks as *Rhampsinitus*. The record of their achievements may still be seen sculptured upon the temple at *Medinet Abu*. The XXist was a line of Theban priests. It was overthrown by an invasion from Assyria, first made known to the world by our author. Here come the names written in Scripture as *Nimrod* and *Shishak*, and later those of *Sennacherib* and *Sardanapalus*. The memorials are infrequent and obscure.

While Assyrians ruled in the north, Ethiopians conquered the south, and war raged for centuries. The destruction of edifices and statues was constant and irreparable. *Psametik I.* (XXIVth dynasty) restored peace by a fortunate marriage, and reigned at *Sais*, where the remains show the influence of Greek art in their delicate lines. The Persian conquest by *Cambyes* followed, of which full accounts exist in the classic histories. The last Persian king was overthrown by *Alexander* (B. C. 332), at which point the book closes.

The character of a people is generally inferred from its customs and laws. In Egypt, though the Pharaoh was a pure autocrat, the rules of conduct were made by priests, and religion and law were one. A most remarkable work that is

preserved for us is the ritual commonly called the Book of the Dead. It is a compendium of morals and observances, and contains also a description of the initiation into the future life. The soul appears in the judgment hall, where Osiris presides, assisted by forty-two inquisitors. The inquiries demand negative answers: thus, "Have you blasphemed? Have you stolen?" etc.

Then, too, the *reus* on trial had to assume the positive, and say, "I have made to the gods the offerings due. I have honored the dead. I have given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked."

The title of the monarch was *Perao* (of the great house). Being a god, he was usually spoken of as "his holiness." Other titles of the principal persons of the court are *Erpa*, hereditary highness; *Ha*, prince; *Set*, the illustrious; *Semerua-t*, the intimate friend; *Mur*, the overseer; *Ur*, the great. The personal attendants of the Pharaoh were the great lords, who were the chief proprietors of the soil. Others had charge of the stores of provisions; also of the treasuries and of the royal demesnes and canals.

The principal literary man of the court was termed *Hir-seshta*, "teacher of the secret;" the king's favorite was his fan-bearer; but the office of highest dignity was the "prophet of the pyramid of Pharaoh."

The Egyptians are not to be classed with African races; the form of skull indicates a connection with the Caucasian family, and the language appears to have analogies with the speech of both the Aryan and Semitic races. In the earliest ages, far before all history, they must have left Asia to found a new kingdom on the banks of the Nile. The *Amu* (or *Amoo*), east of Egypt, were herdsmen of Semitic descent, with light yellow skins; the *Libyans*, on the west, had light skins, blue eyes, and blonde or

red hair; on the south were the negroes. The dwellers in the Nile Valley were reddish-brown. They were a gay and brilliant people, loving life, and full of jest and amusement. Notwithstanding the sharp contrasts in society, every child had a share of education and every man of ability had a chance to rise. Persons of common birth frequently came to fill the great offices of state, and a young man of courage, talent, and address, who could make his way and hold his ground at court, often married a daughter of the Pharaoh, and became the father of a line of kings. It was said of Prince *Ti*, whose vast tomb at *Sakkara*, with its wealth of pictorial illustration, has engaged so much attention, that "his parents were unknown persons." In this way it was the custom to prefer the descent of a Pharaoh through the female line. When a monarch had half a hundred daughters to provide husbands for, as *Ramses* had, the advent of a spirited and handsome young fellow, even a *nullius filius*, might be welcome. However, the genealogical tables, of which a great number are still extant, show that there were no very uniform rules of succession to the throne; and it is probable that changes were often signalized by bloodshed or banishment, as they are in the East to this day.

The work on which we have drawn for the material of this paper is in many places fragmentary; but that so many events, covering such vast spaces of time, have been placed in due order is a most remarkable achievement. It is profoundly interesting, but only to those who are willing to give it a thorough study. Its full power and significance do not come to the mind until after at least a second reading. But whoever will persevere and follow our author with an active attention will find that the procession of Egypt's kings has become a part of memory forever.

Francis H. Underwood.

SOME INTIMATIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

THAT is indeed an entrancing picture presented by Victor Hugo in his *La Prière pour Tous*, wherein the poet's fancy girdles this sin-weary world with infant worshippers:—

“C'est l'heure où les enfants parlent avec les anges,
Tandis que nous courons à nos plaisirs étranges,
Tous les petits enfants, les yeux levés au ciel,
Mains jointes et pieds nus, à genoux sur la pierre,
Disant à la même heure une même prière,
Demandent pour nous grâce au Père universel!”

Can you not see them?—this endless circle of little white souls in their white gowns, the world shut out (and heaven shut in) by closely pressed palms, over pure eyes; their feet, soft and pink, without a line of worldly wear, upturned and still for this moment only of their waking life? And can you not hear the melodious murmur of their voices as they pour out in unison petitions and praises, which the waiting angel receives and bears away

“Pour étancher le soir, comme une coupe pleine
Ce grand besoin d'amour, la seule soif de Dieu”?

Holy childhood in its holiest mood! What can be thought of one who can break in upon the sacred hush of the poet's vision with the confession that scarcely anything in human experience makes so possible the doctrine of inherent depravity as the prayers of little children? Do not misunderstand me, —not exceeding depravity, but innate; for so early does the human heart send forth clouded streams that one can hardly avoid the conviction that they are troubled at the very source. It is simply suggested that in “natural piety,” as elsewhere, “the child is father of the man,” and that nursery devotions are closely akin to the prayers of humanity.

The doctrine is hard, almost intolerable, yet Matthew Arnold, not the most pronounced of Calvinists, writes

thus in a recent essay: “Even the ‘intimations’ of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth,—the idea of high instincts and affections coming out in childhood testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds,—this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterward, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general, we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the alleged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race: ‘*It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote; but from all that we can really investigate, I should say that they were no very great things!*’” Thus fortified, I venture to resume the unpleasant theme, and reluctantly suggest that even in the earliest recomunications of the child of immortality with “heaven, which is his home,” there are often intimations of mortal vapors flecking the glory-clouds with which he came attended.

It was my fortune to hear a baby of twenty-two months offer her first prayer. For some time previously, her mother had repeated for her the immortal litany of the nursery, but on this occasion she said, “You can pray yourself to-night.” Whereupon followed the famil-

iar words with an addendum uttered with peculiar unction and startling effect : —

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pay the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake;
I pay the Lord my soul to take,
I f'aid o' the boys. Amen."

This is of course not cited as an instance of depravity, but of the spontaneity of certain sentiments, there having been absolutely nothing in this infant's surroundings to have generated her terror of the "growing boy."

Indeed, does not the old Adam, or perhaps one should say the young Cain, of revolt show itself most significantly in the propensity of childhood to revise this earliest and simplest of orisons? A well-known missionary, as he was preparing for bed after his first and very youthful dissipation at a menagerie, remarked, with a *blasé* yawn, "I liked the camels a good deal the best, and I'm going to say, Now I 'camel' down to sleep, to-night." It need scarcely be added, by way of explanation, that his Yankee nurse had prejudices in favor of flat *a* from which the llama and her little charge alike suffered.

Another little rebel, of our own clan, "improved" the formula thus : —

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If you should die before you wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"No, no, Katie. You know that is quite wrong: if you, Katie, should die," etc. But she persisted in the new version against all explanations and remonstrances, until at last her discomfited elders were thankful to accept a compromise which she suddenly sprung upon them, wherein she made vicarious sacrifice of a favorite relative, who chanced to be their visitor, on this wise : —

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If Uncle C—— should die before he wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Max Müller, in his *Origin and Growth of Religion*, remarks : "When children once begin to ask questions, they ask

the why and the wherefore of everything, religion not excepted; nay, I believe that the first problems of what we call philosophy were suggested by religion." Is it not further true that religion (that is, its "outward and visible signs") exercises an exceptionally powerful fascination upon childhood? And I fancy that prayer in particular weaves such a spell about a child's imagination as can be broken only by gross practicalness on the part of its adult guardians. Scores of instances might be cited where children, not accustomed to the observance of "family prayer" and "grace" at table, have, on visiting where such customs obtained, been utterly captivated by these religious rites, and have returned home to discomfit their parents with sharp inquisition as to "Why don't we and God talk together mornings, as they do at Mr. ——'s?" or, "Why don't you talk to your plate, papa, dinner-times, as grandpa does at his house?" etc.

Some one has written, "Romance is the truth of imagination and boyhood. Homer's horses clear the earth with a bound. The child's eye needs no horizon to its prospect. An Oriental tale is not too vast. Pearls dropping from trees are only falling leaves in autumn. The palace that grew up in a night merely awakens a wish to live in it. The impossibilities of fifty years are the commonplaces of five." No one can deny this, nor draw the line between this in-born romanticism and much of the pietism which so charms us when uttered by baby lips. However much the objects of admiration may differ, the sentiment of the infant admirer is the same in a large majority of "all we can really investigate." That there are exceptions no one who has known children well for many years can doubt. But these divine estrays are wont to vanish again from our adoring sight so swiftly that we "only know [they] came and went," and it is not of them that we speak.

The representative child accepts with equal avidity a Bible miracle and an Arabian conjuration, but religion at once rises above romance incomparably in constraining attraction, if only from the fact that it alone offers him, through prayer, facilities of personal communication and intimate relations with the invisible powers whose wonder-working has appealed to his imagination. Therefore, to delight in prayer is not necessarily a proof of native sanctity.

A father related to me the following incident. His little daughter, of whose vagaries I had previously heard as something wonderful, had committed some offense which made the interposition of the father's authority necessary. "I tried every conceivable argument with her, but reasoning and pleading were alike vain. Indeed, nothing seemed to touch her in the slightest degree, till, fairly appalled by her insensibility, I burst into tears myself, and cried, 'I can only pray for you, my poor child!' I did pray, then and there, and the result seemed miraculous. The child was melted in contrition and lovingness, apparently, so that I felt that I had at last found the secret spring of her strange little spirit. All went well for some days, but one night, as I opened the door on my return from the office, G. pounced out upon me with a most rapturous expression of countenance, and exclaimed, 'Oh, papa! I've been the very worstest little girl that ever I was before! I just plagued everybody, and at last I snatched the best silver cream-jug off the tea-table, and frowed it down into the cellar; and it's lying there yet, coz mamma said it must n't be picked up till you got home. Now, papa, had n't we better go into your room and pray another nice little prayer?'"

And I have several times witnessed domestic farces, or tragedies, as you please, over the scrupulous exaction by the children of a household of the custom of invoking a "blessing" at table,

which "to my mind" would have been "more honored in the breach than the observance." Two sturdy boys, for example, in a family of my acquaintance, invariably settled the question which of them should say grace in their father's frequent absences from home by a solemn round of fisticuffs, which often sent the officiating priest to the table a personification at once of the church militant and the church triumphant.

Prayer is a critical privilege. Said Sandy Mackaye (in Alton Locke), "There's na hope for us on earth, we be a' sic liars, — a' liars, I think. A' universal liars, — rock substractum," as Mr. Carlyle says. I'm a great liar often mysel', — *especially* when I'm praying." Children, like their elders, and even before they can have learned this of their elders, are prone to pray what is expected of them, or what they fancy they ought, rather than to utter the *soul's sincere desire*, which the pious poet defines prayer to be. Was it Edward Everett who was once reported to have "offered the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience"? However this may have been, we fear that few indeed have been the petitioners before and since to whom their immediate "Boston" has not too often been their much-engrossing "audience;" and this peril of the pulpit and the prayer-meeting does not fail to invade the nursery.

Alas, like "the gray-beard loon" of the immortal Rime, I must here and now seek easement of soul by confession. Once, in very early childhood, having been sent up-stairs to meditate upon some transgression, preparatory to receiving "punishment" (mode and degree not stated) therefor, this most unfamiliar and awfully mysterious threat so overpowered all diviner fears within me that I deliberately, — may Heaven forgive what I never can forgive myself! — knelt down near, oh very near, the "pipe-hole" which communicated directly with the old parsonage study, and

projected through it a prayer "eloquent" enough to move the gentle hearts below to such a degree that, woe is me! I exchanged a moment of love's healing chastisement for life-long remorse. For

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghostly tale is told
This heart within me burns."

There is, perhaps, nothing more hateful than such an exhibition of guile in what we delight to call "guileless childhood," and yet it is far from being uncommon.

A little visitor at the same parsonage, a few years ago, a child only four years old and of rare sweetness and in every way delightful, suddenly displayed a deliberate intent to beguile, deeper than the Gunpowder Plot and far more appalling. Her victim and utterly enslaved admirer happened to be dressing for church in the same room with small Annie and her aunt, and as each several article was donned the child's approbation was expressed with more and more eagerness of intensity, till it finally culminated in a species of ecstasy as the young lady (immensely flattered by this pure incense of admiration from "a simple child that lightly draws its breath," without knowledge of "death" or evil of any sort) completed her toilet by putting on her hat: "Is n't that such a pretty dress! Is n't her sack lovely!" and finally, "Oh, Aunt Mayiah! Is n't Miss Katie's bonnet puffetly booful!" Then, as the aunt was about to take from the trunk the child's own street costume, she said, with marked emphasis, "Now Miss Katie can see my fings."

Her unsuspecting friend signified her reciprocal admiration now and then, as the toilet proceeded, and at last, as the dainty hat was tied under the alluring little chin, she remarked, "That's a jaunty little hat, Annie,—just right for your dear little head;" when, to her unutterable amazement and horror, the precious pet exclaimed indignantly, "I

don't tare, Miss Katie, *I said a dood deal more about your old bunnit!*"

An old-fashioned prosier in verse once wrote:—

"Heaven's Sovereign spares all beings but himself
That hideous sight, — a naked human heart."

And a still older-fashioned poet in prose cried before him: "*Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.*"

But to return to our more immediate subject. Sometimes the "audience," like the proverbial listener, "hears no good of himself," as in the case of a prayer offered under precisely similar circumstances to that of the "pipe-hole" meditation above recorded, by a native of the same parish. In this case, little Grace Goodenow (the aptness of the name is irresistible) besought with great unction, "O Lord, soften my mother's har-rd heart, so she won't be so ugly and whip me."

It is doubtful whether any of this earthly leaven entered into the composition of still another "grace before meat"—penal meat—offered at the age of four by a little kinsman, now a sound divine, with sundry babies of his own, as curly-headed as was their papa, but I suspect less deeply-dyed, even from the cradle, in the old Westminster catechism. In this instance the judicial parent overheard the penitent atom, measuring perhaps a score of inches from toe to topknot, wrestling mightily in the supplication, "Grant, O Lord, that I may be renewed in the *whole man!*" And in this case there is reason to believe that his prayer prevailed, since even in boyhood he did brave service for his country, as he still does for the church, instead of coming to the gallows long ago, as might have been justly predicated from a still earlier pietism of his, when he visited his sweet old grandmother with the lisping entreaty, "Pleath give me a yump of thugar, grandma; if you will, I'll be a dood boy, and therve God all the dayth of my life."

Children's wanderings in prayer have often the redeeming merit of ingenuousness and honest confession, which, however awful in its self-betrayals, might wholesomely revivify every so-called "worshiping assembly" and solitary suppliant, were once its divine breath to blow into audible speech the heart treasons now so decorously silent. Astounding and overwhelming as such "reading between the lines" would be, from cathedral altar down to cottage bedside, yet He who desireth truth in the inward parts might perhaps think our case less desperate than before our shame-stricken souls had thus bared themselves.

A delightful aunt who was visiting a Chicago household, years ago, with an apparently unlimited stock of *bonbons*, was called upon so often for supplies by her youngest nephew that his mother at last forbade him to ask again. The night after this prohibition, the little fellow guilelessly betrayed a most guileful plan of procedure, interpolating it into his recital of the Lord's prayer: "*Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread*, — and I'll ask auntie for some candy for grandpa, and he'll say, 'No, I thank you,' and then I'll eat it myself," — *and forgive us our debts,*" etc.

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at this transparent little fellow-sinner.

Another true tale of similar import, which has been used elsewhere, is here transcribed, because it introduces still another easily besetting sin of the universal suppliant. The scene shifts to Massachusetts. Tommy was already in bed and supposed to be fast asleep. Johnny, in virtue of two additional years, came later, accompanied by his father, who was to hear his prayers. John, having other projects in view, wandered repeatedly, and had to be sharply recalled, on this

wise: "God bless my father and mother; God bless Tommy, and make him a good boy — Oh, father, you won't forget to buy that saw to-morrow, will you?" "Hush, Johnny, and finish your prayers properly." "Bless brother Tommy, and make him a good boy — and father, you know I've got to have a brad-awl to make holes with!" "My son, this is very, very wrong. Remember that you are praying." "Bless my brother Tom, and make him a good boy — and then there's impression-paper and sand-paper" — "John, I shall punish you if I hear anything more from you to-night except your prayers." The thoroughly alarmed Johnny now resumes in good earnest: "Bless Tommy, and make him a" — when up springs the supposed sleeper in mighty wrath, shouting, "John Riggs, you just stop that! You've prayed for me four times too much already. I'll thank you to let me alone; if I want praying for, I'll do it myself!"

And another Bay State infant, a lovely little motherless girl, upon whose baby shoulders domestic cares already pressed sorely, prayed, "O Lord, please pour out thy spirit on all this family, 'specially my brother Wheelock, coz he needs it most; he teases me so."

This generosity of solicitude in behalf of others' spiritual improvement is sown broadcast through Christendom, but blossomed into rank Pharisaism in the little Binghamton sister's prayer, wrung from her, like the previous entreaty, by the "prison-house" beshadowed "boy," the arch-adversary of her kind. Unable to endure (or was it unable to retaliate in kind?) any longer his aggravations, she suddenly "fopped" against him, in the very spirit and almost the letter of the old temple parable: "O Lord, bless my brother Tom; he lies, he steals, he swears. All boys do. Us girls don't. Amen."

Limited and selfish prayers naturally abound in the nursery. In this kingdom

of heaven, generalities and euphuisms and self-abnegations of appeal must not be looked for. It was not till after many years of divine teaching and self-discipline that Dorothea Casaubon learned by heart that supremest petition, *Thy will be done*.

"'But I have a belief, and it comforts me.'

"'What is that?' said Will [Ladislaw], rather jealous of the belief.

"'That by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, — widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.'

"'That is a beautiful mysticism, — it is a' —

"'Please not to call it by any name,' said Dorothea, putting out her hands entreatingly. 'You will say it is Persian or something else geographical. It is my life. I have found it out, and cannot part with it. I have always been finding out my religion since I was a little girl. I used to pray so much; now I hardly ever pray. *I try not to have desires merely for myself, because they may not be good for others, and I have too much already.*'"

But children have no scruples like Dorothea's. Born to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and with that happiness unmistakably defined to their keen, fresh senses, and right in a straight line from themselves on one side, while the Deity (who is to them simply an inexhaustible giver, existing for that purpose alone) is so conveniently near and accessible on the other side, what wonder that they ask in faith, nothing doubting, for precisely what they want!

Perhaps the demand for "a real meat baby" is the most common and fervent aspiration of the nursery.

The daughter of a clergyman in an adjoining parish once gave the Lord "just two weeks" in which to bring her

"a baby sister," supplementing her peremptory order with the threat, "And if she does n't come by that time I'll just go right over and steal Mrs. Smith's new baby, clothes and all!"

My little friends, Jamie and Madge, were equally explicit; but although they were praying in concert, they could hardly claim the extraordinary potency promised to the "two" who "shall agree touching any matter." Jamie, by privilege of age and sex, prayed first: "Dear Lord, please send me a little brother, and Maggie a little sister" — whereupon Maggie hopped up very indignantly from her knees, and said, "Jimmy W——, I wish you'd mind your own business! I guess I can love a little brother, too."

"Well, don't get mad, Madge. I just as lief pray for a little brother for you. Dear Lord, please send Mag a little brother, too, though I should think she'd much prefer a little sister; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

And when the "little brother" so earnestly begged for in this family duet "came and went," Jamie remonstrated against the speedy retraction of the heavenly gift on this wise: "Dear Lord, haven't you most got through using little Harry for an angel? We want him down here very much."

On another occasion, when the officials came to record names for the final draft of soldiers, Jamie confronted them with the cry, "Oh, how can you bear to take little boys' papas to the war!" and then fled to his favorite refuge, and prayed, "Dear Lord! Won't you please to fix it so that my papa won't have to go to the war?"

Still, often and effectively as little Jamie wielded this heavenly artillery, he was quite scrupulous about taxing its interposition unnecessarily, so that once, when he came into blissful possession of his first pair of india-rubber boots, he calmly went to bed (though the weather had been exceedingly dry and the night

was fine) without any special stipulation in his devotions. In the morning he sprang out of his crib and drew back the curtain, revealing a driving northeaster, and was overheard chuckling to himself, "There! The dear Lord has sent lots of beautiful mud-puddles without my asking him to!"

An opposite course was pursued by a small fellow-citizen, whose home was over against the Yale Scientific School. Finding the weather unsatisfactorily warm after Christmas had brought him certain long-desired presents, he besought with great confidence, but equally great caution and provision for all possible contingencies and misconceptions, "O Lord, be so kind as to make ice to-night on Mr. Sheffield's side, so I can skate; but please don't make ice in our gutter, so I can sail my boat."

Still another little neighbor, whose parents had just sailed for Europe, was overheard, at her evening devotions, arranging matters for the beloved travelers with an even quainter nicety of adjustment, and with a perhaps premature recognition of the self-limits of omnipotence in dealing with human affairs: "O Lord, please don't let them be seasick,—at least not *very*; for I have heard, O Lord, that it's better for people to be *rather*!"

Having criminated myself so hopelessly under a previous head of this discourse, I think perhaps another incident from the same oratory may be suffered. It is of such gracious nature that it might almost commend me to mercy in Mr. Wordsworth's eyes, although my reporter (a revered relative, who chanced to visit the parsonage at the time when my gratitude found voice), relating the anecdote to me years after, showed himself highly antipathetic with the particular object in nature which evoked my thank-offering. And it cannot be denied that it indicated strongly

— "that every common sight

To me did seem appareled in celestial light."

For the time was spring, and the even-

ing prayer was, "I thank thee, dear Lord, for making the beautiful frogs to sing to me so sweetly!"

But although perfectly aware of the absolute assurance of the child, *per se*, as to his own direct connection with the bounty of the Infinite, yet it was, I confess, very startling to come not long ago upon a baby who not only realized his inalienable privileges on this score, but honestly supposed he had the sole monopoly of such privileges.

His name is Allie, and he lives in the most hospitable home of the most beautiful town in New England. It happened, one morning, that he assisted at family worship, or the discovery of the gross infringement of his rights might have been indefinitely postponed. He overlooked proceedings with calm indifference until the very conclusion of the service, when his father, according to his usual custom, recited the Lord's Prayer, the family accompanying. The instant he heard the words which he was himself accustomed to repeat every night, he quivered throughout his little frame so noticeably that his mother, who had mounted him on the arm of the sofa by which she knelt, raised her head to look at him. To her amazement, she discovered that he had become perfectly rigid with wrath, his cheeks fired and swollen, and his eyes fairly starting out of their sockets. The instant "*Amen*" was reached, his frenzy found utterance in a torrent of howls and semi-articulate ejaculations, and at last in the words, "Th— th— th— that a'n't *your* prayer! That a'n't *your* prayer! That a'n't *your* *kindom* come!"

So far as my observation goes, children commonly leave to their superiors all denunciatory psalms, and all attempts at the personal direction of judicial thunder-bolts "to deal damnation round the land." The only exceptions to this rule which I find in my repertory are two; unless one example, which was rather a meditation than a prayer, be ad-

mitted. Judge for yourselves of its claims. Two small cousins, Storrs and Platt, quarreled bitterly in their play together. At last, Storrs, who was four or five months the elder, was severely punished by his parents, and subsided into a corner, with the blood-curdling warning, "Well, I shall die and go to heaven." Platt, much impressed by the whole scene, was also overheard in his corner soliloquizing: "Storrs — gone to heaven, — *un-possible!*"

The first prayer of condemnation to be cited is the awful supplication of a certain dear little Jamaica Plain boy, who, having been sent to bed at half past five (instead of six o'clock, his ordinary hour of banishment), at the special instigation of his aunt, who was to give a party that night, entreated, "O Lord, come and take aunt Elizabeth right down to hell."

The second instance is too admirable an epigram on the animus of ecclesiastical autocracy and sectarianism, and indeed of all human rivalries, to be omitted.

A pair of twins, the offspring of a Methodist clergyman in Vermont, were given, like all ministers' children the world over, I fancy, to playing at "church," and particularly to preaching. These small sons of thunder usually divided the time and the honors very amicably; but on one occasion Bob had "great liberty," and prolonged his sermon beyond all precedent. Reuben endured restively, but in silence, for some time, mindful of the sanctity of pulpit privilege. At last, however, patience was exhausted, and he shouted out from the ignominious pews, "I say you, Bob, dry up! It's my turn, now." But Robert still rolled out sonorous periods without pause, until Reuben dragged up another chair close to that which his brother had been occupying so unrighteously long, and mounting it he poured such a flood of pious oratory into the very face and eyes of the somewhat

hoarse and exhausted exhorter that he, poor fellow, was forced to an abrupt change of base and tactics. Dropping homiletics and betaking himself to his knees, he folded his weary hands and shut his afflicted eyes, and prayed, "*O Lord! Don't bless that other minister that's got his pulpit hitched on to mine!*"

As the above expresses the unlovingness of humanity, let me narrate one more prayer, equally true and sincere, thank God! which expresses the gratitude for all blessings, the confidence in the all-loving Giver, and the perfect faith that he means us always good, which may Heaven send us all when we pray.

A Western missionary had adopted a little child who was utterly uneducated, not only in religious forms, but in "other-worldliness" of every kind, and indeed in the merest commonplaces of any earthly home. The little creature basked all day in the delicious new atmosphere of love and tender care, and was simply told, at night, that it was God who had given her these amazing blessings, and that he would like to have her tell him that she was pleased, out of her own heart, in her own words. And this is literally her first prayer: "I fank oo, God, for this nice house to live in; I fank oo for a pitty white bed to sleep in; I fank oo for new papa and mamma; I fank oo for pitty fowers to smell of and pitty birds to sing to me. I fank oo, God, for evy single fing. Won't oo hear me, God? Yes, — of tourse oo will!"

The conclusion of the whole matter would seem to me to be that from these "intimations," and many others still more significant, it is probable that the good God did not send us into this his other world cursed with Barmecidal memories of "that imperial palace whence [we] came," and clad with his purple, which we are hopelessly doomed to lose, shred after shred, until we are left shivering in "entire forgetfulness"

and "utter nakedness," except, forsooth, for the sorry rags of "a philosophic mind!"

There daily passes along our streets a man bent and worn with a long life of study and executive toil. His name is honored wherever the English tongue is spoken, or English thought modifies human opinion. The thousands who have been under his immediate governance render homage not alone to his great wisdom and rare justice, but to his singleness of heart, his marvelous control of a spirit not naturally docile, his exquisite reverence for another's right of judgment, whomsoever that other may be, his modesty of self-estimation, and

the perfect simplicity of his Christian faith. No child could transcend this sage in absolute dependence and simple confidence; and yet what a heaven-wide difference between the sweet credulity of childhood and the tribute of trust and praise which can be rendered by such a one as he, or as "Paul the aged," who has *fought the good fight and kept the faith* through it all, and even by means of it all! Wordsworth, thou reasonest well of happy childhood, but better of him "whom every man in arms should wish to be,"—

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass."

Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker.

AREOPAGUS.

WHERE suns chase suns in rhythmic dance,
Where seeds are springing from the dust,
Where mind sways mind with spirit-glance,
High court is held, and law is just.

No hill alone, a sovereign bar;
Through space the fiery sparks are whirled
That draw and cling, and shape a star,—
That burn and cool, and form a world

Whose hidden forces hear a voice
That leads them by a perfect plan:
"Obey," it cries, "with steadfast choice,
Law shall complete what law began.

"Refuse,—behold the broken arc,
The sky of all its stars despoiled;
The new germ smothered in the dark,
The snow-pure soul with sin assoiled."

The voice still saith, "While atoms weave
Both world and soul for utmost joy,
Who sins must suffer,—no reprieve;
The law that quickens must destroy."

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

VIII.

EGERIA and her father had reached the station an hour before their train was to start; and the time, after the first flush of their arrival, began to hang heavy on her father's hands. Now that he had set his face homeward, he was intolerant of delay. He looked at the waiting-room clock, and compared it with the clock above the tracks outside; he blamed Hatch for not being there to meet them, and fretted lest he should not come at all. It would be extremely embarrassing to be left behind, he said; he complained that it had the effect of placing him in a dependent position, and that Hatch had taken advantage of his temporary destitution to inflict a humiliation upon him. He said he would go out and look about the station while waiting, and he impatiently permitted Egeria to go with him. An idle throng were hanging about the draw of the Charlestown bridge, watching some men in a barge who were supplying air to a submarine diver at the bottom of the dock. The locality of the diver was indicated by the bubbles that rose and broke on the surface and floated away on the swift tide.

"Egeria," said her father, with instant speculation, "if it were possible to isolate a medium thus absolutely from all adverse influences, great results might be expected. A speaking-tube of rubber, running from the mouth of the submerged medium" — He looked at the girl, who smiled faintly.

"I should not have the courage to go under the water, — I should be afraid of the fish."

"At first, no doubt," replied her father. "But I was not thinking of you. I should like to see the experiment tried with Mrs. Le Roy."

Boynton was not jesting, and his daughter did not laugh at a proposal which would doubtless have amused the seeress herself. "How strange," said Egeria, as they turned away, "the western sky is!"

"Yes; the wind has changed to the east. The Probabilities, this morning, promised a storm."

"And the frames of all these railroad draw-bridges against that strange sky" —

"Yes, yes," said her father; "they look like so many gibbets. It's a homicidal sight, — or suicidal." He gave a little shiver, and they walked back into the station, where the train they were to take was just making up. Dr. Boynton looked about for Hatch, but was arrested in his impatient scrutiny of the others by the presence of two men, whose peaceful faces no less than their quaint dress distinguished them from the rest of the thickening crowd. They wore low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats of beaver; one was habited in a straight-skirted coat of drab, and the other in a like garment of dark blue; their feet, in broad, flat shoes, protruded from pantaloons of a conscientiously unfashionable pattern. Their hair hung long in their necks, and when one lifted his hat to wipe his forehead he showed his hair cut in front like a young lady's *bang*. They seemed quite at their ease under the glance of the passers, and talked quietly on, even when Dr. Boynton, expressing a doubt as to whether they were Quakers, halted Egeria, and lingered near them.

"That is so, Joseph," said one who seemed the younger, and was much the graver of the two. "It began with our people, and I think it will get its only true development among us. In the world outside, its professors are as bad as the hiring priesthood of the churches."

"Yee," assented he called Joseph, with that quaint corruption through which the people of his sect fail in the scriptural injunction they strive to obey.

"As soon as the money element touched it, it began to degenerate, and now it's a trade, like any other. They are tempted all the while to eke it out with imposture."

"Nay, Elihu, not in all cases. At least, they don't yield to the temptation in all cases. You must not let your judgment be too much swayed by the single case that has come to your knowledge."

"They can't be Quakers," said Egeria, in a low voice; "they say 'you,' and not 'thee' and 'thou.'"

Her father did not answer; he pressed her hand to make her keep silence, and insensibly drew her a little nearer to the men.

"Yee," replied the younger, "it is well to avoid a hasty judgment; but it is foolish to blind one's self to the facts. And the facts are that in such hands as this gift has fallen into in the world outside it is mere sorcery, — a spell to conjure with."

"Nay, it is something better than that. It is still a proof of life hereafter to those who could receive no other evidence."

"Yee, that may be. But I feel that it cannot truly prosper except with those who are leading the angelic life, here and now."

These words, these phrases, had visibly made a great impression upon Boynton. His daughter saw that he was longing to accost the speakers. But at that moment she caught sight of Hatch coming out of the ladies' room, and looking anxiously about as if seeking them.

"Oh!" she cried gladly, "there's Mr. Hatch!" and she pulled her father away with her.

The two men turned at the sound of their going, and gazed after them.

"That is a strange couple," said he called Joseph. "Did you notice them as they stood here?"

"Yee, I saw them. They seemed to be listening. But we were not saying anything to be ashamed of, and I thought they could not receive any harm from overhearing us. They looked like stage players to me: before I was gathered in, I used often to see such folks."

"Do you think they are man and wife?"

"Nay, I don't know."

"He seemed too old to be her husband."

"That often happens in the world."

"Yee," said Joseph; "but I never like to see a young wife with an old husband. And there is something pleasing in a pretty young couple: they seem happy."

"Nay," returned the other, "what does it matter to us how they mate together?"

They stood looking after Egeria and her father, whom Hatch had now joined. "They seem to have found friends," said Joseph. "I don't think she is the elderly man's wife."

Hatch hurried them into the waiting-room; and then he went to buy their tickets, and have their baggage checked.

"I've got your trunks checked clear through, doctor," he said, when he returned and sat down beside them. "But you'll have to change cars at Ayer Junction. You won't have any trouble, though: you just walk out of the end of the depot, and take the train standing across the track of the one you've come on. You can stop at Portland, when you get there, or you can make the connection, and push right through, and be home by morning. I've been looking it all up for you in this Guide." He drew a book out of his pocket.

"Oh, we shall want to push right through, sha'n't we, father?" asked Egeria.

But her father had apparently lost all

concern in the return home for which he had but now been so eager. He had listened with apathy to Hatch's excuses for his delay, and he had received with indifference the checks and tickets the young man had brought him. "We will see how we feel when we get to Portland," he answered testily, handing the money he had borrowed to Egeria. "Mr. Hatch," he added, presently, with the mystery in which he liked to involve simple things, "are you pressed for time?"

"I have all the time there is," replied Hatch, cheerily.

"Then oblige me by remaining here for a moment with Egeria, — for one moment only."

He left them, and they looked blankly at each other.

"Your father," Hatch began, "seems a little off the notion of going back."

"Yes," assented Egeria, dispiritedly.

"Well, of course; that's the reaction. But he'll be all right again when the train's started. I know how that is. Miss Egeria," he added, looking down at the neat valise between his feet, "I did n't tell the doctor, but I hope you won't object to company part of your journey. I'm going on your train as far as Ayer Junction." He met her look of amaze with one of triumphant kindness. "Yes. You know I can go West Hoosac Tunnel way."

"I did n't know," said Egeria.

"Well, I can. And I thought I might be of use to you in changing cars at the Junction, and so I'm going."

"I don't know what to say to you," Egeria murmured, brokenly.

"I thought you'd be glad," said Hatch.

"Yes; only you do too much," returned the girl.

"Well, I'm a little in debt to your father, yet; and I would do anything for — for your father. I hope you'll make him push straight through to-night. I don't think your father's quite well, Miss

Egeria. He needs rest. He ought to be home."

"Yes, he needs rest," said Egeria sadly. "I'm glad we're going home. But you know how it is, there, between him and grandfather," she added, reluctantly. "I don't know just where we'll go. We can't go to our old house; there are people in it; and father would n't go to grandfather's, after what's passed."

"Oh, you'll find friends there," said Hatch, hopefully. "At any rate, you'll be among your own kind of folks, and that's something. And that reminds me: here's a little note I want you to give your grandfather for me. I always liked the old gentleman," he added, giving her a letter. "He and I got along first-rate together. And I guess you can patch it up between him and your father."

"Mr. Hatch," said Egeria, looking at the letter. — "Or no, no matter."

"What is it?"

"Nothing; merely something I was going to ask you, — to ask your advice. But it's done now, and so it would be of no use."

Hatch laughed. "That's the time ladies usually apply for advice, — after a thing's done. And, as you say, it ain't of much use then, — at least, not for that occasion."

Egeria smiled sadly. "I suppose I wanted you to think I had done right."

"Well, I think that without your asking me."

Egeria put the letter away in her handbag, and put that carefully behind her on the seat, before she asked, a little tremulously, "Mr. Hatch, what do you think made him change his mind about it after he talked with you?"

An angry flush passed over Hatch's face, as he followed her meaning, and recalled the encounter of the morning. "I don't know. Such a man as that would n't need any reason. Perhaps he did n't change his mind. He might n't choose to let me know what he intended to do."

Boynton returned from the outside, and interrupted their talk.

"I went to see if I could find those two men," he said to Egeria. "Some remarks that they dropped had a peculiar interest for me. But they were gone. Did you notice them, Mr. Hatch? They stood near us when we first caught sight of you."

"Parties in broad-brims? Yes, I saw them. But I did n't notice them particularly. What were they talking about?"

"The life hereafter," said Dr. Boynton solemnly, "and the angelic life on earth."

"Well, I don't know about the last, but the first is a good subject for a railroad depot. Makes you think whether you've bought your insurance ticket. Quakers, I suppose."

"No, they were not Quakers," answered the doctor, with dry offense.

"Well, they looked it," said Hatch. "Perhaps they belonged to some of the new religious brotherhoods. I've seen fellows going round with skirts down to their heels; I believe they're pretty good fellows, too; they take care of the sick and poor. But I don't see why they can't do it in sack coats."

"It's possible that these are of the brotherhood you mean," said the doctor. "I wish I could see them again." He looked vexed and disappointed.

"Well, you may run across 'em," returned Hatch easily. "Perhaps they'll be on our train." He added, at the doctor's inquiring look, "I'm going to Troy by the tunnel route; I shall be with you as far as Ayer Junction."

"Oh," returned the doctor, with a little surprise, but with as little interest. "Is n't it time to go on board?"

"Guess we might as well," said Hatch, gathering up Egeria's things and her father's, beside his own compact luggage, and following Boynton, as he went out free-handed. Hatch had taken his berth in the sleeping-car, and he got them seats in this luxurious vehicle as far as the

Junction. Dr. Boynton stared anxiously about the car, and walked up and down the aisle. "Remain here with Mr. Hatch a moment, Egeria," he said. "I will be back, presently."

Egeria made a little start of protest, but Hatch repressed her with a touch. "Let him go," he whispered, as the doctor pushed off. "He's after those Corsican Brothers. They can't do him any harm, and they'll occupy his mind. Who did you think they were?"

"I could n't tell," said Egeria. "I was sure they were Quakers; but they did n't use the plain language. I think father thought they were talking about the spirits," she added, dejectedly.

"Well, I'm sorry for that," replied Hatch. "I think he's got enough of the spirits for one while. But probably they weren't, if they're any of those new kind of brothers. If they are, I hope he'll find 'em. They can give him some talk on the other side."

The doctor came back, and sat down with an air of satisfaction. "I've found them, Egeria," he said. "But the seats all about them were occupied, so that I could n't get a place near them. I overheard them say that they were going to Ayer, where friends are to meet them."

"Well, that's lucky," Hatch interposed. "You may get a glimpse of them there. You'll have to wait twenty minutes for connections. It's surprising how much you can do in twenty minutes when you're on the road. Why, twenty minutes on the road are as long as the good old twenty minutes a fellow used to have when he was a boy. But they won't go any further in the way of time, generally, than twenty dollars will in the way of money, nowadays; we seem to have got an irredeemable paper currency in both things, since I grew up. I wish we could get back to a gold basis. I should like to see half a day or half a dollar of the old size. Why, doctor, you must remember when they were both as big as the full moon!"

The weather had been growing colder since morning, and though they had run out under clearer skies than those of the sea-board, the sun set at last in a series of cloudy bars, through which his red face looked as through the bars of a visor, before it dipped out of sight, and left the west pale and ashen. The lengthening twilight of the season prevailed over the landscape, sodden from long snow, and showing as yet no consciousness of the spring. It was sad and bare, and it was from its cold melancholy that the girl shrank towards Hatch; she did not withdraw when her father rose and went into the next car.

"Going to make sure of his Brothers," said the young man. He looked at his watch. "We're a little late; but I shall have time to see you on board the Portland train when we get to the Junction. We ought to have had the twenty minutes there together; but we sha'n't; my train leaves before yours does. I wish I was going on the whole way with you!"

"I wish you were," responded Egeria. "But you mustn't lose any time when we get to the Junction; you might miss your own train."

"I couldn't afford to do that. But there'll be time. Now, I'll tell you what, Miss Egeria: I want you to write to me when you get home. You know I shall want to know you've got there."

"Yes, I will," answered Egeria.

"There!" said Hatch, tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, in which he had written, "that'll fetch me. I shall be a fortnight in Omaha before I push on to California. When I get back, in June, I'm coming to see you!"

"You may be sure we shall be glad to have you," answered Egeria, putting the address in her bag. "I'm so eager to get home, it seems as if I could fly. I'd rather be in the grave-yard there than lead the life we have the last three months. I hope I shall never come away again!" she added, passionately, while the tears started to her eyes.

"Well, I hope you won't, if you don't want to," said Hatch. "But I guess we won't talk about *grave-yards* in that connection. I'm coming back to find you strong and well, and your father in the good old track again."

"Yes," murmured the girl

The doctor came in and resumed his seat.

"Corsican Brothers all right?" asked Hatch.

"They are still there," replied the doctor, gravely accepting the designation.

"Well, you'll have to cut it shorter than I thought for at Ayer," said Hatch. "We're a little behind time. But I guess you can transact all the business you have with them in fifteen minutes."

"In fifteen minutes?" Boynton looked doubtful and unhappy.

"Why," said Hatch, with a laugh, "I'll see that you get the whole time. I'll find your train with Miss Egeria, and put her into it. You ought to have some supper, though. I'll ask the Brothers to hold on till you've had a cup of tea."

"I shall want nothing to eat," replied the doctor, excitedly. "If you will take charge of Egeria, I shall be obliged to you. I *must* speak to them."

"All right," said Hatch. "Don't be anxious," he whispered to Egeria, as they emerged into the crowd and clamor at the Junction. Locomotives were fuming and fretting under cover of the station; without, their bells were bleating everywhere; people ran to and fro, and were pushed about by men with long trucks; the baggage men hurled the trunks from one train to another, and called out the check numbers in metallic nasals. Hatch made his way with Egeria to the train standing across the Fitchburg track, and piled up her things in a seat. "Remember the train and car," he said, making her look round, when they came out again. "Now come get

something to eat." He hurried her into the eating-room, and ordering supper for both, he left her and went to find the doctor. It was some minutes before he returned with him, crest-fallen and disappointed.

"Did you see them?" asked Egeria, interpreting his gloom aright.

"No," said her father, "I have missed them."

"Good-by, doctor; good-by, Miss Egeria," said Hatch, who had been paying for the supper. "That's my train," he added, at the sound of a bell. "Good luck to you!"

Egeria clung to his hand. "But your supper!"

"That's the doctor's supper. I shall snatch a bite at Fitchburg."

"Oh!" moaned Egeria. But he was gone, and she turned to urge her father to eat.

"Oh, I want nothing, — I want nothing," he said, impatiently; but the girl pressed him, and after she had made him drink a cup of tea, she followed him out of the eating-room. At the door, he gave a joyful start. There, not ten paces away, were the men whom he had seen at the depot in Boston, and whom he had been so anxiously seeking. A third, dressed like them, and of a like placidity of countenance, was talking with them. Nothing now could prevent Boynton from accosting them. He launched himself towards them with an excitement strangely contrasting with their own calm.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I must beg your pardon for addressing you. But I saw you in the depot at Boston" —

"Yee," interrupted he called Elihu, tranquilly, "we saw you there."

"And — and — I chanced to overhear something in your conversation" —

"Yee," said the other, as before, "we saw you listening."

"Well, well! I confess it, — I confess it!" cried the doctor, even more impatient than disconcerted. "I felt con-

strained to listen: your words seemed to me a message, a prophecy, a revelation. May I ask, gentlemen, if you were talking about spiritualism?"

"Yee, we were."

"Father, — father, we shall lose our train!" pleaded Egeria.

The three strange men, from studying the doctor intently, turned and looked kindly at her, while he continued, "And were you — you were — Gentlemen, this is a subject that interests me greatly, — vitally, I may say. Pardon me if I seem too bold. You were saying that this science, this dispensation, — this — this — call it what you will, — originated with some society of which you are members?"

"Yee."

The bell was ringing for their train to start; Egeria essayed another meek appeal of "Father, our train is going!" and was hushed with a harsh "Silence!" from the doctor, who eagerly pursued, "And this society — this — Gentlemen, what *are* you?"

"We are of the people called Shakers," replied Joseph.

"Exactly! Exactly! I see it, — I understand it all! I understand now how you can make the only just claim to the development of these phenomena. In your community alone is the unselfish, the self-devoted, basis to be found, without which we can rear no superstructure to the skies. I have wasted my life!" he cried, passionately, — "wasted my life! Does your community live near here?"

"Yee," answered the eldest Shaker, cautiously, "some miles back. This brother has come down to drive us home."

"I wish to be one of you!" said the doctor.

"Nay," answered the Shaker, "that needs reflection."

A train began to cross the front of the station. Egeria's long-suffering broke in tears. At sight of her distress,

the Shaker added, "Friend, there goes your train."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Boynton, distractedly, "you shall hear from me!" He turned with Egeria, and ran towards the cars, the Shakers following, and making signals to the engineer. The train moved slowly, and Egeria and her father scrambled aboard. She led the way to the rear car, in which her things were left; but on going to the seat midway of it which Hatch had chosen for her, she could not find them. She sank down, stupefied. Her father noticed neither her loss nor her distress. She waited hopelessly for the conductor's coming, and when he appeared she asked him timidly if he had seen her things. He said he would ask the brakeman about them, and added in the tone of formal demand, "Tickets!" The doctor surrendered them without looking at the conductor. "These tickets are for Portland," said the conductor. "You're on the wrong train, — this is the down train."

"Oh, put us off then, please," implored Egeria, "and we'll walk back."

"Up train left before this did," said the man, "and you couldn't get it, any way."

"Oh, what shall we do!" lamented the girl. "How shall we ever get home?"

"I can take you on to Egerton; train doesn't stop till we get there. You can go up on the morning express."

"But we can't pay!" gasped Egeria. "Our money was all in one of my bags!"

The conductor looked as if this might or might not be true. He glanced at Egeria's shabby dress, and his face hardened as he said, "I can take you to Egerton," and passed on.

Boynton had shown little concern in the matter, as if it were no affair of his. Egeria did not appeal to him for counsel or comfort, but sank back into her seat, and wept silently. In the twilight

her tears could not be seen; when it grew darker, and the lamps were turned up, she averted her face, and stared out of the black window with streaming eyes. When the train stopped, and the brakeman called "Egerton," she led her father from the car, and began to walk with him from the station up into the village.

IX.

Egerton is a village that presents a winning aspect to the summer visitor when he goes thither in June, and finds it at peace with all the world, in the shadow of immemorial, uncanker-wormed elms. Its chief street wanders quaintly, with a pleasant rise and fall, and on either hand are the large square mansions of a former day, and the trim, well-kept French-roof villas of ours. Hammocks, with girls reading novels in them, are swung between door-yard trees; swift buggies go by on the wide, dustless street; the children of summer visitors, a little too well dressed, play in the cool paths; all day long there is lounging and light literature and smoking and flirtation on the piazzas of the big summer hotel. But the place is far from being a mere summer resort; it is a village, with its own life, expressed in comfortable homes, in a post-office, an apothecary's, a local bank, and various stores, all elm-embowered. A lovely country lies about it, dipping to a fertile valley on one side, and stretching on the other level and far, with an outlook to yet farther hills.

On the chilly April eve when Egeria and her father walked aimlessly away from the station up into the village, it did not wear the welcome it gives the summer visitor. Here and there a lamp pierced the gathering night, and about the stores and post-office there was a languid stir; but the houses darkled away into the gloom of the country. A wind was rising; it took the elms over the

street, and swung their long, pendulous boughs about under the sky, dully luminous with coming storm.

The doctor had seemed carelessly indifferent about all that had happened; indeed, scarcely cognizant of it. He looked vaguely round as they passed through the space in front of the hotel. "Where are you going, Egeria?" he asked.

"I don't know. We have no money."

"No money?"

"You gave me the money, and I put it into my bag that was carried off on the train to Portland."

"Ah, true, true," responded her father, as if he granted the trivial point for argument's sake. He added, with a sort of philosophical interest in the fact, "Well, we are beggars now, — houseless beggars, who don't know how to beg! Yet I have no doubt there are doors enough on this street that would fly open at our touch, if it were known that we were without shelter and in need. Where shall we apply, my dear?"

"Oh, I don't know, — I don't know."

"All the houses seem dark," mused Boynton aloud. "If we rang, and made them the trouble of lighting hall and parlor lamps in the belief we were visitors, it would have a bad effect. We will stop at the first house where we see a light at the front windows." But when they came to such a house, it seemed too brightly lighted, and they walked wearily by. At last, they paused before a door where the illumination was neither too brilliant nor too faint; and while they stood questioning themselves as to the form of their petition, the lamp at the window was suddenly blown out. They did not speak, but turned and kept on their way. They had passed through the denser part of the village, and the houses began to straggle at wider and wider intervals along the road. Presently they found themselves in the open country, between meadows and fields, with what seemed a long stretch of wood-

land before them. But before they reached it they came to a wayside country store, in front of which they mechanically halted.

"I have an idea, Egeria," said her father. "I will step into this store and pledge your ring for a night's lodging."

"Well," said Egeria, yielding it with dull indifference. She went with him to the door, and lingered there while he addressed the man behind the counter with his airy flourish. It required time for the situation to make itself intelligible. Then the man took the ring extended to him, and looked coldly, not at it, but at Boynton. When the rustic leisure of the establishment had gathered itself about the transaction, he returned it. "I ain't no goldsmith," he said.

"I beg your pardon?" queried Boynton.

The man lifted his voice: "May be it's gold, and may be it's brass."

"Brass?"

"Well, you'd ought to know. Anyhow, I guess we can't trade." The spectators admired a fellow citizen's cool ability to deal with a confidence man.

Boynton turned away with dignity, and addressed a young fellow in the group. "Can you tell me," he said politely, "my shortest way to Ayer Junction? I was brought here by mistaking the downward for the upward train, at that point." The listeners grinned at the shallow imposture, but the young man answered civilly that if he was going to walk he had better take the road to Vardley, keeping due northward on that street. He came to the door to be more explicit, and, throwing it open, discovered Egeria to the others.

"Funny pair of tramps," said one of them, loud enough for the wanderers to hear.

"I guess they ain't any tramps," said the store-keeper, darkly.

"Why?" asked the other.

"Well, I guess they ain't tramps," repeated the man in authority. His suc-

cess in coping with the doctor made the rest feel that he had a meaning withheld for the present from regard for the public good; they kept silent; his interlocutor spread out his hands as in an act of submission above the stove. He did not speak again, but after a while another took up the word.

"They say them Shakers at Vardley keeps a house a purpose for lodgin' tramps," he said, holding his knee between his clasped hands, as he sat, and striking the heel of his boot against the side of the stove.

Another silence followed, while a loungee on the other side of the stove worked his lips for expectoration against the iron; but it was too lukewarm to hiss.

"The old gentleman can put up with 'em, and *keep* his ring, if he steps along pretty spry. Tain't more 'n about five mile, is it Parker?"

After a decent pause, "Well, I don't know what the country's comin' to," sighed a local pessimist.

"Oh, I guess it 'll all come out right in the end," returned a local optimist. This put the pessimist down; the talk had wandered from horses, at the doctor's appearance, and now it reverted to horses.

The young fellow who had gone to the door with the Boyntons did not return within; he walked a little way up the street with him and Egeria, and recollected to warn them about a turning to the right which they were not to take. When he parted with them at a corner, he stood and gazed after them, with perhaps a kindly impulse in his heart fainting through bashfulness and doubt, while they held their way till they drew near the edge of the forest. It looked black and dreadful under the darkened sky; they stopped before reaching it at a little house which stood upon its borders.

"We must ask here," said Egeria desperately.

"Well, you ask, then, my dear," said her father. "They won't deny a woman."

Egeria knocked, and after a long interval the light from the rear of the house disappeared, and, the door being opened, was held scarily aloft above the head of an elderly woman who surveyed them with an excited face.

Egeria briefly told their story, and ended with a prayer for a night's shelter. "Just let us sit by your fire. We won't trouble you, and in the morning we will go on."

The woman did not change countenance. "You hain't any of them that's escaped from the reform school?" she demanded, in a high, frightened voice.

Egeria again explained their case. "I don't know where the reform school is. This is my father, and we are honest people!" she added indignantly.

"Well," said the woman, in the same key as before, and clinging to her preconception, "I guess you better go back. The officers is sure to catch you."

"Oh, and *won't* you let us in?"

"Why, I could n't, you know, — I could n't. You just keep right along. It's early yet, and there's a tavern up this road, — well, it ain't more 'n four mile, if it's that; you can put up there."

"Is this the road to Vardley?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, yes, — straight along," said the woman, who had been making the aperture between them smaller and smaller; she now finally closed the door with a quick bang, and bolted it.

"What shall we do?" whispered Egeria.

"I don't know," her father faltered, in reply.

"Let us go back to the station," said the girl. "They will let us stay there, and then in the morning we can take the train — Oh, but we have n't any money to pay our way back!" She broke out into a wild sobbing.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said her father,

soothingly. "We will walk on. Some one *must* receive us. Or, if not, we can't starve in a single night, and at this season we can't perish of cold." As they resumed their way, something struck lightly in their faces. "Rain?" said the doctor, stretching out his hand.

"No," answered Egeria, "snow."

Neither spoke as they entered the deep shadow of the forest, which in this part of Massachusetts covers miles of country, where the farmer has ceased to coax his wizened crops from the sterile soil and has abandoned it in despair to the wilderness from which his ancestors conquered it.

The road before the wanderers began to whiten. "Oh, when shall we come to a house?" moaned the girl, shrinking closer to her father, and clinging more heavily to his arm.

She started at the sound of voices and the red glare that came from a sheltered hollow of the woods beside the valley into which the road descended. Around a large fire crouched a party of tramps: one held a tilted bottle to his mouth, and another clutched at it; the rest were shouting and singing. As Egeria and her father came into the range of the firelight, the men saw them. They yelled to them to stop and have a drink. The one who had the bottle snatched up a brand from the fire with his left hand and ran toward them. His foot must have caught in some root or vine; he fell, rolling over his bottle and torch, and while he screamed out that he was burning up, and the rest rushed upon him with laughter for his mishap and curses for the loss of his bottle, Egeria and her father fled into the shadows beyond the light.

Terror gave her force, but when she felt herself safe her strength began to fail.

"I can't go any farther," she said, releasing her hand from her father's arm, and sinking upon the wayside bank. "We will wait here till morning."

He made her no answer, but stood looking up and down the road. "Egeria," he said at last, "I fancy that it's lighter ahead of us than it is behind, and that we're near the edge of the woods. Try to come a few steps farther." He lifted her to her feet, and they moved painfully forward. It was as he said: in a little while the woods broke away on either hand, and they stood in the middle of cross-roads; on one corner was a house. But as they drew near the verge of the open, the sound of voices stayed them; they were the voices of young men and young girls laughing and calling to one another, as they issued from this house on the corner. "It's a school-house," said her father; "they've had some sort of frolic there."

"Well, you won't get the Unabridged for spelling *merry*, Jim!" shouted one of the youths to another.

"Oh, how does he spell it?" cried one of the girls.

"He spells it M-a-r-y!"

The laugh that followed repeated itself in the woods.

"That's a good joke for hoot-owls!" retorted some one who might be Jim.

"A spelling-match," Boynton interpreted.

A noise of joyous screaming and scuffling came from within the house as a light was quenched there, with cries of, "I should think you'd be ashamed!" and "Now, you stop!" and the like; and a bevy of young people came scurrying from the door.

"Hello!" shouted one of the young men, "what about the books?"

"I don't know," answered another. "Guess nobody'll hurt the books before morning."

"I wish they'd steal mine!" said the gay voice of a girl.

"But the fire, — we've left a roaring fire."

"Well, let it burn the old thing down."

"All right!"

They hurried forward, shouting to the party ahead, who answered with a medley of derisive noises.

When they were all gone, and their voices had died away, the wanderers crept to the door of the school-house, which they tried anxiously. It opened, and they entered. A gush of mellow light from the stove door, left open to let the fire die soon, softly illumined the interior. They drew some benches close to the stove, and sank away from the sense of all their misery.

X.

The last thing of which Egeria had been aware before she fell asleep was her own shadow thrown by the fire-light against the school-house door. She thought it was this when she looked again. But the door melted away from around the shadow, and the shadow took feature and expression. Rousing herself with a start, she saw that it was a young girl, cloaked and hooded, standing in the open door-way. The pale, bluish light of a snowy morning filled the school-room. The girl stood still, and looked at Egeria with a stony gaze of fear. The past came back to her; the situation realized itself. Her father, a shabby, disreputable heap of crumpled clothing and tumbled hair, was still asleep; her own beautiful hair had fallen down her shoulder.

"We will go, — we will go," she whispered to the girl in the door-way, with a face as frightened as her own. "It's my father. We were walking to Vardley; we didn't know where we were, and we found the school-house door unlocked, and we came in." She caught at the wandering coils of her hair, and twisted them into place, and tied on her bonnet.

The girl in the door-way looked as if she would like to run away, but she

came in, gasping, and shut the door behind her. "You're not tramps?" she made out to ask.

"Oh, no, no, no!" replied Egeria, and she incoherently poured out the story of their misadventure.

The other girl drew a long breath. "And you were going to Vardley Station?"

"Yes."

"That's more than three miles from here." Egeria did not say anything, but she turned to wake her father. "Oh, don't wake him!" cried the other girl, with a new start of terror, and a partial flight toward the door. "I mean," she added, coming back, with a blush, "let him sleep. I—I'm the teacher; and I've come to build the fire. You can warm by it before you go. The scholars won't be here yet for an hour." Every word was visibly a conquest from fear, a fulfillment of duty. The teacher took off her waterproof, the hood of which she had drawn up over her head, and showed herself a short, plain girl, with a homely face full of sense and goodness. Her hair, cut short, clung about her large head in tight rings. She looked at Egeria's ethereal beauty and the masses of her hair, not enviously, but with a kind of compassionate admiration.

The fire had gone down in the stove, but there was still imbedded in the ashes a line of live embers keeping the shape of the original maple stick. She raked the coals forward, laid on some splinters and bark, and then logs, and closed the door; the fire shouted and roared within.

The teacher sat down on a bench across the stove from Egeria, took into her lap the tin pail she had brought with her, and lifted the lid, discovering a smaller pail within, packed round with pieces of mince-pie, doughnuts, and biscuit, with slices of cold meat between the buttered halves. She took this out, and set it on the stove; she tore some

leaves out of a copy-book, and laying them on the iron put the slices of pie on them. She did not say anything to Egeria, who had no authority to interfere with her proceedings. "I'm sorry it is n't coffee," she said, looking into the pail on the stove; "but I can't drink coffee; so it's only cracked cocoa. Now wake him."

But the stir of garments, the low voices, and the fragrant smell of the cocoa and mince-pie had already roused Dr. Boynton. He lifted himself, looked at Egeria, and stared at the teacher, to whom presently he made a courteous bow. She replied by pouring some of the cocoa into a saucer, which she took from the bottom of the larger pail, and handing it to him.

"I beg your pardon?" he said sweetly. The tears stood in Egeria's eyes. This succor had not been offered; it had been given.

"There's another saucer," said the teacher, evasively; "but you'll have to eat your pie out of them afterwards."

Her father saw Egeria supplied with cocoa, and then drank with the simple greed of a child.

"This — this lady is the teacher, father," said Egeria. Boynton, brightened by his draught, bowed again, and the teacher gravely acknowledged his salutation. "I've told her how we came here."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor; "most disagreeable coincidence. I can assure you that in a somewhat checkered career I have never met with a more painful experience. At times, really, I have hardly been able to recognize my own identity. But it's well for once, no doubt, to find ourselves in the position in which we have often contemplated others."

The teacher took the pie from the smoking paper and slid a piece into each saucer. "I presume it is n't very wholesome," she said, "but I've heard that Mr. Emerson says, if you *will* eat it,

you'd best eat it for breakfast, so that you can have the whole day to digest it in."

"Emerson," said the doctor, receiving his saucer with one hand, while he opened his handkerchief and spread it on his knees with the other, "is a very receptive mind. I fancy that there is a social principle in these matters which is n't clearly ascertained yet. Where whole communities eat pie, as ours do, there must be an unconscious, coöperative force in its digestion."

The teacher looked at him, but answered nothing.

"I'm afraid," said Egeria ruefully, "that it's your dinner."

"The children always want me to eat part of theirs," the teacher explained. "I could n't think of your asking at a house for your breakfast. The country is overrun with tramps, and they might suppose" — She stopped and blushed, and then she added with rigid self-justice, "Well, I don't know as it was so strange I should."

"No," said Egeria, "you could n't have thought anything else. That's what they took us for everywhere." She spoke with patience and without bitterness, but she did not eat her breakfast with the hungry relish of the outcast she had been mistaken for.

The teacher sat looking at them, and a new sense of their forlornness seemed to flash upon her. "Why, you have no outside things!"

"No," said Egeria; "they all went off on the train we lost."

The teacher said, like one thinking aloud, "If you are not telling me the truth about yourselves, it will be your loss, and not mine." Then she added, "I don't want you should try to walk to Ayer; it would kill you, in this snow. You must take the cars at Vardley Station." She drew out her purse. "There," she said, handing Egeria some bits of scrip, "it's ten cents apiece to the Junction; and here," she continued, thriftily

putting the biscuit together in a scrap of paper, "is something for your lunch on the cars."

Egeria made no reply. From time to time she had lapsed from all apparent sense of what was going on. She now looked blankly at the teacher.

Her father was not so helpless. "My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "you are perfectly right in your estimate of the consequences and penalties! If we were deceiving you, we should be the sufferers, and not you. There is a law in these things which no individual will can abrogate. In the end, truth and good always triumph." He had finished his pie, and he now took a draught of cocoa. "Have you many pupils?" he asked.

"No," replied the teacher, "not many. The old people say there used to be forty or fifty, but now there are only sixteen."

Boynton shook his head. "Yes, it is this universal tendency to the cities and the large towns which is ruining us. Well, Egeria, shall we be going?" He had eaten and drunken to his apparent refreshment, and he was now ready to push on.

Egeria cast a look out of the window, and rose languidly.

"I'd ask you to stay," said the teacher, taking note of her weariness, "but the children will be coming very soon, and" —

"Oh, no, — no! We couldn't stay. We must go."

The teacher took down her waterproof from the peg on which she had hung it, and, eying it a moment thoughtfully, handed it to Egeria. "I want you should wear this. You'll take your death if you go out that way. You can give it to the depot man at Vardley Station, and tell him it's Miss Thorn's. He'll send it back by the stage this afternoon, and I'll get it in plenty of time." Egeria did not reply, but stood looking at the teacher with a jaded and wondering regard.

"I will take it for her, Miss Thorn," said the doctor, advancing with a sprightly air, and receiving the cloak. "I will see that it is duly returned. And let me thank you," he added, "for your kindness at a time when, really, we should have been embarrassed without it. My name is Boynton, — Dr. Boynton. Though you can scarcely have heard of it."

"No," said the teacher, reluctantly, but firmly.

"Ah!" returned the doctor. But he did not attempt to enlighten her ignorance. He said, "Come, Egeria," and led the way to the door. The girl turned and looked vaguely at the teacher; but no words of farewell or of thanks passed between them.

The doctor issued cheerfully, even gayly, from the school-house door. The wind had changed, and was blowing from the south. Whiffs of white cloud were sailing far overhead in the vast expanse of blue, from which poured a mellow sunshine. The snow, translucent in the light, and dark blue in the shadow, clung lazily to the trees and the eaves, from which at times the breeze detached it and tossed it away in soft, large clots. Some unseen crows made themselves heard in the distance; near by, on the fence, a little bird stooped and sang.

"A bluebird!" cried Boynton.

"Yes," answered the teacher; "there were a good many yesterday, before the weather changed. Robins, too."

He made her an airy bow, and Egeria looked back at her over her shoulder as they walked out into the road. "Why, the snow-plow has gone by!" he exclaimed, with simple delight in the effect, and the teacher saw him stop and point out to Egeria the drift, massively broken, and flung on either side in moist blocks by the plow. She watched them from the school-house door-way till a turn of the road hid them from sight. Then she went within, and cast a doubtful

glance at the peg where her water-proof had hung. But her face changed as her eye fell to the staunch and capacious rubber-boots standing in order below the peg. "I don't believe that girl had the sign of a rubber!" she mused aloud, in the excess of her compassion.

XI.

The adventure of the day before and the exercise of their night-walk, with the good breakfast he had eaten, seemed to have brightened Boynton past recollection of all the sorrows he had known. He went forward, discoursing hopefully, and developing a plan he had for leaving Egeria with her grandfather, and returning to this region in order to look up the Shaker community, with which he intended to unite for the purpose of spiritual investigation on the true basis. For some time he did not observe that she responded more languidly and indifferently than her wont; then he asked abruptly, "What is the matter, Egeria?"

"I don't know. Nothing. I am not very well."

"You ought to be, in such air as this. Let me see." He caught up her wrist. "Rather a quick pulse; it may be the walking. Are you hot?"

"My feet are cold,—they're wet."

He looked down at her shoes, and shook his head in a perplexed fashion. "We must stop somewhere and dry your feet."

"They would n't let us," said Egeria, in a dull way.

"We will stop at that tavern. Perhaps we can get a lift there with some one going to the station." He took her hand under his arm, and helped her on. She did not complain, nor did she show any increasing weariness.

They had been passing through a long reach of woodland that stretched away on either side of the road, when they came to a wide, open plateau, high

and bare. It looked old, and like a place where there had once been houses, though none were now in sight; from time to time, in fact, the ruinous traces of former habitations showed themselves by the wayside. A black fringe of pines and hemlocks bordered the plain where it softly rounded away to the eastward; a vast forest of oak and chestnut formed its western boundary. At its highest point they came in sight of a house on its northern slope, a large, square mansion of brick; an enormous elm almost swept the ground with its boughs, on its eastern side; before it stood an old-fashioned sign-post, and westward, almost in the edge of the forest, lay its stabling.

"That must be the tavern," said Dr. Boynton, instinctively making haste towards it. As they drew near, they saw a light buggy standing at the door, and a man who seemed to unite the offices of host and ostler holding the horse by the head. He turned from smoothing the animal's nose, and called to some one within, "Come, hurry up, in there!" A red-faced man, in the faded and misshapen clothes which American manufacture and the clothing store supply to our poorer country-folks, issued from the door, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, and slouched away down the road. Then a girl, dressed in extreme fashion, of the sort that never convinces of elegance, nor ever mistakes itself for it, with her large hands cased in white gloves, came out and waited to be helped into the buggy. The thick, hard bloom on her somewhat sunken cheeks was incomparably artificial, till the dyed mustache of the man following her showed itself; this was of a purple so bold that if his hair had been purple too, and not of a light sandy color, it could not have looked falsier. They had a little squabble, half jocose, which the man at the horse's head admired, before he lifted her to the seat. The landlord handed him the reins.

"Well, give us another call, Bob," he said.

The other looked at him over his dyed mustache without answering, while the girl stared round with her wild black eyes, as if startled at finding herself perched so high up in the light of day. Both at the same time caught sight of the doctor and Egeria, who fell behind her father as he approached the doorway. The man leaned toward the girl and whispered something to her, at which she gave him a push and bade him stop his fooling.

"Can I get a conveyance here to carry us to Vardley Village?" asked the doctor, accosting the landlord.

"I don't know," answered the man, looking doubtfully at the doctor and Egeria. He turned his back on them in the manner of some rustics who wish to show a sovereign indifference, and made a pace or two towards the door, before he half faced them again.

"Well, good-by, Tommy!" said the man in the buggy, drawing his reins, and then checking his horse. "Look here, will you?"

The landlord went back, and the man leaned over the side of the buggy and said something in a low tone.

"No!" cried the landlord.

"Bet you anything on it!" said the man. "Get up!" He drove away.

"Come in," said the landlord to the doctor, "and I'll see."

Egeria shrunk from following her father, who was mechanically obeying, and murmured something about walking.

"Oh, come in, come in!" said the landlord, more eagerly. "I guess I can manage for you. Come in and rest ye, any way."

"Come, Egeria," said her father.

The landlord was a short, stout man, with a shock of iron-gray hair and a face of dusky red, coarse and harsh; his blood-shot eyes wandered curiously over Egeria's figure. He led the way

into the parlor of the tavern, which within had an air of former dignity, as if it had not been built for its present uses. The hall was wide and the staircase fine; the chimney-piece and wooden cornice of the parlor showed the nice and patient carpentry of seventy-five years ago. There was a fire in the sheet-iron stove on the hearth, and the lady who had just driven off in the buggy had left proof of a decided taste in perfumes. If Egeria had liked she might have dressed her hair at the glass in which this person had surveyed the effect of her paint, with the public comb and brush on the table before it. There were some claret-colored sporting prints on the wall, and some tattered, thumb-worn illustrated papers on the centre-table.

"I'll tell ye what," said the landlord, who had briefly disappeared after showing them into this room, and had now returned. "I hain't got any hoss in now, but I'll have one in in about an hour, and then I'll set ye over to Vardley."

"What will you charge?" asked the doctor.

"It ain't a-goin' to cost ye much. I d'know as I'll ask ye anything. I'm going there, any way; and I guess we can ride three on a seat."

The doctor expressed a flowery sense of this goodness, but said that they should insist upon paying him for his trouble. Egeria had dropped into the rocking-chair beside the window, and propping her arm on the window-sill supported her averted face on her hand. Her head throbbed, and the thick, foul sweetness of the air made her faint; the glare of the sun from the snow and gathering pools beat into her heavy eyes.

"Does your head ache?" asked her father.

"Yes," she gasped.

"I'll send in some tea," said the landlord.

A black man brought it; there seemed to be no women about the house.

The landlord went and came often; through her pain and lethargy, the girl had a dull sense of his vigilance. Her father found her feverish, and no better for the tea she drank. He fretted and repined at her condition, and then he grew tired of looking at her pale face fallen against the chair back, and her closed eyes, that trembled under their lids, and now and then sent out a gush of hot tears. He went into the other room, where the landlord sat with his boots on the low, cast-iron stove, and a white-nosed bull-dog slept suspiciously in a corner. As the time passed, different people appeared within and without the tavern. A man in a blood-stained over-shirt drove a butcher's wagon to the door; a tall man, in a silk hat, came with a fish cart painted black and varnished. With a blithe jingle of bells, a young fellow rattled up with a cracker wagon, and having come in for the landlord's order — the landlord did not find it necessary to take down his feet from the stove, or to disturb the angle at which his hat rested on his head, during the transaction — he danced a figure on the painted floor, and caressed the bull-dog with the toe of his boot. "Next time you put up Pete," he said, "I want to bring my brother's brindle. I want *him* to wear the belt a spell. Pete must be gittin' tired of it. Well, I would n't ever said a dog-fight could be such fun," he added, with an expression of agreeable reminiscence. "And the old ball-room's just the place for it." He spat on the stove, and taking under his arm the empty cracker box, which he had just replaced on its shelf with a full one, he went out as he had come in, without saluting the landlord. He stopped at the open door of the parlor, and catching sight of Egeria made her a bow of burlesque devotion, and turned to include the landlord in the fun with a parting wink.

Egeria had not seen him; her eyes were closed; and her father, where he

sat in the office, was looking impatiently out of the window. The sky had begun to thicken again.

"Do you think it's going to rain?" he asked, when the cracker wagon had jingled away.

"Should n't wonder," said the landlord.

"I hope your conveyance will be here soon," pursued the doctor. "I'm anxious, on my daughter's account, not to miss the train from Vardley that connects with the Portland express."

"Daughter, eh?" said the landlord, with a certain intonation; but Dr. Boynton observed nothing strange in it.

"How soon do you think your horse will be here?" he asked.

"I can't tell ye," said the landlord doggedly.

"You *did* tell me," retorted Boynton, "that it would be here in less than an hour. You have detained us that time already, and now you say you don't know how much longer I must wait."

"Now, look here," began the other, taking down his feet from the stove.

"I wish to pay you for what accommodation we have had. I wish to go," said the doctor, angrily.

"I don't want ye should go!" replied the other, with a stupid air of secrecy.

"I've nothing to do with that," said the doctor. "I am going. Here is the money for your tea." He flung upon the counter the pieces of scrip which the school-teacher had given him.

The landlord rose to his feet. "Ye can't go. I might as well have it out first as last. Ye can't go!"

"Can't go? You're ridiculous!" Boynton exclaimed. "What's the reason I can't go?"

"Well, you can go, but the girl can't, — not till the officers comes. I mean to say," he added, at Dr. Boynton's look of amaze, "that she's no more your daughter than she is mine. I d' know where you picked her up, but she's one of the

girls escaped from the reform school, and she's goin' back there as soon as the off'cers gets here. That's what's the matter."

"And do you mean to say that you are going to detain us here against our will?"

"I don't know what you call it. I'm going to keep you here." He had planted his burly bulk in the door-way leading into the hall.

"Stand aside," said Boynton, "or I'll take you by the throat."

"I guess not," returned the landlord coolly. "Pete!" The brute in the corner had opened his whitish, cruel eyes at the sound of angry voices. "Watch him!" The dog came and lay down at his master's feet, with his face turned toward Boynton. "There! I guess you won't take anybody by the throat *much*!" The man resumed his chair, which he tilted back against the counter at its former comfortable angle.

Boynton quivered with helpless indignation. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that an outrage like this can be perpetrated at high noon in the heart of Massachusetts?"

"That's about the size of it," returned the landlord, with a grin of brutal exultation.

"I must submit," said the doctor. "But you shall answer for this." The man was silent, and the doctor fancied that he might perhaps be relenting. He poured out a recital of the whole misadventure that had ended in their coming to his door, and appealed to him not to detain them. "My daughter has been sick, and she is now far from well. I am most anxious to pursue our journey. We have no friends in this region, and we are out of money. Let us go, now, and I will consent to overlook this outrageous attempt upon our liberty. If we lose the train this afternoon, she may suffer very seriously from the delay and the disappointment."

"She'll be all right when she gets

back to the reform school," answered the landlord, as if bored by the long story.

Boynton's self-command failed him. He burst into tears. "My God!" he sobbed, "have I fallen so low as this? — impostor, and tramp, and beggar, and now the captive, the slave, of this ruffian! It's too much! What have I done, — what have I done!" He hid his face in his hands, and bowed himself abjectly forward in the chair into which he had sunk.

Some one drove up to the door, and shouted from the outside, "Heh!"

The landlord rose, and saying to his dog, "Stay there," went out to the door, and after a brief parley came in again with two other men. Their steps sounded as if they went to the door of the parlor and looked in, while their voices sank to rapid whispers. In his agony of anxiety, Boynton made an involuntary movement forwards; the dog growled and crept nearer. He was helpless; but the steps returned to the outer door, and there a voice said, "No, I don't want to see *him*, as long as 't ain't the girl. Somebody's made a dumn fool of *you*, Harris, and you've made dumn fools of *us*. Guess you better wait a while, next time."

The landlord came sulkily back, and sat down in his chair, which he tilted against the counter as before. Boynton suffered some time to elapse before he asked, "Well, sir, do you mean to let us go?"

"Who's henderin' you?" sullenly demanded the landlord, without moving.

"Then call away your dog."

The landlord refused, out of mere brutish wantonness, to comply at once; but he presently did so, and followed Boynton to the parlor. Then, according to Boynton's report, ensued a series of those events of which the believers in such mysteries fiercely assert the reality, and of which others as strenuously deny the occurrence. The sky darkened; there was a noise like the strain-

ing of the branches of the elms beside the house; but there was no wind, and the boughs were motionless. Presently this straining sound, as if the fibres were twisting and writhing together, was heard in the wood-work of the room.

"What the hell is that?" cried the landlord. The room was full of it, whatever it was; every part of the wood-work — doors, window casings, cornice, wainscot — was now voluble with a muffled detonation.

"Wait!" Boynton answered. The sound beat like rain-drops on the floor, at which the landlord stared, with the dog whimpering at his heels. Egeria lay white and still in the rocking-chair by the window. At the sound of their voices she stirred and moaned; then, as Boynton asserted, they saw the marble top of the centre-table lifted three times from its place; a picture swung out from the wall, as if blown by a strong gust; and the brush from the table was flung across the room, flying close to the dog's head; with a howl, he fled out-of-doors.

"For God's sake, man, what is it?" gasped the landlord, seizing Boynton's arm, and cowering close to him.

"I forgive you, I bless you!" cried the other, rapturously. "It was from your evil that this good came. It's a miracle; it's — it's the presence of the dead."

"No, no!" protested the landlord. "I've kept a hard place; there's been drinkin' and fancy folks; but there hain't been no murder, — not in *my* time. I can't answer for it before that; they always tell about killin' peddlers in these old houses. Oh! Lord have mercy!" A flash of red light filled the world, and a rending burst of thunder made the house shake. The electricity appeared to rise from the ground, and not to come from the clouds; it was, as sometimes happens, a sole discharge. The landlord turned, and followed his dog out-of-doors. The negro was already there, looking up at the house.

Egeria started from her chair. "Did you will it, father, — did you will it?" she implored, at sight of Dr. Boynton's wild face.

"No; it has come without motion of mine," he answered with a solemn joy. "I have never seen or heard anything like it." He looked round the room, in which an absolute silence now prevailed.

The girl shuddered. "I have had a horrible dream. The house seemed full of drunken men — and women — like that girl in the buggy; and we could n't get away, and you could n't get to me, and — oh!" She shook violently, and hurried on her hat and water-proof. "Come! I can't breathe here."

As they passed out the landlord made no motion to detain them; he even shrank a few paces aside. When Boynton looked back from the next turn of the road, he saw him walking to and fro before the tavern, looking up now and then at its front, and taking unconsciously the cold rain that lashed his own face as he turned eastward again. He was in a frame of high exaltation; he shouted in talk with Egeria, who scarcely answered, as she pressed forward with her head down.

The snow dissolved under the rain and flooded the road, in which they waded, plunging on and on. They came presently to a lonely country grave-yard, where the soaked pines and spruces dripped upon the stones, standing white and stiffly upright where they were of recent date, and where darkened with the storms of many seasons slanting in various degrees of obliquity to a fall. Here was one of those terrible little houses in which the hearse, the bier, and the sexton's tools are kept; Boynton tried the door, and when it yielded to his battering he called to his daughter to take shelter with him there.

"No!" she shouted back to him, "I would rather die!" She pushed, she knew not whither, down the road that wound into a stretch of pine forest, and

he must needs follow her. At last they came to a hollow through which a brook, swollen by the snow and rain, rolled a yellow torrent. They stopped at the brink in despair; there was no house in sight, but on a knoll near by the trees stood so thick that the rain-fall was broken by the densely interwoven boughs.

The doctor led Egeria to this shelter, and placed her in the dryest spot; he felt her shiver, and heard her teeth chatter, as the waves of cold swept over her. He left her fallen on the brown needles, and went and tried the depth of the stream with a stick; the rain dripped from him everywhere,—from his elbows, from the rim of his silk hat, and from the point of his nose; he looked at once weird and grotesque.

"Heh!" cried a loud voice behind him. In a covered wagon crouched the figure of a young man in manifold capes and wraps of drab and blue, under the sweep of a very wide-brimmed hat. He had almost driven over Boynton. "Try-in' for water, with a hazel-rod? Guess you'll find it most anywheres to-day."

The voice was pleasant, and Boynton, looking up, confronted a cheery face in the wagon. "I was seeing if it was too deep to cross."

"Tain't for the horses," said their driver. "Get in." He moved hospitably to one side. "You can't make me any wetter."

"Thank you," said Boynton. "I have my daughter here under the pines."

"Your daughter?" The young man

in the wagon looked at first puzzled, and then, as he craned his neck round the side of the curtain and saw the little cowering heap which was Egeria, he looked daunted, but he only said, "Bring her, too."

Boynton gathered her into his arms, and placed her on the seat between him and the driver. "We were going to Vardley Station," he explained. "Is this the way?"

"It's *one* way," said the other, driving through the torrent. "But I guess you better stop with us till the rain's over. We'll be home in half a mile."

"You are very good," said Boynton, looking at him. "We must push on. We must get back to the Junction in time for the Portland express." He once more gave the facts of their mischance.

When he had ended, "Oh, yee," said the other; "you are the friend that was speakin' to some of our folks at the Junction."

The doctor started. "Your folks? What are you?"

"Shakers."

"Egeria! Egeria!" shouted her father. "I have found them! This gentleman is a Shaker! He is taking us to the community! I accept, sir, with great pleasure. I shall be glad to stop and see more of your people. Egeria!" She made no answer. Her limp and sunken figure rested heavily against the young Shaker; her head had fallen on his shoulder.

"I guess she's fainted," he said.

W. D. Howells.

NEW YEAR SONG.

O SORROW, go thy way and leave me;

Weary am I of thee, thou sorrow old.

Unclasp thy hand from mine and cease to grieve me;

Fade like the winter sunset dim and cold.

Depart, and trouble me no longer ;

Die, vanish with forgotten yesterdays.

Eastward the darkness melts, the light grows stronger,
And dawn breaks sweet across the shrouding haze.

Die and depart, Old Year, old sorrow !

Welcome, O morning air of health and strength !

O glad New Year, bring us new hope to-morrow,
With blossom, leaf, and fruitage bright at length.

Celia Thaxter.

LITERARY AND PHILOLOGICAL MANUALS.

THREE recent publications tolerably well represent distinct phases of study and interest in the English language and literature. Professor Lounsbury's *History of the English Language*¹ is a model of what a hand-book should be; not so brief as Hadley's admirable sketch, it follows much the same line, and is marked by a similar freedom from fanciful or eccentric views. It is a clear, terse, and forcible statement of the main facts in the growth of the language, as distinct from the literature, and might well be used as a text-book in the study; its historical treatment is broad and sensible; we think there might have been more attention given to the common ground which the English occupies with other languages as regards elementary principles of change, but the limitations of the book perhaps justify this exclusive treatment. We like especially the author's unpedantic and healthful manner of looking upon the language as an expression of national life, and not as an ingenious piece of mechanism constructed for the amusement of grammarians. The conclusion of the first part only gathers into pregnant sentences what had never been lost sight of by the author: "As political reasons have lifted the tongue into its present promi-

nence, so in the future to political reasons will be owing its progress or decay. Thus, back of everything that tends to the extension of language lie the material strength, the intellectual development, and the moral character which make the users of a language worthy enough and powerful enough to impose it upon others. No speech can do more than express the ideas of those who employ it at the time. It cannot live upon its past meanings, or upon the past conceptions of great men which have been recorded in it, any more than the race which uses it can live upon its past glory or its past achievements. Proud, therefore, as we may now well be of our tongue, we may rest assured that if it ever attains to universal sovereignty it will do so only because the ideas of the men who speak it are fit to become the ruling ideas of the world, and the men themselves are strong enough to carry them over the world; and that, in the last analysis, depends, like everything else, upon the development of the individual, — depends, not upon the territory we buy or steal, not upon the gold we mine or the grain we grow, but upon the men we produce. If we fail there, no national greatness, however splendid to outward view, can be anything but

¹ *History of the English Language.* By T. R. LOUNSBURY, Professor of English in the Sheffield

Scientific School of Yale College. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

temporary and illusory; and, when once national greatness disappears, no past achievements in literature, however glorious, will perpetuate our language as a living speech, though they may help for a while to retard its decay."

Professor Lounsbury's manual represents the fresher, more scientific, and healthier study of our language, — a study which is based at once upon history and philosophy, and aims at the suggestive arrangement of facts in development. Professor Tyler's remodeling of Morley's *First Sketch of English Literature*¹ must be classed rather with the conventional histories of literature. As a piece of literary workmanship, Mr. Tyler's part may be characterized as putting Mr. Morley's book in order. The original sketch was almost hopelessly disarranged. One might have imagined from it that English literature was to be regarded as annalistic, so laboriously did Morley pick his way from reign to reign, dropping his authors unexpectedly at the discovery of contemporaries, taking them up again upon the appearance of new works by them, and thus hopelessly confusing the reader. The book seemed to proceed on the assumption that English literature was a great collection of books instead of a procession of authors, and the relative importance and influence of writers were constantly obscured. Mr. Tyler has done much to remedy this defect. He has perceived truly that literature is to be studied through authors, and that these authors have always had vital connection with the times in which they lived; he has therefore so grouped the periods and the men as to give the student some idea of the leading writers and their followers. But no great book, and we believe no successful text-book, can be made as this is made. Professor Morley's failure is not simply in the dis-

orderly character of his material; that results in some measure from his failure to grasp the organic development of literature. We have a vast collection of biographic, bibliographic, and historic facts, with comments, criticism, and much rotund moralizing, and no rearrangement of this material, even when much condensation has been exercised, can make it thoroughly good material. Besides, the book in its original conception was very ill proportioned, and is not much better now. It begins with a leisureliness and a minuteness of detail which compel the reader to give time and attention to much that has only antiquity to commend it; so that his enthusiasm is very likely to ooze away before he reaches the later portions, which have a more direct bearing upon his thought and interest, and there he will find but scanty notice. As a history of the development of English literature, the book is a monstrosity, — all head and no legs.

The index to the book renders its encyclopædic contents available to the student, but we do not see how as a text-book it could be used judiciously without more pains on the part of the teacher than would suffice to make a better book. The whole plan of teaching English literature by such a manual as this is radically false. In spite of the constant assurance that the connection between literature and life has never been lost sight of, the whole assumption in the method is to a negation of the true relation of literature and life. The student is burdened with a vast amount of information about literature, and especially about books which he will never read, and has little time left for the study of literature itself. It is assumed, moreover, that literature breeds literature. Undoubtedly, the literature of to-day is stimulated by that of the past, and

¹ *A Manual of English Literature.* By HENRY MORLEY, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Thoroughly revised, with an entire rearrangement of matter, and with

numerous retrenchments and additions by MOSES COIT TYLER, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1879.

its forms are largely controlled by it; but it is fed from the life of to-day, and the study of English literature might well be confined to the few books which possess a genetic character, while one leaves to the study of English history a consideration of the multitudinous ephemeral publications which are not properly literature at all.

Perhaps the long-prevalent methods of attacking English literature were those under which Mr. Deshler was bred, but we think we see indications of a struggle on his part to emancipate himself from the toils in his book on the sonnet.¹ Under the thin disguise of conversations between a professor and a business man, whose leisure is given to literature, we have a series of sonnets arranged in chronological order, with running comments upon them. The conversational form is well adapted to the subject, but it has been used in this instance stiffly and without any of the advantage which conversation gives. Instead of lightness and oblique suggestion, we have unmeaning and impertinent badinage, the whole treatment of the subject being that of a formal lecture. The professor discourses upon the sonnet, and the interlocutor seems to speak only for the purpose of breaking up the lecture. "I know precious little about Petrarch, professor," he says in one place; "but somehow, when I hear a fellow abused like that, I begin to have a warm side for him. I should like to see a 'specimen brick' of his, if you have one at command." It hardly increases one's confidence in an author's ability to reveal the subtle beauty of the sonnet when we find him speaking in this clownish fashion, but we try to believe that he is doing himself a little violence in his effort to give dramatic truth to his ignorant young listener. The examination of the sonnet in English literature leads

¹ *Afternoons with the Poets.* By CHARLES D. DESHLER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

the author by some pleasant by-ways, and it was a happy thought to offer one a glimpse of the course of English poetry by making this special form the object of study. The effect upon the reader, however, is not always stimulating. The author feels too heavily the responsibility which Morley, Chambers, Spaulding, and the rest have laid upon him of giving dull and unessential biographic details; his real interest, meanwhile, is in the sonnets, and the best of the book is its evidence of an honest love of good poetry. If the writer could only have given the sonnets with simple, enthusiastic comment, we should have honored him and enjoyed his book more. He often shows good insight, but no special critical power. He scarcely considers the important Italian influence, and gives slight help to the reader in any analysis of the form of the sonnet. We cannot help thinking how much better a book could have been made, and we venture to say would have been made, had the author enjoyed a thoroughly good training for his task.

He has overlooked, by the way, a curious coincidence in Wordsworth's sonnets. He quotes with approbation the lines on Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways, beginning,

"Motions and means, on land and sea at war,"

and flings a little sneer at Bowles and Ruskin; but has he never read the indignant sonnet *On the Projected Rydal and Windermere Railway*, beginning,

"Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault?"

With regard to the *American Poems*,² "prepared with special reference to the interests of young people both at school and at home," we have not the general objection which we have had to urge against Mr. Deshler's book. The editor has conceived his task with decent se-

² *American Poems.* Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson. With Biographical Sketches and Notes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

riousness, and has executed it with care, with taste, and with ability. He intends to offer, not a collection of miscellaneous pieces from Messrs. Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, and Emerson, but two or three principal pieces from each of these authors, which shall sufficiently represent them, and which shall challenge in the reader "the capacity for sustained attention, the remaining with the poet upon a long flight of imagination, the exercise of the mind in a bolder sweep of thought." This is a good plan, and, as we say, it has been well carried out. A little reflection will convince any one that *Evangeline*, *Miles Standish*, and the *Building of the Ship* are the wisest and most satisfactory choice that could have been made from Mr. Longfellow; that is, whatever else had been given, we should not have been satisfied if these had been wanting. The range of Mr. Lowell's poetry is also admirably suggested in the selection of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *Under the Willows*, *Under the Old Elm*, and *Agassiz*, with the exception of the third poem: if any of Mr. Lowell's patriotic pieces was to be given, it seems to us that the great Commemoration Ode had imperative claims. *The School-Boy* and *Grandmother's Story* are the delightfully fit selections from Dr. Holmes's poetry. Mr. Whittier also is most characteristically represented in *Snowbound*, *Among the Hills*, *Mabel Martin*, *Cobbler Keezar's Vision*, *Barclay of Ury*, *The Two Rabbis*, *The Gift of Tritemius*, *The Brother of Mercy*, *The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall*, and *Maud Muller*. To persons not very familiar with Bryant's poetry, *The Little People of the Snow* will be a lovely surprise; it is very like Bryant, too. In putting *The Adirondacks* among the poems of Emerson, the editor has, we think, made his chief and only grave mistake. It is so inferior in itself and so little distinctive that we wish it might be made to give place in a future edition to some such

Emersonian poem as *May-Day*. If this were done, the work would be, on the whole, as perfect as any work of the kind can be. There must always be degrees of preference and differences of taste in regard to the various poems of any author; but we think the reasons would in nearly all cases be mostly for those which the editor has chosen. As respects his biographical sketches, they are done with signal taste, clearness, and discretion; and the many interesting notes on the poems attest the carefulness with which he has mastered their sense at all points. The general reader will of course see that these notes are often for young persons alone; but the general reader will find much of the historical light which they throw upon such poems as *Evangeline* and *Miles Standish* welcome and useful. The personal allusions which form so fine a charm of Mr. Lowell's ode on *Agassiz* are interpreted for the first time in print; and in an appendix there is a very pleasing reminiscence of the great naturalist, which gracefully supplements and comments some passages of the poem. It is a great merit in the editor of a book like this not to bestow superfluous labor; and we have found only one instance here of absolute waste, and that is in the following note: "Odorous. The accent here . . . is upon the first syllable, where it is commonly placed; but Milton, who of all poets had the most refined ear, writes . . . 'odórous.' But he also uses the more familiar accent." We believe that he always uses the more familiar accent, except in the case which the editor instances, and that it would not be easy in the whole range of English poetry to find such another case. The note is therefore misleading. But here we come upon the "dark and bloody ground" of the connoisseurs of English, when we meant with the greatest heartiness merely to commend an admirable book.

Dr. Weisse's large volume on the En-

glish Language and Literature¹ is not a very wise book. The task the author set himself was an interesting one, but it has not been performed in a satisfactory way, and for several good reasons. In the first place, the writer started with the opinion that "the English idiom [is] more Greco-Latin than Anglo-Saxon," and he tells us in his own peculiar idiom that "a strict analysis of Anglo-Saxon and English literature, from King Ethelbert, A. D. 597, to Queen Victoria, realized our opinion, not only historically and philologically, but numerically." It will be seen that the book rests upon false ground; for the nature of a language is not determined by taking a page here and a page there out of even an enormous number of writers, counting the words on them and finding their derivations, and so deciding, by rule of thumb, to what class the language belongs. This erroneous system would at once classify the Persian as a Semitic language, on account of the large number of Arabic words it contains. What the author has not done is to examine the syntax of the language, which is the sure way to learn the truth about it. He has given no attention to the apparatus of inflection, the way words are made and strung together, and the consequence is a thoroughly unscientific book. The English grammar is Germanic, however loaded the language is with words from the Greek and Latin.

Dr. Weisse's careful computations of words, while they do not have the value that he sets upon them, are yet of interest. Still, they are by no means faultless. On pages 93, 221, and elsewhere, we find A. S. *vice* put down as belonging to the Greco-Latin family, which is just as accurate as would be the derivation of *father* from Latin *pater*. By what right are *ord* and *modum*, page 93, put down as of Latin origin? Yet these

obvious corrections very materially affect the value of the table in which the words are found. In spite of errors which are probably the result of ignorance, the analyses of the writers are full of curious results, showing as they do the different proportion of Greco-Latin words used by various writers.

Before finishing with this part of the book, it is worth while to call attention to Dr. Weisse's new classification of languages: he discards the true system, and speaks of the Ario-Japhetic, Ario-Semitic, and Ario-Hamitic types; moreover, on pages 32, 33, he affirms the connection between Hebrew, Chinese, and Aztec; and, by a table of words of similar sound and meaning, seems to wish to prove the existence of a family relation between the Aryan languages, the Semitic, Basque, Chinese, and Aztec. It would be difficult to show more conclusively than the writer has done by this unscientific fancy his unfitness for his work. Why does he not take the list of curious resemblances between words of unrelated languages that Max Müller quotes in one of his lectures (*Science of Language*, second series, pages 300, 301, Am. ed.), and connect the Polynesian and Kafir tongues with those of the Aryan family? Numerous instances of minor inexactness might be given.

In the second place, the book has a great deal to say about English literature; but this part is not always to be commended. The account, page 346, of the origin of the English drama is inaccurate and incomplete; but more remarkable is the author's outburst concerning the stage, which he considers "an institution that developed intellects like Sophocles, Terence, Tasso, Ariosto, Sheridan, Shakespeare, Rev. James Townley, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Corneille, Molière, Schiller, Goethe, etc." The author of *High Life below Stairs* certainly finds himself mentioned in strange company. Speaking of Shakespeare, he says, "In the Shakespearean

¹ *Origin, Progress, and Destiny of the English Language and Literature*. By JOHN A. WEISSE, M. D. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1879.

likenesses transmitted to us, we realize that not only anatomy, physiology, but phrenology and psychology, did their utmost to produce a typical man." Of Byron, "You may sympathize with him in the child-like attitude beneath the Elm at Harrow; but if he had remained there, the world would miss the graphic descriptions and the life-like characters that charmed readers and called forth Finden's beautiful illustrations, which adorn our centre-tables."

These examples will show one quality, and a very striking one, of the book. As to the inexactnesses, they are very many. For instance, page 409: "Not only England, but Spain, lost her greatest bard, April 23, 1616: on that day Shakspeare died, aged fifty-two years; on the same day died Cervantes, aged sixty-nine. Was this accident, chance, or magnetism?" It was none of these; for England had not accepted the new style, as had been done by Spain, so that the two poets died on different days. Many of the slighter errors are doubtless the result of imperfect proof-reading. On the whole, a great deal of pains has gone to the making of what can never be more than a disappointing book.

Mr. Adams has compiled with considerable labor what is certainly a very useful book of reference.¹ His dictionary contains, arranged in alphabetical order, a list of English and American writers, their books, a large number of quotations, and very many useful scraps of information about books, so that the reader who comes across an obscure allusion can take down the dictionary with the conviction that he will find an explanation in its pages. The book does not supply the place of Allibone and the Dictionary of Quotations, but it supplements these and the other books of ref-

erence which save the student so many tiresome hours of labor. Of course it does not contain everything, but it approaches completeness in a very satisfactory way, and is also accurate, so far as we have used it. It is by use alone that it can be fairly tested. English literature is so enormous in extent that a manual of this kind will be consulted every day, and those who find deficiencies or errors can insert the additions or the corrections in their own copies. Meanwhile, they will find this volume really invaluable.

The extraordinary books of the man with the addled brain who refuses to believe that the globe is round, and maintains in numberless pamphlets that it is as flat as a table; a work on astronomy which should defend the Ptolemaic system; a physiology which should be based on the researches of the phrenologists, would be fit companions on the book-shelves for one important part of Crabb's English Synonymes.² The etymological information is a relic of the old-fashioned ignorance which should be as much forgotten nowadays as the navigation of triremes. The republication, in a so-called new edition with corrections, of some of the derivations that adorn this volume is really disgraceful to modern scholarship, and something that should never be pardoned the offending editor.

For instance, on page 284, it is stated that *savage* is derived from Latin *sævus*, and Hebrew *zaal*, a wolf. And yet it is to be remembered that there is a science of philology, in good repute, which not only condemns this method of solving linguistic questions, but has found the correct answer of this particular one. Again, *to live*, page 403, "through the medium of the Saxon *lib-*

¹ *Dictionary of English Literature*. Being a Comprehensive Guide to English Authors and their Works. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

² *English Synonymes, explained in Alphabet-*

ical Order. With Copious Illustrations and Examples drawn from the Best Writers. To which is now added an Index to the Words. By GEORGE CRABB, A. M. New Edition, with Additions and Corrections. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

ban and the other Northern dialects, comes in all probability from the Hebrew *leb*, the heart, which is the seat of animal life." How does *scoff* come from the Greek *σκιπτω*? The identity of origin is plain, but it is extremely unscientific to derive one from the other. Equally inexact is this research: "SLACK, in Saxon *slaec*, low German *slack*, French *lache*, Latin *laxus*, and LOOSE, in Saxon *laes*, both from the Hebrew *halatz*, to make free, or *loose*." These examples could be easily multiplied; it is sufficient to say, however, that the derivations are, like those given above, generally grossly inaccurate.

Naturally enough, this prepossession in favor of faulty etymology has had its effect on the other part of the book. As amusing an instance as any is this: "NEIGHBORHOOD, from *nigh*, signifies the place which is nigh; that is, nigh to one's habitation. VICINITY, from *vicus*, a village, signifies the place which does not exceed in distance the extent of a village." Certainly, lucidity is not a merit of this definition, nor yet of many others that might be quoted. In fact, neither the author nor his editor has tried

to define the synonyms; space has been found for nothing more than a series of disconnected, and at times incoherent, examples of the use of the words, from which the reader must draw the shades of meaning for himself. Thus: "*Bravery* lies in the blood, *courage* lies in the mind; the latter depends on the reason, the former on the physical temperament; the first is a species of instinct, the second is a virtue," etc. This is a favorable example of the author's method; but it appears in its true light in comparison with Whateley's treatment of the same words in his book on Synonyms (Am. ed., page 138). In a word, while there is no dictionary of synonyms that gives complete satisfaction, the faults of this one are so great that the reader is warned to think twice before putting any confidence in its assertions; and as for the temerity of the man who pretends to have corrected it, he is referred to his own publication, where, on the seventy-fifth page, he may read that "to *correct* is to remove gross faults;" this he has not done. A completer collection of gross faults it would be hard to find.

HER SHAWL.

DEAREST, where art thou? In the silent room
I find this wonder of some foreign loom,
Thy silken shawl, whose lines of loveliness
The matchless beauty of thy form caress.
Delicate raiment, shall I dare infold
All these warm kisses 'mid thy threads of gold?
Oh, hold them close her icy heart above,
Melting its winter into summer's love!
Beneath her coldness fonder still I grow,
As violets bloom along the edge of snow.
Through my sad heart there drifts a hope divine, -
O'er seas storm-swept shall softer mornings shine.
Oh, fairer thou than dawn! Here at thy feet
I wait, and kiss thy garment's hem, my sweet.

Oscar Laighton.

HANNAH DAWSTON'S CHILD.

I.

IN the summer of 1867, a man from the North came to the mountains of Virginia, and there purchased at a nominal price one of the fine old places that the impoverished condition of the land-holders threw upon the market. Being of a speculating turn of mind, he repaired and renovated the mansion, introduced hot and cold water with sundry other modern innovations, and announced his willingness to accommodate summer boarders. The enterprise was a successful one. People who came to stay a week lingered until the autumn, and failed not to return the next season, filling the rural scenes with the eccentricities of the mode, and the simple minds of the inhabitants with wonder and admiration. Among these visitors were a Mr. and Mrs. Markham, who had come hither in search of something different from the hackneyed round of watering-place attractions. He was an active and not over-scrupulous man, fond of his wife, but especially fond of his ease, and rendered uncomfortable only when the former interfered with the latter, as was too frequently the case. She was a pretty, faded woman of five and thirty, who spent her life in grieving inconsolably for the loss of her only child. If she had been clever, she could have found interest and occupation in books; if she had been vain, the society of the gay world would have afforded her the amusement and diversion she craved; if she had been poor, the cares of her household would have distracted her mind, and helped to drive away her sad memories; but, unhappily, she was rich and idle,—a warm-hearted, impulsive, unreasonable little woman, with nothing to employ her in the present, and nothing to look forward to in the future.

She did not care for books, she was not fitted to shine in society; she would have made a model nurse for an invalid husband, a model mother for a half score of naughty children. What she needed was some tender, helpless, loving companionship day by day; and without it she was growing into a querulous, discontented middle age. Her husband, with whom this morbid melancholy of his wife was a perpetual shadow on every enjoyment, had tried in vain to induce her to adopt a child, hoping it would gradually take the place of her own dead baby; but she had capriciously refused to harbor the suggestion, objecting to it on grounds more or less reasonable, until at last he ceased to urge it, and resigned himself to the situation. Fate, however, or accident, decided matters otherwise. One day, a woman came to "Brooks's Tavern," as the place was generally called, to do a day's washing, and brought her youngest child with her, because she feared to leave it at home to the mercies of its brothers and sisters. Mrs. Markham, going to the laundry on an errand, was struck with the extreme beauty of the infant, and its remarkable resemblance to her own child. She stopped to play with it, and finally carried it off to her room. Her husband, coming home, heard a sound of great laughing and talking, and wondered what guest could have excited his wife to such unwonted hilarity. He opened the door; then stopped on the threshold with an expression of amused astonishment.

"Whose child is it?" he asked, when she eagerly challenged his admiration.

"Hannah Dawston's; she comes here to do washing. She is a very nice woman, but very poor. Her husband, they say, is a drunken creature, utterly good for nothing."

"Yes, I know him; he's a blacksmith

down in the village; not a brilliant member of society, certainly. But the baby is beautiful. How long have you had him?"

"All the morning. I am afraid every moment she will come and take him away."

After this Mrs. Markham paid frequent visits to Hannah Dawston's cottage. Sometimes she stopped in her walks, ostensibly to ask for water; sometimes she brought work for Hannah's diligent fingers, plain sewing or a basket of stockings to be darned. During these visits her acquaintance with the baby progressed rapidly. He held out his arms to come to her now, and sometimes put up a pitiful mouth to cry when she went away. As the time drew near for her return to the city, she felt more and more reluctant to leave this child, and confided to her husband her ardent desire to adopt him as her own. He, attributing her improved health and spirits entirely to this new interest in life, entered with warmth into the scheme, and they talked it over together many times, planning out the child's future, with all the good things they would bestow upon him.

"If his mother will only let us have him," said Mrs. Markham, full of doubts; "but I should be afraid to ask her."

"Why afraid?"

"Because she might refuse. I do not think she likes me very much. It may be that she is a little jealous because the baby is so fond of me."

"I will speak to Dawston himself," was the reply, "and if I can get him to enter into the scheme he will be able to persuade his wife to consent to it. It would be absurd for them to refuse, when they are so poor, and we can give the child such advantages!"

Accordingly he broached the subject to Silas, stopping at the blacksmith's shop one evening at sunset, ostensibly to have a loose shoe clinched. He had grown very well acquainted with the

country people during his two summers' sojourn in this region, and, being of an affable and social disposition, let himself down to their level without effort and without condescension; indeed, he was exceedingly popular. A man who was always ready to treat, and not above accepting similar favors in return, who was interested in local politics and agriculture, and the discourse of long-winded old rustics on these well-worn themes, was not without his value in this stagnant rural district.

Silas listened in silence until he found his companion expected a reply; then he scratched his head, and said, —

"Hanner an' me never thought we'd keer about partin' with ary one o' the chillun."

"I can understand that very well," said the other; "but you should not let your affection for the child interfere with his welfare. I can give him every advantage, — money, education, influence, everything to secure his future happiness and prosperity. If you should die to-morrow, your children would be obliged to make their own living, — probably be 'bound out' until they were of age to strangers, and subjected to harsh treatment and ill usage; whereas, if you let me have this one, I will bring him up as my own son."

But Silas still shook his head, and seemed unconvinced. Then Mr. Markham proceeded to draw a graphic picture of the sufferings of the community: the incessant toil for the barest livelihood; the suffering from poverty, hunger, and cold; the privations to which this child would be subjected all its days, instead of the ease and luxury of the other life, which he could open to it. Indeed, he dwelt so eloquently upon this theme that Silas interrupted him with, "Oh, come now, mister, we ain't so bad off as all that. As fer bein' cold, ther's allus wood enough to keep warm by, an' we kin gin'rally scratch along an' git enough to eat; wot with 'coons an' 'pos-

sums an' rabbits in the fall o' the year, an' a pig an' a roas'n'-year patch an' wot chickens an' aigs the wimmen folks kin raise. Wot makes me so pertickler hard up is that spell o' sickness I told you about, when I broke my leg an' Luke Miles got all my customers, — the year of the fresh, when the petaters rotted, an' the cow died, an' all the corn got swep' away. Then I had to borrey money, an' ther' warn't a man in the place as would go my security; so I had to give a mortgage on the shanty an' the garden spot. Sence then I hain't ben able to make it up, fer ther' ain't nothin' to be made in the shop, an' I can't git trusted for a cent's wuth at the store. So you may jest take yer davy ther' ain't much to put by fer a rainy day."

"Exactly!" cried the other triumphantly. "You cannot make enough to live on from day to day, and you have a millstone of debt round your neck in addition. Now listen to me. I have plenty of money and no children; you have plenty of children and no money: give me one of your little ones, and I will give you the money to start fresh in the world with. You will never succeed at your trade. What do you say to a nice little country store, now, and a fair stock to begin with?"

The blacksmith's eyes sparkled, but he was sharp enough to perceive his companion's eagerness, and to know that he could name his own terms; he therefore declined to be convinced by any argument, and affected great unwillingness to consent to the arrangement.

"Well," said the gentleman, at last, "of course you must do as you think best; but be very sure you do not stand in your own light. I shall be in this neighborhood for a few weeks longer, so if you change your mind the question is still open between us. Good-night." He stooped, as he spoke, and dropped some money into Dawston's palm, in payment for his services; then, gathering up the reins, dashed off rapidly down the

dusty road, leaving a white trail behind him, like some erratic comet whisking suddenly into space.

Silas stood gazing after him until the last sound of the horse's hoofs died on the still evening air; then he put out the fire in the forge, hustled himself into the rusty coat that hung on the wall, locked the door, and took his way meditatively homeward.

Through the village he went, past the drinking-shop, where already the lighted lamp cast a cheerful reflection on the glass jars containing sticks of peppermint candy, grown soft and porous with long standing; for there was little demand here for so purely luxurious a commodity, and the sticks remained to add dignity and elegance to the bareness of the shelves, and to fascinate the gaze of impecunious urchins sent hither to exchange a dozen eggs for "the wuth of 'em in tea," or a few pounds of rags for a pint bottle of kerosene. It was not the candy, however, that arrested the progress of Silas, and caused him to fumble over the bit of money the stranger had given him. In a dark corner of the dingy room was the barrel whose contents, albeit reinforced, as tradition asserted, from time to time with red pepper and other noxious elements, besides a plentiful replenishing of spring water, possessed a strange charm for every man in the neighborhood. Silas debated with himself whether he should enter now, and possess himself of a draught of this delectable fluid, or wait until after supper, when its flavor would be enhanced by the society of other choice and convivial spirits. He decided in favor of the latter course, and pursued his journey rather heavily up the hill-side.

"Quare, now," he said to himself, "that she should have took sitch a fancy to one o' them chillun! Not such a bad idee, either, though I would n't let him see as I sot store by it. Yer see, he takes the child; he gives it good close, good bread an' meat, a good eddication.

Say by 'n' by I wants money, — 't aint likely, o' course, but s'pose'n I does. I goes to him, an' I sez to him, 'I'm 'bleeged to have setch an' setch a sum;' ef he gives it to me, well an' good: ef he don't, why I takes back the child. I gits the good close an' the eddication, besides his keep all the time t'other fellow had him. I don't see as I can lose anythin' by it, anyhow you fix it. I wonder what Hanner will say to it, now." He came to the top of the hill at this point of his reflections, and within a stone's-throw of the house. On the porch sat Hannah, with the baby in her arms. The sunlight still lingered here, though in the valley it was dark, and the floor was checkered with the flickering shadows of the morning-glory vines she had trained on the rough posts that supported the roof. Through the open door Ann Cather'n could be seen bustling about to prepare the evening meal, which consisted of corn cakes baked on a "spider" set over the hot coals. Lije sat in the corner, trying to mend some rusty old plow harness, and outside, perched astride on the fence, were Polly and little Jim.

The picture was a homely one; every night he came back to the same familiar scene, the same familiar group. He was not an affectionate husband and father, — a selfish man, rather, caring little, so that his own wants were gratified, what means were used to accomplish their gratification; but to-night, some old chord stirred in his hard nature, blunted and degraded as it was, and he regarded the little scene with a feeling of unwonted tenderness. He could not make up his mind to broach the subject to Hannah, for with the reaction in himself came the consciousness that she would receive the proposal with vehement indignation. After all, for themselves, what did it matter? and the life to which the children had been accustomed was the one that would suit them best! He stooped over Lije in the corner. The harness was

neatly mended with a leathern thong; what a handy fellow he was, to be sure! He passed into the house, where Ann Cather'n, with her dress pinned up, lifted a flushed face from her cookery to regard him; truly, whatever happened, Ann Cather'n could not be spared! He laid a rough hand on Polly's carrotty curls, and wondered that he had never noticed before what a nice little girl Polly was growing to be. He lighted his corn-cob pipe, and sat down on the step, hoping that the smoke would drive away his perplexities. Little Jim, dismounting from the fence, came to him, holding up a brown, bare foot, with the request that he would extract the thorn, and during the operation laid his rosy face wearily against his father's arm; then Silas knew what he had before suspected, that little Jim was his favorite child.

He thought it all over and over. He watched Hannah moving about with patient tenderness, never angry or disturbed by anything the children could do. He fancied the gap even one of these little people would leave in the family circle, and he drew his hard hand roughly across his eyes, lest their unwonted moisture should betray his emotion.

"I'm glad I did n't give him no incurridgement," he said to himself. "So long as we kin scratch along an' keep soul an' body together, we won't go fer to have the chillun scattered round, this one here an' t'other one there, like puppies out 'n the same litter wot ain't drowned afore their eyes is opened to the mesries of this wicked world."

Meantime, the gentleman cantered back through the dewy August night to the hospitable retirement of Brooks's Tavern, with its background of mountains and distant glimpses of the broad Potomac. He was late for his supper; that he could see at a glance through the open door of the bare dining-room, with its fire-place filled to the mantel-piece with the fretted globes of musk-

melons and fragrant cantelopes; but he was not forgotten; on the table still were a few dishes neatly arranged near his plate, over which a small negro boy stood sleepily waving a fly-brush made of a peacock's tail, and not improving matters by occasionally dipping the same into the cream pitcher, and sprinkling that unctuous fluid very liberally on all surrounding objects. He smiled at the scene, but he did not offer to eat his supper, and thus relieve the small butler of his arduous duties; he went up the staircase and into his own room. Emily met him at the door, with eager questions as to the result of his mission. When he told her of Dawston's refusal to accept their proposition, the disappointment, after the hope she had been living on, was too much for her, and she began to cry in her weak, hysterical way, reverting to the old trouble of her own child's death, until her husband, now thoroughly disheartened and miserable, strode out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

"Something must be done," he said to himself, as he went down-stairs in the dark. "If Emily continues to go on in this way, she will kill herself and drive me crazy. If she has set her heart upon this child, and is going to fret about it, as she has always done about the other, I must use every effort to get it for her. Life is a burden under the present state of affairs."

In the dining-room, the small negro had fallen asleep, with his head against the wall, and the fly-brush erect, but motionless, in his hand. On the table, in the peaches and cream, the cottage-cheese, and other rural delicacies, the flies were holding high carnival; they had imbedded themselves in the butter, and drowned themselves in the iced tea. Altogether supper was a failure; it was pleasanter on the veranda under the stars, with a cigar and the tinkling of distant sheep-bells as a running accompaniment to his own meditations.

II.

It was two or three weeks afterwards that Silas stood again at the door of his shop, looking idly out on the landscape, and listening disdainfully to the echoing strokes on his neighbor's anvil. He was so engrossed with his own bitter thoughts that he did not hear the sound of approaching hoofs in the opposite direction, until the voice of the rider accosted him, and he turned around to recognize the deputy sheriff, handsomely mounted on a gray steed with trappings of buff leather and burnished steel. This official, being in the pay of the government, and not dependent for subsistence on the scant yield of the soil, could afford to be portly and rubicund, arrayed in jaunty clothes of the latest fashion, with riding gloves that reached to the elbow and a whip of costly and delicate construction.

"Howdy, Silas," he said, affably. "Pleasant morning, ain't it? Cool fer this time o' year."

Silas assented; then, with a misgiving as to the errand of this potent personage, and a vague desire to conciliate him, he said,—

"Glad ter see you, Bill; ain't seen you afore fer a month o' Sundays."

"Thanky," said Bill. "Fact is, Silas, I ain't so mighty pertickler glad ter see you. I've got some bad news fer you this mornin', my boy."

"Bad news ain't no news to me," said Silas, with a ghastly grin. "It's all the kind I'm used to."

"That so? Well, I s'pose I may as well up an' tell you first as last. Old Mr. Shugars, as got the mortgage on your place, is a-goin' to sell you out. He would 'a' done it long ago, ef he had n't knowed he could n't make nothin' by it. He knowed none o' the neighbors would bid against you, on Hanner's account an' the chillun's. But now there's a man come here from the North som'eres that wants to go to cattle-farmin', an' he is

goin' to buy your place an' the Widder Dorlin's trac', alongside o' yourn. As soon as old Shugars heard o' that, he ups an' offers him your place fer four hundred dollars, which will pay your debt an' 'low him a pretty good interest. So ef you can't raise the money in the next few days, I'm afeared it's all up with you."

"This is not fair," gasped Silas. "I ought ter have had longer notice."

"It's ben advertised in the paper ever sence last Feb'uary," said the sheriff. "Lor', Silas, you 've knowed that all along. It would 'a' ben put up at oc-tion long ago, ef ev'rybody had n't 'a' said they would n't bid agin you."

"I don't see as how I kin raise it," said Silas, "'less you could lend it to me yerself, Bill."

"Lord," said Bill, looking at his watch, in great trepidation, "ef my debts wuz paid to-morrer, I should n't have five dollars left in the world. I'm mighty sorry I can't accommodate you, Silas, seein' we's neighbors an' setch old friends; but we're all pore alike."

So saying, he struck his spur into the flank of his gallant steed and galloped away. Silas stood still, staring after him. There had come a blur over the landscape, so that the well-known objects no longer wore their familiar aspect: the lightning-struck tree, the little foot-bridge across the brook, the lines of clean clothes hung out to dry, — what made them seem to whirl and spin round so strangely before his eyes? He went back into the shop, but, fearing to be disturbed by public curiosity, he went round to the back, and sat down on a broad, hewn log that formed the door-sill, resting his head in his hands. Here grew the rank and noisome foliage of the "Jimson weed," and under its broad leaves motherly hens scratched and clucked to their little chickens. Except for this, there was no sight or sound to break the almost slumbrous calm of the summer day. By degrees the first feel-

ing of bewilderment wore off, and he was able to think soberly of the situation. With that wonderful capacity for putting off the evil day peculiar to men of his indolent, happy-go-lucky temperament, he had never regarded the foreclosure of the mortgage as a thing likely to happen in his generation; and if he thought of it at all it was only as a thing to be dreaded in the remote future, and not likely to affect any present plans or calculations. Even the advertisement in the paper, alluded to by the sheriff, had not shaken his happy security, trusting as he did in his neighbors' good nature and his own good luck, notwithstanding events had proved this last to be a most treacherous dependence. Now, when the blow had actually come, he felt utterly stunned and helpless, and though he sat revolving the matter over and over in his mind, he could think of no way out of his difficulties. To him the sale of the house and bit of land attached to it meant starvation and death, for on that alone the family depended for subsistence; and there was no one who would lend him the money, or whom he could ask to share with him the burden of maintaining a needy and clamorous household. Suddenly through the gloom of his meditations, a flash of recollection recalled Mr. Markham's offer to adopt one of the children. The objections that had once seemed to him so potent melted away in the desperate necessity of the moment. He got up quickly, and putting on his hat strode through the shop, locking the door after him, and set out at a steady, resolute stride to follow the road that led to Brooks's Tavern. The cool morning had turned into an intensely hot day; the grass and leaves seemed quite parched and withered in the sun, and the dust in the road blew up in red clouds, as it was stirred by the hot breath of the summer wind. Every now and then a covey of partridges whirled past him from some hidden re-

treat in the long, sedgy grass, and a grasshopper, singing a dreary song of drought, blundered into his face, to be driven off with vehement, rural expletives, which the uninitiated might have mistaken for swearing. The road was long, but Silas would fain have had it longer when, on reaching the brow of a hill, he looked down upon the goal of his journey nestled at the base, with a thrifty background of barns and stables, hen-houses and cattle-sheds. It was an old house, built of stone, with wide porches running around all four sides of the building. Vines were trained to every post and pillar, and late, sweet roses clambered up on the rough walls and laid their pink, pale faces against the glossy green of the ivy leaves, whose tendrils ambitiously strove to attain even to the lichen-covered shingles of the roof. On the porch, with his chair tilted back against the wall and his polished boots elevated on the railing, Silas recognized his friend, Mr. Markham, with a sudden sinking of the heart, which impelled him to turn around and hurry back over the road he had just traversed, rather than state his errand and go through with the coming interview. It was too late, however; the recognition was mutual. The gentleman scrutinized him through the eye-glasses dependent from his watch-chain, then removed his feet from the railing, pushed back his chair, and advanced to receive him.

"Come in," he said cordially, offering a slim, white hand to the grimy grasp of the blacksmith's fingers; "come in, and sit down. You look warm and tired; will you have a glass of whisky and water?"

The members of the household who looked into the darkened dining-room on this sunny afternoon wondered to see this singularly assorted pair sitting together in close converse, with the decanter of whisky between them. Gossip was rife among the summer boarders this afternoon, — what could these two have

to say to each other? When Silas rose to go, he buttoned a roll of notes into his pocket, and pulled his old hat far down over his eyes.

He tramped back wearily enough over the long road that lay between him and the village. There was a path leading straight to his house that would have saved a mile of the distance, but he persuaded himself that he needed something to keep up his spirits, and took the round-about course which led past the little drinking-shop, known in the neighborhood as "Tav'ners." It was an innocent place enough in appearance: a log-cabin set back from the street in a small yard which womanly thrift and love of ornament had striven to decorate with flowers, failing by reason of the predatory propensities of the horses tethered to the small and stunted saplings planted round the house, and struggling for life against every possible disadvantage. The shadows of these saplings had attained dimensions which the substance could never hope to reach, when Silas pushed open the rickety gate and walked up the path to the door. Before he could enter he heard his name mentioned once or twice, and lingered to listen to what they were saying, with the laudable desire to know what his neighbors thought of him, which he shared in common with the rest of humanity.

Of course, he verified the old proverb: the men playing cards on a dirty board laid across two chairs knew no good of him. His troubles had got abroad, and instead of the sympathy which he had fancied they would excite he heard himself denounced as a good-for-nothing rascal, together with the hope that now he would have to go to work, "an' stop layin' about drunk, to be supported by Hanner an' that oldest boy o' his'n," with much more to the same effect. This was hard to stand from men no better than himself, the old companions of his frolics! He pulled his hat over his

eyes, and slunk away. He told Hannah he had a headache, and would go to bed without his supper; but she made him a cup of tea, and insisted on his drinking it, although he felt as if every drop were choking him, and her kindness were adding the last touch to his misery. The next day he paid his debt to Mr. Shugars, much to that gentleman's surprise, and somewhat to his disappointment, as the affair was creating a pleasurable excitement in the neighborhood, and he had hoped, besides, to make a profit out of the transfer of the property. Silas explained that he had succeeded in borrowing the money from a friend "up the country," and went away with a full acquittance in his pocket. The story, getting out, was a nine days' wonder; everybody heard it but Hannah, who, absorbed in her household duties, and rarely going abroad, never knew the interest her affairs excited, or suspected the web that fate was spinning about her feet. Silas passed the time in a kind of suppressed excitement. Again and again he resolved to tell Hannah what he had done; but he was a coward by nature and by long habit, and every day brought fresh proof that she would never consent to give up the child. She might have been persuaded to part with one of the others, for the sake of the advantages offered; but this baby, who slept in her arms, who depended upon her for the very breath he drew,—he knew that she would rather starve upon the hill-side than retain the cottage upon such terms as these. He believed honestly that if the child were dead she would grieve for him for a little while, and then become resigned and reconciled to his loss; but to give him up living to another woman,—that she would never do! Truly, he was a very wretched creature in these days, not daring to face Hannah with his miserable story; while Mr. Markham, now returned to the city, wrote him peremptory letters demanding why he did not personally deliver

the child, according to the terms of the agreement, and hinting darkly at swift retribution if there were any treachery or double-dealing on foot in the matter. At last, fairly at his wits' end, he sat down and indited the following epistle:

"mr. Markum, i cant git hanner toe giv him up, yu mus cum an git him yoself shee mus nott noe enythin abowt it i am afeared toe tel her, shee wil tel evry boddy els yore tru frend Silus d. p. s. the Nabers wood tar an fether mee ef tha knowed."

This letter written and secretly dispatched, Silas, having shifted part of the burden to another's shoulders, calmly waited.

III.

One lovely autumn day, when the blue haze lay soft over the distant hills and the sunshine came down on the earth like a benediction, Hannah put the baby to sleep in his cradle on the porch, where it was warmer than in the house, by reason of the sunlight. She covered him up with an old shawl, and then went back to her work again. It was Monday, and the children had gone to the public school recently started in the village. Even little Polly had not escaped the general enthusiasm in the cause of education, and, primer in hand, had set out with the others, crying lustily all the way because she could not keep up with them. There was washing to be done in the shed behind the house, and if the baby was good his mother calculated to have all the clean clothes hung out to dry before noon; she therefore went to work at them with the sort of heartiness that insures success. There is always pleasure in any downright thorough exertion, whether it be physical or mental. Hannah enjoyed the lovely day, the healthful exercise of her muscles, the very soap-suds foaming up to her elbows. The warm blood crimsoned her face, and the steam curled the short hair about her

face into little girlish rings. She sang, too, over her work the old rousing Methodist tunes that bring the sinner to a sense of his iniquities at camp-meetings and revivals, in a clear, high voice that woke the echoes in neighboring woods. Every now and then she stopped, and listened to hear if the baby were stirring; but there was no sound of him, and the sunshine, swinging around, now darted slant bars of light into the clean, bare apartment which was kitchen, parlor, and bed-chamber in one. It was no unusual thing for him to sleep this way, after a night spent in keeping the rest of the family awake. After a time the washing was finished; Hannah wiped the soap-suds from her wrinkled hands, and contemplated with pride the result of her labors. Then she went into the house, and kindled the fire to prepare the early dinner. Still the baby slept. Wondering a little, she put on the kettle, and then went out on the porch to look at him and see if he were covered up. To her amazement she saw the shawl lying on the floor. She flew to the cradle. It was empty! In vain she searched the house, saying to herself over and over that he must be there, while the dead, cold certainty at her heart told her that it was impossible. Then she ran to the out-buildings, lifted the logs at the wood-pile, and craned her neck over the curb of the well; but there was not a foot-print in the moist earth, not a bubble on the calm surface of the water. At last, she threw her arms up above her head, with a wild cry, and rushed bare-headed down the hill-side and into the village. People ran to their doors as she passed, wondering; and then, persuading themselves that it was their duty to see what was the matter, threw down their work and followed her. She did not stop until she came to the shop, where Silas stood lounging against the door. He knew what had happened long before she reached him, and strove so to steady his nerves that he need not betray him-

self. He tried to speak to her, but she cried out.

"The baby, the baby! my child, my child! He is gone, and I can't find him! Oh, Silas," with a wild gesture of appeal, "somebody has stolen my baby away!"

"Stolen!" cried Silas, striking down the uplifted hands, "who could 'a' stole him? You've done left him out some-er'es with your keerlessness, an' some wild varmint has dragged him away." Hannah uttered a piercing shriek at this, and fell fainting to the ground. The village women crowded about her with rough sympathy, and, the excitement spreading marvelously, men left their teams in the road and their plows in the furrow to come and hear the story of the loss of Hannah Dawston's child. While they stood about talking, a stalwart young fellow proposed that they should go and search for it. "Ef it's been took by a wild-cat, or a painter," he argued, "we kin track it by the blood, an' ef we don't lose no time we may git back the body afore it's destroyed; an' ef it's a person, why we will see foot-marks an' signs. *She* would n't notice, when she wuz so flustered an' scairt-like," making a compassionate gesture towards Hannah, lying with closed eyes with her head on a neighbor's lap. The suggestion was adopted with enthusiasm, and men, women, and children joined eagerly in the search, Silas going at the head of the party. All day long they scoured the country, but not one particle of evidence rewarded their zeal. There was not a foot-print in the road or around the house, not a trace of blood, not the torn shred of a garment in all the adjacent woods and fields. For a week the excitement raged; every day parties went out sworn to clear up the mystery before they returned. The story drifted out into the world and got into the newspapers; but nothing was ever found out, and by and by people grew tired of the subject, and stopped talking about it; then, naturally, they for-

got it for days together, unless some chance allusion recalled it to their minds. But Hannah did not forget. She went mechanically about the house attending to her duties, but there had come hard lines into her face, which never relaxed now into smiles, and her voice grew to have a harsh, grating sound, as if it had become rusty from long disuse. The children marveled, and fretted at the change at first, but they adapted themselves to it in time, and showed that they noticed it only by whispering to one another, as if their mother's presence imposed some mysterious restraint upon them. Silas, feeling himself to be vaguely under a cloud, spent less and less of his time at home, and more of it at "Tav'ner's," unable to bear the burden of his guilty thoughts under the haunting gaze of Hannah's sorrowful eyes. So it was that the autumn drifted into the winter. The corn was cut and stacked away for husking; farm wagons brought in the golden harvest of pumpkins and the ruddy yield of the apple-trees; and the morning-glory vines were torn from their rough trellises, and blown fitfully about, at the wicked will of the wind.

One wild December night, Hannah sat alone in the cottage. The children, after talking together in whispers, crept away to bed, whence the sound of their voices uplifted in riotous glee reached their mother's ears, until they were hushed in slumber. Silas had not come home to his supper, and the meal, carefully put by upon the hearth to keep warm for him, was slowly drying up in the heat of the fire.

The wind shrieked in the chimney; it tore at the shingles on the roof, and rattled the windows till it seemed every moment that the panes would fall shivering in upon the floor; it blew gustily in under the door, and rocked the empty cradle, as if spectral hands were thus lulling the ghost of a child. Although Hannah was not a timid woman, the dread of the tempest and the loneliness,

with that unaccountable fear of the supernatural that possesses us all at times, crept over her, and chilled her to the bone. She dared not look behind her, for every shadow had acquired an awful significance, and she put her hands up to her ears to keep out the wailing of the wind and the ghostly, monotonous sound of the swaying cradle. The clock struck nine; then the slow minutes ticked out the half hour; then a quarter; then a sudden knock echoed on the door. It was not loud, but imperative. Hannah started to her feet in amazement, but before she could answer the summons it was repeated. With a mind full of misgiving, she went to the door; as she opened it, the wind swept into the room, blowing out the candle, and scattering the fire-brands far and wide over the hearth. Peering out into the dark, she could only distinguish the muffled, shadowy outline of a small, slight figure.

"What do you want?" she asked, raising her voice so that it could be heard above the roar of the storm. But the figure did not answer; it came up close to her instead, and held out something in its arms with a gesture that constrained acceptance. As it stood there, the wind swept aside the scarf, and revealed to Hannah a white, frightened face, which seemed, somehow, to her dazed senses strangely familiar; the next moment, as it were in a whirl of the tempest, the apparition vanished utterly, and Hannah was left alone in the door-way staring out into the night.

It was almost a minute before she recovered herself sufficiently to shut the door; then she went to the hearth and knelt down, to examine her strange acquisition by the fitful light of the fire. It was an odd bundle, folded carefully in a great shawl. Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely unfasten it, while a mysterious premonition thrilling through her warned her what it contained. The next moment a sweep of

white drapery flowing over her lap confirmed the truth. She snatched the covering away, and a child lay before her, — her child! She uttered a little cry of rapture. It seemed too wonderful to be true; it must be a phantom, a delusion of her brain! But she held him in her arms, and kissed him on eyes and cheeks and lips, and then she knew he was an actual, tangible reality. She sat for a long time holding him upon her knees, too absorbed in her new happiness for any other thought; but after a while it occurred to her that it was strange he did not wake. What had they done to him to make him sleep so soundly and so long? Besides, he was so cold! but then the night was cold, — bitterly, icily cold.

She held the little hands to the fire; she chafed them between her own, and covered them with kisses. She pressed the small, cold face to her bosom, and strove, like the prophet of old, to infuse her own life into the chilled current of this baby's veins; but there was no unclosing of the waxen lids, no answering pressure of the tiny, marble fingers.

When Silas came in late in the night, he found the fire reduced to the back log and a bed of coals. There was a sort of dim light in the room, by which he distinguished Hannah sitting still by the hearth. He thought she was asleep, and laid his hand on her shoulder to rouse her, telling her thickly that it was time to go to bed; but she did not move or speak, so he went over to the other side, and sat down, trying with drunken gravity to mend the fire, and while he was thus engaged fell into a doze himself, with his head resting on the seat of a chair. He was awakened in the early morning by a feeling of intense cold, and, stiffened and cramped by the uncomfortable position in which he had been lying, he aroused himself with difficulty. The fire was entirely out; the door was open, and the snow had drifted

in in a white heap on the floor. By the faint, uncertain twilight of the winter morning, he saw that the spot where he remembered to have seen Hannah was vacant. "She's gone to bed," he said to himself, and bent over his task of making the fire. Soon there was a cheerful snapping and crackling of light-wood knots and hickory splinters, and the room was in a glow. While he warmed his hands at the blaze, he looked about him, and saw that the bed in the corner, in all the bravery of its patch-work quilt, was still unrumpled. This disquieted him a little, and he opened the door of the next apartment to see if she had lain down with the children. But no; the children lay huddled close together for warmth, with their heads covered up, but there was no sign of their mother. Then he went to the door, but whatever foot-prints had been made earlier in the night were obliterated now by the flakes, which continued to fall thick and fast, draping all the dim landscape in a kind of ghostly veil. It was clear that she must have gone out, since she was not to be found in the house; but nothing could be done towards finding her until it grew lighter, and it was dreary waiting for the dawn. How the slow moments dragged away he scarcely knew, but at last the sun rose up mistily in the east, and all the familiar objects stood out clearly in the white glare of the snow; then he went to the neighbors and told them his story. "He had been afeared, ever sence the baby wuz took, that there was som'at wrong with Hanner's mind," he said, and the men who listened consented readily to help him in his search. "She can't have gone fur," they said to one another. But all day long they looked, and looked in vain; at last, towards sunset, when they had almost given up the quest in despair, they found her in a bit of copsewood, not far from Brooks's Tavern, lying at the foot of a tree, with the dead child in her arms. The men

looked at one another in speechless wonder. This was the child whose mysterious disappearance had so excited the community a few months before. Whence had its mother procured it, and what strange chance had united in death these two so cruelly divided in life? Tears glimmered in the eyes of these rough backwoodsmen, and had to be winked away, while they constructed a litter of boughs, and bore the child and its mother to the nearest shelter. Good Mrs. Brooks refused to believe that Hannah was dead. She went to work immediately with the stimulants and hot applications needful to restore suspended animation, and after an hour's exertion was rewarded by feeling the deadened pulse throb faintly, and seeing the heavy lids unclosed. The room was full of strange faces, attracted hither by curiosity and sympathy, but the eyes of the patient wandered past them all in an eager, anxious way, as if they were seeking something they could not find. A sympathetic woman, interpreting the unexpressed wish, brought the dead child, and placed it beside her. She smiled faintly at this, and laid her poor wan cheek against the baby's waving hair; but still there seemed something on her mind, and an undefined trouble showed in the eyes with which she anxiously scanned the faces about her. At last, she plucked the sleeve of a woman busied about the bed. "The lady," she whispered, — "where is she?"

"What does she say?" demanded the others, noticing the woman's puzzled face.

"She says she wants 'the lady,'" was the reply. "What lady can she mean?"

"Mrs. Markham, perhaps," suggested a young girl, more quick-witted than the rest. "She came last night. Shall I tell her, mother? It can do no harm." Her mother assented, and she went away, returning presently with the lady in question, shrinking behind her com-

panion with a white face and wide, frightened eyes.

As soon as she entered the room, Hannah's countenance expressed satisfaction, and she made them all understand that she wished to be alone with this new-comer. The women withdrew accordingly, and, wondering, left them together.

When they were gone, there was silence in the room, — silence so profound that the terrified Emily could hear the separate fall of each silver snow-flake against the window pane. She was alone with the woman she had wronged, and nothing in the world could screen her from the accusing gaze of this woman's dying eyes. When she could endure it no longer, she covered her face with her hands, and cried out wildly, "Oh, why do you look at me like that? I cannot bear it!"

"Why — did — you — take — my — child?" demanded Hannah, huskily, shaping the words with her lips rather than speaking them aloud.

"Oh, forgive me!" cried Emily, sobbing. "I did n't know. My husband told me you were willing I should have him. I — I loved him so."

"You — loved — him," said Hannah, dropping out her words, one at a time, "and — yet — you — killed — him."

Emily threw herself on her knees beside the bed. "I will tell you!" she cried. "I never knew — believe me, or not, as you will — I did not know. The baby drooped; he did not thrive, for all my care. One night he was ill, — so ill that I sat up and held him in my arms. I heard my husband talking in his sleep; he said things about the child, — things that frightened me. I waked him up, and somehow I found out the truth. Oh, forgive me! I would not willingly have wronged you so! As soon as I knew, I set out to find you, to bring you back your child. My husband threatened me, but I did not mind. It is a two days' journey, and the baby

was ill, — so ill! Oh, you do not know how I watched the little feverish face, — how gladly I would have given up everything to restore him to you as he was when I took him away!”

Her voice broke down utterly here, and she hid her face in the bed-clothes, sobbing.

“I thought if I could bring him to you alive,” she went on presently, “if he were once laid in your arms, he would get well again. I tried to come to you as fast as I could, but while I waited at the station the baby died. I saw the shadow creep up over his face, and then I thought I should go mad. I do not know why I brought him to you at last. I think I was afraid to keep him. I dared not bring him here, where they knew me. It frightened me to hold him in my arms. When the carriage came to the turn of the road, I made them stop and wait till I came back. It was cruel, I know,

but I could not help it. I tried to speak to you then, but the words would not come. Ah, God forgive me, I believe I have killed you too!” She stopped, and the dusky stillness of the room was filled with the sound of bitter weeping. Presently, she felt something groping about her neck, and then a hand was laid lightly on her hair. It was Hannah’s hand thus blindly outstretched, in mute token of forgiveness. Emily caught it in her passionate, impulsive way, and covered it with kisses; but while she held it still, the poor worn fingers stiffened in her grasp, and grew cold, with a deadlier chill than that of the bitter winter’s day.

When she cried out in her fright, people came with lights, and cautious footsteps, and bustling, curious voices; but Hannah Dawston’s spirit had flown beyond their aid, and under the white winding sheet of the snow they laid her side by side with the child.

Lucy Lee Pleasants.

ENGLISH IN ENGLAND.

THE worst English that I have ever heard spoken, I heard in England. There, however, I also heard the best that could be spoken, — not better, indeed, than I have heard in New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; but of this good English I must acknowledge that I heard much more, in proportion to their numbers, among my British than among my American acquaintances. The standard of comparison in all cases is a British standard; for it is a postulate in the discussion of this question that the best English is that which is accepted as the best by people of the best education and social standing in England. What is accepted by them; not necessarily what is spoken by them. For, as we shall

see, they are somewhat remarkable for individual variation from their own undisputed standard.

Almost all Americans who live in cities have opportunities now and then of hearing English spoken by natives of Old England, which, however, is not therefore necessarily the best English. For, as many Frenchmen, even many Parisians, speak very bad French, so many Englishmen and many Londoners, in fact most Englishmen and most Londoners, speak bad English. I think that the vilest French that I ever heard was from a Parisian born and bred; and a *sociétaire* of the Théâtre Française agreed with me in my opinion of it. It would seem superfluous to say this, were it not for the general assumption

that a Parisian must speak good French, and for the assumption by many Englishmen, who speak in the vulgarest way, that because of their English birth they are competent to criticise and to censure the speech of men born elsewhere, who are as thoroughly English in blood as they are, and whose education and training have been far superior to theirs. Nor is mastery of idiom so absolutely a matter of race, or even of early education. Whose English surpasses in clearness and in idiomatic strength that of the German Max Müller, first as an English writer among all contemporary philologists?

Among home-keeping Yankees who had never visited England, I was, I am inclined to believe, somewhat exceptional in my opportunities of observing the speech of Englishmen, which began when I was a boy, and went on increasing in frequency until I crossed the ocean. There was therefore nothing very new to me in the average speech around me when I found myself among my cousins in the old home, and nothing at all new in the English that I heard from the friends that I found there, and from their acquaintances. How should there be? This, too, would seem a superfluous remark, were it not for the common assumption and frequent assertion that there is an essential difference between the language of the two peoples, due in part to the preservation in this country of phrases and pronunciations which are obsolete or obsolescent in England, and in part to changes which have taken place here, some of which are attributed — Heaven help us! — to the influence of the aboriginal "Indians" upon our habits of mind and body! Many Yankees who speak with unconscious freedom the language of good American society must have encountered with amusement the complimentary expressions of surprise at their "pure English," with which they were favored in England. A friend of mine,

a lady, met one of these with a whimsical and characteristic reply. She was on both sides a Yankee of the Yankees; but her mother bore a name which stands high among the historical patronymics of England. She was as fair, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and buxom a matron as you would find in New England; and being once where there were many portraits of members of the family in question, her likeness to some of them was so striking that it was remarked upon. Nevertheless, a gentleman, an officer in the British army, thought it necessary not only to compliment her upon her English, but to ask her if she was not peculiar in this respect among her countrywomen. "Oh, yes," she immediately replied; "but then I have had unusual advantages. There was an English missionary stationed near my tribe." His captainship subsided at once into silence, and seemed to be revolving the matter in his mind in a more or less dazed fashion, which afforded her great amusement.

Between the majority of Englishmen and the majority of Americans there is a difference of pitch and inflection of voice. The English pitch is generally higher; the inflection is almost always more varied. The "average American's" voice is comparatively hard and monotonous. But upon this point, and upon the general superiority of the Englishwoman's voice in its quality, — a soft, rich sweetness, — I have said enough elsewhere. Nor would any remark upon this point be on this occasion either requisite or pertinent. This has nothing to do either with the substantial part of language, the vocabulary, or with pronunciation, which varies more or less from generation to generation, which differs more or less in different circles, and which is not quite alike in all individuals in the same circle. This of course is true of both countries.

The first peculiarity that attracted my

attention in the speech of Englishmen was a thick, throaty utterance. It was not new to me, but I was struck by its general diffusion. The effect is somewhat as if the speaker were attempting to combine speech with the deglutition of mashed potato. This peculiar utterance, in which a guttural *aw* seems to prevail, is, however, far from being universal. It is not high-class speech. Yet it begins to manifest itself somewhat high up in the social scale, being perceptible just below what may be called the Oxford and Cambridge level. Then it broadens down from precedent to subsequent, until, when it reaches the lowest level, it is broad enough and thick enough for the foundation of a very substantial theory of peculiarity in national speech. It manifests itself chiefly in the utterance of *a*, *o*, and *u* in combination with *l* and *r*; for example, in such words as *ale*, *pale*, and *royal*, which are spoken by Englishmen of the lower and lower middle classes much as if they were written *ayull*, *payull*, and *ryull*, the *l*'s being gobbled low in the throat with a desperate gulp. I thought that the tendency to this mode of speech seemed to be strongest in those who were short-necked and corpulent. I remember one obese, red-faced shopman who gulped at "Royal Wilton" in such a strangling fashion that I should hardly have been surprised to see him fall down upon the spot in a fit of apoplexy. General negative assertions are dangerous; and I shall therefore not say that this gulp is never heard among educated English gentlemen and ladies; but I am sure that in such society I never heard it.

The ill treatment which the letter *h* receives from a very large proportion of the English people is of course known to the most superficial observer of their speech. It is the substance and the point of a standing joke which never loses its zest. Mr. Punch's artists, when hard put to it for the subject of a social sketch, can always fall back upon the

misfortunes of the aspirate. *H* in speech is an unmistakable mark of class distinction in England, as every observant person soon discovers. I remarked upon this to an English gentleman, an officer, who replied, "It's the greatest blessing in the world; a sure protection against cads. You meet a fellow who is well dressed and behaves himself decently enough, and yet you don't know exactly what to make of him; but get him talking, and if he trips upon his *h*'s that settles the question. He's a chap you'd better be shy of." Another friend said to me of a London man of wealth, and of such influence as comes from wealth and good nature, "The governor has lots of sense, and is the best fellow in the world; but he has n't an *h* to bless himself with." And there seems to be no help for the person who has once acquired this mode of pronunciation. Habits of speech, when formed in early life, are the most ineradicable of all habits; and this one, I believe, is absolutely beyond the reach of any discipline, and even of prolonged association with good speakers. I have had opportunities of observing many English persons of both sexes who came to America in their early childhood, who were educated here, and who had attained mature years, and yet they could not utter the initial *h*, but, for example, would say *ee* for *he*. If they did, by special effort, sound the *h*, it was with a harsh ejaculation, and not with that light touch which, although so distinctly perceptible, is but a delicate breathing, and which comes so unconsciously to good speakers in England, and to bad speakers as well as good — to all — in America. In England I observed many people in a constant struggle with their *h*, overcoming and being overcome, and sometimes triumphing when victory was defeat.

The number of *h*'s that come to an untimely end in England daily is quite incalculable. Of the forty millions of people there cannot be more than two

millions who are capable of a healthy, well-breathed *h*. Think, then, of the numbers of this innocent letter that are sacrificed between sun and sun! If we could send them over a few millions of *h*'s a week, they would supply almost as great a need as that which we supply by our corn and beef and cheese.

There is a gradation, too, in the misuse of this letter. It is silent when it should be heard; but it is also added, or rather prefixed, to words in which it has no place. Now the latter fault is the sign and token of a much lower condition in life than the former. The man who puts on a superfluous *h*, and says *harm* for arm and *heyes* for eyes, will surely drop the *h* from its rightful place, and say *ed* and *art* for head and heart; but the converse is far from being true. This superfluous *h* is a much graver solecism than the suppressed. It is barbarous. To hear it you must go very low indeed in the social scale. But, on the other hand, the suppression of the *h* is a habit that creeps up into the very highest ranks, diminishing in strength and extent as it rises, until it wholly disappears. For example, only Englishmen of the very uppermost class and finest breeding say home and hotel; all others, 'ome and 'otel. And the latter are so unconscious of their slip, so sure that they do say home and hotel, that if they are charged with dropping the *h* they will deny it, and make desperate efforts to utter the sound, which result only in throwing a very great stress upon the *o*.¹ These two words are the last and most delicate test of the *h* malady. Past that line English speech, when not impaired by individual incapacity or tainted by affectation, is perfect, "express and admirable."

Widely spread as this incapacity for managing the *h* is, it seems to have at-

tracted little other attention in England than that which manifests itself in ridicule. No English orthoepist or phonologist whose work I have met with has made it the subject of examination, or of more than a mere passing remark. Nor does it seem to have been even laughed at until very lately, — hardly before the beginning of this century. Until that time there is no evidence which I now remember that it had ever been taken note of. The Elizabethan dramatists make the English speech of Frenchmen and of Hollanders the occasion of laughter; and among their own countrymen the Welshmen do not escape. The dramatists of the Restoration ridicule the Irish speech till we are surfeited with their Teagues and their "dear joys." The speech of English clowns is also imitated, and in general ridiculed, not only in plays but in ballads, and at last in novels, from the first of these periods to the close of the last century. But in all this mass of low character painting there is not a touch of fun that depends upon a misplaced or a displaced *h*. Even such personages as Lord and Lady Duberly, Zekiel and Cicely Homespun, in *The Heir at Law*, and Old Rapid and Young Rapid, Farmer Oatlands and Frank Oatlands, in *A Cure for the Heart Ache*, although their "cacology" supplies no small part of the fun in the performance, are not represented as maltreating their *h*'s. Sheridan, who belongs to the last quarter of the eighteenth century, leaves this trait of speech unridiculed, although he has low characters, and he made a Mrs. Malaprop. To imagine such personages in a play or a novel of to-day without being made the butt of laughter on this account, is almost impossible.

That English writers on language should have made no remark upon this

¹ I cannot refrain from saying that I never passed such a censure upon any Englishman's speech before his face. Apart from general considerations, it would have ill become one who had met only with kindness and consideration there,

from strangers as well as from friends, from high and low alike. I have, however, known of such personal criticisms having been made by those who perhaps were suffering under provocation which I did not receive.

trait of English speech is in itself remarkable. For it is peculiarly English, or rather South British. The Lowland Scotch, who are as English in blood as the people of England themselves, and whose speech is an ancient and important English dialect, are entirely without this *h* trait; and so are the English people of Irish birth, the descendants of them of the old "English pale." Men of English blood and American birth, New Englanders, Virginians, and the like, are also without it entirely. Yet it so pervades England that it might be regarded as the normal form of English speech, but for the fact that it is entirely absent from the speech of those who speak the best English, and is to them a cause of aversion and an occasion of ridicule. It is remarkable, too, that this trick of speech is not at all the consequence of any inability with regard to the proper utterance of *h*. Quite the contrary; for the man who threatens to "punch yer 'ed" will also "blarst yer heyes."

These facts seem to me to point to a conclusion which yet cannot be accepted as established because of another fact which cannot be set aside, although it may be explained. The absence of any allusion to the *h* difficulty by English dramatists and humorists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can hardly be accounted for except by the supposition either that it did not exist, or that it was not then peculiar to a low condition of life. The fact that it does not exist and never has existed in the speech of the English people of Ireland or of America almost compels the conclusion that it was unknown in England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when (as to Ireland mainly, and as to North America absolutely) the English language was translated to those countries. The sudden outbreak of ridicule provoked by the dropping and adding of the *h*, about the beginning of this century, would seem to indicate either

that the habit had been formed or had come into vogue with the lower classes during the eighteenth century, or that, having until that time prevailed among all classes, it was dropped and stigmatized as vulgar by the upper classes about the end of that century.

To these inferences there is opposed the very stubborn fact that there is evidence in old English literature that what is now called the vulgar use of *h* was in past centuries the common and received pronunciation of English. This is not the place for a purely linguistic discussion; but I will mention that in the Lay of Havelok the Dane, written about A. D. 1280, and existing in a manuscript of about that date, eye is written *heie*, earl *herle*, old *hold*, eat *hete*, ate *het*, ever *hever*, and English *Henglishe*. There is a great deal of such evidence. Moreover, there is the evidence given by the presence of the full form of the indefinite article *an* before words beginning with an accented aspirated syllable: as, for example, "an household," "an habit," "an headache," "an history," "an hundred." This continued until a recent period, and has not yet entirely passed away, although it is passing. For example, Mr. Trollope, in his *Three Clerks* writes, "If the Board chose to make the Weights and Measures *an* hospital for idiots, it might do so. . . . He would never remain there to see the Weights and Measures become *an* hospital for incurables." The presence of the *n* in such cases shows pretty clearly that the *h* was silent; in which case there is evidence that it was dropped by the best English writers of the last century in a multitude of words in which it is now *de rigueur* that it should be heard. The change in some words is not yet quite perfected. Mr. Thackeray spoke of the English humorists, and that pronunciation is given by Phelps of Cambridge in Stormonth's dictionary; but I heard Cambridge dons talk of "Every Man in his Umour." In this, however,

they merely preserved the pronunciation of the last generation, as certain English clergymen do, who offer "'umble and 'earty thanks" in the church service every Sunday. Walker gives the pronunciations, hospital *ospital*, humble *um-ble*, humor *yumer*, in all of which Phelps calls for the sound of *h*. Mr. Trollope's "an hospital" is merely a remnant of old-fashioned pronunciation, which, if I remember rightly, will not be found in his later novels.

The question is one which it is not safe to undertake to decide without a careful and thorough examination of the whole range of English literature; but I venture the conjecture, which, however, is somewhat more than a conjecture, that the suppression of *h* was once very widely diffused throughout England among all speakers, including the best, during which time—a very long one—the function of *h* was to throw a stress on the syllable which it ushered in, as it is in the Spanish word *hijos*; that the widely diffused suppression of the breathing among the lower classes of modern England is, like many other so-called vulgarisms, a mere survival among them of what has perished among their "betters;" and that this suppression of the *h* was so general, even among the upper classes so late as the middle of the last century, that it provoked no remark,—indeed commanded no attention from the social critics and satirists. This theory leaves the correct pronunciation of the *h* by all classes in Ireland and in America unaccounted for. But that remarkable fact may possibly be the result of a predominance in the emigrants to those countries of people from the north of England. For the dropping and the adding of the *h* is even now, after forty years of railway intercourse, so much more common in the southern counties of England than in the northern as to be remarkable on that account. It is sometimes called a "cockneyism." No view of it could be farther from the

truth. Some of the most marked cases of it that I have ever met with were Cornish people from near Land's-End, who had never been in or near London.

Nor do all London people of the lower orders have this trouble with their *h*'s. I observed this in many instances. One particularly impressed me. On my way from Rochester to London I left my own seat, and entered a third-class carriage, on a visit of observation, which I had found that I was permitted to do. Taking my seat next a woman, I soon fell into talk with her, which before we had gone many miles became somewhat confidential on her part. She was, I found, a commercial traveler; in a word, a female bagman. But although she was born and brought up in London, and was quite in her proper place in a third-class carriage, I observed that her pronunciation was perfectly correct, and that she never dropped an *h*, much less added one superfluously. Her language also was good, although her manner of speech and the tone of her voice revealed the lowness of her origin. She was very intelligent; and although she talked with a strange man thus freely, her behavior and her manner were perfectly modest.

One pronunciation, which is called a Yankee trait, I was surprised to find diffused all over England and through all classes,—*ou* for *oo*. I had first observed this some years before in the case of an English gentleman, an author of some note whom I met in New York, and who said very plainly *paound* for pound. I thought it might be a trick peculiar to him; but when I was in England I found it quite to the contrary. *Paound* was the rule; pound the exception. In Liverpool, the next morning after my arrival, I went to look at a house which was to let; and the young lady who was kind enough to show it to me (the daughter of the tenant, a physician, and of repute, as I found) told me that it was "a beautiful haouse," which indeed it was. A railway porter, on my asking him

how long I should have to wait for a train, replied, "Nearly a haour, sir." I was at breakfast in London at the University Club with an author of distinction and a Fellow of his college, when a friend of his, evidently a member of the club, came up and said, "Haou d' deaou?" At Westminster Abbey, at the door of which I presented myself at a certain time in the service, a verger said to me, "You cawnt pahss in neaou, sir." In a first-class carriage on the South Eastern Railway I had as fellow passengers two men, who were quite well dressed, and one of whom was nicely gloved. Their talk was bucolic. "Osses are bad to git." "They *are* bad to git; 'igh prices." "Haou abaout caouws?" "Caouw cattle are very good at Aylesbury." These men said "*di*-rectly" and "sheootin" (shooting); and one of them, "Must n't we alleaow [that is, confess] that?" On my walk from Canterbury to Harbledown I asked direction of a boy whom I met, who said, "Ther 's an old church up aour way that they call Hairbledaoun church," just like a rustic Yankee boy that I might have met in the remotest parts of New Hampshire. In Kent the farmers and the peasants spoke warmly of the goodness of the graound.

One instance of this pronunciation produced an odd effect. At Warwick Castle, as I walked across the green-sward on my way to the great tower, I picked up a large, handsome gray feather, which I still have. I asked the man who stood at the foot of the tower to take my shilling what bird had dropped this feather. Looking at it a moment, he said, "It's an auk." Of course I knew that he did not mean the bird called the auk, and I showed him that it could not be a hawk's feather, when he exclaimed, "Oh, it's a haowl, it's a haowl! We've got a big haowl 'ere, and 'e's dropped one of 'is feathers." Two evenings afterwards I was at a performance of King Lear in Birmingham by an actor

of reputation. In the last act, as the poor old king is coming in with the dead Cordelia, he cries, "Howl, howl, howl!" These words are heard from behind the scenes before Lear actually appears; and they were on this occasion so very nearly "Haowl, haowl, haowl!" that they brought the Warwick "haowl" instantly and vividly to my mind; and the result was far from being in keeping with the feeling proper to the scene.

These examples, it will be seen, come from all quarters and from all classes. This rueful note is, however, uttered with a difference in the two countries. In England the *aou* has none of that nasality which enters into its composition in America, and makes it, not lovely in itself, certainly one of the most offensive sounds that can be uttered by the human voice. But among the better class of speakers in America this *aou*, compounded with nasality or pure and simple, is never heard.

There is, however, in the pronunciation of the upper classes in England no marked difference from that of well-educated, well-bred people in the Northern and Eastern States of the Union. I observed, however, a stronger tendency to the full, broad *ah* in some words, and to the English diphthongal *a* (the name sound of the letter, *ae*) in others. At Westminster Abbey I observed that the officiating canon said "*commahndment*" and "*remembrahnce*," trilling the *r* as well as broadening the *a*; and at King's Chapel, Trinity, Cambridge, where I sat next the reader, my ear was pleased with his "*power and commahndment*." I heard the same broad *ah* sound of *a* in *transplmt*, *past*, *cast*, *ask*, and the like from three distinguished authors, one of them a lady, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in London. At the debates among the young men at the Oxford Union, I heard the same broad sound, — *grahnted*, *clahss*, *pahsture*, and so forth. But at St. Paul's, in London, a young deacon who said, "*Heah* be-

gineth the tenth chap^{ta}h of the book of Kings," said, "And it came to p^äss," and yet worse "p^äth," clipping his *a*'s down to the narrow vowel sound of *an*. On the whole, however, the broad sound very greatly prevailed among the university-bred men.

The name sound of *a* attracted my attention chiefly in proper names, mostly classical. It seemed somewhat strange to hear a Cambridge don say Cleopaytra and Coriolaynus; and not the less so because he did not say *Ay*thens. But I remember that Byron (somewhere in Don Juan, I believe) by a rhyme requires the pronunciation Sardanapaylus. This use of the English *a* is carried into Latin; and at Oxford the prevailing pronunciation of Balliol, in spite of its two *l*'s, is Bayliol. Yet at the Union debates and elsewhere I heard the Continental *i* insisted upon strongly in calibre, — pronounced caleebre, — although the accepted pronunciation is calibre, as in America.

In words like "institute," "duke," and "constitution," in which *u* follows *d* or *t*, the English *u* (iotized *u*) is generally uttered with very unmistakable clearness by the best speakers. Some of them are so very particular on this point that they suggest the spelling *institewt*; *constitewtion*, which seemed to me somewhat extravagant and affected. It is well to avoid *institoot* and *dook*; but still one need not *tew* the word, like a rustic Yankee saying *too*.

From a clergyman in Kent, the rector of one of three parishes, which, lying together, are called "the three Graces," because the living of each is a full thousand pounds, I heard the old pronunciation of *were*, making it a perfect rhyme to *ware* and *there*. This pronunciation, which prevailed for centuries, and which is correct, if in pronunciation there is any correctness other than a conformity to the best usage, had passed out of vogue before Walker's time, more than three quarters of a century ago.

From the same reverend gentleman I heard the old pronunciation of *mercy*, *earth*, and *virtue*, — not *murcy*, *urth* and *vurtue*, but a sound of *e* like that in the first syllable of *error*, which I had heard from well-educated old people in my boyhood. And yet this gentleman was not an aged man. He had merely preserved the pronunciation which he had learned in his youth. The fact is worthy of remark chiefly as it is an illustration of a certain independence, or rather individuality, of speech which is not uncommon in England. English people do not fear to maintain a little singularity even in their language.

Among the clergymen I observed a general retention of the final *ed* of the participle, as *belov-ed*, *betray-ed*, *observ-ed*, and the like. To this I had been accustomed, of course, in the reading of the Liturgy and of the Bible; but in England I heard it even in sermons, in the delivery of which American clergymen, according to my observation, always use the contracted form. In other respects the delivery of the clergy of the two countries seemed to me quite alike, making allowance, of course, for merely individual peculiarities on both sides. And when I speak of clergymen in America, I do not mean such men as he who preached the sermon on "a harp of a thousand strings," but men like Dr. Dix, Dr. Potter, and Dr. Schenck in the Episcopal church, and Dr. Adams, Dr. Bellows, and Dr. Chapin among the Presbyterians, Unitarians, and Congregationalists. It is, however, true, I believe, that in England more than in the United States clergymen read the service, the Bible, and their sermons not only with a more settled emphasis, but with a perceptible cadence, which in some cases approaches a see-saw inflection, and which has somewhat the effect of a measured chant. I heard this from one old clergyman here in my childhood, — Dr. Milnor, of St. George's, where I first went to church.

I was only six years old when I last saw him in surplice and bands, but I can now hear the regular rise and fall of his silvery voice, the measured inflections of which seemed to my childish ears to have a certain sanctity in them in keeping with the place and with the religious function which he was performing.¹ But after that time I never heard it until I went to England, and there not from all clergymen. This style of delivery is a survival of the old style of elocution. The late Hon. Luther Bradish told me that in his boyhood he was at a country house in England, not far from London, and that Mrs. Siddons used to be there often, and would read poetry to the ladies as they sat at needlework in the morning parlor. He spoke with great admiration of the beauty of her voice and the nobility of her expression. I asked him what was the style of her reading, — whether it was free and natural. He replied, "Not quite. She read with a measured cadence. As I remember it now, there must have been a good deal of sing-song about it; and there was the same in her delivery of long speeches on the stage. But still it was very fine, and from her it seemed to my boyish taste angelic."

The conversion of final *ng* into *n* is remarkably common in England, even by speakers of the highest classes; far more so, I should say, than it is in America; certainly much, very much, more so than it is among our best bred people, who indeed are very rarely guilty of this slovenliness. But in England members of Parliament, Fellows of colleges, dukes and dandies, farmers, philologists, say *doin'*, *bein'*, *seein'*, and even line for lying. I heard an absurd little swell (and yet I believe he was at bottom a good fellow) say, "Oh, yeth! But you

thee, I bein' tho vewy fond of 'untin' and thootin' I cahnt be thtoppin' in London in the autumn." And yet I'll be bound that little chap thought great scorn of the American way of speaking English. I observed, by the way, that impediments or rather incapacities, of speech are much commoner in England than they are with us. A lisping man here is a very rare bird; but in England, especially among the upper classes, he is not uncommon. As an affectation the fashion is not very new. Chaucer's wanton and merry friar lisped "to make his Englissch swete upon his tunge." There is the same comparative commonness there and uncommonness here of men who have trouble with *r*, and who say, like my little friend, "vewy." It was amusing to hear a captain in the Guards talk about his "wedgment."

Of pronunciations which were evidently deliberate variations from the standard, I observed, in addition to those which I have already mentioned, *knowledge*, which I heard only from the lips of educated men, first from a barrister of unusual scholarship and accomplishments; — *oppo-zite*, which I heard not infrequently from speakers of all classes, and which I first heard in this country from an English clergyman who was visiting at our house, and who used to produce a pocket Greek Testament at morning prayers and follow in it my father's reading, somewhat, as I discovered, to his amusement; — *tor-toys* (tortoise), in which the last syllable was pronounced just like the plural of *toy*; but this, though not a low-class pronunciation, was uncommon, the general pronunciation of the syllable in question being, not as the dictionaries give it, either *tis* or *tus*, but an abbreviation of *toise* which is

¹ This venerable and most estimable clergyman always read prayers and preached in black silk gloves, as indeed my own grandfather did; for it was the fashion then among clergymen of the Episcopal church who were at all particular about clerical costume. The forefinger and thumb of the

right-hand glove were slit open to enable the wearer to turn the leaves of Prayer Book and Bible. A fine line-engraved portrait of Dr. Milnor in the pulpit, and thus decorated, hung in our parlor at home, and is still in my possession.

quite inexpressible by letters. The *half*, *walk*, and *talk*, in Chester I have already mentioned. Those from whom I heard it, were neither rustic nor uneducated speakers.

One of the most characteristic and striking speeches that I heard was from a young gentleman, an author and the son of an author and editor of some distinction (neither of them is now living), who in the course of talk about Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, exclaimed, "Wot'n igstrawnry man!" I could make no mistake about it, for he repeated the remark soon after, — "Wot'n igstrawnry man!"

Of quite a different sort was the noteworthy pronunciation of a little fellow who officiated as "buttons" at a house in Essex where I was visiting, and who said to me, as he came into my room one morning, "I've took your dress trousis to the tiler's, sir." Now if he had taken my hat to the tiler's, it would not have been very surprising. But in fact, of course, he had taken my trousers to the tailor's; and his pronunciation of the title of that functionary was a to me charming survival of the old sound of the word. For English *i* is *ah-ee*, and *tiler* is simply *ta-ee-ler* (with the *a* broad), that is, the French *tailleur*, in which form our modern name for the older sempster came into the language. And by the way, whatever uncertainty there may be about other words of like termination, there is no doubt that this is an English form of the French *tailleur*; and yet neither Johnson himself, nor the most bigoted of Johnsonian etymological spellers, has insisted upon spelling the word *tailour*. The Doctor and his followers have remained content with *tailor*, although, unlike *honor* and *favor*, it has no Latin original.

Of words new to me I met with only one. (I of course am leaving out of consideration the dialect and the folk phrases of remote rural districts. And indeed, of that I had little opportunity

to hear anything. In the counties in which I took my rural walks I found no dialectic peculiarities worthy of remark, either in vocabulary or in pronunciation.) This word was *singlet*, which came up to me printed on my first washing bill in Liverpool. I had never seen it before; but its suggestion of *doublet* of course instantly showed me that it must mean an under-vest, as it did, — a merino under-shirt. I never heard it spoken or met with it in any other part of England; nor is it in any English dictionary. It is a Lancashire word. And yet of course it is not dialectical, as being Romanic it could not be. It reminded me that in one of Ford's tragedies a woman passing from one chamber to another in the night speaks of herself as going "thus singly," meaning plainly, and as the context shows, not that she went alone, but that she was covered with a single garment.

Of familiar words used in a somewhat peculiar sense I found a few.

Ever is used in composition thus: "Whoever is it?" "Whatever can it be?" This usage is mostly confined to ladies, and is not regarded as good English.

Tiresome is used for disagreeable. "Those tiresome Brighton people." "Do be quiet: why will you be so tiresome?" "That cross, ill-natured, tiresome woman."

Mind, as a verb, has its function stretched to an extreme which is sometimes laughable. There is not only "Would you mind handing me the milk-jug?" for "Would you take the trouble," etc., but "I don't mind that," meaning, don't find it unpleasant. I heard a lady, a peeress, say to a very swellish fellow who had just taken honors at Oxford, "A—— is a very good fellow, — so pleasant; don't you think so?" "Ah — yes," was the slow reply, "I — don't — mind him." This brought to my recollection that in one of Charles Reade's novels a young swell proposes in this

fashion: "Would you mind our getting married? I should n't."

Nasty. This word, of unpleasant suggestions, is used much more commonly in England than it is in the United States. An ill-natured speech is called "a nasty speech," a stormy day "a nasty day;" and I even heard an English lady call an awkward step "a nasty step." Therefore, when Lady A—— said here at dinner, where she sat at her host's right hand, speaking to her husband, who sat at the hostess' right hand, and who thought it proper not to touch his soup, "Do take some, A——: it's not at all nasty," she did not mean to be so rude, that is, quite so rude, as she seemed to those who sat with her.

Jug is universally misused for *pitcher*. I did not hear the latter word once in any part of the country, or from speakers in any class of life, while I was in England, but always the "water-jug," "the milk jug." The misuse is of very recent origin, and the word itself is comparatively new. According to all evidence of English literature and lexicography, a jug is a coarse vessel with swelling sides, usually made of stone-ware or brown clay, — a thing that never would be brought upon a nicely served table. A *pitcher*, on the contrary, may be large or small, gracefully shaped, and of porcelain, of china, of crystal, of silver, or of gold. The word *jug* is unknown to our earlier literature, and is not found in the Bible, although *pitcher* and *bottle* occur there frequently; and *pitcher* has been known for centuries as the equivalent of *ollula*, *urna*, *amphora*.

Merchant is widely misused. You shall not find a grog seller who does not call himself a spirit merchant, or a man in a little black den of coals who does not call himself a coal merchant. The word is misused in this way among us of late years, but not quite to such an extent. Still, however, there is in England a standard and a tribunal before which such bad usage has no force. I

heard of a man who had been in trade, and in a large way; but his affairs had gone to utter ruin, and left him old, poor, and helpless. He was respected and personally liked, and there was an effort to get him into an asylum founded for "decayed merchants." The trustees, although they had the kindest feeling toward him, and wished to give him help, decided that they could not admit him because he was not a merchant. He had never been engaged in foreign trade, — had never owned or even chartered a ship.

Tidy is strangely used to mean good of its kind, pretty. The misuse, however, does not, according to my observation, rise above the lower middle class. Among them a tidy girl means a pretty girl, and particularly a girl with a good figure. Indeed, I have often heard tidy applied to a young woman of whose person and clothing tidiness, according to the true meaning of the word, could surely not be predicated; for the untidiness of the lower-class Englishwoman, unless she becomes a chamber-maid or a bar-maid, passes man's understanding. *Tidy* is also used for *pretty* in a metaphorical sense, as thus, by a distinguished novelist. "The alcohol we consume every day would be a tidy sale for a small public house."

Do is made a word of all work. Women do their back hair, and do everything that they arrange. "I have got these flowers to do," meaning to arrange in a vase. "Tom," said a lady at luncheon, "would you mind changing seats? I can't do this beef," meaning that she could not carve and serve it. On my way from Birmingham to London a lady got out of the carriage at a small station. She was one of the women who take responsibility heavily; for she faithfully tried to shut the door of the carriage, and after struggling with it a moment she broke out, "Oh, dear! you must call some one. I can't do this door."

Immediately and *directly* are strangely used for "when" or "as soon as." This usage is not regarded as the best, and has not the sanction of the best writers: but in every-day speech it prevails widely, and is even found in the books of writers of repute. The following passages, from the pages of a novelist of distinction, furnish examples of this queer and widely prevalent misapprehension and misapplication. "Directly he entered the room, Mrs. D—— formally introduced him." "Immediately N——'s arrival was heard of, Mrs. W—— hastened up to town." "'Are you ill?' said G—— directly she saw him."

"Different *to*" for "different *from*" is in general vogue, except among the most careful speakers. Although it is in almost universal use in England, it is not defensible, and is not English. It is however no novelty. Baker, in his *Remarks on the English Language*, 1770, justly censures it, as well as "different *than*," which is also in common use. "Different *to*" has however the support of Addison.

Awfully. I cannot say that the misuse of this word in England struck me as peculiar, for it is misused in the same monstrous way here. But there I was amazed by the high quarters in which I heard it maltreated. We all know what *awful* means in Shakespeare, in the Bible, the Prayer Book, in Addison, and in Macaulay; but when I heard a Cambridge don, who was engaged in earnest scientific talk with another, say, "That's an awfully good experiment," and when I heard the president of the Philological Society say to a lady who sat next me, in the most matter-of-course, unconscious way, "Oh, yes, she's an awfully nice girl," I came to the conclusion that, whatever it may have once meant in the speech of England, *awfully* means "very" in the language of Philistia.

My horror of horrors, however, was the hearing at Oxford—at Oxford of

all places, and at the Oxford Union!—a member of the university speak of "events which are daily *transpiring* under our very eyes." After that I gave up observing, or even caring about, the misuse of English in England. What was it to me that they had not escaped the loathsome contamination of which I saw evidence in the sign "Wine Office and *Sample Room*" at 95 Regent Street Quadrant!

I was surprised, indeed, to meet with that disgusting Americanism, of New York origin, in London; but I was none the less amused at the fastidious shudder with which a lady in a first-class railway carriage said to her daughter, who had declared that something or other was "not worth a row of pins," "My dear, I do wish that you would not use that low American slang." American slang! O lady Philistina, how I longed to quote to you the passage from the sad scene in Richard II., in which the queen, apprehensive of her coming woes, says,—

"But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let us step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins
They'll talk of state."

Indeed, what simile would better fit a woman's mouth? This passage, by the way, is of interest as showing that pins were put up in the same way three hundred years ago as now.

I must pass over not a few minor points in regard to the English of England which I hoped to touch upon, and close this chapter of my English experience with a story of a little talk I had with a man on the Surrey side of London bridge. I was passing a hatter's shop, and seeing the man himself, as I supposed, at the door, and thinking that he looked like the sort of man I should like to talk to, I stopped, and, entering, asked the price of a hat. "Seven and six, sir, that style. Them, nine shillin. But if you'd like to 'ave sumthink werry helegant, 'ere's our tiptop harticle at ten and six." I thought it right to tell

him at once that I did not intend buying, but that I was attracted by his hats and wished to know the price. He was perfectly civil and good-natured, as I always found London shopmen, whether I bought or not; nor did I ever encounter among them either servility or browbeating. He answered, with a rueful little h'm and smile, "Hi thought so. Hi see your 'at was too new for you to want a hother. *Would* you be so good as to let me look hat it, sir?" I handed it to him. "H'm! Lincoln and Bennett! Hi thought so. Hall you swell gents goes to them, 'cos they 've got a big name, an' so they gits big prices. But there's hother people knows 'ow to make a 'at as well as Lincoln and Bennett. Look a' that 'un," handing me one of our tip-top harticles. Then, with a burst of enthusiasm, "*Would* you be so good as to put on that 'at, sir?" I complied. "There! Hi do think that sets you hoff, helegant. Hanythink nobbier Hi never

see." As the hat was decidedly too small for me, to say nothing more, I did not agree with him, and set it down in silence. "That 'at sir, 's a harticle Hi'm proud of, an' I'll set it agen hanythink that hever come hout of Lincoln and Bennett's shop." "I beg pardon," I said, "but you call *at* an article; I thought it was a preposition." The temptation was irresistible, but I did not know what might come of my yielding to it, and I prepared for a quick retreat. But I was safe in the density of his mental faculties. "Proposition, sir?" said he after a moment. "I 'ave n't 'eard hany; but I shall be 'appy to 'ave one." To tell the truth, I felt a little ashamed of myself. The man's ignorance was not his fault. Putting my own preposition on my head, I bade him good-day; and as I turned the corner—it was the next one—I saw him looking after me with the bewildered air of one vainly struggling at apprehension.

Richard Grant White.

HELEN'S CUP.

Then Helen, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Presently she cast a drug into the wine whereof they drank, — a drug to lull all pain and anger, and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow.

BUCHER AND LANG'S HOMER.

GIVE me the potent draught that Helen poured
 To lull Telemachus! Make me forget
 All present peril, all old sins, and let
 Me look toward peace. Long threat'ning, Fate's sharp sword
 Before my eyes has hung, — about me roared
 The battle's clamor. Sore I am beset;
 New fears and ancient pains together met
 Assail me, who for peace have long implored.

Give me, at last, to drink, and let them flee,
 The baffled ghosts that watch me sullenly,
 To those waste fields that waiting shadows keep;
 And down some waveless tide, in quiet deep,
 As set of day upon a quiet sea,
 Oh, let me drift, and dream, and fall on sleep.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.¹

THE unheroic side of a certain number of great men cannot fail to interest a very large number of readers, and a thorough account of the private life of a man like Napoleon Bonaparte is full of instruction for every student of history and of human nature. Madame de Rémusat, who has given us this entertainment, held for some years the position of lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine. She was evidently a person of great intelligence, and she kept a diary in which she recorded her observations from day to day. It is very plain that Napoleon admired and respected her, low as was his general opinion of women, and he frequently talked with her about himself, — this was always his favorite subject, — his past history and his plans for the future. Unfortunately, in the commotion of his return from Elba she burned these memoirs, to prevent their falling into strange hands; but shortly afterwards she rewrote them in the form in which they are now given to the world. Doubtless the fresh charm of the first draught is gone, but no one can read these pages without being impressed with their truth and intelligence, as they now stand. While we miss the precision of a diary, we have the story told by a writer whose memory of the most momentous part of her life was unimpaired, and there is no reason to doubt the shrewdness of her judgment of men and things.

As for his personal appearance, Napoleon was short and clumsily built, his legs being too short for his body. His head was handsome, especially the upper part; his eyes were bluish-gray, generally wearing a melancholy expression; his laugh was, we are told, irre-

sistible. But he seldom laughed; he preferred to wrap himself up in dignity; or, more exactly, to make himself feared rather than loved. Madame de Rémusat records one or two instances of flashes of amiability on his part, but some of them only bring into greater relief the coldness of his heart, as when he tried to make himself agreeable to her while she was almost heart-broken about the murder of the Duke of Enghien. At another time, just after he had made himself emperor, he talked for a while most pleasantly to herself and her husband; then suddenly his face became sombre, and he gave M. de Rémusat some harsh, trifling order, evidently with the intention of preventing them from attaching too much weight to this brief relaxation of his dignity. He condemned Henri IV. for his personal amiability. "He lacked seriousness," he said one day. "*Bonhomie* is an affectation that a sovereign should avoid. What does he mean by it? To remind those who are near him that he is a man like other men? What absurdity! When a man is a king, he is a man apart; and I have always admired the true political instinct, that Alexander the Great showed in claiming descent from a god." His aim, like his practice, was to hold every one aloof, to keep those about him in terror.

In a brief summary of his character, Madame de Rémusat says that he had "no generosity, no real greatness. I have never seen him admire or understand a fine action. He always distrusted a noble feeling; he never made any account of sincerity, and did not hesitate to say that he recognized a man's superiority according to his skill

¹ *Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat*. 1802-1808. Publiés avec une Préface et des Notes par son petit-fils, PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, Sénateur de la

Haute-Garonne. Tome 1er. Paris: C. Levy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

in lying; and on this occasion he took pleasure in recalling that, when he was a child, one of his uncles predicted that he would govern the world, because he was such an inveterate liar. 'M. de Metternich,' he added, 'is very near being a statesman; he lies very well.' Those whom he won by flattery he kept in subjection by severity. He understood the French people well. The evening before his coronation, his marshals were disputing about precedence, and referred the matter to his decision. Madame de Rémusat said to him, "You seem to have stamped the ground of France, and to have said, 'Let all the vanities arise from the earth!'" "That is true," was his reply; "but it is very convenient to govern the French through their vanity."

He had other ways, too, of managing public opinion: at Gand, in one of his tours, he was received with evident coolness; and, after thinking the matter over, he said to his wife, "These people are exceedingly religious, and under the influence of the priests; we must stay a long time at church to-morrow, secure the clergy by some little attention, and so we shall regain what we have lost;" and he was right.

Madame de Rémusat asked him one day why, if he set so little store by men's opinion, he should undertake so much. "Oh, one must be the creature of one's fate. Whoever is called by her cannot resist her. And then human pride creates the public that it desires in that ideal world we call posterity. When one thinks that a hundred years hence a fine line will recall some great action, a painting will preserve the memory of it, one's imagination is inflamed, the battle-field loses its terrors, the cannon roars in vain; one hears only the sound that a thousand years hence will carry a hero's name to our descendants." "I can never understand," she said, "how one can run risks for glory, while one despises the

men of one's own time." But here he interrupted her: "I do not despise them; that is something you must never say; and I especially admire the French!"

"I smiled at this sudden exclamation," Madame de Rémusat goes on; "and as if he had guessed the cause of my amusement, coming near and pulling my ear, which was, as I have said, his usual gesture when in good humor, he repeated to me, 'Do you understand, madame? You must never say that I despise the French.'"

In his private life he was constantly under the eye of Madame de Rémusat, who does not paint him as a model of domestic virtues. He was accustomed to meet his wife's denunciations of his infidelities by pleading his genius, which, he said, raised him above the laws that served to control other men. Yet he returned to her, anxious for the pardon which he knew he could obtain. Family ties had but little weight with him. When the elder brother of Napoleon III. died, the boy whom he had chosen for his heir, the emperor was in Berlin, and seemed so little moved that Talleyrand reminded him, just before he was to appear in public, "You forget that there has just been a bereavement in your family, and that you ought to look a little sad." Bonaparte answered, "*Je ne m'amuse pas à penser aux morts.*" The anecdote is interesting for what it shows of both men. There are other stories about Talleyrand, for which the reader must consult the book. Talleyrand's memoirs, it may be said by the way, if they are ever published cannot fail to be amusing reading, and there can be but little doubt that what he says about Napoleon will but corroborate the testimony of Madame de Rémusat. He understood his man well, and once he satisfied his love of mischief by the following trick: Napoleon was willing enough to be emperor, but he detested the notion of becoming king. Berthier came in, and Talleyrand told

him if he wanted to please Bonaparte to go to him and urge him to make himself king. Berthier was only too glad to have an agreeable subject of conversation, and he began his little speech. The moment he heard the word *king*, Napoleon's eyes flashed; he shook his fist in the face of his adviser, with, "Imbecile, who told you to come here and stir up my bile? Another time you will be careful whose advice you take."

When all the best stories are told, there is left enough of Madame de Rémusat's intelligent discussion of the great man and of his policy to keep the reader entertained. Besides her own observation, she had the advantage of hearing Napoleon's views concerning himself; and he seems to have had as few delusions on that subject as on many others. He said, in speaking of his wife, "She is always a great deal more anxious about me than is necessary. Josephine is always afraid lest I should fall seriously in love; she does not know that love is not made for me. For, what is love? A passion which sets on one side the universe, in order to see nothing but the beloved object on the other. And, certainly, it is not my nature to give up myself to any such view of life."

At another time, after a long account of his career, he went on as follows: "In Egypt, I was free from the tiresome fetters of civilization; I dreamed all sorts of things, and saw the way to put my dreams into action. I created a religion: I saw myself on the road to Asia, mounted on an elephant, a turban on my head, and in my hand a new Koran, of my own composition. In my undertaking I should have united the experiences of two worlds; I should have attacked the English in East India, and by this conquest I should have again come into relation with Europe. The time I spent in Egypt was the happiest of my life, for it was the most ideal. But fate decided otherwise. My letters from France

showed me that I had not a moment to waste. I came down to practical life, and returned to Paris, where the most important matters are settled in an *entr'acte* of the opera."

In general, however, the ideal side of life — and in the case just mentioned it was only his ambition that was excited by his imagination — had but little meaning for him. Life was to him a game, in which people were hardly more than chessmen. Yet, with his low opinion of others, he had no delusions about himself. The murder of the Duke of Enghien was but a stroke of policy, and he strongly condemned unnecessary murders. He acknowledged to Talleyrand that he was essentially a coward; that is to say, that he would not be averse to doing a disgraceful action under compulsion, as indeed the much-discussed fate of the unhappy duke clearly proves.

What makes this book valuable is, of course, Madame de Rémusat's intelligent observation. Her acuteness was great, — as great as her opportunity of studying the hero whose unheroic side she clearly shows. What strikes one most about him in this book is his unlikeness to the French people. The enthusiasms that feed their imagination had no influence over him; he observed them in the people he governed, and they served him as strings to pull, in order to produce certain actions. He was most distinctly a foreigner, who yet knew how to use the tools that lay under his hand. His intelligence and his energy were almost without limit. Madame de Rémusat in no way belittles his genius, but she sets his character before us in no attractive light. That part of him had no power of deceiving a quick-witted woman, who was above all things a lady. She treats him with generosity, but without flattery.

The second volume of Madame de Rémusat's *Mémoires* carries the reader into the year 1806. One misses the charm of novelty that was so striking at the beginning of her chronicle, but this

is more than made good by the general widening of her subject and the introduction of many new persons. Yet Napoleon is of course the first figure, and one gets fuller knowledge of the repulsive side of this remarkable man. His manners in the domestic circle — if that phrase can be applied to his court — seem to have been as unattractive as those he showed to his foes on the field of battle. It is almost fair to wonder whether some of his perpetual upsetting of Europe was not the consequence of his lack of peace at home.

At any rate, he found it easier to conquer kings and emperors than to preserve tranquillity in his own palace. His methods for accomplishing his purposes were alike in both cases. "He arranged matters of etiquette with all the severity of military discipline. Every ceremony was performed as if at the beat of a drum, everything was done at a quick step, so to speak: and this haste, the continual fear that it inspired, united to the unfamiliarity of half the courtiers with these methods, gave his court a dismal rather than a dignified appearance, and impressed on all faces the uneasiness which was to be observed amid all the pleasures and magnificence with which he ostentatiously surrounded himself."

When he was supervising military preparations at the camp of Boulogne, he was also settling questions of precedence and the rank of various new officials. The empress, with the tact of her sex, filled her place very well; but the emperor, we are told, treated his courtiers with severity, and Madame de Rémusat says that it was curious to witness the frequent discomfiture of those members of the old aristocracy who, under one pretext or another, had consented to wait upon the emperor. He would utter some angry word, and their fine phrases would seem idle. The position of a courtier, she says, was of no value; it led to nothing. "It was dangerous to be a man in his presence, that is to say, to

preserve the exercise of any intellectual faculties; it was simpler and easier for every one, or nearly every one, to adopt the air of servitude."

His methods of keeping those about him in this condition were certainly well suited for their purpose. At one time, when, in the absence of the emperor, rumor had been busy with some of the ladies of the palace, connecting their names with more or less serious flirtations, it happened that Napoleon suddenly appeared at the table where a number were breakfasting together, and, after a few insignificant words, he began to make it clear that they had been the object of gossip. The empress, who knew his method of pleasantry, tried to interrupt him, but he persisted. "Yes, ladies, you are keeping the people in the faubourg Saint-Germain very busy. They say, for instance, that you, Madame — have been falling in love with Mr. So and So; that you, madame," and so he went on. Madame de Rémusat thought he did this out of sheer love of mischief, but he assumed to be angry with those who sniffed at his court, and he threatened to exile any one who should gossip about a lady of the palace. The empress shortened the breakfast to put an end to the scene. When she upbraided him for his thoughtlessness, he said that the ladies ought to be obliged to him for his zeal in defending them when they were attacked.

His manners in society were ungracious; his first remark to almost every one was, "What is your name?" There was a man, named Grétry, whom he was especially in the habit of forgetting; so that when his name was asked once too often for the patience of its owner, he replied, "Toujours Grétry."

It was only when he was at his real work in life that the emperor was happy: thus when he was at Saint-Cloud preparing for the campaign of 1805, although he was as busy as possible, he was unwontedly serene and gracious.

The empress, too, was not sorry when he proposed a new campaign, since she could "thus escape the gossip of Paris, which terrified her, the tediousness of the palace of Saint-Cloud, and the observation of her brothers-in-law. She looked upon a campaign as a journey." What this lady suffered at the hands of the emperor's family was indeed grievous. Madame de Rémusat tells us that at the coronation the empress, whose manner had been most dignified and striking, when she had to proceed from the altar to the throne, had a moment of altercation with her sisters-in-law, who were carrying her robe with such manifest aversion that I saw the time when the new empress could not step forward. The emperor, who perceived what was wrong, spoke a few dry, firm words to his sisters, and set everything in motion.

"The Pope," the chronicler goes on, "during the whole ceremony, had the air of a resigned victim; but it was a dignified resignation which he had voluntarily assumed for a great object."

It is unnecessary to give full accounts of the intrigues of the court; most of us would think in reading them that we had before us a record of the social warfare of some insignificant village. It is more interesting to turn to some of the many anecdotes that illustrate Napoleon's character. Here is one: He was extremely proud of the campaign of 1805, which saw the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, and the occupation of Vienna; "one thing alone occasionally aroused his ill-humor. He was astonished at the indifference with which the Viennese treated him, and at the difficulty he had in getting them about him, although he invited them to dinners and entertainments at the palace he was oc-

cupying. He was amazed at their devotion to a beaten sovereign who was inferior to him." In his surprise he spoke about it to Monsieur de Rémusat. This gentleman told him that, while they acknowledged Napoleon's greatness, they felt that their own emperor was great, and that they could not love any one else. But Napoleon was unable to comprehend these feelings, for he "believed in nothing but success;" and after his return to Paris, when he heard of the touching reception the Viennese gave to their conquered emperor on his re-entry into the city, he said, "What a strange people! I am sure that if I were to go back to Paris under such circumstances I should not be received in this way."

The keenness of Madame de Rémusat's observation and the soundness of her judgment are to be seen on every page of her delightful book, and the final chapters of this second volume are full of acute analysis of Napoleon's relations to the men who surrounded him. His jealousy of his marshals, his low opinion of humanity at large and of all individuals, his habit of controlling every one by brutality, — all of these habits were clearly seen by the keen-eyed woman who was in no way imposed upon by his grandeur. Her remarks, too, on Napoleon's unfavorable influence upon literature are very intelligent. The editor quotes some criticism of her son's upon this part of her book, but what she has to say will commend itself, at least, to the attention of her readers. In short, these two volumes are a perfect mine of information about what we may call the local color of the first empire; she has written a chapter of modern history without illusions and without prejudices.

A GERMAN AGITATOR AND A FRENCH DILETTANTE.

It may be said with truth that there are but few novels in any tongue that will compare in interest with Helene von Racowitza's *Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle*.¹ It bears witness, however, to the difference between fact and fiction — a difference to the credit of fiction — that distinguishes real stories from anecdotes. A more humiliating story to read, and indeed a more humiliating confession to write, it would be hard to find, and yet it is easy to see how the whole matter came about. Possibly, a glance at the writer's portrait will explain the failure of her life. She is certainly striking-looking, and, in a way, handsome, but with a weak face that gives emphatic corroboration to her narration. It will be remembered that it was she with whom Lassalle was in love. Lassalle was a famous German socialist, who has left his mark on contemporary German thought. She was almost a child in years when she first met him, and one gathers that she was an attractive creature, and the two fell instantly in love. He was twice her age, and in many ways, from his democratic affiliations, his Jewish birth, and his stormy past, anything but the man whom a German diplomatist, who was anxious to maintain his position, would welcome as a son-in-law. From the first, her parents tried to prevent their meeting, but with only the usual success; to be sure, the two young people saw very little of one another, but enough to determine to marry. It was during a visit to Switzerland that Helene became engaged to Lassalle. When she announced this fact to her family, there was enormous commotion. She ran off to the hotel whence Lassalle was to issue to overcome her parents by his many

fascinations. He had already before this tried to simplify matters by urging her to run away with him, but she had refused. Now she proposed the same course to him, but this time he refused, and he sent her back to her home. She tells at some length how her family broke her spirit, and made her an unwilling tool to break off the match and rid them of Lassalle. When, finally, a young man, who had long been in love with her, killed Lassalle in a duel, she suffered a good deal, but shortly afterward she consented to marry him.

Certainly, it is only the surly fathers of pretty, addle-pated daughters — such as the middle-aged observer sees in farces, and the youthful lover in very kindly old gentlemen — who can find cause for pleasure in this pitiable tale. There are, of course, some girls who would not have yielded in this way, but she brings forward in excuse her ignorance of her lover's real character; and there are some young men who would have been quick to run off with her, and the principal excuse for Lassalle we may take to be this, — that he had boundless confidence in his power to win the enraged parents to his way of thinking; but one cannot help thinking that he overestimated his own powers.

One is safe in saying that the novelist would have brought things to another conclusion, but the statement that Tourguéneff drew his Helene, in *On the Eve*, from the lady whose adventures have just been mentioned is a hasty one; for *On the Eve* was published in 1859, and at that time the other Helene had never met Lassalle. But looking on it as a bit of writing, which is after all its main interest to us, one must say that the book is very interesting, like any true report

¹ *Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle.*
VON HELENE VON RACOWITZA, geb. v. Dönniges.

Breslau und Leipzig: S. Schottländer. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

of life, or of the tragedy of any human being's life. Certainly, the writer has the merit of frankness, and she makes no effort to give facts any false name. She says that in writing the book, with its full and true account of her acquaintance with Lassalle, she hopes in some measure to mitigate the blame that has been attached to her in the matter. But this wish to justify herself does not diminish her frankness; on the contrary, she apparently tries to place the facts before the reader as simply and fully as possible, relying on the truth of the old saying, "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner." On the whole, one cannot help feeling pity and sympathy for the impetuous, romantic, high-spirited girl who was so ill brought up that the wonder was that she did not fall into even more mistakes of action than was the case. It is yet to be understood that the book is of the nature of a special plea for herself against the blame that she has received as the indirect cause of Lassalle's death. But it is strange to come across a verbatim account of her conversation with him at their second meeting, at a public ball, when, in a pause of the dance, he asked her what she would do if she were his wife, and she were to see him ascending the scaffold to meet his death. She answered, "I should wait until they had cut off that proud head, that those eagle eyes might have something they loved to rest upon until the last moment, and then I would take poison."

One does not like to think of her unavailing regret, as she wrote these lines, that, instead of such an ending of their ardent love, he should have been killed in a duel on her account, and she should have let herself be persuaded into marrying the man who shot him. It would be hard to imagine a more bitter sarcasm on the difference between our no-

tion of ourselves and what we actually are.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it is at times not so beautiful, as we may see by comparing the fate of this Helene with Tourguéneff's Helene, the circumstances of whose life bear so striking a resemblance to those of the one who lived to record her career. But in the novel *Bersenieff* did not draw back when he was asked to run away with the woman he loved, and we are brought back to our original feeling that if a loving, headlong, easily influenced girl is to act like a heroine she must have a whole-hearted hero to inspire her, and not a man who is the prey of vanity and ambition, as we must suspect Lassalle to have been.

It is not unfair to look upon Helene von Racowitza's book as a special plea, as the presentation of her side of an interesting case, but the reader who wishes to learn more about the questions she raises will not feel contented unless he reads Kutschbach's little volume,¹ which brings forward a great deal of new testimony, and, from its impartial summing up of the words of various witnesses, may be looked upon as a sort of judge's charge. Helene's book is interesting, but it grows dull by the side of this fuller volume, and many of the points that are left in the dark by her have the full light of day thrown upon them by this writer.

What is made pretty clear is that Lassalle was more indifferent to Helene at the period before they met in Switzerland than she supposed. This is not a very important matter, however, for there is no doubt that he was in love with her after that time. What seemed inexplicable was his treatment of her when she fled from her father's house, and offered to run away with him. He simply upbraided her for acting foolishly,

¹ *Lassalle's Tod*. Im Anschluss an die Memoiren der Helene von Racowitza: Meine Beziehungen zu Ferdinand Lassalle, zur Ergänzung

derselben. Von A. KUTSCHBACH. Chemnitz: Schmeitzner. New York: E. Steiger. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

and sent her back to her parents. It is true that she had promised not to speak to them of the matter until he should reach Geneva, but when she found her family rejoicing and inclined to amiability on account of the recent engagement of her sister, she judged it a fitting moment to try her luck with her parents. Naturally enough, the contrast between this new love affair and the one they were rubbing their hands over did but drive the parents, and especially the stern father, to greater wrath.

Lassalle's rejection of Helene was the turning-point in this tragic history. She went back to her home, possibly mortally wounded by his treatment. He, on the other hand, then first began to think seriously of her. In two or three of his letters, — not with perfect tact, it must be acknowledged, — he says that he only began to love her a few hours after that unfortunate affair. But from that moment he set to work with the utmost energy: he summoned his most trustworthy friends to his aid; he sent letters to Helene by various messengers; he went to Munich to get the help of the state department in opposing Helene's father, who was in the diplomatic service. In a word, he took the most active measures to undo what he then thought to be his folly, and to get back the opportunity he had once let slip through his fingers.

His letters to her gave her full information about the way she should conduct herself, in order to escape from her father's persecution. He besought her to stand firm, and when he began to hear of her wavering, he spoke with mingled severity and entreaty. This writer makes it very plain that Helene is inexact in her defense of herself; in certain particulars she is condemned by very strong testimony. But, however that may be, she, as she says, soon yielded to her parents' wishes, and threw Lassalle over. That she did this with extreme readiness no one who has read

much fiction can for a moment doubt. Meanwhile Lassalle was moving heaven and earth to win her, and raging like a lion over all the obstacles that stood in his way. Her conduct may with justice be called heartless; but then he knew before that she had no will of her own, and the reader's sympathy for him is tempered by the thought that she was so little worthy of all this passionate devotion.

Yet when one speaks of passionate devotion, one cannot help thinking of two or three instances of Lassalle's grossness, that are disclosed in this book, that will make many estimable people regret only that it was not they who fired the pistol that mortally wounded him. When he learned that she was false to him, — and anything more enraging than Helene's conduct no novelist could devise, — he wrote to her father a letter in which he said that since he was now convinced that Helene was "a contemptible drab" he had no reason for not calling out the old gentleman, who had so insulted him. In short, he brought his death upon himself, and it was the only conclusion, in his eyes, to as complicated a bit of love business as one often finds reported in the nobler, or at least more pretentious, gossip of printed books. But where is the person, man or woman, who is really indifferent to gossip? In other words, who is absolutely indifferent to every one else?

It is a curious fact that Théophile Gautier has ceased to be a contemporary writer so soon after his death. This statement is not a bull, it may be well to say, but simply a recognition of the fact that what he aimed at doing has ceased to be the aim of the new generation of writers. With him, to state it broadly, execution was everything; but nowadays, taking Daudet and Zola for examples, the execution is of less moment, and the main thing is the matter that has to be expressed. Thus, Daudet's *Les Rois en Exil* is made of long

episodes and detached incidents; there is no separate, distinctly marked catastrophe; the book is a serious work, not an accumulation of cleverness. Gautier could run on, too, at will, as his *Le Capitaine Fracasse* shows; but his lighter work, and more especially his poetry, gives us only the spectacle of a man playing with difficulties, and continually surprising us by his dexterity. It is an ungrateful person who does not derive pleasure from Gautier's wonderful performance, but one does not have to be a very stern moralist to insist that real greatness is a very different thing from the possession of any conceivable amount of skill. The disadvantages of Gautier's theories were seen when Tom, Dick, and Harry decided that it made no difference what they wrote about, so long as they expressed themselves with grace, and that he was an evil-minded man who asked what was the use of blowing soap-bubbles. But Gautier was better than his imitators, and we can admire him without making it an article of literary faith that it is necessary for every one to try to do what he almost alone could do well. These are thoughts which suggest themselves on taking up a little volume about Gautier that his son-in-law and fond admirer, Emile Bergerat, has just published.¹ The author knew Gautier for only the last few years of his life, but he has succeeded in giving us what is really a distinct impression of the charm the poet exercised upon his friends. The book contains, too, scraps of his talk, which will be found interesting. Here is one remark: "While man wholly dies, there is nothing about him that dies so truly as his voice. We know, or at least we can imagine, what becomes of the rest of him, but what be-

comes of the voice? What is there left of it? Nothing can recall the memory of a human voice to those who have forgotten it; nothing can give an idea of it to those who have not heard it. It is absolutely annihilated. It returns to chaos without leaving any trace; a voice that is extinct is extinct forever, and all nature, with its hundred thousand orchestras, and the infinitely multiplied echoes of its orchestras, will never by any chance find it again. No sound of it, no notion! There is nothing to fix its modulation, to attest its charm and quality, — nothing!"

There are passages in the book, however, and notably some of Gautier's poems, which serve to give a complete notion of one part of that eminent writer's nature, while they indicate very clearly one radical difference between French literature and that of some other countries. These are those poems which could not be published in any collection with claims to being thought reputable. M. Bergerat, who desires to be a faithful chronicler, shows us those qualities in his father-in-law which one whom he would call prudish would endeavor to hide. But when one is speaking about Théophile Gautier, one is privileged to be almost as frank as he himself was, and all of his offenses against conventional propriety were in good part redeemed by his child-like unconsciousness of the way he was shocking his contemporaries. It should be said about this book that it brings Gautier vividly before us, and that this result is the more remarkable in view of the slight quantity of material that the author was able to make use of. What we have here makes us only regret the more that we have no full report of the distinguished writer when a young man. He must have been a strange character even for Paris.

¹ *Théophile Gautier. Entretiens, Souvenirs, et Correspondance.* Paris: Charpentier. Boston: Schönhof. 1879.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is twenty years since the death of Washington Irving removed that personal presence which is always a powerful and sometimes the sole stimulus to the sale of an author's books, and which strongly affects the contemporary judgment of their merits. It is almost a century since his birth, which was nearly coeval with that of the republic. For fifty years Irving charmed and instructed the American people, and was the author who held on the whole the first place in their affections. As he was the first to lift American literature into the popular respect of Europe, so for a long time he was the chief representative of the American name in the world of letters. During this period, probably no citizen of the republic, except the Father of his Country, had so wide a reputation as his namesake, Washington Irving.

It is time to inquire what basis this great reputation had in enduring qualities, and whether it was largely a social product, and ephemeral. To enter fully into such an inquiry cannot be the purpose of this essay. Within the necessary limits prescribed for it, I cannot critically examine his various works, nor even outline the manner of their production, nor sketch in any detail the triumphs of his literary career. I shall attempt only a study of one period,—the formative period of his life as a man of letters,—and pass from that to some observations upon his rank and the character of his literary work.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1785, and was the eighth son in a family of eleven children. His father, William Irving, was a sailor from Shafinska, one of the Orkney Islands, who traced his descent from William de Irwyn, the armor-bearer and secretary of Robert Bruce.

In 1761 he married Sarah Sanders, a beautiful girl, whose acquaintance he made at the seaport of Falmouth, England, and two years later settled in New York as a trader. He was a successful merchant until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. In this contest he was a staunch whig, and his wife was distinguished for her merciful ministrations to the patriot prisoners confined in the city. Our author was born in William Street, and spent his boyhood there in an old-time house about half-way between Fulton and John, that was not pulled down till 1849, within ten years of his death.

New York at the time of his birth was a rural city, clustered about the Battery, of about twenty-three thousand inhabitants. It did not extend northward quite to the site of the present City Hall Park, and beyond that, then and for several years afterwards, were only country residences, orchards, and corn-fields. The city was half burned down during the war, and had emerged from it in a dilapidated condition. There was still a marked separation between the Dutch and the English residents, though the Irvings seem to have been on terms of intimacy with the best of both nationalities. The habits of living were primitive; the manners were agreeably free; conviviality at the table was the fashion, and strong expletives had not gone out of use in conversation. Society was the reverse of intellectual: the aristocracy were the merchants and traders; what literary culture found expression was formed on English models, dignified and plentifully garnished with Latin and Greek allusions; the commercial spirit ruled, and the relaxations and amusements partook of its hurry and excitement. In their gay, hospitable, and mercurial character, the inhabitants were

true progenitors of the present metropolis. A newspaper had been established in 1732, and a theatre had existed since 1750. Although the town had a rural aspect, with its quaint dormer-window houses, its straggling lanes and roads, and the water-pumps in the middle of the streets, it had the character of a city, and already much of the metropolitan air.

These were the surroundings in which the boy's literary talent was to develop. His father was a deacon in the Presbyterian church, — a sedate, God-fearing man, with the strict severity of the Scotch Covenanter, serious in his intercourse with his family, without sympathy in the amusements of his children. He was not without tenderness in his nature, but the exhibition of it was repressed on principle, — a man of high character and probity, greatly esteemed by his associates. He endeavored to bring up his children in sound religious principles, and to leave no room in their lives for triviality. One of the two weekly half-holidays was required for the catechism, and the only relaxation from the three church services on Sunday was the reading of the Pilgrim's Progress. This cold and severe discipline at home would have been intolerable but for the more lovingly demonstrative and impulsive character of the mother, whose gentle nature and fine intellect won the tender veneration of her children. Of the father they stood in awe; his conscientious piety failed to waken any religious sensibility in them, and they revolted from a teaching which seemed to regard everything that was pleasant as wicked. The mother, brought up an Episcopalian, conformed to the religious forms and worship of her husband, but she was never in sympathy with his rigid views. The children were repelled from the creed of their father, and subsequently all of them except one became attached to the Episcopal church. Washington, in order to make sure of his escape, and feel safe while he was still

constrained to attend his father's church, went stealthily to Trinity church at an early age, and received the rite of confirmation. The boy was full of vivacity, drollery, and innocent mischief. He had a love of music, which became later in life a passion, and great fondness for the theatre. This latter stolen delight he first tasted in company with a boy who was somewhat his senior, but destined to be his literary comrade, James K. Paulding, whose sister was the wife of Irving's brother William. Whenever he could afford this indulgence, he stole away early to the theatre in John Street, and remained until it was time to return to family prayers at nine, after which he would retire to his room, slip through his window and down the roof to a back alley, and return to enjoy the after-piece.

Young Irving's school education was desultory, pursued under several more or less incompetent masters, and was over at the age of sixteen. The teaching does not seem to have had much discipline or solidity; he studied Latin a few months, but made no other incursion into the classics. The handsome, tender-hearted, truthful, susceptible boy was no doubt a dawdler in routine studies, but he assimilated what suited him. He found his food in such pieces of English literature as were floating about, in Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad. At ten he was inspired by a translation of Orlando Furioso. He devoured books of voyages and travel; he could turn a neat verse, and his scribbling propensities were exercised in the composition of childish plays. The fact was that the boy was a dreamer and saunterer; he himself says that he used to wander about the pier heads in fine weather, watch the ships departing on long voyages, and dream of going to the ends of the earth. His brothers Peter and John had been sent to Columbia College, and it is probable that Washington would have had the same advan-

tage if he had not shown a disinclination to methodical study. At the age of sixteen he entered a law office, but he was a heedless student, and never acquired either a taste for the profession or much knowledge of law. While he sat in the law office he read literature, and made considerable progress in his self-culture; but he liked rambling and society quite as well as books. In 1798 we find him passing a summer holiday in Westchester County, and exploring with his gun the Sleepy Hollow region, which he was afterwards to make an enchanted realm; and in 1800 he made his first voyage up the Hudson, the beauties of which he was the first to celebrate, on a visit to a married sister who lived in the Mohawk Valley. In 1802 he became a law clerk in the office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and began that enduring intimacy with the refined and charming Hoffman family which was so deeply to influence all his life. His health had always been delicate, and his friends were now alarmed by symptoms of pulmonary weakness. This physical disability no doubt had much to do with his disinclination to severe study. For the next two or three years much time was consumed in excursions up the Hudson and the Mohawk, and in adventurous journeys as far as the wilds of Ogdensburg and to Montreal, to the great improvement of his physical condition, and in the enjoyment of the gay society of Albany, Schenectady, Ballston, and Saratoga Springs. These explorations and visits gave him material for future use, and exercised his pen in agreeable correspondence; but his tendency at this time, and for several years afterwards, was to the idle life of a man of society. Whether the literary impulse which was born in him would have ever insisted upon any but an occasional and fitful expression, except for the necessities of his subsequent condition, is doubtful.

Irving's first literary publication was a series of letters, signed Jonathan Old-

style, contributed in 1802 to the *Morning Chronicle*, a newspaper recently established by his brother Peter. The attention that these audacious satires of the theatre, the actors, and their audience attracted is evidence of the literary poverty of the period. The letters are open imitations of the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, and although sharp upon local follies are of no consequence at present except as foreshadowing the sensibility and quiet humor of the future author, and his chivalrous devotion to woman. What is worthy of note is that a boy of nineteen should turn aside from his caustic satire to protest against the cruel and unmanly habit of jesting at ancient maidens. It was enough for him that they were women, and possessed the strongest claim upon our admiration, tenderness, and protection.

Irving's health continued so much impaired when he came of age, in 1804, that his brothers determined to send him to Europe; and he took passage in May in a sailing vessel for Bordeaux, his consumptive appearance impressing the captain with the foreboding that he would not live to cross the Atlantic. His absence was prolonged till January, 1806. He traveled through France, then in a very suspicious and disturbed condition, passed into Italy, visited Sicily, sojourned in Paris, and reached London by way of Belgium. His journey, although interesting in itself and made at a period of feverish political excitement and transition, was not immediately fruitful in a literary way, and need not detain us. It was the irresolute pilgrimage of a man who had not yet received his vocation. Everywhere he was received in the best society, and the charm of his manner and his ingenuous nature made him everywhere a favorite. He carried that indefinable passport which society recognizes, and which needs no *visé*. He saw the people who were famous, the women whose recognition is a social reputation; he made

many valuable friends,—not the least valuable of whom were Americans sojourning abroad (some of whom, like Washington Allston and Newton, were to have a career); he dabbled in art, and was seriously tempted by Allston to remain in Rome and become a painter; he frequented the theatre; he indulged his passion for the opera; he learned how to dine and to appreciate the delights of a brilliant *salon*; he was picking up languages; he was observing nature and men, and especially women. His excuse for writing little from Paris, whose gayety and brightness fascinated him, was, "I am a young man, and in Paris." That he profited by his loitering experience is plain enough afterwards, but thus far there was little to prophesy that Irving would be anything more in life than a charming *flâneur*.

Nor on his return to America, with reëstablished health, did his life at first take on more serious purpose. He was admitted to the bar, but he still halted. Society more than ever attracted him and devoured his time. He willingly accepted the office of "champion at the tea-parties." He was one of a knot of young fellows of literary tastes and convivial habits who delighted to be known as "the nine worthies," or "the lads of Kilkenny." They had jolly suppers at the humble taverns of the city, and wilder revelries at an old country house on the Passaic, which is celebrated in the Salmagundi papers as Cockloft Hall. There was some affectation of roistering in all this, but it was a time of social good fellowship and easy freedom of manners in both sexes. At the dinners there was much sentimental and bacchanalian singing; it was scarcely good manners not to get a little tipsy, and to be laid under the table by the compulsory bumper was not to the discredit of the guest. These young gentlemen liked to be thought "sad dogs." That they were less abandoned than they pretended to be the sequel shows; among

Irving's associates at this period who attained honorable consideration were John and Gouverneur Kemble, Henry Brevoort, Henry Ogden, James K. Paulding, and Washington's brother Peter. The saving influence for all of them was the refined households they frequented, and the association with women who were high-spirited without prudery, and who united purity and simplicity with wit, vivacity, and charm of manner. There is some delightful correspondence between Irving and Miss Mary Farlie, a belle of the time, who married the tragedian, Thomas A. Cooper,—the "fascinating Farlie," as Irving calls her, and the "Sophie Sparkle" of the Salmagundi. Irving's susceptibility to the charms and graces of women—a susceptibility which continued always fresh—was tempered and ennobled by the most chivalrous admiration for the sex as a whole. He placed them on an almost romantic pinnacle, but his actions always conformed to his romantic ideal. In a letter to Miss Farlie, written from Richmond, where he was attending the trial of Aaron Burr, he expresses his exalted opinion of the sex. It was said, in accounting for the open sympathy of the ladies with the prisoner, that Burr had always been a favorite with the sex; "but I am not inclined," writes Irving, "to account for it in so illiberal a manner; it results from that merciful, that heavenly disposition implanted in the female bosom, which ever inclines in favor of the accused and the unfortunate. You will smile at the high strain in which I have indulged; believe me, it is because I feel it; and I love your sex ten times better than ever."

Personally, Irving must have awakened a reciprocal admiration. A drawing by Vanderlyn in Paris in 1805, and a portrait by Jarvis in 1809, present him to us in the fresh bloom of manly beauty. The face has an air of distinction and gentle breeding; the refined lines, the poetic chin, the sensitive mouth, the

shapely nose, the large, dreamy eyes, the intellectual forehead, and the clustering brown locks are our ideal of the writer of the *Sketch Book* and the *Pilgrim in Spain*. A relation, who saw much of our author in his latter years, writes me, "He had dark gray eyes, a handsome straight nose, which might perhaps be called large, a broad, high, full forehead, and a small mouth. I should call him of medium height, about five feet eight and one half to nine inches, and inclined to be a trifle stout. There was no peculiarity about his voice; but it was pleasant, and had a good intonation. His smile was exceedingly genial, lightening up his whole face, and rendering it very attractive; while if he were about to say anything humorous, it would beam forth from his eyes even before the words were spoken. As a young man his face was exceedingly handsome, and his head was well covered with dark hair; but from my earliest recollection of him, he wore neither whiskers nor mustache, but a dark brown wig, which, although it made him look younger, concealed a beautifully shaped head." We can understand why he was a favorite in the society of Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and Albany, as well as of New York, and why he liked to linger here and there, sipping the social sweets, like a man born only to leisure and seemingly idle observation of life.

It was in the midst of these social successes, and just after his admission to the bar, that Irving gave the first decided evidence of the choice of a career. This was his association with Paulding and his eldest brother William in the publication of *Salmagundi*, a semi-monthly periodical, which ran with tolerable regularity through twenty numbers, and stopped in the full tide of success, with the whimsical indifference to the public which had characterized its every number. Its declared purpose was "simply to instruct the young, re-

form the old, correct the town, and castigate the age." In form and manner it was an imitation of the *Spectator* and the *Citizen of the World*. Its wit, and to some extent its humor, were original; but so perfectly was it adapted to local conditions that it may be profitably read to-day as a not untrue reflection of the manners and spirit of the time and city. Its amusing audacity and complaisant superiority, the mystery hanging about its writers, its pretense of indifference to praise or profit, its caustic wit, contagious humor, and pungent criticism, piqued, puzzled, and delighted the town. It was from the first an immense success. It had a circulation in other cities, and many imitations of it sprung up. Notwithstanding some affectations and puerilities, it is still readable. Of course, if it were offered now to the complex and sophisticated society of New York, it would fail to attract anything like the attention it received in the days of simplicity; but the same wit, insight, and literary art, informed with the modern spirit and turned upon the follies and "whim-whams" of the metropolis, would undoubtedly have a great measure of success. In Irving's contributions to it may be traced the germs of nearly everything he did afterwards: in it he tried the various stops of his genius; he discovered his own power; his career was determined; thereafter it was only a question of energy or necessity.

Irving did not, however, immediately devote himself to literature, nor seem to regard his achievements in it as anything more than aids to social distinction. Like many young lawyers with little law and less clients, he dabbled somewhat in local politics; but he could not adapt himself to the unseemly association and nauseous work demanded (at that time) of a ward politician, and was soon disgusted with it. He unsuccessfully solicited some appointment at Albany; a very modest solicitation, which

was never repeated. Although a federalist, and, as he described himself, "an admirer of General Hamilton, and a partisan with him in politics," he accepted a retainer from Burr's friends in 1807, and attended his trial in Richmond, more in the capacity of an observer of the scene than as a lawyer. He did not share the prevalent opinion of Burr's treason, and regarded him as a man so fallen as to be shorn of the power to injure the country, for whom he could feel nothing but compassion.

Not long after the discontinuance of *Salmagundi*, Irving, in connection with his brother Peter, projected the work which was to make him famous. At first nothing more was intended than a satire upon Dr. Samuel Mitchell's *Picture of New York*, just then published. It was begun as a mere burlesque upon pedantry and erudition, and was well advanced, when Peter was called by his business to Europe, and its completion was left to Washington. In his mind the idea expanded into a different conception. He condensed the mass of affected learning into five introductory chapters, — as Irving afterwards said, it would have been improved if it had been reduced to one, — and finished the *History of New York*, by Diedrick Knickerbocker, substantially as we now have it. This was in 1809, when Irving was twenty-six years old.

But before this humorous creation was completed, the author endured the terrible bereavement which was to color his whole life. He had formed a deep and tender passion for Matilda Hoffman, the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, in whose family he had long been on a footing of the most perfect intimacy; and his ardent love was fully reciprocated. Irving was restlessly casting about for some assured means of livelihood, which would enable him to marry, — perhaps his distrust of a literary career was connected with this desire, — when, almost without warn-

ing, Miss Hoffman died, in the eighteenth year of her age. Without being a dazzling beauty, she was lovely in person and mind, with most engaging manners, a refined sensibility, and a delicate and playful humor. The loss was a crushing blow to Irving, from the effects of which he never recovered, although time softened the bitterness of his grief into a tender and sacred memory. He could never bear any allusion to her, even from his most intimate friends. After his death, in a private repository, of which he always kept the key, was found a lovely miniature, a braid of fair hair, and a strip of paper, on which was written, in his own hand, "Matilda Hoffman;" and with these treasures were several pages of a memorandum, in ink long since faded. He kept through life her Bible and her Prayer Book; they were placed nightly under his pillow in the first days of anguish that followed her loss, and ever after they were the inseparable companions of all his wanderings. This memorandum, it subsequently appeared, was a copy of a letter addressed to Mrs. Foster, a married lady, in which the story of his early love was related as a reason why he had never married. It was in 1823, while he sojourned in Dresden, that he became intimate with an English family residing there, named Foster, and conceived for the daughter, Miss Emily Foster, a deep attachment. That this would have resulted in marriage if the lady's affection had not been preoccupied the Fosters believed. Irving's biographer thinks otherwise, and gives reasons for believing that he could not at that time have entertained a project of matrimony. It is not for us to question his judgment, with his full knowledge of the circumstances; yet it is evident that Irving was very seriously impressed, and very much unsettled until he drove away the impression by hard work with his pen; and it would be nothing new in human nature and

experience if he had, for the time, yielded to the attractions of loveliness and a most congenial companionship, and had returned again to an exclusive devotion to the image of the early loved and lost.

The reception of the *History of New York* is too well known to need description. Its success was far beyond Irving's expectation. It met almost universal acclaim. It is true that some of the old Dutch inhabitants, who sat down to its perusal expecting to read a veritable account of the exploits of their ancestors, were puzzled by the indirection of its commendation; several excellent ladies of New York and Albany were minded to ostracize the innocent author from all social recognition; and as late as 1818 Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, Irving's friend, in an address before the Historical Society, showed the deep irritation the book had caused by severe strictures on it as a "coarse caricature." But the author's winning ways soon dissipated the social cloud, and even the Dutch critics were disarmed by the absence of all malice in the gigantic humor of the composition. One of the first foreigners to recognize its power and originality was Walter Scott.

The book is indeed an original creation, and one of the very few masterpieces of humor. In spontaneity, freshness, breadth of conception, and joyous vigor it has the character of the production of the spring-time in literature. It has entered into the popular mind as no other American book ever has, and it may be said to have created a social realm which, with all its whimsical conceit, has almost historical solidity. The Knickerbocker Pantheon is at least as real as that of Olympus. The introductory chapters are of that elephantine facetiousness which pleased our great-grandfathers, but which is exceedingly tedious to modern taste; and the humor of the book occasionally has a breadth that is indelicate to our apprehension, although it perhaps did not shock our

great-grandmothers. But notwithstanding these blemishes, I think the book has more enduring qualities than even the generation which it first delighted gave it credit for.

It is strange that after this success Irving should still have hesitated to adopt literature as his profession. But for two years, and with leisure, he did nothing. He had even hope of political preferment in a small way; and he entered into a mercantile partnership with his brothers, which was to involve little work for him and such share of the profits as should assure him support and leave him free to follow his literary bent. Yet he seems to have been mainly intent upon society and the amusement of the passing hour, and, without the spur of necessity to his literary capacity, he yielded to the temptations of indolence, and settled into the unpromising position of a gentleman of leisure.

The peril to trade involved in the war of 1812 gave him forebodings, and aroused him to some effort. He accepted the editorship of a periodical called *Select Reviews*, afterwards changed to the *Analectic Magazine*, for which he wrote several sketches, some of which were introduced into the *Sketch Book*, and several reviews and novel biographies. But the slight editorial care required was irksome to a man who had an unconquerable repugnance to all periodical labor. The business of his firm and of other New York importing merchants sent him often to Washington, to look after their interests. These visits greatly extended his acquaintance with the leading men of the country, and, as usual, brought him into the thick of gayety and fashion. His political leanings did not prevent an intimacy with the president's family, and Mrs. Madison and he were sworn friends.

Although a federalist and an admirer of England, his sympathies were all with his country in the war of 1812, and he took active service on the military staff

of Governor Tompkins. The sudden ending of the war defeated his intention of entering the regular army; and in 1815 he made a visit to his brother Peter, his business partner, in England, intending only a brief sojourn. He remained abroad seventeen years.

A portion of this period was consumed in annoying business cares, in failure, and in the experience of bankruptcy. When this was over he addressed himself resolutely to the profession of letters, and thereafter till the end of his life, although he was from time to time and for long intervals incapacitated by a tormenting ailment, he labored heroically for the support and comfort of those who were dependent on him. During these seventeen years he became famous wherever the English language was read, and in 1832, when he returned to New York, America greeted her most famous literary man with a spontaneous outburst of love and admiration. The enthusiasm manifested for him was equaled by his own for the land and the people he supremely loved. His first care was by extended travel to make himself thoroughly acquainted with that land, and his next to provide at Sunnyside on the Hudson a modest and retired home for himself and his relatives.

Irving was now past middle life, having returned to New York in his fiftieth year; but he was in the full flow of literary productiveness. His development was somewhat tardy compared with that of many of his contemporaries; but he had the "staying" qualities. The first crop of his mind was of course the most original, and time and experience had toned down his humor; but the spring of his fancy was as free, his vigor was not abated, and his art was more subtle and refined. Some of his best work was yet to be done. It is worthy of passing mention that his admirable sense of literary proportion, which is wanting in many great writers, characterized his work to the very end.

High as his position was as a man of letters, the consideration in which he was held was much broader than that, — it was that of one of the first citizens of the republic. His friends, readers, and admirers were not merely the literary class, but included nearly all the prominent statesmen of the time. Almost any career was open to him if he had lent an ear to their solicitations. But political life was not to his taste, and it would have been fatal to his sensitive spirit. It did not require much self-denial, perhaps, to decline the candidacy for mayor of New York, nor the honor of running for Congress; but he put aside also the distinction of a seat in Van Buren's cabinet as secretary of the navy. His acceptance of the mission to Spain, an appointment which plunged him into profound astonishment, was doubtless influenced by the intended honor to his profession, the gratifying manner in which it came to him, his desire to please his friends, and the belief, which was a delusion, that diplomatic life in Madrid would offer no serious interruption to his *Life of Washington*, in which he had just become engaged. The nomination, the suggestion of Daniel Webster, Tyler's secretary of state, was cordially approved by the president and cabinet, and confirmed almost by acclamation in the senate. "Ah," said Mr. Clay, who was opposing nearly all the president's appointments, "this is a nomination everybody will concur in!" "If a person of more merit and higher qualification," wrote Mr. Webster in his official notification, "had presented himself, great as is my personal regard for you, I should have yielded it to higher considerations." No other appointment could have been made so complimentary to Spain, and it remains to this day one of the most honorable to his own country.

His third visit abroad was the occasion of the renewal of hospitable honors wherever he went, and of a recogni-

tion from the highest personages of the fitness of his appointment. He remained at Madrid four years, discharging with much tact and diplomatic wisdom the duties of minister in a perplexing time, when the Spanish government was changing its character and its personnel with the rapidity of shifting scenes in a pantomime. "This consumption of ministers," wrote Irving to Mr. Webster, "is appalling. To carry on a negotiation with such transient functionaries is like bargaining at the window of a railroad car: before you can get a reply to a proposition, the other party is out of sight."

I shall not dwell upon the ten years of literary activity which preceded this appointment. One incident of it, however, cannot be passed in silence: that was the abandonment of his life-long project of writing the history of the conquest of Mexico to Mr. William H. Prescott. It had been a scheme of his boyhood; he had made collections of materials for it during his first residence in Spain; and he was actually and absorbedly engaged in the composition of the first chapters, when he was sounded by Mr. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, in behalf of Mr. Prescott. Some conversation showed that Mr. Prescott was contemplating the subject upon which Mr. Irving was engaged, and the latter instantly authorized Mr. Cogswell to say that he abandoned it. Although our author was somewhat far advanced and Mr. Prescott had not yet collected his materials, Irving renounced the glorious theme in such a manner that Prescott never suspected the pain and loss it cost him, nor the full extent of his own obligation. Some years afterwards Irving wrote to his nephew that in giving it up he in a manner gave up his bread, as he had no other subject to supply its place; "I was," he wrote, "dismounted from my *cheval de bataille*, and have never been completely mounted since." But he added that he was not sorry for the

warm impulse that induced him to abandon the subject, and that Mr. Prescott's treatment of it had justified his opinion of him. Notwithstanding Prescott's very brilliant work, we cannot but feel some regret that Irving did not write a Conquest of Mexico. His method, as he outlined it, would have been the natural one. Instead of partially satisfying the reader's curiosity in a preliminary essay in which the Aztec civilization was exposed, Irving would have begun with the entry of the conquerors, and carried his reader step by step onward, letting him share all the excitement and surprise of discovery which the invaders experienced, and learn of the wonders of the country in the manner most likely to impress both the imagination and the memory; and with his artistic sense of the value of the picturesque he would have brought into strong relief the *dramatis personæ* of the story.

The service that Irving rendered to American letters no critic disputes, nor is there any question of our national indebtedness to him for investing a crude and new land with the enduring charms of romance and tradition. In this respect our obligation to him is that of Scotland to Scott and Burns; and it is an obligation due only, in all history, to here and there a fortunate creator to whose genius opportunity is kind. The Knickerbocker Legend and the romance with which Irving has invested the Hudson are a priceless legacy; and this would remain an imperishable possession in popular tradition if the literature creating it were destroyed. His position in American literature, or in that of the English tongue, will be determined only by the slow settling of opinion, which no critic can foretell, and the operation of which no criticism seems able to explain. I venture to believe, however, that the verdict will not be in accord with much of the present prevalent criticism.

Irving was always the literary man;

he had the habits, the idiosyncrasies, of the literary man. I mean that he regarded life not from the philanthropic, the economic, the political, the philosophic, the metaphysic, the scientific, or the theologic, but purely from the literary point of view. He belongs to that small class of which Johnson and Goldsmith are perhaps as good types as any, and to which America has added very few. The literary point of view is taken by few in any generation; it may seem to the world of very little consequence in the pressure of all the complex interests of life, and it may even seem trivial amid the tremendous energies applied to immediate affairs; but it is the point of view that endures; if its creations do not mold human life, like the Roman law, they remain to charm and civilize, like the poems of Horace. You must not ask more of them than that.

Irving had the defects of his peculiar genius, and these have no doubt helped to fix upon him the complimentary disparagement of "genial." He was not aggressive; in his nature he was wholly unpartisan and full of lenient charity; and I suspect that his kindly regard of the world, although returned with kindly liking, cost him something of that respect for sturdiness and force which men feel for writers who flout them as fools in the main. Like Scott, he belonged to the idealists, and not to the realists whom our generation affects. Both writers stimulate the longing for something better. Their creed was short: "Love God and honor the king." It is a very good one for a literary man, and might do for a Christian. The supernatural was still a reality in the age in which they wrote. Irving's faith in God and his love of humanity were very simple; I do not suppose he was much disturbed by the deep problems that have set us all afloat. In every age, whatever is astir, literature, theology, all intellectual activity, takes one and the same drift, and approximates in

color. The bent of Irving's spirit was fixed in his youth, and he escaped the desperate realism of this generation, which has no outcome, and is likely to produce little that is noble.

I do not know how to account, on principles of culture which we recognize, for our author's style. His education was exceedingly defective, nor was his want of discipline supplied by subsequent desultory application. He seems to have been born with a rare sense of literary proportion and form; into this, as into a mold, were run his apparently lazy and really acute observations of life. That he thoroughly mastered such literature as he fancied, there is abundant evidence; that his style was influenced by the purest English models is also evident. But there remains a large margin for wonder how, with his want of training, he could have elaborated a style which is distinctively his own, and is as copious, felicitous in the choice of words, flowing, spontaneous, flexible, engaging, clear, and as little wearisome when read continuously in quantity as any in the English tongue. This is saying a great deal, though it is not claiming for him the compactness, nor the robust vigor, nor the depth of thought, of many other masters in it. It is much to have deserved the eulogy of Campbell that he had "added clarity to the English tongue." This elegance and finish of style (which seems to have been as natural to the man as his amiable manner) is sometimes made his reproach, as if it were his sole merit, and as if he had concealed under this charming form a want of substance. In literature form is vital. But his case does not rest upon that. As an illustration, his *Life of Washington* may be put in evidence. It is impossible for any biography to be less pretentious in style, or less ambitious in proclamation. The only pretension of matter is in the early chapters, in which a more than doubtful genealogy is elaborated, and in which

it is thought necessary to Washington's dignity to give a fictitious importance to his family and his childhood, and to accept the Southern estimate of the hut in which he was born as a "mansion." In much of this false estimate, Irving was doubtless misled by the fables of Weems. But while he has given us a dignified portrait of Washington, it is as far as possible removed from that of the smileless prig which has begun to weary even the popular fancy. The man he paints is flesh and blood, presented, I believe, with substantial faithfulness to his character; with a recognition of the defects of his education and the deliberation of his mental operations; with at least a hint of that want of breadth of culture and knowledge of the past, the possession of which characterized many of his great associates; and with no concealment that he had a dower of passions and a temper which only vigorous self-watchfulness kept under. But he portrays with an admiration not too highly colored the magnificent patience, the courage to bear misconstruction, the unflinching patriotism, the practical sagacity, the level balance of judgment combined with the wisest toleration, the dignity of mind, and the lofty moral nature which made him the great man of his epoch. Irving's grasp of this character; his lucid marshaling of the scattered, often wearisome and uninteresting details of our dragging, unpicturesque Revolutionary War; his just judgment of men; his even, almost judicial moderation of tone; and his admirable proportion of space to events, render the discussion of style in reference to this work superfluous. Another writer might have made a more brilliant performance, descriptions sparkling with antitheses, characters projected into startling attitudes by the use of epithets; a work more exciting and more piquant, that would have started a thousand controversies, and engaged the attention by daring conjectures and attempts to make a dra-

matic spectacle; a book interesting and notable, but false in philosophy and untrue in fact.

When the Sketch Book appeared, an English critic said it should have been first published in England, for Irving was an English writer. The idea has been more than once echoed here. The truth is that while Irving was intensely American in feeling he was first of all a man of letters, and in that capacity he was cosmopolitan; he certainly was not insular. He had a rare accommodation of tone to his theme. Of England, whose traditions kindled his susceptible fancy, he wrote as Englishmen would like to write about it. In Spain he was saturated with the romantic story of the people and the fascination of the clime; and he was so true an interpreter of both as to earn from the Spaniards the title of "the poet Irving." I chanced once, in an inn at Frascati, to take up *The Tales of a Traveler*, which I had not seen for many years. I expected to revive the somewhat faded humor and fancy of the past generation. But I found not only a sprightly humor and vivacity which are modern, but a truth to Italian local color that is very rare in any writer foreign to the soil. As to America, I do not know what can be more characteristically American than the Knickerbocker, the Hudson River tales, the sketches of life and adventure in the far West. But underneath all this diversity there is one constant quality, — the flavor of the author. Open by chance and read almost anywhere in his score of books, — it may be the *Tour on the Prairies*, the familiar dream of the Alhambra, or the narratives of the brilliant exploits of New World explorers; surrender yourself to the flowing current of his transparent style, and you are conscious of a beguilement which is the crowning excellence of all lighter literature, for which we have no word but "charm."

The consensus of opinion about Ir-

ving in England and America for thirty years was very remarkable. He had a universal popularity rarely enjoyed by any writer. England returned him to America medaled by the king, honored by the university which is chary of its favors, followed by the applause of the whole English people. In English households, in drawing-rooms of the metropolis, in political circles no less than among the literary coteries, in the best reviews, and in the popular newspapers the opinion of him was pretty much the same. And even in the lapse of time and the change of literary fashion authors so unlike as Byron and Dickens were equally warm in admiration of him. To the English indorsement America added her own enthusiasm, which was as universal. His readers were the million, and all his readers were admirers. Even American statesmen, who feed their minds on food we know not of, read Irving. It is true that the uncritical opinion of New York was never exactly reëchoed in the cool recesses of Boston culture; but the magnates of the North American Review gave him their meed of cordial praise. The country at large put him on a pinnacle. If you attempt to account for the position he occupied by his character, which won the love of all men, it must be remembered that the quality which won this, whatever its value, pervades his books also.

And yet it must be said that the total impression left upon the mind by the man and his works is not that of the greatest intellectual force. I have no doubt that this was the impression he made upon his ablest contemporaries. And this fact, when I consider the effect the man produced, makes the study of him all the more interesting. As an intellectual personality, he makes no such effect, for instance, as Carlyle, or a dozen other living writers who could be named. The incisive critical faculty was almost entirely wanting in him.

He had neither the power nor the disposition to cut his way transversely across popular opinion and prejudice that Ruskin has, nor to draw around him disciples equally well pleased to see him fiercely demolish to-day what they had delighted to see him set up yesterday as eternal. He evoked neither violent partisanship nor violent opposition. He was an extremely sensitive man, and if he had been capable of creating a conflict he would only have been miserable in it. The play of his mind depended upon the sunshine of approval. And all this shows a certain want of intellectual virility.

A recent anonymous writer has said that most of the writing of our day is characterized by an intellectual strain. I have no doubt that this will appear to be the case to the next generation. It is a strain to say something new even at the risk of paradox, or to say something in a new way at the risk of obscurity. From this Irving was entirely free. There is no visible straining to attract attention. His mood is calm and unexaggerated. Even in some of his pathos, which is open to the suspicion of being "literary," there is no literary exaggeration. He seems always writing from an internal calm, which is the necessary condition of his production. If he wins at all by his style, by his humor, by his portraiture of success or of character, it is by a gentle force, like that of the sun in spring. There are many men now living, or recently dead, intellectual prodigies, who have stimulated thought, upset opinions, created mental eras, to whom Irving stands hardly in as fair a relation as Goldsmith to Johnson. What verdict the next generation will put upon their achievements I do not know; but it is safe to say that their position and that of Irving as well will depend largely upon the affirmation or the reversal of their views of life and their judgments of character. I think the calm work of Irving will stand when

much of the more startling and perhaps more brilliant intellectual achievement of this age has passed away.

And this leads me to speak of Irving's moral quality, which I cannot bring myself to exclude from a literary estimate, even in the face of the current gospel of art for art's sake. There is something that made Scott and Irving personally loved by the millions of their readers, who had only the dimmest ideas of their personality. This was some quality perceived in what they wrote. Each one can define it for himself; there it is, and I do not see why it is not as integral a part of the authors — an element in the estimate of their future position — as what we term their intellect, their knowledge, their skill, or their art. However you rate it, you cannot account for Irving's influence in the world without it. In his tender tribute to Irving, the great-hearted Thackeray, who saw as clearly as anybody the place of mere literary art in the sum total of life,

quoted the dying words of Scott to Lockhart, "Be a good man, my dear."

We know well enough that the great author of *The Newcomes* and the great author of *The Heart of Midlothian* recognized the abiding value in literature of integrity, sincerity, purity, charity, faith. These are beneficences; and Irving's literature, walk round it and measure it by whatever critical instruments you will, is a beneficent literature. The author loved good women and little children and a pure life; he had faith in his fellow-men, a kindly sympathy with the lowest, without any subservience to the highest; he retained a belief in the possibility of chivalrous actions, and did not care to envelop them in a cynical suspicion; he was an author still capable of an enthusiasm. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and charm, of humor without any sting, of amusement without any stain; and their more solid qualities are marred by neither pedantry nor pretension.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE introduction into the Boston public schools of *Six Popular Tales*, selected and arranged by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, and a volume of *Poetry for Children*, edited by Samuel Eliot, superintendent of schools, marks another step in the process of growth which appears to be going on in modern opinion in regard to education.

At length the old system which has endured so long seems crumbling, and new methods and new ideas appear on every side. That old system, the system beloved by the true pedagogue, is only too well known. It is the system of routine and of cram, and there are few people under forty who have not at some time suffered under it.

To excite interest or arouse enthusiasm has not been considered the task of a master in the common schools. On the contrary, an interested school-room would probably be rather noisy, and hence objectionable. Scholarship has been held to consist in learning textbooks by heart, and in answering by rote such questions as were printed for the master's use; that school has been the best where the routine was most iron bound, where children were drilled in their exercises like soldiers in the manual, and where excellence, in the one case as in the other, depended on turning human beings into machines.

Now, apart from the fact that such discipline is pernicious, because it en-

feebles the mind by overloading it with undigested matter, and crushes out originality by discouraging all independent thought, it is equally objectionable on other grounds. Long experience has proved that it is a doubtful blessing to teach a man to read, and then turn him upon the world to pick up such further education as the cheap literature of great cities affords. The immense sale of sensational newspapers of the worst class proves the truth of this fact, and is admitted to be one of the most threatening signs of the times. There is no use in attacking the publishers of criminal literature by indictment, and by fine and imprisonment. Where there is a demand there will be a supply, all the laws in the statute-book to the contrary notwithstanding. The true way to suppress such publications is by lessening the demand, and this can be done only by educating the children in the common schools to read something better. That much can be done in this direction the believers in the new departure are thoroughly convinced, and that without any great expense or radical change, except in bringing common sense to bear upon the educational problem.

The popular dissatisfaction with the results attained by the elaborate, costly, and ineffective system in use has been to bring forward a new class of school superintendents, and to inaugurate the movement which has caused such books as those edited by Dr. Eliot and Mr. Lodge to be put into the schools.

Admitting at the outset that beside the vast mass of human knowledge, that portion which can be taught to students at the greatest of universities must be but a petty fragment, the theory that many things should be taught is frankly abandoned. The school at once ceases to be considered as a place where an education is given, and becomes a place where children are taught how to learn, and, if possible, inspired with a love of knowledge for its own sake. The prob-

lem is, first, How are children to be interested in their lessons? and, second, How are they to be taught to love to read?

The way to begin would obviously seem to be at the beginning. The first years of a child's education are those in which he acquires habits of mind and methods of thought which influence his whole life, and yet the primary department is that branch which has hitherto been most neglected. If the beginning has been right, if in the first three years of school the child has learned to read and write with ease and to take pleasure in reading and writing, to carry him further is an easy task. If, on the contrary, study has been irksome; if he has not been trained to fix his attention and to apply his mind; and, above all, if he has not learned to read with pleasure and to be fond of books, future success becomes difficult, or impossible.

Many thousand years ago mothers and nurses discovered how to teach babies to talk. About other educational problems there may be doubt, but this one is settled: the one thing every human being, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, can do really well is to speak the tongue his mother taught him. Now if pedagogues, instead of making children go their way, would only consent to follow the example set by the mothers and teach as they do, or, in other words, would let children learn in the way in which nature meant them to learn, they might be successful, too; but they consider themselves wiser than nature, and therefore they fail. A mother does not begin by teaching her baby to spell before it learns to talk. She says, "I am 'mother;' say 'mother;'" and the baby understands perfectly, and tries, and after a while says "mother," and is delighted; and so learning to talk goes on with perfect satisfaction to every one. In view of these well-known facts, common sense would suggest making an effort to see if it is impossible to teach

reading and writing in the same way; in perfect faith that if it can be done it must be right, because it must be natural. That it can be done with entire success the result of many different experiments has proved. The method is very simple. For example, the teacher, on the first day of school, draws a man on the blackboard, and then taking a little class of about a dozen children about her she asks them what she has drawn. They say "a man," and are interested at once. She then writes the word "man," and tells them that means "man," too. They understand immediately, and after she has rubbed it out and rewritten it a few times they learn to recognize it wherever they see it. Then while the impression is still fresh they are sent to their seats to see how good a man they can make on their slates for themselves. This is the first writing lesson, and though naturally the first attempts are not very successful, it is surprising how quickly children learn to imitate any word they see written, and with what never-failing interest and enjoyment they will copy words and sentences upon their slates. Every word they read they also write, and of course spell; for children would no more spell the word "man" wrong when they wrote it, after having learned to draw it in this way, than they would draw the man himself without his head. Indeed, the method of teaching spelling is the great feature of the system. If anything has been demonstrated by repeated failure, it is that teaching to spell English by ear is impossible. Nine out of ten of the people who speak the English language to-day, if they are in doubt how to spell a word, write it down to see how it looks; that is, they spell by eye, although the eye has never been trained to retain the shape of words. The object system spends its whole power on this training of the eye. From his first lesson, before he knows a letter, the child is taught to imitate the written shapes; he is taught

to rely entirely upon the eye, and after he has learned his letters, and can spell orally, instead of drawing what were to him at first arbitrary signs, the same system is continued. Spelling is taught by dictation and by exercises in writing original composition, until at length the eye retains naturally and without effort the form of every word that has been seen.

Meanwhile, orthography is learned. Having always seen sentences written beginning with a capital, it seems to the children a law of nature that all sentences should so begin, and accordingly they never think of writing otherwise. They learn in the same way what a question mark is, and what it means, and where it should be put, and so on throughout. Strangely enough, also, although the child has never been taught his letters, and only knows written words as signs representing objects, he finds no difficulty in recognizing the printed words when he sees them in a book.

Thus children who have learned to read from script upon the blackboard, when they are put into primers go on with so little difficulty that the delay in the school work may be neglected. Every one knows, however, that the converse does not hold true, and that children who have first learned to read print do not read handwriting naturally. As time goes on another strange phenomenon takes place. Children begin to read new words at sight, without knowing their letters, or at least the names of the letters. They appear to have come to associate certain written signs with certain sounds, and to generalize just as they do when they learn to talk. No child, for instance, ever heard the word "gooder," yet the chances are he will say "gooder," and not "better," because he has learned by observation the rule for forming the comparative, but not the exception to the rule. So in learning to read he seems to recognize the force of the letters long before he knows

their names. When this stage is reached the battle is won. After that children soon learn the names of letters for themselves; at most the teacher has only to spell the words aloud for a few days as she writes them on the board. The difficulty then is to supply the books. There is no danger that children thus taught will not love to read. Learning has been one long pleasure to them, because it gave a vent for their energy in work they thoroughly understood, which occupied at once their brains and their hands. They read childish books with the same ease and the same delight that they talk childish talk, and the chief care of the instructor now should be to see to it that plenty of the right kind of reading is supplied: reading to stimulate the interest, to rouse the imagination, and to fix the attention: reading at the same time healthy and sound, and which shall lead to better things in the future. It is partially to supply this want that Dr. Eliot and Mr. Lodge have edited these books. It may be thought that it required no gift of prophecy to foresee that stories that had delighted children for a thousand years would delight them still, yet these stories have never been put in schools before. Nor is the mere story the chief end in view. They have been edited with the object of making them perfect as a school-book. The oldest and purest texts have been chosen, and it is safe to say that there are no reading-books in existence of equal literary merit. The same is true of the poetry; the selection has been made with the object of educating the taste, and preparing the scholars to enjoy the best forms of literature as they grow older.

The amount of reading which can be disposed of during a year in a good primary school is amazing. Such books as these are simply devoured by children who have hitherto been starved so far as their fancy and their imagination are concerned. If any one cares to test practically how strong the interest of

children who are thus taught really is, he has only to buy a dozen picture-books, or indeed story-books of any kind, go to some primary school where this system is in successful operation, and tell the children that he has brought them something new to read. He will probably be satisfied that there is no lack of eagerness about him, and that the little people know quite well what they want.

Exactly the same thing holds true of writing. No human being can be interested in making pot-hooks, or in filling dreary copy-books with copies, but almost any one can be interested in putting his thoughts into words if he is rightly taught. As a matter of fact, nothing seems to entertain children more, after they begin to write with tolerable ease, than to give on their slates an abstract of some story they have read, or to describe anything else that happens to have attracted their attention. Where this system of original composition has been adopted from the beginning the classes soon acquire real ease and facility of expression; they write as they read and as they talk, naturally.

The object throughout should be to make boys and girls use their minds and think for themselves, instead of passively taking whatever tasks are set them to learn. The same idea can be made to pervade the whole school course. If children are thus treated, they can be interested in their studies, especially if attention is paid to the disposition and peculiarities of the individual. The existing system is of cast-iron. The true system is elastic. Children are not made to fit the school and the school-master; on the contrary, the school should be made to encourage the individual development of each child. To kindle intelligent interest in all is impossible, but in every class there are some who begin quite early to show decided tastes in certain directions. To foster and to develop such growth should be the highest aim of the common schools. It would be,

doubtless, impossible to give individual instruction to each pupil in the school itself, but unlimited resources are at hand. The public libraries are, for practical purposes, perfect, and they are open to all. Under a judicious system, the reading supplied to the schools might be made a sort of index or introduction to the public libraries. It would be easy and by no means costly to have a course of reading, beginning with these little primary books and extending to the high schools, which would in five or six years give the children a fair idea of English literature, stimulate their interest, and at the same time put them in the way of following out any subject for which they had a taste. Teachers, on their side, should not stop at the books placed in their hands. It should be their greatest pleasure, as it certainly is their highest privilege, to point out to their children the books to read at home, and thus to give that invaluable lesson which is now so seldom learned, — how to go alone. Nothing can be done, however, so long as schools remain the victims of routine. Immense buildings, costly apparatus, multitudes of studies, forms, parade, and show, do not make good schools or good scholars. That school is good in which

the work is done intelligently and with interest. That school is bad in which the work is superficial, unintelligent, or dull.

That modern ideas should be bitterly resisted by many teachers trained under old ideas is natural. They worship the text-book as a resource in time of trouble, and do not know what to do if they are called on to rely upon themselves. Yet no text-book, however good, can give what must be given to make teaching effective. Instruction depends, for all its vitality and for all its vigor, on the life and power which the teacher can put into his talk. Without that the best of books must be dull to school-children, the most carefully digested course must become mere humdrum routine. There is no public question of more interest and of more importance. The schools do not do the work they might; they do not fill the place they should. The expense at which they are carried on is crushing. More will not be given until more is demanded by the public, and to arouse public interest and call public attention to the school question as it now stands is the best service that can be performed for popular education.

PRISONS AND PENITENTIARIES.

ONE of the chief distinctions of this century is the adoption of the comparative method of study, and we owe to it the most brilliant and useful results in scholarship and reform, applied to science, religion, social economy, language, art, and archæology. It was by an imperfect use of this method that John Howard called the attention of Europe to the necessity of prison reform; but it was not until a more comprehensive view began to be taken of

criminal law and prison systems in various countries, and of the relation of crime to pauperism, to taxation, to economic legislation, and of the criminal class to the neglected class, that any substantial progress began to be made, and the question ceased to be a merely humanitarian one, that is, one of the cruel or the humane treatment of prisoners and convicts, and was seen to be one of the most vital problems that can engage the attention of statesmen. It was then

that the idea of prevention was apprehended to be as important a part of social economy as punishment. The idea is still very slowly working its way, — as slowly as the notion among physicians that the prevention of disease may as profitably occupy their attention as its cure.

The application of the comparative method to the subjects of prison systems, reformation of criminals, and the prevention of crime has been conspicuously the life-work of the late Dr. E. C. Wines; and it secures for his name a high distinction among the few in any age who have with single-mindedness devoted themselves to the welfare of society, which will increase as his labors are more fully understood. The result of eighteen years of special study of his subject is embodied in his work on *The State of Prisons*,¹ just published. It was literally the culmination of his work; for only three days after he had finished the preface, and without warning of diminution of his extraordinary vigor and capacity of labor, he was called out of the world. His pioneer work was done, and in both his life and his manner of leaving it he must be considered fortunate. The work to which he devoted himself will go on, guided largely by the comprehensive principles he has laid down, and the methods he established.

The comparative method which he adopted showed that Dr. Wines was not a mere theorist, but a theorist who built upon and subjected his theories to the test of facts. Probably led to his mission by his intense sympathy with humanity, he was never betrayed into any false sympathy with offenders, and he never let humanitarian zeal obscure his estimation of the actual nature of the class he had to deal with, or its relation to the welfare and safety of society.

He believed in the possibility of the reformation of a large per cent. of criminals, not by coddling, but by the application of industrial and moral training under sufficiently vigorous conditions; and he believed more in the prevention of crime and the diminution of the criminal class by the rescue of children from criminal association and tendency. He expected to accomplish his ends by enlightening the public mind, by instructing it to take a comprehensive view of the subject, rather than by isolated and spasmodic experiments. To this end he diligently collected facts; to this end he organized the latest International Prison Congress, and thus brought to bear upon every individual state and community the light everywhere educed by experiment, reflection, and the trial of the most varied methods upon all sorts of peoples.

Perhaps the chief value to the world of the life of Dr. Wines is in his systematizing of prison knowledge, as it is illustrated in this bulky volume, and his organization of what is loosely called prison reform (but which is really the reform of society) from the scattered and spasmodic efforts of philanthropists into something approaching the dignity of a science. The immediate value of this book is very considerable, although its statistics are of necessity temporary, and must be revised from year to year. In so comprehensive a plan as a review of all the prison systems of the civilized world, including systems as remote as those of Turkey, Siam, India, China, and Japan, we do not expect to find more than the outline facts. Upon these, however, we can rely; they have been taken from official sources, verified in this country and in Europe by personal observation. Books of this comprehensive character are usually loose compilations of unverified and perhaps obsolete

¹ *The State of Prisons and of Child-Saving Institutions in the Civilized World.* By E. C. WINES, D. D., LL. D., Honorary President of the

International Congress of Stockholm. Cambridge, University Press: John Wilson and Son. 1880.

statistics. This volume is not of that sort; it bears evidence on every page of careful and conscientious editing, and the solid mass of facts is thoroughly digested. In turning over the pages devoted to the state of prison and reform institutions in the several States of our Union, we have been struck by the freshness of the information and the discriminating criticism concerning affairs within our personal knowledge.

The general review of the state of prisons and of prison codes and discipline will be of immediate service in the work of reform, and the statements of the condition and methods of child-saving institutions in Germany, England, France, and elsewhere will serve to stimulate and guide us in the prevention of crime; but the permanent value of the book is in the exhibition of the author's comparative system, and in his original discussion of all the questions that enter into the legislation for and the conduct of penal and reformatory institutions. In this respect the book will be a standard authority, and an indispensable one to legislators,

prison managers, and those who would study the exceedingly intricate relations of poverty and crime to our "booming" civilization. On the topics of the treatment of dependent and neglected children in institutions or in families; the organization of prisons, the congregate and the separate systems, the government by moral or by physical force, the value of educational and religious agencies, the systems of convict labor (working the prisoners on account of the State; letting their labor by contract to certain persons; and leasing the prison to individuals, with the control of its discipline and industries), the relation of prison labor to outside industries and its effect upon the prisoners, the self-support of prisons, and the question of taxation,—on all these and other related matters, equally important, Dr. Wines is an authority to be studied, because he had singularly acute powers of observation, practical sagacity as to what could and could not be done in the present condition of society, and the widest experience.

THE BRITISH CIVIL SERVICE.

MR. EATON's work on Civil Service in Great Britain,¹ which was undertaken in his official capacity as chairman of the Civil Service Commission, and on the request of President Hayes, is in style and matter to be classed among our best political histories. A short introduction by George William Curtis most ably shows the present evil state of our own civil service, and Mr. Eaton steps immediately *in medias res*, relating how all the leading nations from England to Russia have long since made great re-

forms in their civil service, save the United States, which is just turning to the subject. The cause of our backwardness, which Mr. Eaton asks rather than gives, is mainly to be found in the great productivity of our labor, which causes us to throw all our energies into production, and to be careless of those saving methods which far more than purely political considerations have been the cause of civil service reform on the Continent, and which have had considerable effect in England. Again, our youthful and ardent nature dislikes the mechanism which the system of competitive examinations seems to entail on the civil

¹ *Civil Service in Great Britain*. By DORMAN B. EATON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

service of Europe, and, having had no history of our own to tell us what a tyranny that of the majority may become, we have drifted into absolute party government without a fear. Now, however, Mr. Eaton considers that "a more sober and introspective mood has lately come over the public mind, which is highly favorable to a reform in our administration, and we may reasonably expect that the influence of the reform sentiment will continue to gain strength."

Our politician claims that the spoil system is a necessary condition to the existence of our government by parties, and that Great Britain is so differently constituted from our own country that the experience of the former cannot be applied to us. Mr. Eaton therefore gives his intention of showing the great similarity of party government in both countries, and that the abuses of patronage "were in full vigor under despotic kings two centuries before this continent was discovered, and four centuries before party government existed." From no other country than England, Mr. Eaton rightly claims, can we better see the stages through which we must pass ere we obtain a reformed civil service; for England is most like us, is older than we are, and has the largest civil service known, and the widest experience in that direction. Mr. Eaton then finds that in the early history of England civil places were often hereditary, and were given and openly sold by the king. But later the people began to complain of bad appointments, and in the Magna Charta we see the first civil service rule, which made the king promise that "we will not make any justices, constables, sheriffs, bailiffs, but of such as know the law of the realm and mean primary justice in this country." The second phase was when the places were no longer hereditary, but were given under the spoil system. This was an advance, being the necessary stage through which the government must pass before a non-partisan service

could exist. Cromwell was the great initiator of the partisan spoil system, and from his day until 1855 that system existed, though under conditions continually improving. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. bribery and corruption under the partisan spoil system were the highest, and the civil service was in a state most deplorable. But the reign of William III. was the beginning of improvement; the tenure of judges was now made during good behavior, and executive officials under the responsible ministry were no longer allowed seats in Parliament. The bribery of members still existed, and in the time of Walpole there was general despair that government could ever be carried on without open or concealed bribery. But the advance steadily proceeded, and by the time of George IV. open bribery of members ceased. Now began the contest against that form of bribery more concealed, but more injurious, than the bribery of money, — that of patronage. Mr. Eaton has well told the struggle between those who controlled or received the benefits of the patronage system and the reformers sustained by the force of public opinion, in which the latter were so successful. Those who despair of civil service reform in the United States should compare the different conditions of that service in England in 1853 and in 1870. In the former year Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote made their famous report, which gave a condition of the public service in comparison with which our own seems almost perfect. Deadness and incompetency were the prevailing characteristics of the service, while sickly, stupid, and often half-idiotic sons of the influential drew pay for almost worthless services. But even at that time removal from office for political opinions was hardly known in England. And here lies the difference between the United States and England: the struggle in the latter country has been greatly a strug-

gle for a more efficient civil service ; but our service to-day is by no means wretched ; the general life and activity of the people have been sufficient to furnish an active service despite the evils of patronage. With us the evil is mainly a political one ; it is the power of the machine in politics. And this is harder to combat than the inefficiency, on account of the resulting indifference of the people. The gain to the average individual from civil service reform is slight, while the loss to the politician and the office seeker is great. As the latter give their whole efforts to retain the present system, and as the public can give but little time to reform, the result is, as we should expect, that while the majority of the country deem reform necessary and good, no steps in its direction are taken. But the more turbulent aspect of our politics is causing us to seek means of restricting the power of the majority, and this perhaps more than any other cause will effect during the next decade substantial reforms in our civil service.

The famous struggle by which the middle class of England forced upon unwilling ministries continual reforms in the civil service ended in 1870, when Gladstone, who had always been in favor of the reform, made open competition by examination the only means of entrance into the civil service of Great Britain. Since that time investigations have been made into the working of the system by committees from Parliament and the executive in 1873, 1874, and 1875, and of these Mr. Eaton says, "Nor in the immense mass of testimony taken in 1874 and 1875 any more than in that of 1873 can I find anything tending to show personal corruption on the part of any officer, or any feeling that such corruption existed in the public service." The system has become now al-

most universally popular, and the civil service commission will doubtless become permanent.

Mr. Eaton has given a good description of the esteem in which a civil officer is held in England, while here the position is the least esteemed of all respectable and well-paid employments. The system has increased the number of women in the service of the government, and it need hardly be said that there are no official assessments and no illegitimate use of official power in elections. If the argument is raised that the system is impracticable and is not used by private corporations, Mr. Eaton replies that such large corporations as the Bank of England, the Westminster Bank, and others have long used the examinations with success.

The great objection to the reform is one which Mr. Eaton has not touched, nor have we seen it put forward by the politician. It is the danger we are in at present of restricting by excessive examinations our free growth. Competition in examinations ultimately forces the examiner to be so severe in his requirements that the whole powers of those who are examined must be for years exerted to succeed in the examination. This evil is growing fast upon us, and has had already injurious effects upon students in England and in our own country. Without doubt, much of the injury is due to an evil system of examinations, which will in time be remedied ; but for the present this reform will increase the tendency of reducing men to a general average by the grinding process of education. Yet the examination system, with all its faults, faults which are capable of correction, is better for our civil service than its present polity, where political manipulation and sycophancy are too often the essentials of obtaining and retaining office.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHAT is to become of our poets if the critics demand of them to preserve what is called "local coloring," and yet to render it applicable to the whole ground from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Alaska to Florida? To be effective, local coloring must have a very limited basis. Heine's pine-tree dreaming of the palm, so prettily Anglicized by Lord Houghton, is a trifle compared to the task daily demanded of our bards by such critics as Mr. John Burroughs, for instance. He sharply criticises Lowell and Longfellow for not strictly representing the flora and fauna of what he calls "our latitude," his own field of observation ranging apparently from the latitude of Washington to that of New York State, and not seeming to include New England at all. Must a poet always adapt his descriptions, as a politician adapts his schemes, to the precise latitude and longitude of the national metropolis?

Take, for instance, one of the criticisms made on Lowell. Mr. Burroughs complains in general terms that our poets "get ahead of or behind the season with their flowers and their birds," and says, "I have frequently seen the dandelion blooming in their pages with the clover." He then goes on to specify as follows: "We know the poet [Lowell] is a month or more out of season when, in *Al Fresco*, he makes it [the dandelion] bloom with the buttercup and the clover:—

" 'The dandelions and buttercups
Gild all the lawn; the drowsy bee
Stumbles among the clover-tops,
And summer sweetens all but me.'

The buttercup and the clover bloom in June, and are contemporaries of the daisy." Thus far Mr. Burroughs; but what is the fact? Nobody doubts that the clover and buttercup are found in

June; the question is, When do they begin to bloom? Lowell wrote in Cambridge, and on turning to a diary kept by myself for four years in that precise locality I find the first appearance of the white clover recorded as ranging from April 24th to May 20th, in different years; that of the buttercup (*R. bulbosus*) from May 8th to May 20th; that of the red clover from May 16th to May 26th. So much for the assertion, "bloom in June;" and as for the dandelion, Gray gives it "April—September" for blossoming, and I have myself found it in October. No doubt it blossoms much more sparingly, as summer goes on, than in the spring-time; but Lowell is perfectly justified in describing it as gilding the lawn with the buttercups, even after the first appearance of the red clover.

When Mr. Burroughs turns from dandelions to violets, and from Lowell to Bryant, he hardly succeeds better. Bryant is essentially a poet of Massachusetts, so far as his local coloring goes, especially in his earlier compositions; but when Burroughs speaks of violets, he seems never to have been in Massachusetts at all. He says, "Our only sweet-scented violet is a small, white, lilac-veined species (not yellow, as Bryant has it in his poem), that is by no means common. I have found it a few times on the Potomac, but never on the Hudson. It is obscure, and its perfume slight." But what have Bryant's poems to do with the Potomac or the Hudson? No violet is better known in New England than the sweet-scented white violet (*V. blanda*), and both this and the nearly related species (*V. lanceolata*) are fragrant, as that careful observer, Bigelow, could have told Mr. Burroughs. They grow together "abundantly," as Bigelow justly says, in moist places,

whitening the surface in spite of their small size, and even imparting, sometimes, though not always, a delicate fragrance to the atmosphere.

But even when Mr. Burroughs comes to speak of Bryant's yellow violet, he does not seem to know the precise flower described. He mentions "the yellow species," as if there were but one, and seems by his way of speaking to refer to the later and larger violet which blooms at the end of May (*V. pubescens*); whereas Bryant is describing the round-leaved species (*V. rotundifolia*), which comes much earlier, and is much less common. Mr. Burroughs says of Bryant's yellow violet, "Neither is it quite true that,

"Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold;
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold."

It is not the first flower of spring; the hepatica is earlier; so is the houstonia." Here again our critic, in his decisive way, makes a point which the facts, in Massachusetts at least, will not sustain. The hepatica and the early yellow violet both blossom at the very beginning of April, and often before the snow has left the ground; whereas, during a series of years, the earliest date assigned in my notes for the houstonia (*Hedysotis cœrulea*) is April 20th, and Gray attributes it to May. Mr. Burroughs thus proves himself less careful and accurate than the poet he censures, and I should consider Bryant the better authority of the two as to the fragrance which he attributes to the early yellow violet.

Another of Mr. Burroughs's criticisms on Bryant is stated as follows: "Occasionally in other poems he seems to complete his picture without strict regard to truth, as when he makes his Summer Wind, which from the 'tall maize' must be a July wind, shake down showers of fragrant blossoms from the shrubs; whereas there are no shrubs

or trees of any kind that I can recall that have fragrant blossoms so late in the season." There may be none along the Potomac or the Hudson, but can it be possible that Mr. Burroughs does not know the wild white azalea (*A. viscosa*), familiar to every New England school-boy as "wild honeysuckle," or "swamp pink," which makes the meadows and lake-sides fragrant with its sweetness? Its funnel-shaped flowers easily detach themselves, as is the case with all azaleas, and Bryant's summer wind could find no better playthings than its odorous blossoms. Gray and Bigelow both assign it to June and July; and it lasts, in late seasons, almost until the first of August.

But I will not dwell farther on these apparent inaccuracies of Mr. Burroughs. They do not prove that he is not a careful observer when on his own ground, but they show him to be a hasty critic of others. He must remember that local coloring must be truly local, or it is nothing; and that on a continent so wide and varied as ours, a very few miles will often make an inexplicable difference in the distribution of plants.

—Until the appearance of the new dictionary in four volumes, each of the size of the largest Webster, readers will doubtless content themselves with the two thousand pages, more or less, that are already provided in that well-known dictionary. And any one would be hard to please who should not be satisfied with the vast amount of information given him in those crowded pages. There are even yet omissions; the distracted reader who comes across, in one collection of Mr. Burnand's Happy Thoughts, the avowal of the hero's ignorance of what a mongoose is will examine Webster in vain for information. The Chinese washerman who is told to rough-dry certain garments will have no light thrown on his path, so far as this word is concerned, by this otherwise estimable volume. Highwines will have to be ex-

plained out of one's inner consciousness. Writers who seek precision will have to go to the store-man to ascertain exactly what part of a range is a water-back. Chutney has no interpreter.

Literature fares better than the advertising pages of a daily newspaper. There are few words, very few, of those used in the dramatists, for example, that are not explained here. Pottingstick (Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*, Act IV., Scene 1) is one omission. Yet what are these few instances in comparison with the vast amount of words that the dictionary explains? The mere bulk of English literature is so enormous, it is spoken by so many millions of people, that it is impossible for any lexicographer to keep abreast of all readers, and it is but an acknowledgment of the completeness of the collection when one has to ransack printed matter for words that have been overlooked. Omissions are unavoidable, but one may live long without finding them. A dictionary is like a human being; thorough knowledge of it is attained only by summering and wintering with it, open for daily use.

Definition is of course a great part of the lexicographer's work. In Bailey's dictionary we find both a horse and a cow defined as a "beast well known;" six, "the number VI. 6." After all, there is no harm done in this, for no one goes to the dictionary for the meaning of these words; but it would be unsafe to give lexicographers too much license in determining what they should take for granted. They should suppose students ignorant of everything.

Etymology is another difficult thing. It is wholly a new science, and one in which advances are made every day. If Dr. Johnson were to rise from the grave and get out a new edition of his dictionary, he would not be able to say, as he once did, "Why, sir, here is a shelf with Junius and Skinner and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs,

who will help me with the Welsh." In Webster great pains have been taken with the statements of the etymology of the various words. These are, to be sure, often brief, but they will stand examination. Mr. Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, which is now in process of publication, is of course fuller, but more in the way of amplification—tracing the words back to the Sanskrit root—than of correction. It must be remembered that Fick's book has appeared since Dr. Mahn, who supplied the etymologies for Webster's dictionary, finished his great work. The etymology of *beef-eater*, for instance, is amended by Mr. Skeat, who denies any relationship with the French *buffetier*; but the error was one that had, so far as we know, universal acceptance. To state it broadly, from Webster may be derived a good working knowledge of English etymology; for complete information the reader must go to special works, just as it is in books on natural history and agriculture that one must look for information concerning the anatomy and care of a cow.

—Are, not some of the mistakes the ordinary man makes about woman due to the necessarily different standpoints from which each views life?

The man seems to reason thus with himself: "Marry? Oh, yes, certainly! And as to the one, why, most of the pretty girls I know would do to select from," and accordingly he selects the prettiest, just as he would pluck the gayest flower in the garden; while the observant woman says, "If you want the flower for show, take a poppy or marigold; but if for sweetness, a sprig of mignonette."

"Why, are not all pretty flowers sweet? There are the roses and carnations, surely!"

"Ah, but *they* are soon gone," she replies significantly.

To the woman marriage is not usually anything less than her profession, as

the law or physic may be her husband's, and she puts into her thought about it the same serious earnestness that he did when choosing his career.

However she may seem to act, never is the opportunity offered her for choice that she does not steadily ignore show in favor of substance. What that substance shall be depends on her mental and moral characteristics. No woman ever loved an Apollo in human form, only as she firmly believed the god-like face an expression of a still more god-like soul; so, ever bearing about with her an instinctive regard for the well-being of the other sex, unable to view the subject as lightly as they seem to do, she is constantly giving them the impression that she undervalues personal beauty because she thinks they overvalue it as an index of character.

Dissociate beauty from the idea of marriage, and she is even a more ardent admirer of it than any man, if we except the whole race of poets, which includes artists.

A beautiful woman attracts her own sex as truly, if not so violently, as she does the other. I have known a girl in her early teens to be so smitten by a pretty face chance met on the street that were women's hearts keen to feel virtue gone out of them the beauty would have said joyously, "I have come to be a girl's heroine. She will cast a halo about my life, making it full of romantic incident to please her fancy, and when she meets me again she will hardly dare look at me, lest I read her stolen treasure in her eyes."

I have known another young girl, homely herself, as was the first, part of whose Sunday worship it seemed to be to watch the leading contralto in the choir, who was very pretty. Had a man shown her infatuation, everybody would have called it love; to her it seemed enough to gaze; there was no jealousy in her feeling, apparently no desire for any nearer acquaintance.

Men use strong language when they speak of the intimidating effect a beautiful woman has upon them; but women in every-day life feel it, and say so. I have heard a noted belle, in speaking of another, say, "She was so dazzlingly beautiful I could n't look at her."

The ordinary man seems rather dull in the sense of beauty as compared to women. He looks at a belle, vaguely admires, and speaks of her variously, according to the degree of his mental culture, as "nice-looking," "pretty," "handsome," etc.; but he can rarely go into any description of her features, or even, unless they be of some striking color, tell the hue of hair or eyes. A woman, if only one glance were allowed, could tell the salient points, which of course makes her a severer critic of what constitutes beauty than average men; but it is a notable fact that the same kind of beauty that attracts one sex always attracts the other, and this of itself is enough to refute the impression I have complained of.

Watch small girls and grown women, and you will find that where there are combined in one person the most prettiness, the most intelligence, and the most sympathy there will be the universal favorite, the leader for girl or woman; she never bows down to a fool in her own sex; nor would her brothers, she thinks, if they only understood as she does this other order of being. She fancies they also dream of this perfection of feature, this exquisite coloring in hair, cheek, and lip, this starlike light of eye, bird-like sweetness of voice, "akin to all divinest things," and so the expression of a divinity that lives within. If it does dwell there, and she recognizes it, she bows to it only too gladly. She may herself marry, but the old charm is never broken; and in visits home, where the old love remains, married also, and with her court of admiring girls and matrons, she is often downright jealous lest the new courtiers have

wholly won her sovereign's heart away from her.

Some women refuse allegiance, though they usually follow the belle's taste in dress, and they are wont to be those whom she unwittingly displaced; men are equally sensitive in their own domain. These women can't see what attracts people so; she is not as perfect in feature and coloring as they, yet nobody looks at them when she is by. Their loss of a power to which they have been used prevents them from seeing that it is not altogether the prettiness that has done the mischief, though that is a necessary part of it. It is a certain magnetic thrill of attraction towards every sort of person, an outflow of sympathetic appreciation that flatters while it understands, making the man to whom she listens feel as if, all at once, a blaze of rose-colored light had been thrown on mental shapes that had hitherto seemed rather ghostly, but now are warm with life hues; or, if despondent, he suddenly finds himself a much more interesting and picturesque figure of despair, and likes it so well that he proceeds to paint himself for her and his own mutual admiration and pity. Serious women object to the mocking tone often used by men, implying that a pretty butterfly, with just enough sense to keep her from being sent to the idiot school, is the best type of her sex; and when a really superior man marries such a one the cynics among us cry, "I told you so!"

— A contributor to the June Atlantic tells us that "to Harvey, by universal consent, is attributed the discovery of the circulation of the blood." I am not sure that I give to the word "discoverer" the meaning which the writer intended; but if it is used in the sense in which it will be generally understood, — that of *first* discoverer, — I beg leave to object to the above statement as incorrect. Harvey was not the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood, nor is it universally admitted that he was.

Indeed, unless I am greatly mistaken, those who sustain his claim are by no means the majority. I do not suppose the question is one of very great importance; its very unimportance is perhaps a reason why the error concerning it has been permitted to live so long. Harvey was born in 1578, published his great work in 1628, and died in 1657. Cæsalpinus, a professor of note at Pisa, and afterwards at Rome, speaks at some length on the circulation of the blood in his *Quæstiones Peripateticæ*, published in 1571, — nearly fifty years, that is, before Harvey wrote, and seven years before he was born. The extract beginning, "With this circulation of the blood," etc., is too long to quote here, but it shows too plainly for question that he was familiar with the theory of the circulation. Pierre Bayle (1696) tells us in his *Dictionnaire Historique et Clinique*, "We should deprive Cæsalpinus of a very precious glory if we did not say that he knew the circulation of the blood, the proofs of which are so plain that they cannot be eluded by any cavil." Nor was Cæsalpinus the first to make the great discovery. A doctor and professor at Padua, by the name of Columbus, gives unmistakable proofs that he too was acquainted with the circulation in his *De Re Anatomica*, a work published in the year 1559. Again, we find Servetus referring to the pulmonary circulation in his *Christianismi Restitutis*, a work published in 1553, on account of which he was burnt, together with the book, by the Calvinists at Geneva.

Spain, too, disputes with England the honor of this discovery: Francisco de la Reyna, Montana of Monserrat, Pedro Gimeno, a well-known Spanish anatomist, and Aquero of Seville, all prior to Harvey, — Montana, the latest, writing in 1550, — are recorded as expositors of the theory. Their writings show indisputably that they were acquainted with the essential features of the circulation,

though Harvey of course gave a more accurate and embellished account of it.

We might even say that Shakespeare's hint at the circulation is a proof, however slight, that the theory was held and taught before Harvey's time. Because it is not probable that Shakespeare discovered the circulation of the blood; and it is still less probable, if he did make so important a discovery, that he would have been content to confine his exposition of it to an obscure hint. I am not disposed to dispute Harvey's claims to the title of discoverer, — although we have reasonable grounds for believing that he saw the works of the writers mentioned above, and from the data furnished by them worked out the theory to more completeness, — but I do say that the honor of *first* discoverer is not his due.

— One day, several years ago, when I was rather a young man, the editor of one of the great New York dailies, for which I was doing occasional articles, called me into his sanctum. He held a manuscript of mine in his hand, and on his countenance was an expression which I hastily and inaccurately translated into "declined with thanks."

"I notice the word *gent* here," he said, thoughtfully tapping the paper with his forefinger; "have you spelled it correctly?"

"Have n't I spelled it *g-e-n-t*?" I asked in astonishment.

"I believe so; but won't you have the goodness to look it up in the dictionary?"

I turned confidently to Webster's Unabridged, and presently became rather red in the face at not being able to find the word in that bewildering store-house.

"Perhaps there is no such word in the English language," slyly suggested the editor; "in which case we had better strike it out of the article."

This little lesson made so deep an impression on me, and instilled into my heart such a hatred of the word *gent*,

that I believe if I were naked and starving, I would refuse to be clothed gratis at a "Gents' Furnishing Store," or accept a complimentary dinner in a "Gents' Saloon." Yet I find this odious word set down in Latham's expensive dictionary as a proper word, and its use duly authorized by examples drawn from the works of Thackeray and Beaconsfield. These authors do not, as I at first imagined, put the word into the mouth of some subordinate character, but have used it themselves in their quality of gentlemen writing for gentlemen. Mr. Richard Grant White wittily remarks that "gents" and "pants" belong together, for the former always wear the latter. He disdains even to discuss the word. There seems to be a conflict of authority. I know Mr. White to be very excellent authority, and I am told, what I shall always find difficult to believe, that Mr. Latham deserves high rank as a lexicographer. If "gent" is to be tolerated by careful writers, then let us accept "pants" for *trousers*, "transpire" for *happen* or *occur*, and, in brief, adopt all the variegated and wonderful vocabulary of the average newspaper.

The word "gent," however, does describe a class. When you see a greasy young fellow who seems a cross between a rustic and a negro minstrel off duty, — a person with cap set far back on his closely cropped head, tight trousers that grow suddenly full at the ankle, and shoes with turned-up, pointed tips (where *does* he get those shoes!), — when you see this vulgar little object, you see "a gent." You will encounter him on street corners in shabby neighborhoods, gazing admiringly at the lithograph of some famous clog-dancer or cheap blonde in a drinking-shop window; you will meet him there, but Heaven preserve you from ever meeting him in decent literature!

— The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum, which appeared in the last November number of the Atlantic Monthly, raises serious questions. "*What is to*

become of the brotherhood of man and of the very idea of humanity," if evolution, the struggle for existence, natural selection crush out religion? The author shows conclusively how in all ages the moral welfare of nations has centred in religious sentiment, and naturally asks what morality will henceforth rest on if this prop be taken away. Can it find a proper basis in science? It is, moreover, proposed, in view of a possible collapse, that a new examination be made of Christianity, as the "central fact of history" and of the question of human free agency. The pass to which society has arrived undoubtedly justifies the fear of a moral crisis close at hand, but it is not by a new examination of Christianity or a cleverer analysis of the problem of free agency that the difficulty will be bridged. If Christianity were in its nature soluble, it would have been solved long ago. There has been no lack of investigations in its behalf. The whole history of philosophy teems with marvels of speculation, and the region of human thought has been explored by the best thinkers and logicians; our time could scarcely produce stronger minds than those that have already attempted the task. The results are known; both believers and unbelievers have arrived at the same closed gate, nor could all their subtilizations forge the smallest key to open it. Hobbes perhaps came the nearest at the solution of the question of free agency when he said that the willing of will was an absurdity. That a man may will a thing, yes; but what is it that makes him will it?

The mistake is in trying to solve the question at all. Religion is not a human institution, a thing subject to the vacillations of intelligence, to new inventions or new theories; it has its root in the heart. The methods of logic applied to Christianity have only succeeded thus far in making it incomprehensible, in proving it to be a mass of contradictions; to the reasoner it will never be anything

else. Nor could science ever become its substitute. If the ground-work of our being were reason, science might suffice us; but the soul anchors in sentiment, not in reason. Science, the decomposer and analyst, limited to the visible and palpable, is only one means to an end, and faith in its synthetic action towards the invisible and infinite is another. The two are two distinct forces, and have different sources; they may be friends or foes, but from the very nature of their essence they must remain the two opposite poles they are. In the course of their growth it is to be hoped that their branches will meet and form an arbor the globe over, but at their present height they are too far apart, and stand defiant, or appear to stand defiant; for we are apt to impute to science much more materialism than it really is guilty of. "*Non è tanto brutto come si dipinge.*" Our imagination sees a fathomless precipice, where there is but a ravine, which needs only a plank to be crossed over. Make it clear to science that faith means after all nothing else but "*perpetual unbelief,*" and it will be ready to reach the hand of good-fellowship to her opponent. Without science, faith is torpid: it just needs that slight irritation that "makes it aware of peace by itching-fits." "Let doubt occasion still more faith." We have come to an extraordinary pass, — the church reduced to beggary, and science claiming mastery. But the church for being stripped of her worldly possessions is not therefore spent. If we may judge the tree by its fruits, we need not despair of Christianity; for never were its fruits more wholesome and more abundant, never was the idea of human brotherhood better realized. Its vitality does not rest solely in its rites, its mysticism, its more or less effective organization, else could morality never have centred in it; its essence is divine, and nations have been more or less moral as they more or less appreciated its substance and understood its shadow. The ancient

religions are a proof of this. Morality, moreover, is not a fixed quantity. The Jews were indubitably the chosen people of God, yet is their code of morals not the one Christ would have us absolutely centre in. He points to a higher one; or else what mean the parables of the pharisee and publican, the young man who seeks eternal life? He had kept the commandments from his infancy; but was it enough? No; we are clearly taught that there is a morality we must disengage ourselves from, if we would have *eternal life*, a morality that was meant only for a stepping-stone, that occult corner-stone which the builders rejected, and which is become the head of the corner. "*And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.*"¹ It is towards this grand emancipation that the whole stream of humanity is tending.

That at the present juncture of things the philanthropist should be staggered and question their drift is not wonderful. Humanity never presented a more problematic amalgamation of crimes and virtues, of great interests and petty ambitions. Since the fall of ancient civilization great changes have taken place in the machinery of society. The healthy balance of mind and body of the earlier races, the result of out-door life and gymnastics, has disappeared. Man has become nervously sensitive and over-critical. Vague longings carry him beyond the limits of the attainable; he wants more than he can digest. He approaches the moment when he will lose his balance if he does not reverse his steps. The history of the human race, as well as that of literature, teaches us how nations and letters recover their equilibrium; they turn into opposite directions. We find, moreover, that in this zigzag movement, in this continuous equilibrating themselves, they reach ever higher planes: each age tolls to the

succeeding age a new and better order of things, and hangs its bell higher and higher to ring its summons to perfection clearer and clearer and further and further. In view of these facts, it may not be over-presumptuous to predict in the coming change a revulsion in favor of the church. Humanity is tired out, and needs rest. But here arises the question, Will the same forces that have heretofore sustained the church still serve? Has not civilization impaired them? "*The people will have no lies.*"

It is certain that man, since his creation, had always to have his religion proportioned to his intelligence. At all times the fetich or sanctification of palpable objects had to be made ancillary to his moral development. Even at this late day certain localities in Italy, Brittany, Ireland, are in some sort idolatrous. Religion, if religion at all, should meet all human wants. The advanced Protestantism of Schleiermacher and Bunsen may become the religion of the more intelligent portion of mankind and even, perhaps, draw within its ranks the wandering deistic tribes of the Voltaire and Rousseau schools; but it is a philosophical religion, and can reach only a certain portion of the people. The "weak things" of this world would starve under it. We can no more dispense with Roman Catholicism than we can dispense with mother's milk for babes. That it will have to adapt itself to the exigencies of the times there is no doubt. It will have to abandon its ancient furniture, its Alexandrine trappings and feudal incumbrances. It need not throw them away; they can be secreted in the ship's hold, and from engines once become ballast now. Only thus will the church retain her ancient rights and hold on humanity. The advocates of progress may say what they will: nature in all her changes and transformations remains in some respects materially the same. As in the days of the ancient Egyptians, so in ours: the statue of Isis must remain veiled. Our

¹ S. Matt. xxi. 44.

sense of vision is growing stronger with every age, and we are undoubtedly traveling sunward; but before our eyes can bear the full glory of the heavenly orb, we may have to travel through many ages yet. We think we can bear much, but whenever a fuller light is let on, we wince and are dazed.

— Much of the work done to-day in scientific education might be characterized as an effort to escape thought and to cover as large a ground as possible. The high schools endeavor to teach science as it is taught in the colleges; and by public and private subscription apparatus for spectacular purposes is purchased to amuse children whose minds have not been sufficiently trained to discern the principles of the subject through the stage effects. Popular lecturers on science to young people have a very doubtful advantage, unless they supplement careful training in the subject of the lectures. There are two methods of education in science: one consists in lifting a large number of pupils up to a certain level by persistent drill, so that a school committee can admire the regularity of the fire along the line; the other consists in finding the weak points of each pupil, in making him work for himself, and in teaching him to think for himself. The teacher who makes the best automata will generally be considered the successful teacher. The average American firmly believes in short cuts to education, in omnivorous reading, and in unlimited hearing. While modest assertion is carefully criticised and ceases speedily to draw people to lecture rooms, unlimited assertion can draw crowds. The average college student in escaping from the drill of the schools finds great difficulty in emancipating himself from a certain serfdom to authority, and selects those subjects in which he can wheel in platoons and execute mental evolutions with the least expenditure of thought and with the greatest possibility of obtaining high

mark. It is rare to find a young man who gauges his progress by his power of using his resources for thinking on any question. It may be urged that it is necessary to obtain the arrows before one can fire them; but in science a little actual practice avails more in obtaining the store of suitable arrows than weeks of ignorant collection. General knowledge in science is dangerous, unless it can be ingrafted on special knowledge in some one science; for without this special knowledge, which can come only from the investigating spirit, the general knowledge fails to imbue one with the scientific spirit. Hence we have lecturers who, having read widely on scientific topics, assume to teach the public and to draw inferences from facts which would be interpreted very differently by those who properly understand the bearing of the facts. General knowledge in science is thus dangerous when the public receives it through the untrained medium of a mere lecturer's mind. This general knowledge, however, is comparatively less harmful than that which a professional man acquires in a science. A physician may have studied chemistry in a general way, and may have presumed largely upon his knowledge. Unless he realizes by practical work and careful training that a little knowledge of chemistry is a dangerous thing for a doctor, the community will suffer. In the same way, a little knowledge of magnetism may be the means of losing a fortune; for costly experiments are tried every day by practical men which proper scientific training would have shown to have been useless. Early training has much to do with the success of after-life. In the early and late scientific training, in the schools and colleges, there is too much drill instruction and too little direction. A man of forty can give advice to a young student which can be estimated only by the years of hard experience it will save the young man. Unfortunately, there are few teachers

whose training enables them to give this advice to students. The mechanical teacher is commoner than the one who can excite the mind to think for itself.

The young teacher in science who is fresh from college may work very hard to interest his classes. He may adopt the latest methods of demonstration, and put his life's blood into the daily effort to move the inert minds in his lecture-room. He succeeds at first in arousing, it may be, a certain enthusiasm; but in the course of time his own energy flags; he cannot stand the pace, and he finds relief in some text-book which enables his teaching to be more or less mechanical. Another teacher who possesses what in ordinary parlance is termed personal magnetism may hold his audiences entrained to his utterances, and may convey much instruction to his listeners; but very often this mysterious influence of the teacher consists in the ability to lift the pupils over their obstacles by making their processes of thought easy, and by disguising the real difficulties. It is a common experience among advanced teachers in science to find among their students those who presume largely upon their book knowledge of science which they have obtained in preparatory schools. No men are harder to instruct than these. The edge of their curiosity has been taken off, and a hollow, self-satisfied superficiality has taken its place. In the languages, the boy has had at least a thorough training. His mind has dwelt long enough upon one subject to have obtained a degree of mastery in it; and although he is slavish in his dependence upon his dictionary and grammar he has overcome difficulties which have imparted a certain fibre to his mind. Thus we find superficiality and absence of thinking power in science in the students of academies and colleges, and unquestioning reception of so-called facts among the listeners to popular lectures on science and its relation to religion, while the so-called practical men despise

exact scientific training, and feel confident of their power to work up the subject of heat or electricity from a little experience in one corner of the subject. The remedy which will convert the machinery of school and college instruction in science into improved machinery, capable of producing tangible results, consists in making the pupils instruct themselves by whatever method or process ideas and definite thinking can be stimulated. General reading in science contributes only to a shallow egotism, unless there is, so to speak, a good back-log of accurate knowledge of some one science around which may be gathered other stores of scientific information. This back-log cannot be obtained in physics without laboratory work.

—It is perhaps a little strange that, with all the admiration so generally felt for Thackeray and the zeal for publishing new editions of his writings, not one complete collection of his works has yet been made. The volume published by Fields, Osgood & Co., eight or nine years ago, rescued some of Thackeray's most valuable papers from their mummy-like oblivion in *Fraser's Magazine* and elsewhere, and the reader cannot be too grateful for *The Memorials of Gorman-dizing* and the essay on *Men and Coats*, neither of these papers having yet been republished in England. Still, by comparison of different editions, one editor will be found to have accepted one paper, and another another; thus, two of *Fitz-Boodle's Professions* are printed in *Smith and Elder's* edition of 1869. These are suggestions of *Fitz-Boodle's* for certain professions that might be adopted by penniless men of good family; the first is that of auctioneer; the second, that of manager of a gastronomic agency, who shall take from dinner-givers the burden of preparing the banquets. Yet the third Profession has been omitted. This third Profession may be found in the company of the others in *Fraser's Magazine* for July, 1842, vol.

xxvi. p. 56. He says that this profession is in every way inferior to the two preceding; it "simply consists in being a *foreigner*. You may be ever so illiterate and low-bred, and you are all the better for the profession. . . . You should, to practice properly, be curious, talkative, abominably impudent, and forward. You should never be rebuffed because people turn their backs on you, but should attack them again and again; and depend upon it that if you are determined to know a man he will end, out of mere weariness, by admitting you to his acquaintance." The young Englishman, who is to pretend to be an American, can present to the Duke of Dorsetshire a letter, as in the example given, dated "Twenty-One Street, Boston," thanking the duke for his hospitality, and introducing Nahum Hodge, with "his celebrated work, *The Bellowings of the Buffalo*, printed at Buffalo, New York, by Messrs. Bowie and Cutter, and which are far superior to any poems ever produced in the old country." He is to push his way with great effrontery: "by impudence you may go from one great house to another; by impudence you may get credit with all the fashionable tradesmen in London; by impudence you may find a publisher for your tour."

It may have been tender respect for the thin skins of us Americans that led to the suppression of this squib and the alteration of Thackeray's conclusion of the paper in the green and gold edition; but we should be safe in saying that only the galled jades would wince, if we did not remember the senseless wrath with Thackeray for speaking of Mr. Washington in *The Virginians*. That touch of historical accuracy was held to betray irreverence. The same superfluous delicacy has doubtless kept *Stars and Stripes*, a burlesque of Cooper's novels, from some of the American editions of the *Prize Novelists*. Why another one of these, *Crinoline*, was not reprinted in this country does not appear.

In *Punch*, of course, a great deal of Thackeray's miscellaneous work is to be found. The republication of every scrap of it would be tedious, although it would be only what is done in the case of many less important authors. Thackeray wrote so well from the first, and showed so markedly when he began to write the same qualities that are to be found in his later work, that even a complete collection of his scattered and most miscellaneous contributions would be entertaining. Mrs. Tickletohy's *Lectures on English History* in vol. iii., for instance, is amusing enough to be read with pleasure, and the reader of those early volumes of *Punch* will find many little papers from Thackeray's pen, written before the more famous *Book of Snobs*. For example, vol. iv. p. 69, is Mr. Spec's *Remonstrance*. "*From the Door Steps*. Sir, until my cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about fourteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first prizes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which I have bestowed on my pieces. . . . I need not ask if you know my work, *Illustrations of Aldgate Pump*. All the world knows it. It is published in elephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec, before mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and foreign nobility.

"Nobility! — why do I say nobility? Kings, sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription-list. Bavaria's sovereign has placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in the Parthenon, — in the *Parthenon*. It may be seen on the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarrotti and Urbino, and figures in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

"From all these potentates save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation copies but unsub-

stantial praise. It is true, the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgment of the Illustrations; but I do not understand German, sir, and am given to understand by those who do that the composition is but a poor one," etc.

This is only fooling, yet it is pleasant fooling; but while it would perhaps be asking too much to have these very slight papers reprinted, it is singular that more has not been made of The Proser, Essays and Discourses by Dr. Solomon Pacifico, in vols. xviii. and xix. of Punch. All of these papers are characteristic of their writer. Indeed, it would be hard to find a writer whose careless work is so good in all apparently trifling ways as Thackeray's is. His Letters from the Seat of War, from Our Own Bashi-Bazouk, in vols. xxv. and xxvi., are exactly what one would expect to find reprinted, but so far as we know they are not.

More surprising still is the omission of Miss Löwe, which is to be found in Fraser's Magazine for October, 1842, page 395, from the reprints of Fitz-Boodle's Confessions. It is certainly one of the best of the series, and of more importance than much of his early work.

—In Richard Grant White's article, in the November number, on Assorted Americanisms, he says, "*Likely*, if it is used to mean respectable, worthy of esteem," etc. "But I do not remember ever having heard or read it as used in that sense." Now, I find that here, in the northwestern corner of New England, it is in common use in exactly this sense. "As likely a man as ever lived," "Her mother was a very likely woman," are frequent expressions, and mean not a handsome, well-made man or woman, but a good, sensible person; and in some instances, "likely" has something of the meaning of the word "pious,"—which word certain people seem to be afraid of.

A little farther on he says that the word *lope* is in common use *only* in the West. On the contrary, that, too, is a

word more or less used by the country people here, though how they came by it I cannot say. They often, too, speak of a horse, or even a *person*, as having a *loping* gait.

—I suppose a good many persons could answer yes to the question put by a contributor in the October Club, whether they have ever been troubled by the ghost of a poem. The inquirer remarks that perhaps here may be drawn the line between genius and talent; that the one can do what the other can only unavailingly strive to do. In the case of the writer and others, the difficulty may be explained in that way; but there are others still who are familiar with the experience the contributor speaks of, but who cannot console themselves for failure by deciding that, though genius is wanting, they have at least some talent in its stead. Another question suggested by the first is whether the effect of culture on ungifted persons be not sometimes to fill the mind with fair visions of possible creations,—possible enough, truly, for others, though not, alas, for them. When Keats says,

"Lo, I must tell a tale of chivalry,
For large white plumes are dancing in my eye," we know, whencesoever came the suggestion of the plumes, that he can go on to the tale of chivalry if he choose. But with us, the large white plume may wave alluringly in vain. To a true lover of the best literature and art the pain, a quite genuine and keen one, that often accompanies his deep delight is to feel that, however alive and responsive he may be to the beauty and the inspiration of the works of others, he himself is not of the divine aristocracy, but merely one of the herd, doomed never to know the joy of creative labor. Before he fully comprehends that he is so doomed, the unhappy one is again and again beguiled with visions of what he too may do,—mocking visions, that torment him until he is thankful at last to give it all up, and resign himself to the

belief that Providence has favored him neither with genius nor with talent, and that he is even, possibly, a little stupid. This miserable experience is escaped when the culture is thin and superficial enough, for then the would-be artist is more easily satisfied with his productions; but the deeper our culture, the less we are contented with our mediocre attempts, and thence comes the strife between our longing aspiration and our critical judgment, which ends sooner or later, as I have said, in the conviction of our incapacity. If our speech is not to have even the ring of true silver, certainly for us silence is golden. I am sometimes inclined to go further, and say that the silver currency is of no great value to the world. It is doubtless pleasant for the men of smaller talent to express themselves in artistic fashion; but in spite of what may be said of the uses of minor poets, I cannot think mankind is much benefited by them, and the energy spent in crowding for a place on the lower slopes of the sacred mount might be turned to better use. At any rate, it is a consolatory reflection for us unendowed ones that although he who gives may be the more highly blessed, yet we who receive of him are unblessed. If the poet will rehearse for us his glorious visions, and share with us of low estate those finer joys by which the spirit thrives, we may be well content to accept his bounty, and ask for nothing more.

— Is it true that people of reserved disposition are so often misunderstood as they are supposed to be? It seems to me that certain persons of a frank and impulsive temper are quite as apt to be misinterpreted. The common error of giving reserved persons insufficient credit for feeling, because of their lack of demonstration, is an error into which only the duller sort of observers fall; but keener-sighted ones often make the opposite mistake, and cherish the belief that the less the display the fuller

and deeper its sources must be. This is far from being invariably the truth. It appears to me that if reserved folk are misconceived it is generally in a manner favorable to their character and intellect, and whatever opinions may be expressed about them are commonly accompanied with the acknowledgment that they are opinions only. For when a man is not outspoken about himself, we may hold what notion we choose about him; but we cannot help knowing that the notion is something of our own construction, based on no real knowledge. On the other hand, when a person is in the habit of talking freely, is not chary of his opinions, and even reveals something of his personal tastes, habits, and feelings, it is natural enough for those who hear him to suppose themselves capable of estimating him. Yet this very frankness is what misleads; we are not aware how much is often kept back by these apparently communicative people, — much that might modify or alter our notions of them. They show us a good deal of themselves, and we think we know all; they have a need of venting themselves, and begin to speak their thoughts aloud; yet they are sometimes very sensitive to misconception or possible ridicule, and at the slightest suspicion of either hasten to shut the half-opened door of their hearts and withdraw their real selves from our view. An impulsive person is generally impressionable, and easily affected by the personality of others; consciously or unconsciously, he adapts himself to those he is in contact with, and shows to different persons different sides of himself, so that if an opinion of him were asked for, no two of his acquaintance, perhaps, would agree in their impressions. Of course he is himself to each and all, but not the whole of himself.

Reserve sometimes proceeds from a shy and timid sensitiveness, which makes no appeal for appreciation and sympathy, not daring to run the risk of meet-

ing coldness and rebuff; but reserved persons, as a rule, enjoy a most comfortable self-poise, and independence of the good or ill opinion of others. It is the persons of frank, impulsive temperament who are the real unfortunates; they go through a good deal of experience before they learn the wisdom of keeping themselves to themselves, and after learning it are sometimes unlucky enough to forget it at the wrong moment.

— I remember reading in one of the summer numbers of *The Atlantic* something in the Contributors' Club in regard to the lack of appreciation among country people of the beauties of nature by which they are surrounded. I cannot agree wholly with this, as I think, yes, know, that among this class of people there are many who *feel* the glory and are thrilled by the beauty of the early summer morning, the sunset, or the misty, dreamy loveliness of Indian summer, although in most instances they are totally incapable of expressing these feelings. However, there are hundreds who know nothing of the beauty of scenery. Within a few years a railroad has been opened which literally *runs over* the Green Mountains. At the highest point of the road, some sixteen hundred feet higher than the level of the sea, the scenery is noted for its extensive views, which range from be-

yond the White Mountains on the east to the Adirondacks on the west. A certain man, a native of one of the small towns in Vermont,—a man who, according to his views of things in general, has reached the end of all earthly ambition, not only in having by dint of close economy and Yankee ingenuity become “considerable forehanded,” but in having represented the town of his adoption in the state legislature once or twice,—this man had occasion to travel over the road just mentioned. Being a sociable old chap, he naturally got into conversation with his fellow passengers. Just as the train was going over the “Heights,” with noble old Mt. Washington and Mt. Lafayette on the east, long, smiling stretches of sunny farms and grazing cattle, flanked by Camel’s Hump and Mt. Mansfield’s upturned face, on the south, ranges of the Green Mountains and the blue Adirondacks on the west, and old Jay Peak on the north,—set in the midst of all this, our friend suddenly paused in his discourse on politics, and inquired, “Oh, by the way, where is all this great scenery they talk so much about over here somewhere?” On being told that he was then in the midst of it, he gave one or two brief glances out of the window, and settled back to his dissertation upon political economy with a decided air of not being fooled by any such nonsense.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Alpine Flowers, and Other Poems. By Augusta Cleveland Prindle. Springfield, Mass.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Table-Talk. To which are added Imaginary Conversations of Pope and Swift. By Leigh Hunt.—Yellow Fever. A Nautical Disease. Its Origin and Prevention. By John Gamgee.—The Shorter Epistles of Paul; also of James, Peter, and Jude. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D. D.—A Gentle Belle. By Christian Reid.—Appleton’s Dictionary of New York and Vicinity. Compiled by Townsend Percy.—

Euripides. By J. P. Mahaffy, A. M. (Classical Writers. Edited by John Richard Green.)—Gems of Thought. Being a Collection of more than a thousand choice Selections, or Aphorisms, from nearly four hundred and fifty different authors, and on one hundred and forty different subjects. Compiled by Charles Northend, A. M.—A Ministry of Health, and Other Addresses. By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., F. R. S.—Sermons Preached on Various Occasions. By James De Koven, D. D., late Warden of Racine College.

With an Introduction by Morgan Dix, S. T. D., Rector of Trinity Church, New York. — Di Cary. By M. Jacqueline Thornton. (Appleton's Library of American Fiction.) — Vivian the Beauty. By Mrs. Annie Edwardes. (New Handy-Volume Series.)

J. W. Bouton, New York: *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, Octobre, 1879.

W. S. Bryan, St. Louis: *Oddments of Andean Diplomacy, and Other Oddments*. By Hinton Rowan Helper.

Cassell, Petter & Galpin, London, Paris, and New York: *Gleanings from the Natural History of the Ancients*. By the Rev. W. Houghton, M. A., F. S. S. — *Hygiene of the Voice*. Its Physiology and Anatomy. By Ghislani Durant, M. D., Ph. D.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: *The Mound Builders*. Being an Account of a Remarkable People that once inhabited the Valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, together with an Investigation into the Archaeology of Butler County, Ohio. By J. P. MacLean.

College of Oratory and Acting, New York: *Acting and Oratory*. Designed for Public Speakers, Teachers, Actors, etc. By J. E. Frobisher, Director of the College.

Estes & Lauriat, Boston: *The New Departure in the Common Schools of Quincy, and Other Papers on Educational Topics*. By Charles F. Adams, Jr. — *The American Art Review*. A Journal devoted to the Practice, Theory, History, and Archaeology of Art. No. 1.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York: *Figs and Thistles: A Western Story*. By Albion W. Tourgee.

Ginn & Heath, Boston: *Selections from the Greek Lyrical Poets*. By Henry M. Tyler. — *Past Thirty*. By Mrs. H. E. Monroe. — *Shakespeare's Julius Caesar*, with Introduction and Notes Explanatory and Critical. For use in Schools and Classes. By the Rev. Henry W. Hudson. — *Elements of the Differential Calculus*, with Examples and Applications. By W. E. Byerly, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Mathematics in Harvard University. — *Mathematical Tables*, chiefly to Four Figures. First Series. By James Mills Peirce, University Professor of Mathematics in Harvard University. — *Milton's Paradise Lost*, Books I. and II. With Introduction, Notes, and Diagrams. By Homer B. Sprague, M. A., Ph. D.

Harper & Brothers, New York: *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. By Charles Dickens. — *The Talisman*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. — *Poems of Wordsworth*. Chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold. — *Sense and Sensibility*. By Jane Austen. — *Cousin Henry*. By Anthony Trollope. — *High Spirits*. Being Certain Stories written in them. By James Payn. — *The Parson o' Dumford*. By George Manville Fenn. — *The Bertrams*. By Anthony Trollope. — *The Fugitives*. By Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. — *Shakespeare's Comedy of The Winter's Tale*. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M. — *Studies of the Greek Poets*. By John Addington Symonds. Two vols. — *Young Mrs. Jardine: A Nov-*

el. By the author of John Halifax, Gentleman. — *The North Americans of Antiquity*. Their Origin, Migrations, and Type of Civilization considered. By John T. Short. — *Art in America: A Critical and Historical Sketch*. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Illustrated. — *The Boy Travellers in the Far East*. *Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Japan and China*. By Thomas W. Knox.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *The Magic of the Middle Ages*. By Viktor Rydberg. Translated from the Swedish by August Hjalmar Edgren. — *Astronomy for Schools and Colleges*. By Simon Newcomb, LL. D., Superintendent American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, and Edward S. Holden, M. A., Professor in the U. S. Naval Observatory. (American Science Series.) — *Probation*. By Jessie Fothergill. (Leisure Hour Series.)

Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston: *Sealed Orders*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. — *An Earnest Trifler*. — *The Twins of Table Mountain, and Other Stories*. By Bret Harte. — *The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor*. Household Edition. — *The Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution, 1761-1783*. By Justin Winsor. — *Dramatic Persons and Moods, with Other New Poems*. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. — *Miscellanies*. By John Dean Caton, LL. D.

Elias Howe, Boston: *Howe's New Boston Melodeon*. Consisting of Songs, Glees, etc., etc., for the Organ or Piano.

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* * The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., 47 Franklin Street, Boston. Prices are given on page 8.

The Manliness of Christ is a small but very significant book. The fact that it is written by the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" is sufficient to enlist the hearty interest of a multitude of the best readers. No Englishman is listened to in America with more respect and confidence than Mr. Hughes. And the subject of his book is exceedingly interesting. In opposition to a tendency long prevalent to represent Christ as weakly and effeminately good, but as deficient in the vigor, courage, fortitude, and heroic temper essential to a lofty type of manliness, Mr. Hughes marshals from the historical record of his life the amplest proof that not only was his goodness of the highest kind, but that in all the qualities that go to form perfect manliness he was supreme. It is a work greatly needing to be done, and it could not have fallen to the lot of one better fitted to do it. The positive influence of the book must be as great as its reading is delightful.

The Boston Journal says:—

Mr. Hughes might almost be called an apostle of manliness. The career of his "Tom Brown" has been followed by all English-speaking lads and young men with the warmest interest, and has been accepted on all hands as a type of courage and manliness. Mr. Hughes will have a hearing which few writers could obtain, as he attempts to portray the character of Christ as first of all a manly and courageous character. He defines the tests of manliness, and then subjects to these tests the incidents which are recorded of Christ. He presents in a graphic and striking way the successive acts in that great and thrilling drama, and shows us at every point the figure of Christ as an embodiment of strength, vigor, endurance, and courage. The little volume is so compact that it might be read at a sitting, but thoughtful readers will prefer not to hasten through its pages. There runs through it a double purpose: that of showing the life of Christ as not unreal and far removed from the ordinary life, but as the very manliest life that was ever lived; and, further, of showing that a true Christian profession and practice do not diminish, but develop manliness. Words of this sort from a layman, and from such a layman as Mr. Hughes, should have a very wide and helpful influence.

Mr. James's New Story.—A fresh novel from Mr. Henry James has become matter of positive interest to a large circle of readers. The host which has followed his "Confidence" as it has appeared serially in *Scribner's Monthly* will gladly welcome it in permanent form. And the many who have not yet read it, but who have read "Daisy Miller," "The American," and "The Europeans," will need no second

invitation to read at once this new story from the magic pen which wrote those remarkable stories.

The London *Athenæum* pronounces his "Confidence" "a narrative as imponderable but yet as delightful to the observer as the tail of Donati's comet. Siena, Baden, the Norman coast, are all brought before the reader with that seemingly light but really careful touch of which Mr. James more than any living English writer possesses the secret." And the notice concludes with the remark that "Mr. James's novels are better fitted to be read and enjoyed than to be criticised."

Mr. Cook's New Book.—The numerous admirers of Mr. Joseph Cook will be gratified that he has gathered into a volume, just issued, the noteworthy lectures on "Labor" which he delivered in Boston last winter. They treat this momentous question with an amplitude of learning, a wealth of illustration, a breadth of view, a brilliancy of diction, and, above all, a profound sense of the tremendous importance of the subject, which invest the book with exceptional interest and challenge the earnest study of all thoughtful persons. The trenchant Preludes on Current Events, with which Mr. Cook prefaced the lectures, are reprinted in this volume, and add much to its interest.

Speaking of Mr. Cook and the remarkable series of lectures he has delivered, President McCosh of Princeton thus writes in the *Catholic Presbyterian*:—

Mr. Cook did not take up the work he has accomplished as a trade, or by accident, or from impulse; but for years he had been preparing for it, and prepared for it by an overruling guidance. I regard Joseph Cook as a Heaven-ordained man. He comes at the fit time; that is, at the time he is needed. He comes forth in Boston, which is undoubtedly the most literary city in America, and one of the great literary cities of the world. He has as much power of eloquence as Parker, and vastly more acquaintance with philosophy than the mystic Emerson. Some scientific sciolists have thrown out doubts as to the accuracy of his knowledge, but have not been able to detect him in any misstatement of fact. He lightens and thunders, throwing a vivid light on a topic by an expression or comparison, or striking a presumptuous error as by a bolt from heaven. He is not afraid to discuss the most abstract, scientific, or philosophic themes before a popular audience; he arrests his hearers first by his earnestness, then by the clearness of his exposition, and fixes the whole in the mind by the earnestness of his moral purpose.

"Not Borrowed."— "An Earnest Trifler" has had the good fortune, or the misfortune, to be attributed to Mr. Howells, Mr. James, and several other famous authors. When the guess of critics proved incorrect, some avenged themselves by saying in substance that the writer had borrowed freely from the authors to whom it had been attributed. In reply to this the *Cincinnati Commercial* says:—

Miss Sprague's brilliancy and epigrammatic style is not borrowed. It is her inalienable possession, and as natural to her as some more monotonous styles of speech are to many other people. Just whether the "Earnest Trifler" has sprung from a cistern or a living spring, time and further work will prove. But it would be anything but a complimentary argument for the intellectual discrimination of the reading public to infer that a string of remembered and "borrowed" bright things could attract so wide attention and interest as has the "Earnest Trifler."

The *Nation* indulges in some humorous comments on the zest with which "An Earnest Trifler" has been received and noticed, criticises the story in some respects, and remarks:—

Her Rachel Guerrin is an attractive picture of a girl brought up, as so many girls are brought up nowadays, in a remote and sequestered corner of the world, but admitted through literature of all kinds to a vicarious knowledge of men and cities. Her relations with her two lovers are well described, and her conversation is always bright. Indeed, it is in dialogue that Miss Sprague is at her best. Her conversations are always lively, if possible a little too witty for real life.

Gen. Gordon's "Army of Virginia" is a book that challenges attention. It is by no means an apology for anybody or anything, but a trenchant, independent, soldierly history of a campaign which has probably been more discussed than any other of the Civil War. No one who wishes to understand fully and minutely the part of the war covered by this book can afford to neglect General Gordon's exhaustive and thoroughly interesting narrative. The *Boston Transcript* says:—

To the student of military history this work presents rare attractions. It is minute in detail, is accompanied by some carefully-prepared maps and plans, and contains an appendix in which are complete lists of the make-up of the forces on both sides. But it appeals as well to the general reader, who will find in its pages the history of a period in the war of the Rebellion concerning which there has been much uncertainty, — a history so complete that doubt and uncertainty now disappear. It is true that General Gordon is a man of pronounced opinions, which are always forcibly expressed, but it is also true that he is careful, painstaking, and accurate historian, who hunts down every point until he has reached its source, and so combines his authenticated material as to make a book at once interesting, instructive, and authoritative.

Miss Phelps's **"Sealed Orders"** is justly regarded one of the most noteworthy of recent volumes of short stories, and one not to be skipped by good readers. The *Boston Advertiser* remarks:—

Seventeen of Miss Phelps's stories have been collected from the magazines where they first appeared

and form a solid volume, — varied in its contents, and showing the many phases of the author's style. She deals chiefly with the forlorn and sorely-tempted ones of the world, or with the uneducated and kindly people of small, isolated towns, and she sees with keen sympathy, or with a not unfriendly amusement, the struggles and the short-comings of her characters. Whenever she pleases she can throw a golden haze over her scenes and her people or can half hide them in a veil of mysticism. And all this makes her a popular story-teller.

The *Interior*, of Chicago, says, "No one of the popular writers puts more of thought and of truth in her stories and descriptions and in her analysis of character than Miss Phelps."

"Her Lover's Friend."— Miss Perry's poems stir the blood and kindle the enthusiasm of critics quite remarkably. The *Portland Transcript* says:—

This is a charming book to read or to look at. The tasteful binding, beautiful type, and creamy paper please the eye, while the exquisite poems to be found between the covers delight all lovers of sweet music. Nora Perry sings as the lark sings, because her soul is full of music. Add to this the passion, pathos, and purity of her verse, and it leaves nothing to be desired.

Appletons' Journal observes:—

She does not merely sing about love; she manages to express the very feeling itself, and there is a fervor and an intensity about her more impassioned pieces which accelerate the pulse of the reader and set his blood to tingling.

The Atlantic Monthly.— From the many kind and discriminating words spoken about the ATLANTIC, the two following paragraphs are given as showing the estimate placed on the magazine by the best judges. The *New York Evening Post* recently said:—

It is the province of the Atlantic Monthly to occupy a field exclusively its own. The distinction is so well defined between its character, its aims, and its methods and those of other magazines that one accustomed to consider such distinctions could scarcely go wrong in attempting to determine from internal evidence alone whether a given article, essay, or story belonged to this or to some other magazine. Occupying a field which lies midway between that of the staid reviews and that of the merely popular magazines, its ground is partly covered by each, the two classes of magazines meeting midway, so to speak, upon its territory; yet there is always a difference. The Atlantic story which might have found a place in any of the popular magazines differs somewhat from the stories which actually do find a place there; and, on the other hand, its more serious papers are not precisely like those of the reviews. Without attempting an analysis of the subtle causes of these differences, we mention them by way of emphasizing the fine individuality which constitutes the most obvious and at the same time the most pleasing characteristic of the magazine. It is because we have nothing else just like it, because it has a distinct character and manner of its own, that its monthly visits are indispensable to every reader whose love of letters is positive.

The *New York Tribune* says:—

The Atlantic is one of the few long-established magazines which seem to grow fresher and stronger with age. The genial editor still gathers around

him the ripest culture and most elegant wit of our time and nation, and continues to make his periodical what it has been heretofore, — a faithful reflection of the progress of American literature.

"**Old Friends and New**" is one of the few books that everybody likes. It fascinates all by its utter simplicity, its sterling qualities of thought and style, and the tender womanly sympathy which irradiates all the stories. The New York *Christian Advocate* says: —

The entire body of "Little Classic" literature contains little, if anything, more promotive of genuine pleasure and contented satisfaction than this. It is a collection of seven unpretentious stories of New England life, in the city, in the country, and on the seashore, charming in style and diction, generous and true in sentiment, and healthful in tone and tendency. None but a thoroughly bad person can read either of them without a sweeter feeling and a stronger aspiration for a nobler, truer life. The only defect is that wherever you begin to read you are not content with a single story, but are lured to another, and another, and are not let out of the spell until you get to the end.

Mr. John Fiske's Lectures on "America's Place in History" have excited remarkable interest in New York, where they have just been delivered. The *Nation* says: —

They possess a degree of excellence very rare in our lecture courses, and which places them in the front rank of lectures anywhere. They are admirably comprehensive, and are as free from dullness as they are from commonplace.

The rare and permanent excellence of Mr. Fiske's lectures could easily be inferred from the noteworthy character of his books, "Myths and Myth-Makers," "The Unseen World and other Essays," and "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy." These have gained for Mr. Fiske an enviable reputation among English as well as American critics and thinkers.

Household Management and Cookery comprehend no small part of the comfort and convenience of home life. Any one who contributes to scientific knowledge and practical skill in these is a public benefactor. And this is what Miss Parloa does in her little book on this subject. As the *Golden Rule* observes: —

Miss Parloa begins at the beginning, and takes her pupils through a complete course of theoretical and practical instruction, making each step plain and part of a necessary order of progress. Though designed as a text-book, it is well adapted for self-instruction, — the lessons in cookery, especially, being just such as are needed in the ordinary family-life. Miss Parloa has, in a rare degree, the art of imparting instruction, and as she knows so much about household management, she does the public a great service by putting her knowledge at its disposal in so compact and cheap a form.

All who have looked at the little book are struck with its good sense and clearness.

Portrait of Dr. Holmes. — This noble picture is peculiarly acceptable to the many friends and admirers of the incomparable Autocrat. Mr. George William Curtis says of it: —

Good as all the portraits of the Atlantic Gallery are, none seems to me more faithful and satisfactory than the last, — the portrait of Dr. Holmes. It is, in fact, a most "speaking likeness," for the alert and clear and incisive mind of the Autocrat illumines the whole face, and seems to be just breaking into bright and humorous speech from his lips. The five portraits compose an unequalled series of heads of our master poets, which must become exceedingly valuable.

Mr. Lathrop's "Study of Hawthorne," in the opinion of the *Boston Post* "was a genuine public service, and so skillfully, delicately, and appreciatingly was it accomplished that the world gained in a year a spirit of reverence for the genius of the great novelist which the slow processes of its own divination would not have worked out in a quarter of a century."

Mr. Winsor's **Admirable Handbook** of the American Revolution is heartily appreciated by students of history, and especially by those who wish to know just how the Revolution was regarded while coming on, while in progress, and after it ended, by both Americans and English. The *Boston Transcript* says: —

A volume most modest in its size, but marvelous for the fullness and thoroughness of its contents. The literature of the American Revolution, as coming from both sides of the ocean, and from both parties to the strife, is here calendared, indexed, distributed under dates, subjects, and incidents; and traced in histories, biographies, and in all the forms of composition, permanent or fugitive.

The *Independent* remarks: —

He who wishes a full knowledge of any particular event or period of our Revolutionary history finds here a list of books and documents bearing on the subject, with comments on many of the works. The volume furnishes a very complete bibliography of the Revolutionary struggle.

Mrs. Piatt's **New Book** "Dramatic Persons and Moods" attracts the respectful attention of critics. The *Springfield Republican* says: "Her strain is as beautiful as it is singular; there is not in English poetry one more original, more purely the singer's own. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* emphasizes her "originality of conception, intensity, depth, and delicacy of feeling, and concise and dramatic expression."

The **U. S. Official Postal Guide**, published every month by Houghton, Osgood & Co., under special arrangement with the Post Office Department, contains all the information any one can need in regard to rates of foreign and domestic postage, classification of mail-matter, the laws and rulings on postal concerns, all the post offices in the country, the money-order offices, — in short, it answers every question that can arise in the use of the mails, and is of so great convenience as to be virtually indispensable to business men and to all who use the post office much. The yearly subscription is only \$1.50; price of the January number (650 pages), \$1.00; of each of the other monthly numbers, 10 cents.

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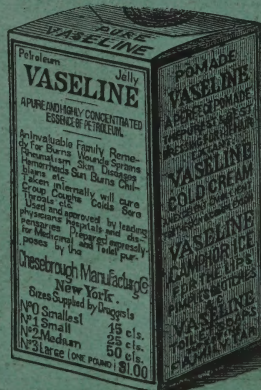
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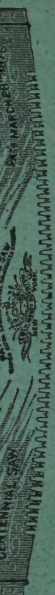
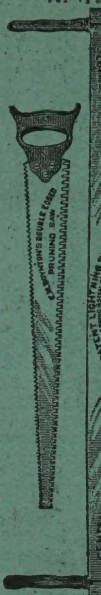
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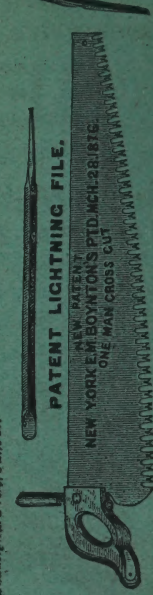
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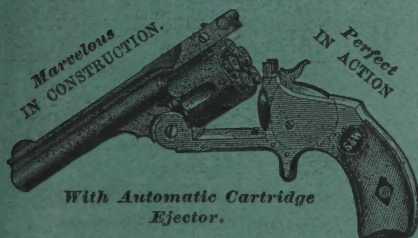
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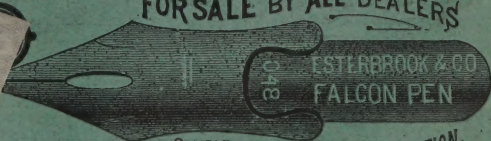
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THE

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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

I.

It is close upon daybreak. The great wall of pines and hemlocks that keep off the east wind from Stillwater stretches black and indeterminate against the sky. At intervals a dull, metallic sound, like the guttural twang of a violin string, rises from the frog-infested swamp skirting the highway. Suddenly the birds stir in their nests over there in the woodland, and break into that wild jargon chorus with which they herald the advent of a new day. In the apple-orchards and among the plum-trees of the few gardens in Stillwater, the wrens and the robins and the blue-jays catch up the crystal crescendo, and what a melodious racket they make of it with their fifes and flutes and flageolets!

The village lies in a trance like death. Possibly not a soul hears this music, unless it is the watchers at the bedside of Mr. Leonard Tappleton, the richest man in town, who has lain dying these three days, and cannot last till sunrise. Or perhaps some mother, drowsily hushing her wakeful baby, pauses a moment and listens vacantly to the birds singing. But who else?

The hubbub suddenly ceases, — ceases as suddenly as it began, — and all is still again in the woodland. But it is not so dark as before. A faint glow of white

light is discernible behind the ragged line of the tree-tops. The deluge of darkness is receding from the face of the earth, as the mighty waters receded of old.

The roofs and tall factory chimneys of Stillwater are slowly taking shape in the gloom. Is that a cemetery coming into view yonder, with its ghostly architecture of obelisks and broken columns and huddled head-stones? No, that is only Slocum's Marble Yard, with the finished and unfinished work heaped up like snowdrifts, — a cemetery in embryo. Here and there in an outlying farm a lantern glimmers in the barnyard: the cattle are having their fodder betimes. Scarlet-capped chanticleer gets himself on the nearest rail-fence and lifts up his rancorous voice like some irate old cardinal launching the curse of Rome. Something crawls swiftly along the gray of the serpentine turnpike, — a dog-cart, with the driver lashing a jaded horse. A quick wind goes shivering by, and is lost in the forest.

Now a narrow strip of two-colored gold stretches along the horizon.

Stillwater is gradually coming to its senses. The sun has begun to twinkle on the gilt cross of the Catholic chapel and make itself known to the doves in the stone belfry of the South Church. The patches of cobweb that here and

there cling tremulously to the coarse grass of the inundated meadows have turned into silver nets, and the mill-pond — it will be steel-blue later — is as smooth and white as if it had been paved with one vast unbroken slab out of Slocum's Marble Yard. Through a row of button-woods on the northern skirt of the village is seen a square, lap-streaked building, painted a disagreeable brown, and surrounded on three sides by a platform, — one of seven or eight similar stations strung like Indian beads on a branch thread of the Great Sagamore Railway.

Listen! That is the jingle of the bells on the baker's cart as it begins its rounds. From innumerable chimneys the curdled smoke gives evidence that the thrifty housewife — or, what is rarer in Stillwater, the hired girl — has lighted the kitchen fire.

The chimney-stack of one house at the end of a small court — the last house on the easterly edge of the village, and standing quite alone — sends up no smoke. Yet the carefully trained ivy over the porch, and the lemon verbena in a tub at the foot of the steps, intimate that the place is not unoccupied. Moreover, the little square-rigged schooner which acts as weather-cock on one of the gables, and is now heading due west, has two new sky-sails. It is a story-and-a-half cottage, with a large expanse of roof, which, covered with porous, unpainted shingles, seems to repel the sunshine that now strikes full upon it. The upper and lower blinds on the main building, as well as those on the extensions, are tightly closed. The sun appears to beat in vain at the casements of this silent house, which has a curiously sullen and defiant air, as if it had desperately and successfully barricaded itself against the approach of morning; yet if one were standing in the room that leads from the bed-chamber on the ground floor — the room with the latticed window — one would see a ray of

light thrust through a chink of the shutters, and pointing like a human finger at an object which lies by the hearth.

This finger, gleaming, motionless, and awful in its precision, points to the body of old Mr. Lemuel Shackford, who lies there dead in his night-dress, with a gash across his forehead.

In the darkness of that summer night a deed darker than the night itself had been done in Stillwater.

II.

That morning, when Michael Hennessey's girl Mary — a girl sixteen years old — carried the can of milk to the rear door of the silent house, she was nearly a quarter of an hour later than usual, and looked forward to being soundly rated.

"He's up and been waiting for it," she said to herself, observing the scullery door ajar. "Won't I ketch it! It's him for growling and snapping at a body, and it's me for always being before or behind time, bad luck to me. There's no plazing him."

Mary pushed back the door and passed through the kitchen, nerving herself all the while to meet the objurgations which she supposed were lying in wait for her. The sunshine was blinding without, but sifted through the green jealousies, it made a gray, crepuscular light within. As the girl approached the table, on which a plate with knife and fork had been laid for breakfast, she noticed, somewhat indistinctly at first, a thin red line running obliquely across the floor from the direction of the sitting-room and ending near the stove, where it had formed a small pool. Mary stopped short, scarcely conscious why, and peered instinctively into the adjoining apartment. Then, with a smothered cry, she let fall the milk-can, and a dozen white rivulets, in strange contrast to that one dark red line which first start-

led her, went meandering over the kitchen floor. With her eyes riveted upon some object in the next room, the girl retreated backward, slowly and heavily dragging one foot after the other, until she reached the scullery door; then she turned swiftly, and plunged into the street.

Twenty minutes later, every man, woman, and child in Stillwater knew that old Mr. Shackford had been murdered in his bed.

Mary Hennessey had to tell her story a hundred times during the morning, for each minute brought to Michael's tenement a fresh listener hungry for the details at first hand.

"How was it, Molly? Tell a body, dear!"

"Don't be asking me!" cried Molly, pressing her palms to her eyes as if to shut out the sight, but taking all the while a secret creepy satisfaction in living the scene over again. "It was kinder dark in the other room, and there he was, laying in his night-gownd, with his face turned towards me, so, looking mighty severe-like, jest as if he was a-going to say, 'It's late with the milk ye are, ye hussy!'—a way he had of spaking."

"But he did n't spake, Molly darlin'?"

"Niver a word. He was stone dead, don't you see. It was that still you could hear me heart beat, saving there was n't a drop of beat in it. I let go the can, sure, and then I backed out, with me eye on 'im all the while, afeard to death that he would up and spake them words."

"The pore child! for the likes of her to be wakin' up a murdered man in the mornin'!"

There was little or no work done that day in Stillwater outside the mills, and they were not running full handed. A number of men from the Miantowona Iron Works and Slocum's yard—Slocum employed some seventy or eighty

hands—l lounged about the streets in their blouses, or stood in knots in front of the tavern, smoking short clay pipes. Not an urchin put in an appearance at the small red brick building on the turnpike. Mr. Pinkham, the school-master, waited an hour for the recusants, then turned the key in the lock and went home.

Dragged-looking women, with dish-cloth or dust-pan in hand, stood in doorways or leaned from windows, talking in subdued voices with neighbors on the curb-stone. In a hundred far-away cities the news of the suburban tragedy had already been read and forgotten; but here the horror stayed.

There was a constantly changing crowd gathered in front of the house in Welch's Court. An inquest was being held in the room adjoining the kitchen. The court, which ended at the gate of the cottage, was fringed for several yards on each side by rows of squalid, wondering children, who understood it that Coroner Whidden was literally to sit on the dead body,—Mr. Whidden, a limp, inoffensive little man, who would not have dared to sit down on a fly. He had passed, pallid and perspiring, to the scene of his perfunctory duties.

The result of the investigation was awaited with feverish impatience by the people outside. Mr. Shackford had not been a popular man; he had been a hard, avaricious, passionate man, holding his own way remorselessly. He had been the reverse of popular, but he had long been a prominent character in Stillwater, because of his wealth, his endless lawsuits, and his eccentricity, an illustration of which was his persistence in living entirely alone in the isolated and dreary old house, that was henceforth to be inhabited by his shadow. Not his shadow alone, however, for it was now remembered that the premises were already held in fee by another phantasmal tenant. At a period long anterior to this, one Lydia Sloper, a

widow, had died an unexplained death under that same roof. The coincidence struck deeply into the imaginative portion of Stillwater. "The widow Sloper and old Shackford have made a match of it," remarked a local humorist, in a grimmer vein than customary. Two ghosts had now set up housekeeping, as it were, in the stricken mansion, and what might not be looked for in the way of spectral progeny!

It appeared to the crowd in the lane that the jury were unconscionably long in arriving at a decision, and when the decision was at length reached it gave but moderate satisfaction. After a spendthrift waste of judicial mind the jury had decided that "the death of Lemuel Shackford was caused by a blow on the left temple, inflicted with some instrument not discoverable, in the hands of some person or persons unknown."

"We knew that before," grumbled a voice in the crowd, when, to relieve public suspense, Lawyer Perkins — a long, lank man, with stringy black hair — announced the verdict from the doorstep.

The theory of suicide had obtained momentary credence early in the morning, and one or two still clung to it with the tenacity that characterizes persons who entertain few ideas. To accept this theory it was necessary to believe that Mr. Shackford had ingeniously hidden the weapon after striking himself dead with a single blow. No, it was not suicide. So far from intending to take his own life, Mr. Shackford, it appeared, had made rather careful preparations to live that day. The breakfast-table had been laid over night, the coals left ready for kindling in the Franklin stove, and a kettle, filled with water to be heated for his tea or coffee, stood on the hearth.

Two facts had sharply demonstrated themselves: first, that Mr. Shackford had been murdered; and, second, that the spur to the crime had been the pos-

session of a sum of money, which the deceased was supposed to keep in a strong-box in his bedroom. The padlock had been wrenched open, and the less valuable contents of the chest, chiefly papers, scattered over the carpet. A memorandum among the papers seemed to specify the respective sums in notes and gold that had been deposited in the box. A document of some kind had been torn into minute pieces and thrown into the waste-basket. On close scrutiny a word or two here and there revealed the fact that the document was of a legal character. The fragments were put into an envelope and given in charge of Mr. Shackford's lawyer, who placed seals on that and on the drawers of an escritoire which stood in the corner and contained other manuscript.

The instrument with which the fatal blow had been dealt — for the autopsy showed that there had been but one blow — was not only not discoverable, but the fashion of it defied conjecture. The shape of the wound did not indicate the use of any implement known to the jurors, several of whom were skilled machinists. The wound was an inch and three quarters in length and very deep at the extremities; in the middle it scarcely penetrated to the cranium. So peculiar a cut could not have been produced with the claw part of a hammer, because the claw is always curved, and the incision was straight. A flat claw, such as is used in opening packing-cases, was suggested. A collection of the several sizes manufactured was procured, but none corresponded with the wound; they were either too wide or too narrow. Moreover, the cut was as thin as the blade of a case-knife.

"That was never done by any tool in these parts," declared Stevens, the foreman of the finishing shop at Slocum's.

The assassin or assassins had entered by the scullery door, the simple fastening of which, a hook and staple, had

been broken. There were foot-prints in the soft clay path leading from the side gate to the stone step; but Mary Hennessey had so confused and obliterated the outlines that now it was impossible accurately to measure them. A half-burned match was found under the sink, — evidently thrown there by the burglars. It was of a kind known as the safety-match, which can be ignited only by friction on a strip of chemically prepared paper glued to the box. As no box of this description was discovered, and as all the other matches in the house were of a different make, the charred splinter was preserved. The most minute examination failed to show more than this. The last time Mr. Shackford had been seen alive was at six o'clock the previous evening.

Who had done the deed?

Tramps! answered Stillwater, with one voice, though Stillwater lay somewhat out of the natural highway, and the tramp — that bitter blossom of civilization whose seed was blown to us from over seas — was not then so common by the New England roadsides as he became five or six years later. But it was intolerable not to have a theory; it was that or none, for conjecture turned to no one in the village. To be sure, Mr. Shackford had been in litigation with several of the corporations, and had had legal quarrels with more than one of his neighbors; but Mr. Shackford had never been victorious in any of these contests, and the incentive of revenge was wanting to explain the crime. Besides, it was so clearly robbery.

Though the gathering around the Shackford house had reduced itself to half a dozen idlers, and the less frequented streets had resumed their normal aspect of dullness, there was a strange, electric quality in the atmosphere. The community was in that state of suppressed agitation and suspicion which no word adequately describes. The slightest circumstance would have

swayed it to the belief in any man's guilt; and, indeed, there were men in Stillwater quite capable of disposing of a fellow-creature for a much smaller reward than Mr. Shackford had held out. In spite of the tramp theory, a harmless tin-peddler, who had not passed through the place for weeks, was dragged from his glittering cart that afternoon, as he drove smilingly into town, and would have been roughly handled if Mr. Richard Shackford, a cousin of the deceased, had not interfered.

As the day wore on, the excitement deepened in intensity, though the expression of it became nearly reticent. It was noticed that the lamps throughout the village were lighted an hour earlier than usual. A sense of insecurity settled upon Stillwater with the falling twilight, — that nameless apprehension which is possibly more trying to the nerves than tangible danger. When a man is smitten inexplicably, as if by a bodiless hand stretched out of a cloud, — when the red slayer vanishes like a mist and leaves no faintest trace of his identity, — the mystery shrouding the deed presently becomes more appalling than the deed itself. There is something paralyzing in the thought of an invisible hand somewhere ready to strike at your life, or at some life dearer than your own. Whose hand, and where is it? Perhaps it passes you your coffee at breakfast; perhaps you have hired it to shovel the snow off your sidewalk; perhaps it has brushed against you in the crowd; or may be you have dropped a coin into the fearful palm at a street corner. Ah, the terrible unseen hand that stabs your imagination, — this immortal part of you which is a hundred times more sensitive than your poor perishable body!

In the midst of situations the most solemn and tragic there often falls a light purely farcical in its incongruity. Such a gleam was unconsciously projected upon the present crisis by Mr. Bodge,

better known in the village as Father Bodge. Mr. Bodge was stone deaf, naturally stupid, and had been nearly moribund for thirty years with asthma. Just before night-fall he had crawled, in his bewildered, wheezy fashion, down to the tavern, where he found a sombre crowd in the bar-room. Mr. Bodge ordered his mug of beer, and sat sipping it, glancing meditatively from time to time over the pewter rim at the mute assembly. Suddenly he broke out: "'S'pose you 've heerd that old Shackford's ben murdered."

So the sun went down on Stillwater. Again the great wall of pines and hemlocks made a gloom against the sky. The moon rose from behind the tree-tops, frosting their ragged edges, and then sweeping up to the zenith hung serenely above the world, as if there were never a crime, or a tear, or a heart-break in it all.

III.

On the afternoon of the following day Mr. Shackford was duly buried. The funeral, under the direction of Mr. Richard Shackford, who acted as chief mourner and was sole mourner by right of kinship, took place in profound silence. The carpenters, who had lost a day on Bishop's new stables, intermitted their sawing and hammering while the services were in progress; the steam was shut off in the iron-mills, and no clinking of the chisel was heard in the marble yard for an hour, during which many of the shops had their shutters up. Then, when all was over, the imprisoned fiend in the boilers gave a piercing shriek, the leather bands slipped on the revolving drums, the spindles leaped into life again, and the old order of things was reinstated, — outwardly, but not in effect.

In general, when the grave closes over a man his career is ended. But Mr. Shackford was never so much alive as after they had buried him. Never be-

fore had he filled so large a place in the public eye. Though invisible, he sat at every fireside. Until the manner of his death had been made clear, his ubiquitous presence was not to be exorcised. On the morning of the memorable day a reward of one hundred dollars — afterwards increased to five hundred, at the instance of Mr. Shackford's cousin — had been offered by the board of selectmen for the arrest and conviction of the guilty party. Beyond this and the unsatisfactory inquest, the authorities had done nothing, and were plainly not equal to the situation.

When it was stated, the night of the funeral, that a professional person was coming to Stillwater to look into the case, the announcement was received with a breath of relief.

The person thus vaguely described appeared on the spot the next morning. To mention the name of Edward Taggett is to mention a name well known to the detective force of the great city lying sixty miles southwest of Stillwater. Mr. Taggett's arrival sent such a thrill of expectancy through the village that Mr. Leonard Tappleton, whose obsequies occurred this day, made his exit nearly unobserved. Yet there was little in Mr. Taggett's physical aspect calculated to stir either expectation or enthusiasm: a slender man of about twenty-eight, but not looking it, with overhanging brown mustache, sparse side-whiskers, eyes of no definite color, and faintly accentuated eyebrows. He spoke precisely, and with a certain unembarrassed hesitation, as persons do who have two thoughts to one word, — if there are such persons. You might have taken him for a physician, or a journalist, or the secretary of an insurance company; but you would never have supposed him the man who had disentangled the complicated threads of the great Barnabee Bank defalcation.

Stillwater's confidence, which had risen into the nineties, fell to zero at sight of

him. "Is *that* Taggett?" they asked. That was Taggett; and presently his influence began to be felt like a sea-turn. The three Dogberrys of the watch were dispatched on secret missions, and within an hour it was ferreted out that a man in a dog-cart had been seen driving furiously up the turnpike the morning after the murder. This was an agricultural district, the road led to a market town, and teams going by in the early dawn were the rule and not the exception; but on that especial morning a furiously driven cart was significant. Jonathan Beers, who farmed the Jenks land, had heard the wheels and caught an indistinct glimpse of the vehicle as he was feeding the cattle, but with a reticence purely rustic had not been moved to mention the circumstance before.

"Taggett has got a clew," said Stillwater under its breath.

By noon Taggett had got the man, dog-cart and all. But it was only Bluf-ton's son Tom, of South Millville, who had started in hot haste that particular morning to secure medical service for his wife, of which she had sorely stood in need, as two tiny girls in a willow cradle in South Millville now bore testimony.

"I have n't been cutting down the population *much*," said Bluf-ton, with his wholesome laugh.

Thomas Bluf-ton was well known and esteemed in Stillwater, but if the crime had fastened itself upon him it would have given something like popular satisfaction.

In the course of the ensuing forty-eight hours four or five tramps were overhauled as having been in the neighborhood at the time of the tragedy; but they each had a clean story, and were let go. Then one Durgin, a workman at Slocum's Yard, was called upon to explain some half-washed-out red stains on his overalls, which he did. He had tightened the hoops on a salt-pork barrel for Mr. Shackford several days pre-

vious; the red paint on the head of the barrel was fresh, and had come off on his clothes. Dr. Weld examined the spots under a microscope, and pronounced them paint. It was manifest that Mr. Taggett meant to go to the bottom of things.

The bar-room of the Stillwater hotel was a centre of interest these nights; not only the bar-room proper, but the adjoining apartment, where the more exclusive guests took their seltzer-water and looked over the metropolitan newspapers. Twice a week a social club met here, having among its members Mr. Craggie, the postmaster, who was supposed to have a great political future, Mr. Pinkham, Lawyer Perkins, Mr. Whidden, and other respectable persons. The room was at all times in some sense private, with a separate entrance from the street, though another door, which usually stood open, connected it with the main saloon. In this was a long mahogany counter, one section of which was covered with a sheet of zinc perforated like a sieve, and kept constantly bright by restless caravans of lager-beer glasses. Directly behind that end of the counter stood a Gothic brass-mounted beer-pump, at whose faucets Mr. Snelling, the landlord, flooded you five or six mugs in the twinkling of an eye, and raised the vague expectation that he was about to grind out some popular operatic air. At the left of the pump stretched a narrow mirror, reflecting the gayly-colored wine-glasses and decanters which stood on each other's shoulders, and held up lemons, and performed various acrobatic feats on a shelf in front of it.

The fourth night after the funeral of Mr. Shackford, a dismal southeast storm caused an unusual influx of idlers in both rooms. With the rain splashing against the casements and the wind slamming the blinds, the respective groups sat discussing in a desultory way the only topic which could be discussed at present.

There had been a general strike among the workmen a fortnight before; but even that had grown cold as a topic.

"That was hard on Tom Blufton," said Stevens, emptying the ashes out of his long-stemmed clay pipe, and refilling the bowl with cut cavendish from a jar on a shelf over his head.

Michael Hennessey set down his beer-mug with an air of argumentative disgust, and drew one sleeve across his glistening beard.

"Stavens, you've as many minds as a weather-cock, jist! Did'n't you say yourself it looked mighty black for the lad when he was took?"

"I might have said something of the sort," Stevens admitted reluctantly, after a pause. "His driving round at day-break with an empty cart did have an ugly look at first."

"Indade, then."

"Not to anybody who knew Tom Blufton," interrupted Samuel Piggott, Blufton's brother-in-law. "The boy has n't a bad streak in him. It was an outrage. Might as well have suspected Parson Langly or Father O'Meara."

"If this kind of thing goes on," remarked a man in the corner with a patch over one eye, "both of them reverend gents will be hauled up, I shouldn't wonder."

"That's so, Mr. Peters," responded Durgin. "If my respectability didn't save me, who's safe?"

"Durgin is talking about his respectability! He's joking."

"Look here, Dexter," said Durgin, turning quickly on the speaker, "I'm joking only when I talk about your intelligence."

"What kind of man is Taggett, anyhow?" asked Piggott. "You saw him, Durgin."

"I believe he was at Justice Beemis's the day Blufton and I was there; but I did n't make him out in the crowd. Should n't know him from Adam."

"Stillwater's a healthy place for

tramps jest about this time," suggested somebody. "Three on 'em snaked in to-day."

"I think, gentlemen, that Mr. Taggett is on the right track there," observed Mr. Snelling, in the act of mixing another Old Holland for Mr. Peters. "Not too sweet, you said? I feel it in my bones that it was a tramp, and that Mr. Taggett will bring him yet."

"He won't find him on the highway yonder," said a tall, swarthy man named Torrini, an Italian. Nationalities clash in Stillwater. "That tramp is a thousand miles from here."

"So he is if he has any brains under his hat," returned Snelling. "But they're on the lookout for him. The minute he pawns anything, he's gone."

"Can't put up greenbacks or gold, can he? He did n't take nothing else," interposed Bishop, the veterinary surgeon.

"No jewelry nor nothing?"

"There was n't none, as I understand it," said Bishop, "except a silver watch. That was all snug under the old man's piller."

"Wanter know!" ejaculated Jonathan Beers.

"I opine, Mr. Craggie," said the school-master, standing in the inner room with a rolled-up file of the Daily Advertiser in his hand, "that the person who—who removed our worthy townsman will never be discovered."

"I should n't like to go quite so far as that, sir," answered Mr. Craggie, with that diplomatic suavity which leads to postmasterships and seats in the General Court, and has even been known to oil a dull fellow's way into Congress. "I cannot take quite so hopeless a view of it. There are difficulties, but they must be overcome, Mr. Pinkham, and I think they will be."

"Indeed, I hope so," returned the school-master. "But there are cases—are there not?—in which the—the problem, if I may so designate it, has

never been elucidated, and the persons who undertook it have been obliged to go to the foot, so to speak."

"Ah, yes, there are such cases, certainly. There was the Burdell mystery in New York, and, later, the Nathan affair — By the way, I've satisfactory theories of my own touching both. The police was baffled, and remain so. But, my dear sir, observe for a moment the difference."

Mr. Pinkham rested one finger on the edge of a little round table, and leaned forward in a respectful attitude to observe the difference.

"Those crimes were committed in a vast metropolis affording a thousand chances for escape, as well as offering a thousand temptations to the lawless. But we are a limited community. We have no professional murderers among us. The deed which has stirred society to its utmost depths was plainly done by some wayfaring amateur. Remorse has already seized upon him, if the police has n't. For the time being he escapes; but he is bound to betray himself sooner or later. If the right steps are taken, — and I have myself the greatest confidence in Mr. Taggett, — the guilty party can scarcely fail to be brought to the bar of justice, if he does n't bring himself there."

"Indeed, indeed, I hope so," repeated Mr. Pinkham.

"The investigation is being carried on very closely."

"Too closely," suggested the school-master.

"Oh dear, no," murmured Mr. Craggie. "The strictest secrecy is necessary in affairs of this delicate nature. If Tom, Dick, and Harry were taken behind the scenes," he added, with the air of not wishing to say too much, "the bottom would drop out of everything."

Mr. Pinkham shrunk from commenting on a disaster like that, and relapsed into silence. Mr. Craggie, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waist-

coat, and his legs crossed in an easy, senatorial fashion, leaned back in the chair and smiled blandly.

"I don't suppose there's nothing new, boys!" exclaimed a fat, florid man, bustling in good-naturedly at the public entrance, and leaving a straight wet trail on the sanded floor from the threshold to the polished mahogany counter. Mr. Willson was a local humorist of the Falstaffian stripe, though not so much witty in himself as the cause of wit in others.

"No, Jemmy, there is n't anything new," responded Dexter.

"I suppose you did n't hear that the ole man done somethin' handsome for me in his last will and testament."

"No, Jemmy, I don't think he has made any provision whatever for an almshouse."

"Sorry to hear that, Dexter," said Willson, absorbedly chasing a bit of lemon peel in his glass with the spoon handle, "for there is n't room for us all up at the town-farm. How's your grandmother? Finds it tol'rably comfortable?"

They are a primitive, candid people in their hours of unlaced social intercourse in Stillwater. This delicate *tu quoque* was so far from wounding Dexter that he replied carelessly, —

"Well, only so so. The old woman complains of too much chicken-sallid, and hot-house grapes all the year round."

"Mr. Shackford must have left a large property," observed Mr. Ward, of the firm of Ward & Lock, glancing up from the columns of the Stillwater Gazette. The remark was addressed to Lawyer Perkins, who had just joined the group in the reading-room.

"Fairly large," replied that gentleman crisply.

"Any public bequests?"

"None to speak of."

Mr. Craggie smiled vaguely.

"You see," said Lawyer Perkins, "there's a will and no will, — that is

to say, the fragments of what is supposed to be a will were found, and we are trying to put the pieces together. It is doubtful if we can do it; it is doubtful if we can decipher it after we have done it; and if we decipher it it is a question whether the document is valid or not."

"That is a masterly exposition of the dilemma, Mr. Perkins," said the school-master warmly.

Mr. Perkins had spoken in his courtroom tone of voice, with one hand thrust into his frilled shirt-bosom. He removed this hand for a second, as he gravely bowed to Mr. Pinkham.

"Nothing could be clearer," said Mr. Ward. "In case the paper is worthless, what then? I am not asking you in your professional capacity," he added hastily; for Lawyer Perkins had been known to send in a bill on as slight a provocation as Mr. Ward's.

"That's a point. The next of kin has his claims."

"My friend Shackford, of course," broke in Mr. Craggie. "Admirable young man! — one of my warmest supporters."

"He is the only heir at law so far as we know," said Mr. Perkins.

"Oh," said Mr. Craggie, reflecting. "The late Mr. Shackford might have had a family in Timbuctoo or the Sandwich Islands."

"That's another point."

"The fact would be a deuced unpleasant point for young Shackford to run against," said Mr. Ward.

"Exactly."

"If Mr. Lemuel Shackford," remarked Coroner Whidden, softly joining the conversation to which he had been listening in his timorous, apologetic manner, "had chanced, in the course of his early sea-faring days, to form any ties of an unhappy complexion" —

"Complexion is good," murmured Mr. Craggie. "Some Hawaiian lady!" — "perhaps that would be a branch of

the case worth investigating in connection with the homicide. A discarded wife, or a disowned son, burning with a sense of wrong" —

"Really, Mr. Whidden!" interrupted Lawyer Perkins witheringly, "it is bad enough for my client to lose his life, without having his reputation filched away from him."

"I — I will explain! I was merely supposing" —

"The law never supposes, sir!"

This threw Mr. Whidden into great mental confusion. As coroner was he not an integral part of the law, and when, in his official character, he supposed anything was not that a legal supposition? But was he in his official character now, sitting with a glass of lemonade at his elbow in the reading-room of the Stillwater hotel? Was he, or was he not, a coroner all the time? Mr. Whidden stroked an isolated tuft of hair growing low on the middle of his forehead, and glared mildly at Mr. Perkins.

"Young Shackford has gone to New York, I understand," said Mr. Ward, breaking the silence.

Mr. Perkins nodded. "Went this morning to look after the real-estate interests there. It will probably keep him a couple of weeks, — the longer the better. He was of no use here. Lemuel's death was a great shock to him, or rather the manner of it was."

"That shocked every one. They were first cousins, were n't they?" Mr. Ward was a comparatively new resident in Stillwater.

"First cousins," replied Lawyer Perkins; "but they were never very intimate, you know."

"I imagine nobody was ever very intimate with Mr. Shackford."

"My client was somewhat peculiar in his friendships."

This was stating it charitably, for Mr. Perkins knew, and every one present knew, that Lemuel Shackford had not

had the shadow of a friend in Stillwater, unless it was his cousin Richard.

A cloud of mist and rain was blown into the bar-room as the street door stood open for a second to admit a dripping figure from the outside darkness.

"What's blowed down?" asked Durgin, turning round on his stool and sending up a ring of smoke which uncurled itself with difficulty in the dense atmosphere.

"It's only some of Jeff Stavers's nonsense."

"No nonsense at all," said the new comer, as he shook the heavy beads of rain from his felt hat. "I was passing by Welch's Court—it's as black as pitch out, fellows—when slap went something against my shoulder; something like wet wings. Well, I was scared. It's a bat, says I. But the thing did n't fly off; it was still clawing at my shoulder. I put up my hand, and I'll be shot if it was n't the foremast, jib-sheet and all, of the old weather-cock on the north gable of the Shackford house! Here you are!" and the speaker tossed the broken mast, with the mimic sails dangling from it, into Durgin's lap.

A dead silence followed, for there was felt to be something weirdly significant in the incident.

"That's kinder omernous," said Mr. Peters, interrogatively.

"Ominous of what?" asked Durgin, lifting the wet mass from his knees and dropping it on the floor.

"Well, sorter queer, then."

"Where does the queer come in?" inquired Stevens, gravely. "I don't know; but I'm hit by it."

"Come, boys, don't crowd a feller," said Mr. Peters, getting restive. "I don't take the contract to explain the thing. But it does seem some way droll that the old schooner should be wrecked so soon after what has happened to the old skipper. If you don't see it, or sense it, I don't insist. What's yours, Denyven?"

The person addressed as Denyven promptly replied, with a fine sonorous English accent, "A mug of 'alf an' 'alf, —with a head on it, Snelling."

At the same moment Mr. Craggie, in the inner room, was saying to the school-master, —

"I must really take issue with you there, Mr. Pinkham. I admit there's a good deal in spiritualism which we have n't got at yet; the science is in its infancy; it is still attached to the bosom of speculation. It is a beautiful science, that of psychological phenomena, and the spiritualists will yet become an influential class of" — Mr. Craggie was going to say voters, but glided over it — "persons. I believe in clairvoyance myself to a large extent. Before my appointment to the post-office I had it very strong. I've no doubt that in the far future this mysterious factor will be made great use of in criminal cases; but at present I should resort to it only in the last extremity, — the very last extremity, Mr. Pinkham!"

"Oh, of course," said the school-master depreciatingly. "I threw it out only as the merest suggestion. I should n't think of — of — you understand me?"

"Is it beyond the dreams of probability," said Mr. Craggie, appealing to Lawyer Perkins, "that clairvoyants may eventually be introduced into cases in our courts?"

"They are now," said Mr. Perkins, with a snort, — "the police bring 'em in."

Mr. Craggie finished the remainder of his glass of sherry in silence, and presently rose to go. Coroner Whidden and Mr. Ward had already gone. The guests in the public room were thinning out; a gloom, indefinable and shapeless like the night, seemed to have fallen upon the few that lingered. At a somewhat earlier hour than usual the gas was shut off in the Stillwater hotel.

In the lonely house in Welch's Court a light was still burning.

IV.

A sorely perplexed man sat there, bending over his papers by the lamp-light. Mr. Taggett had established himself at the Shackford house on his arrival, preferring it to the hotel, where he would have been subjected to the curiosity of the guests and to endless annoyances. Up to this moment, perhaps not a dozen persons in the place had had more than a passing glimpse of him. He was a very busy man, working at his desk from morning until night, and then taking only a brief walk, for exercise, in some unfrequented street. His meals were sent in from the hotel to the Shackford house, where the constables reported to him, and where he held protracted conferences with Justice Bee-mis, Coroner Whidden, Lawyer Perkins, and a few others, and declined to be interviewed by the local editor.

To the outside eye that weather-stained, faded old house appeared a throbbing seat of esoteric intelligence. It was as if a hundred invisible magnetic threads converged to a focus under that roof and incessantly clicked out the most startling information, — information which was never by any chance allowed to pass beyond the charmed circle. As nothing came of it all, this secrecy grew exasperating. The pile of letters which the mail brought to Mr. Taggett every morning — chiefly anonymous suggestions, and offers of assistance from lunatics in remote cities — was enough in itself to exasperate a community.

Covertly at first, and then openly, Stillwater began seriously to question Mr. Taggett's method of working up the case. The Gazette, in a double-leaded leader, went so far as to compare him to a bird with fine feathers and no song, and to suggest that perhaps the bird might have sung if the inducement offered had been more substantial. A

singer of Mr. Taggett's plumage was not to be caught by such chaff as five hundred dollars. Having killed his man, the editor proceeded to remark that he would suspend judgment until next week.

As if to make perfect the bird comparison, Mr. Taggett, after keeping the public in suspense for six days and nights, abruptly flew away, with all the little shreds and straws of evidence he had picked up, to build his nest elsewhere.

The defection of Mr. Taggett caused a mild panic among a certain portion of the inhabitants, who were not reassured by the statement in the Gazette that the case would now be placed in the proper hands, — the hands of the county constabulary. "Within a few days," said the editor in conclusion, "the matter will undoubtedly be cleared up. At present we cannot say more;" and it would have puzzled him very much to do so.

A week passed, and no fresh light was thrown upon the catastrophe, nor did anything occur to ruffle the usual surface of life in the village. A man — it was Torrini, the Italian — got hurt in Dana's iron foundry; one of Bluf-ton's twin girls died; and Mr. Slocum took on a new hand from out of town. That was all. Stillwater was the Stillwater of a year ago, with always the exception of that shadow lying upon it, and the fact that small boys who had kindling to get in were careful to get it in before night-fall. It would appear that the late Mr. Shackford had acquired a habit of lingering around wood-piles after dark, and also of stealing into bed-chambers, where little children were obliged to draw the sheets over their heads in order not to see him.

The action of the county constabulary had proved quite as mysterious and quite as barren of result as Mr. Taggett's had been. They had worn his mantle of secrecy, and arrested his tramps over again.

Another week dragged by, and the editorial prediction seemed as far as ever from fulfillment. But on the afternoon which closed that fortnight a very singular thing did happen. Mr. Slocum was sitting alone in his office, which occupied the whole of a small building at the right of the main gate to the marble works, when the door behind him softly opened and a young man, whose dress covered with stone-dust indicated his vocation, appeared on the threshold. He hesitated a second, and then stepped into the room. Mr. Slocum turned round with a swift, apprehensive air.

"You gave me a start! I believe I have n't any nerves left. Well?"

"Mr. Slocum, I have found the man."

The proprietor of the marble yard half rose from the desk in his agitation.

"Who is it?" he asked beneath his breath.

The same doubt or irresolution which had checked the workman at the threshold seemed again to have taken possession of him. It was fully a moment before he gained the mastery over himself; but the mastery was complete; for he leaned forward gravely, almost coldly, and pronounced two words. A quick pallor overspread Mr. Slocum's features.

"Good God!" he said, sinking back into the chair. "Are you mad!"

V.

The humblest painter of real life, if he could have his desire, would select a picturesque background for his figures; but events have an inexorable fashion of choosing their own landscape. In the present instance it is reluctantly conceded that there are few uglier or more commonplace towns in New England than Stillwater,—a straggling, overgrown village, with whose rural aspects are curiously blended something of the grimness and squalor of certain shabby city neighborhoods. Being of compar-

atively recent date, the place has none of those colonial associations which, like sprigs of lavender in an old chest of drawers, are a saving grace to other quite as dreary nooks and corners.

Here and there at what is termed the West End is a neat brick mansion with garden attached, where nature asserts herself in dahlias and china-asters; but the houses are mostly frame houses that have taken a prevailing dingy tint from the breath of the tall chimneys which dominate the village. The sidewalks in the more aristocratic quarter are covered with a thin, elastic paste of asphalt, worn down to the gravel in patches, and emitting in the heat of the day an astringent, bituminous odor. The population is chiefly of the rougher sort, such as breeds in the shadow of foundries and factories, and if the Protestant pastor and the fatherly Catholic priest, whose respective lots are cast there, have sometimes the sense of being missionaries dropped in the midst of a purely savage community, the delusion is not wholly unreasonable.

The irregular heaps of scoria that have accumulated in the vicinity of the iron works give the place an illusive air of antiquity; but it is neither ancient nor picturesque. The oldest and most pictorial thing in Stillwater is probably the marble yard, around three sides of which the village may be said to have sprouted up rankly, bearing here and there an industrial blossom in the shape of an iron-mill or a cardigan-jacket manufactory. Rowland Slocum, a man of considerable refinement, great kindness of heart, and no force, inherited the yard from his father, and at the period this narrative opens (the summer of 187—) was its sole proprietor and nominal manager, the actual manager being Richard Shackford, a prospective partner in the business and the betrothed of Mr. Slocum's daughter Margaret.

Forty years ago every tenth person in Stillwater was either a Shackford or a

Slocum. Twenty years later both names were nearly extinct there. That fatality which seems to attend certain New England families had stripped every leaf but two from the Shackford branch. These were Lemuel Shackford then about forty-six, and Richard Shackford, aged four. Lemuel Shackford had laid up a competency as ship-master in the New York and Calcutta trade, and in 1852 had returned to his native village, where he found his name and stock represented only by little Dick, a very cheerful orphan, who stared complacently with blue eyes at fate, and made mud-pies in the lane whenever he could elude the vigilance of the kindly old woman who had taken him under her roof. This atom of humanity, by some strange miscalculation of nature, was his cousin.

The strict devotion to his personal interests which had enabled Mr. Shackford to acquire a fortune thus early caused him to look askance at a penniless young kinsman with stockings down at heel, and a straw hat three sizes too large for him set on the back of his head. But Mr. Shackford was ashamed to leave little Dick a burden upon the hands of a poor woman of no relationship whatever to the child; so little Dick was transferred to that dejected house which has already been described, and was then known as the Sloper house.

Here, for three or four years, Dick grew up, as neglected as a weed, and every inch as happy. It should be mentioned that for the first year or so a shock-headed Cicily from the town-farm had apparently been hired not to take care of him. But Dick asked nothing better than to be left to his own devices, which, moreover, were innocent enough. He would sit all day in the lane at the front gate pottering with a bit of twig or a case-knife in the soft clay. From time to time passers-by observed that the child was not making mud-pies, but tracing figures, comic or grotesque as

might happen, and always quite wonderful for their lack of resemblance to anything human. That patch of reddish-brown clay was his sole resource, his slate, his drawing-book, and woe to anybody who chanced to walk over little Dick's arabesques. Patient and gentle in his acceptance of the world's rebuffs, this he would not endure. He was afraid of Mr. Shackford, yet one day, when the preoccupied man happened to trample on a newly executed hieroglyphic, the child rose to his feet white with rage, his fingers clenched, and such a blue fire flashing in his eyes that Mr. Shackford drew back aghast.

"Why, it's a little devil!"

While Shackford junior was amusing himself with his primitive bas-reliefs, Shackford senior amused himself with his lawsuits. From the hour when he returned to the town until the end of his days Mr. Shackford was up to his neck in legal difficulties. Now he resisted a betterment assessment, and fought the town; now he secured an injunction on the Miantowona Iron Works, and fought the corporation. He was understood to have a perpetual case in equity before the Marine Court in New York, to which city he made frequent and unannounced journeys. His immediate neighbors stood in terror of him. He was like a duelist, on the alert to twist the slightest thing into a *casus belli*. The law was his rapier, his recreation, and he was willing to bleed for it.

Meanwhile that fairy world of which every baby becomes a Columbus so soon as it is able to walk remained an undiscovered continent to little Dick. Grim life looked in upon him as he lay in the cradle. The common joys of childhood were a sealed volume to him. A single incident of those years lights up the whole situation. A vague rumor had been blown to Dick of a practice of hanging up stockings at Christmas. It struck his materialistic mind as rather a senseless thing to do; but nevertheless

he resolved to try it. He lay awake a long while in the frosty darkness, skeptically waiting for something remarkable to happen; once he crawled out of the cot-bed and groped his way to the chimney place. The next morning he was scarcely disappointed at finding nothing in the piteous little stocking, except the original holes.

The years that stole silently over the heads of the old man and the young child in Welch's Court brought a period of wild prosperity to Stillwater. The breath of war blew the forges to a white heat, and the baffling problem of the mediæval alchemists was solved. The baser metals were transmuted into gold. A disastrous, prosperous time, with the air rent periodically by the cries of newsboys as battles were fought, and by the roll of the drum in the busy streets as fresh recruits were wanted. Glory and death to the Southward, and at the North pale women in black.

All which interested Dick mightily little. After he had learned to read at the district school, he escaped into another world. Two lights were now generally seen burning of a night in the Shackford house: one on the ground-floor, where Mr. Shackford sat mouthing his contracts and mortgages, and weaving his webs like a great, lean, gray spider, and the other in the north gable, where Dick hung over a tattered copy of Robinson Crusoe by the flicker of the candle-ends which he had captured during the day.

Little Dick was little Dick no more: a tall, heavily built blonde boy, with a quiet, sweet disposition, that at first offered temptations to the despots of the playground; but a sudden flaring up once or twice of that unexpected spirit which had broken out in his babyhood brought him immunity from serious persecution.

The boy's home life at this time would have seemed pathetic to an observer, — the more pathetic, perhaps, in that Dick

himself was not aware of its exceptional barrenness. The holidays that bring new brightness to the eyes of happier children were to him simply days when he did not go to school, and was expected to provide an extra quantity of kindling wood. He was housed, and fed, and clothed, after a fashion, but not loved. Mr. Shackford did not ill-treat the lad, in the sense of beating him; he merely neglected him. Every year the man became more absorbed in his law cases and his money, which accumulated magically. He dwelt in a cloud of calculations. Though all his interests attached him to the material world, his dry, attenuated body seemed scarcely a part of it.

"Shackford, what are you going to do with that scapegrace of yours?"

It was Mr. Leonard Tappleton who ventured the question. Few persons dared to interrogate Mr. Shackford on his private affairs.

"I am going to make a lawyer of him," said Mr. Shackford, crackling his finger-joints like stiff parchment.

"You could n't do better. You *ought* to have an attorney in the family."

"Just so," assented Mr. Shackford, dryly. "I could throw a bit of business in his way now and then, — eh?"

"You could make his fortune, Shackford. I don't see but you might employ him all the time. When he was not fighting the corporations, you might keep him at it suing you for his fees."

"Very good, very good indeed," responded Mr. Shackford, with a smile in which his eyes took no share; it was merely a momentary curling up of crisp wrinkles. He did not usually smile at other people's pleasantries; but when a person worth three or four hundred thousand dollars condescends to indulge a joke, it is not to be passed over like that of a poor relation. "Yes, yes," muttered the old man, as he stooped and picked up a pin, adding it to a row of similarly acquired pins which gave the

left lapel of his threadbare coat the appearance of a miniature harp, "I shall make a lawyer of him."

It had long been settled in Mr. Shackford's mind that Richard, so soon as he had finished his studies, should enter the law-office of Blandmann & Sharpe, a firm of rather sinister reputation in South Millville.

At fourteen Richard's eyes had begun to open on the situation; at fifteen he saw very clearly; and one day, without much preliminary formulating of his plan, he decided on a step that had been taken by every male Shackford as far back as tradition preserves the record of the family.

A friendship had sprung up between Richard and one William Durgin, a school-mate. This Durgin was a sallow, brooding boy, a year older than himself. The two lads were antipodal in disposition, intelligence, and social standing; for though Richard went poorly clad, the reflection of his cousin's wealth gilded him. Durgin was the son of a washerwoman. An intimacy between the two would perhaps have been unlikely but for one fact: it was Durgin's mother who had given little Dick a shelter at the period of his parents' death. Though the circumstance did

not lie within the pale of Richard's personal memory, he acknowledged the debt by rather insisting on Durgin's friendship. It was William Durgin, therefore, who was elected to wait upon Mr. Shackford on a certain morning which found that gentleman greatly disturbed by an unprecedented occurrence, — Richard had slept out of the house the previous night.

Durgin was the bearer of a note which Mr. Shackford received in some astonishment, and read deliberately, blinking with weak eyes behind his glasses. Having torn off the blank page and laid it aside for his own more economical correspondence (the rascal had actually used a whole sheet to write ten words!), Mr. Shackford turned, and with the absorbed air of a naturalist studying some abnormal insect gazed over the steel bow of his spectacles at Durgin.

"Skit!"

Durgin hastily retreated.

"There's a poor lawyer saved," muttered the old man, taking down his overcoat from a peg behind the door, and snapping off a shred of lint on the collar with his lean forefinger. Then his face relaxed, and an odd grin diffused a kind of wintry glow over it.

Richard had run away to sea.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE LOST OCCASION.

SOME die too late and some too soon,
At early morning, heat of noon,
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,
Whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,
With all the massive strength that fills
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
With rarest gifts of heart and head
From manliest stock inherited,
New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian;

Whom no one met, at first, but took
 A second awed and wondering look
 (As turned, perchance, the eyes of Greece
 On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece);
 Whose words, in simplest home-spun clad,
 The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,
 With power reserved at need to reach
 The Roman forum's loftiest speech,
 Sweet with persuasion, eloquent
 In passion, cool in argument,
 Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes
 As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,
 Crushing as if with Talus' flail
 Through Error's logic-woven mail,
 And failing only when they tried
 The adamant of the righteous side, —
 Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved
 Of old friends, by the new deceived,
 Too soon for us, too soon for thee,
 Beside thy lonely Northern sea,
 Where long and low the marsh-lands spread,
 Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
 Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow, —
 The late-sprung mine that underlaid
 Thy sad concessions vainly made.
 Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's wall
 The star-flag of the Union fall,
 And armed Rebellion pressing on
 The broken lines of Washington!
 No stronger voice than thine had then
 Called out the utmost might of men,
 To make the Union's charter free
 And strengthen law by liberty.
 How had that stern arbitrament
 To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,
 Shaming ambition's paltry prize
 Before thy disillusioned eyes;
 Breaking the spell about thee wound
 Like the green withes that Samson bound;
 Redeeming, in one effort grand,
 Thyself and thy imperiled land!
 Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
 O sleeper by the Northern sea,
 The gates of opportunity!

God fills the gaps of human need,
 Each crisis brings its word and deed.
 Wise men and strong we did not lack;

But still, with memory turning back,
 In the dark hours we thought of thee,
 And thy lone grave beside the sea.
 Above that grave the east winds blow,
 And from the marsh-lands drifting slow
 The sea-fog comes, with evermore
 The wave-wash of a lonely shore,
 And sea-bird's melancholy cry,
 As Nature fain would typify
 The sadness of a closing scene,
 The loss of that which should have been.
 But, where thy native mountains bare
 Their foreheads to diviner air,
 Fit emblem of enduring fame,
 One lofty summit keeps thy name.
 For thee the cosmic forces did
 The rearing of that pyramid,
 The prescient ages shaping with
 Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.
 Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
 With hands of light their benison,
 The stars of midnight pause to set
 Their jewels in its coronet.
 And evermore that mountain mass
 Seems climbing from the shadowy pass
 To light, as if to manifest
 Thy nobler self, thy life at best!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

“WOMEN like her,” said Sainte-Beuve, speaking of Madame Roland, “will always make themselves a place, but they will always be exceptional.”

I have sometimes thought that the whole truth about the hackneyed matter of the “higher education,” the whole philosophy of what is unpleasantly called the *woman question*, is summed up in these words. Men of original intellectual force, creators, organizers, directors, whether of human thought or human affairs, are not common; but women of this type are a great deal less common than men. It is worth while to

make arrangements on a large scale for the careful and costly training of boys, which it would be foolish and extravagant to make for girls; because in the one case there is a probability that the proportion to the whole of those who are worthy of such training, though small, will be sufficient to repay the outlay, and in the other there is no such probability. The woman of genius, when she comes, must make her own place, and Sainte-Beuve tells us and experience shows us that she will. And when the lack of severe training is apparent in the productions of such a woman, we

may partially console ourselves by reflecting that she, probably, of all gifted creatures, can best dispense with formal discipline. Heaven itself cannot hinder that her genius should be *feminine*, — that is to say, of the kind which appropriates unconsciously, which divines mysteriously, which combines and arranges with an instinctive but invincible sense of harmony and proportion. And it would sometimes seem as if the free flowering of such a genius were actually checked, and its finest results distorted, by a too assiduous external enrichment. Witness the infinite asides in Daniel Deronda.

It is proposed here to give some account of the life and works of one woman whose gift was undoubtedly of this distinguished order, but who was not very widely known while she lived, even in her own country, and who has remained for a generation almost entirely impersonal to the few who have had the discernment to delight in a part of her work, through the medium of an unusually awkward translation.

In the earliest years of the present century, a little girl named Henrietta Wach was passing an extraordinarily dreary childhood in a small and plain apartment in Berlin. Her father was a member of the military council, a man of good education and excellent judgment of affairs, but stern and domineering in his family, and deeply prejudiced, especially against anything which savored of "high notions," or literary or social ambition on the part of children of the middle class, like his own. His wife was a gentle, pious, refined, and sensitive soul, who lived in patient subjugation to her Philistine lord; and there were two children besides Henrietta, an elder girl and a boy.

Agreeably to the simple fashion of the times, they all lived and ate in one huge room with a long table in the centre. Her father had also a writing-table at one of the windows, and enforced

silence in all the room while he was at work there. The mother, however, used to teach the little girls in whispers how to knit and sew, and also reading, spelling, writing, and the rudiments of geography and French, — a curriculum which Herr Wach considered quite adequate to their prospects, and commensurate with their powers. In the evening a single lamp was lighted at the end of the long table, and the domestic tyrant arranged his books and papers about it; while within the range of its longer and feebler rays came the quiet wife with her darning or knitting, and the one maid-servant with her spinning-wheel, to the whirr of which the councilor of war had apparently accustomed himself.

But little Henrietta took a foot-stool into the darkest corner of the room, and turning her back upon the speechless group about the lamp told stories to herself the livelong evening hours, — built and furnished an imaginary world, and acted in high scenes of splendor, difficulty, and danger. After all, it was probably from the self-repressed as well as repressive father that she derived her powerful imagination; for there were evenings when he deigned to suspend his own labors long enough to relate to the family, in simple but exceedingly grave and impressive language, stories of wonderful dreams, his own and those of others, and of their fulfillment.

The elder daughter, Caroline, married very young, and seems never to have risen above the grade of a notable German housewife; but even the father's despotic will was powerless to confine the other two within these humble and homely limits. The boy, William Wach, early showed a remarkable taste for drawing, which he was very reluctantly allowed to cultivate; and the crisis of Henrietta's overshadowed childhood came when her brother opened a studio under their father's roof. That studio became a place of perpetual refuge to our little girl, — a haven of dreamy de-

light. Here she too studied art, or at least imbibed it, and became familiar with the works and lives of the great masters; and the endless succession of rich, romantic *pictures*, which constitutes one great charm of her writings, the affluence and splendor of color, and perfect fitness in all her details of architecture, costume, and household decoration, show how strong must have been her own native artistic aptitudes.

And in the studio, as her brother began to be known, and to receive distinguished visitors and orders, the shy but watchful damsel obtained her first glimpses of that *grand monde* whose external forms were so much more to her taste than those amid which she had been reared. Here the kindly Princess William of Prussia saw her and discerned her rare quality, and became her patroness in such fashion as one may patronize so proud a creature, and her life-long and devoted friend. The great lady would have the girl taught music, especially harmony, and her beautiful voice cultivated, so that presently she was singing the lyrics that she loved best to airs of her own making, and of a singular sweetness and simplicity. It was now what the German writers call the "Franzosenzeit." French ideas and fashions were being diffused everywhere, at the very time that the land was collecting all its energies to resist the encroachments of the dread revolutionary power. It was one of those seasons of great mental quickening and a general exaltation of purpose and feeling, in which fictitious barriers are broken down and conventionalities lose their authority; and the Princess William found it easier then than she ever could have done at any previous time to carry out her enthusiastic plans for the young girl in whom she had taken so strong an interest, — to furnish her with accomplishments, to bring her within reach of some of the pleasures proper to her age, and to form her manners by the frequent sight

of elegant society. A sudden and marked improvement took place at this time in Henrietta's very appearance. She had been a plain child, — overgrown and of a sickly complexion; but now, on her recovery from a severe and for a time dangerous illness, her coloring became brilliantly fair, her tall figure assumed the dignity for which it was ever afterwards remarkable; her long hands were exquisitely molded, and her sensitive and changeful features never lost in any phase their peculiar nobility of expression.

Yet, while enjoying intensely the sudden widening of her life, she remained steadfastly and most tenderly faithful to her parents and her comparatively obscure home. The strongest sentiment of her nature, that which permeates every page which she afterwards wrote, and imparts a peculiar beauty to her delineation of all human relations, but especially those of sovereign and subject, is the ancient, let us pray, not antiquated, sentiment of loyalty. Add to this a deep-seated and, so to speak, religious reverence for the existing order of things, as expressing in general terms the will of the rightful Ruler of us all, and that especially firm conviction that the place of all women, save the very few, must necessarily be in the shadow, which made her almost afraid of her own fame when it came to her, and we see how it was that her heart was not hardened, nor her head turned, when the beckoning of a royal finger drew her a little way out of her natural sphere. She became more patient and punctilious than ever in the discharge of her many humble duties in the home household. "Have I left anything undone?" she would say coaxingly to her father, when he fretted over her introduction to gay scenes and great people; and the stern parent was fain to confess that hers was indeed the faithfulness in few things, which alone qualifies for the rulership over many.

When the war of 1813 broke out, the girl was quite carried away by patriotic enthusiasm. She urged her nearest and dearest into the field with all the unscrupulous fervor of her precocious eloquence. She pined for self-sacrifice. We are told that her first great shock and sorrow befell her in the early part of the war, and that the idol of her girlish heart was one of its first victims. We do not know his name, and Henrietta could hardly then have passed her seventeenth year; but she was not like other girls, and it may be that certain possibilities of passion in her were actually spent forever in that high-wrought and fateful season, and that the subsequent marriage of convenience, which seems so incongruous with all else which we know about her, may have been rendered easier to her by that premature experience. It is certain that for the few years succeeding the epoch of the Holy Alliance she lived once more in great retirement, studying much, especially history, for which she had always an ardent interest and affection, and beginning to write, but only religious "meditations" as yet, or formless poems, — crude fragments, full of vague promise, one cannot doubt, but unworthy to live, and therefore most wisely destroyed.

She was apparently about twenty-four — for her solitary biographer withholds exact dates with a prim delicacy which we are half tempted to regret and half to admire — when she was married to Major Paalzow, an army officer, and went to live on a remote estate in Westphalia, completely sundered from her beloved family and all the more or less congenial Berlin circle. Of the man her husband we know almost nothing, except that his name sounds Slavic. Why did she marry him? It was thought an eligible alliance; her great friends approved and her parents strongly desired the marriage, and to this grand but most womanly creature submission of judg-

ment and the sacrifice of personal feeling were always fatally easy. "I had had one heavy loss," she used to say long afterward, "and I thought that I had given up being happy myself, but that I might still make another so."

It can hardly be necessary to say that she made a profound mistake. The world was never indulged with the story of her five or six succeeding years. It is even difficult to discern any reflection of that silent time in the finely objective romances which the woman afterwards produced, unless, indeed, it be in the brief, restrained, but none the less intense passages, where she depicted, twenty years later, the brutal tyranny of Jacob over Angela, and the sacred self-respect which would not allow the wife to be wholly crushed thereby.

It is certain that when, at the age of thirty, Madame Paalzow returned to Berlin and took up her abode with her then widowed mother, the sad dignity of her bearing, her quiet unselfishness and resolute preference for a strictly retired life, soon silenced every slanderous whisper, and secured her not only the support and approbation of her personal friends, but the respect of the whole community. Madame Paalzow's mother lived two years after her daughter's return, and when her gentle eyes were closed forever the sister and the artist brother turned to each other, and realized that the time had come for the fulfillment of one of their childish dreams. They made themselves a small and modest but exquisite home together, which they adorned with the infallible taste for which both were remarkable, and where they received, in a quiet way, the best society of Berlin; and how good that society was in the days of William von Humboldt's ministry — always, by the way, a warm friend of both the brother and sister — it is not needful here to explain.

"Not in struggle and bereavement, therefore," says our lady's stately and slightly sentimental biographer, "but in

harmonious repose, was her poetic talent born."

For now, first in her ripe age, Madame Paalzow began systematically, but still shyly and almost fearfully, to write. Her labor of love was presently interrupted by a terrible illness, requiring in the end a severe and doubtful surgical operation. She concealed her sufferings even from her most intimate friends to the last possible moment, and bore her great trial and slow convalescence with the most cheerful fortitude; and it was when she joined the family circle for the first time after her long confinement that she produced and diffidently proposed to read aloud for their amusement the manuscript of *Godwie Castle*.

This was in 1835, and the story was inevitably of the high romantic type, — of the school of Scott and Miss Porter and the author of the *Inheritance*, but differing from the works of these familiar writers by an unmistakable flavor of Teutonic sentiment. It abounded in elaborate descriptions, remarkable incidents, and the most sublimated moral sentiments. It entered and took possession of an old historic epoch in a land alien to the author, and of the names and characters of famous sovereigns and statesmen, with a cheerful assurance, an innocent absorption in the merely picturesque and artistic value of these names and scenes, most amazing to one in whom has been to any degree cultivated the anxious, not to say fussy, historical conscience of the present day. Yet there is a great deal to be said for the old-fashioned historical novel, preposterous as it seems when judged by the standards of modern criticism. Its broad and simple outlines were in the main truthful, just as popular traditions are and will always be, and they left a distinct impression on the mind; while the heated and infinite pleadings on this side and on that, and the labored realism in trivial things now in vogue, either make us partisans about the past, or de-

prive us of all historic views whatsoever. Moreover, the slightly conventionalized figures of old kings and queens and ministers, in the gay and grand trappings about which there can be no mistake, have, so to speak, a decorative effect in literature which the anatomical studies of Kingsley and George Eliot, valuable as these may be for scientific purposes, will never attain. Those great writers in *Hypatia*, *Amyas Leigh*, and *Romola*, and Tennyson in the *Idyls*, have thoroughly informed certain figures of the past with the intellectual and spiritual life of the present, — the strife and confusion, the passion and pathos, of to-day. They have given us studies of transcendent power and beauty, and such as are naturally very touching to readers of this generation. The work of the old-fashioned historical novelist is infinitely easier than theirs, and has, by comparison, as has been hinted, a certain Japanese freedom and simplicity; but it is still a question whether the writers of the new school teach us more of actual history than those of the old.

To return to *Godwie Castle*. The verisimilitude of the tale is especially impaired to English readers by the fact that the scene of it is laid wholly in England, and the author makes those rather droll mistakes, in little things, about English manners and customs which are like foreign idioms in conversation. The very name of *Godwie Castle* is of course impossible, and it is to be feared that the castle itself is so, sumptuous and fairy-like though its aspect be. Madame Paalzow will insist upon scattering broadcast the title of count, and bestowing that of countess upon every daughter of a noble family, and linking a baronet's title with a surname, — *Sir Ramsey* and *Sir Grafton*. England, she often said, was her favorite dream-land; everything English was invested with a romantic charm to her, and there is a little something of the grotesqueness and inconsequence of dreams in all her English delineations.

Yet when every allowance and abatement have been made, we must concede even to our author's first effort a singular and persistent charm. The book has fervor and "go," strength and consistency of plot, and a never-failing aptness and affluence of incident. It shows also in a few of its personages, in the spirited scenes which introduce James I. and Buckingham, and in the characters of Lady Mary and the younger duchess, a slight but quite sufficient indication of that power of profound and subtle characterization which distinguishes her greatest work, Thomas Thyrnau. But of the delightful humor which irradiates the whole texture of the last-named tale, like a gold thread inwoven with a heavy fabric, there is hardly a gleam in Godwie Castle. Madame Paalzow's manner in this first book is uniformly and at times rather distressingly stately. She must have fancied at that period that a witticism would be a breach of literary etiquette.

But in what our author's biographer justly describes as the then ebb-tide of imaginative literature, the book made in Berlin and at the Prussian court a great sensation. Naturally, the friends to whom it was confided during that happy time of convalescence demanded that it should be given to the world, and the author yielded to an anonymous publication with an amount of prudish reluctance and solemn coyness as evidently sincere as it seems mysterious in these days of perpetual print.

It was a great relief to her to be ordered to Cologne for the more complete restoration of her health, and to hide from the eyes of her inquisitive Berliners during that first agitating year. Thither rumor pursued, and there discovery lighted on her. Her old patroness, the Princess William, now the senior princess of that title, was overjoyed at the exploit of her protégée, reveled in the book herself, and petted its favorable critics and snubbed those who were

unfavorable, like a true friend and a grand lady, as she was. The novel was read aloud in the palace. The crown-prince deigned to find in it a genealogical error or two (he need not, by the way, have been divinely illuminated in the history of the Stuarts to do that), and the good princess graciously sent to Madame Paalzow in Cologne both her own and the court preacher Strauss's theory concerning the *Grund-idee* of the romance. Her own was deliciously royal and deliciously German, as follows:—

"Your idea probably was to consider under two aspects the conventions of distinguished society: first, as the natural form and embodiment of the noblest Christian life; but then, on the other hand, as the very instruments of divine chastisement, as capable of ruining a whole life where they oppose themselves to the fulfillment of any duty, as in this book, to that of openness in love. The form must be subordinate to the duty. Courtesy, in the true meaning of the word, is an expression of honorable relations. It must be such if it would mirror the being. Outward forms are but laws which remind us how it should be within. . . . [You wanted to illustrate] the mistakes to which women are most liable in distinguished relations, and that men sin by despising conventionalities, and women by rating them above duty. Was not this your thought?"

Thus advised, Madame Paalzow, in her reply, continues the development of her *Grund-idee*, in a manner altogether ingenious and creditable, when we consider that, in the beginning, she very possibly had none. "A woman and a *dilettante*," she says very justly, "must write in her own character. It is at once her strength and her limitation. I had scruples about my very wish to make myself known in writing. I dreaded to fathom all the conditions of life. I had experienced much that was sad, but nothing common or ignoble. . . . The

noblest and best of men commit little errors, accumulate trifling offenses, and never suspect how life itself is leading their mistakes to those developments which we call misfortunes. This was my ruling idea. A failure in trust and openness I considered the greatest and gravest of all errors. The younger Duchess of Nottingham illustrates this principle. In the elder duchess, I preserved for myself and my brother and sister the memory of our mother. It did not disturb me," she adds, with true dignity, "that my character was a princess. Her manners were such as are necessary to all noble human beings. I never saw anything else in either of my parents, and it was from my brother that I first learned that the higher classes regard such ways as peculiarly their own."

She permits herself to be a little amused that some one of her critics, perhaps the court preacher, should have thought that she wrote her book to advocate a certain theory of female education, but confesses that she had had many thoughts about the proper value in society of the beauty of women: "how men might tell them of it in such a way as to make them innocently and sacredly conscious of it," and "how a false denial and vain attempt at unconsciousness often lead the soul to its first lie."

Madame Paalzow's marked and almost exclusive preference for the delin-eation of high life, and indeed the highest, exposed her, now and then, as long as she wrote, to especially ill-natured criticism. She was, in fact, what so many of the finest and truest women are, an aristocrat independently of her birth, but she had always the same simple and conclusive defense against insinuations of snobbishness. The presence of a pride like hers excludes petty vanity. It was her gentle but firm self-respect which enabled her to bend gracefully before the somewhat unreasonable compliments which her book received, even

after it had become the fashion in high places to compliment her, and Alexander von Humboldt himself had said to her, as she owns to her publisher, "more good things than I could possibly repeat to you," — to bend, but instantly to recover her upright poise. She even felt satisfied, for a little while after the publication of *Godwie Castle*, that she should write no more.

"Meanwhile," she says, still to her publisher, Joseph Max, between whom and herself the relation seems always to have been most honorable and friendly, "not the slightest desire stirs within me to give anything more to the world. I feel precisely as quiet and solitary as I did before, and wait for what may come, and fear only one thing, namely, *that I should become too anxious and critical about myself*. You may imagine how often I am asked what I am now writing; and always and to everybody I return the same answer, 'I am not a professional writer;' I have not the gushing talent [*sprudelende Talent*, — charming phrase!] which demands constant expression, and I could never, by any possibility, sit me down and say, 'Now I will write a book.' This one book had to be written; but now I will wait and see whether in my declining years [she was then about forty] I experience any new impulse to production. I have, be sure, neither will nor power in the matter, and God preserve me from the blindness of wanting to produce more because I seem once to have succeeded!"

It is only genius which can be thus tranquil and docile. Mere talent wearies itself with effort, and is careful and troubled about many things. There was no reason to fear, in Madame Paalzow's case, that the first impulse to production, even though it came so late, — even less, perhaps, because it came so late, — would be the last. Her next attempt was a drama and not entirely successful; that is to say, it was never

acted, but consigned to a fine mausoleum in the shape of one of the gilded "annuals," then so much in fashion. But the enthusiasm for Maria Theresa and her epoch, which had suggested the time and circumstances of this little play of Maria Nadasti, found fuller scope four years later in Thomas Thyrnau. In the intervening period she wrote and published *Sainte-Roche*.

Alexander von Humboldt, while earnestly advising Madame Paalzow to write another romance, had said, with a smile: "Of course it will not be as good as the first. You must make up your mind to that, and then the fact will not distress you." It was a friendly remark, and showed a fine understanding of the lady's character. But *Sainte-Roche* is unquestionably a greater book than *Godwie Castle*, and a much more entertaining one. It has the intense, intangible, and almost preternatural fascination which belongs to the best books of the technically romantic school,—to the five or six of the *Waverley Novels* which everybody still loves and knows by heart, to George Sand's *Snow-Man*, and with some slight difference to the *Magic Ring of Fouqué*. Madame Paalzow's extraordinary power of grasping political situations and following the intricate windings of diplomacy is finely exemplified in her pictures of the court of Louis XIV., where, as a native of the European continent, she was really so much more at home than in that of James I. Her peculiar picturesqueness, too, that quality which belonged to her as a born artist, and by virtue of which all her scenes, and particularly her interiors, became so original, so distinct, so rich and full and exquisitely fit, shines brightly here.

In *Sainte-Roche* our author essays the development of an extremely intricate plot, and, for the first time, the delineation of complex and exceptional types of character,—the weakness, which is worse in its results than downright

wickedness, of Leonin, the blending of infantile softness with a truly sublime courage and constancy in Fennimore. In all this she is wonderfully successful; nevertheless, *Sainte-Roche* has an enormous fault of construction, which greatly mars its effect as a work of art. A thoroughly Greek conception of a tragic and mysterious family doom seems to have possessed, and to a degree overpowered and confused, Madame Paalzow's imagination. She begins one story, and by the time we are fairly absorbed in the fortunes of its heroine, that is to say, in the middle of the first of the inevitable three little quartos, she suddenly retires into the previous century, and introduces us to the bewitching grandmother of this girl. The strange history of the race in all its ramifications is faithfully and minutely traced from this point through the remainder of the first volume, the whole of the second, and the first half of the third, down to the era of the original heroine, whom we have well-nigh forgotten at the time of her second entrance. The fascinating and inscrutable old château of *Sainte-Roche* is always the centre of paramount interest, and rescues for the reader one, at least, of the insulted unities from ruthless destruction. But the average human mind will certainly recoil baffled before the genealogical problems presented it for solution, and some of the *revenants* whom we encounter in the long saloons and shadowy passages of *Sainte-Roche* have too decidedly the advantage of us. Yet the story enthralls the reader from page to page, even where it seems most improbable; and how careless, how more than royally munificent, is the expenditure of material in this book! Six modern sensational novels could be fully furnished out of the pages of *Sainte-Roche*, and I know not how many of that equally acceptable kind, where the people pose and talk, but never do, and seldom suffer.

The pleasant trickle of compliment with which Madame Paalzow was refreshed when her influential friends began to identify her as the author of *Godwie Castle* had swollen to a rushing stream when *Sainte-Roche* appeared in 1838. The whole royal family of Prussia, both the Humboldts, the brilliant young Duchess of Orleans from Paris, the grave historian Neander, and scores beside vied with one another in offering their felicitations. The learned folk of Göttingen also discussed the tale in solemn conclave.

For adverse criticism, when offered in a friendly spirit, Madame Paalzow was at all times profoundly grateful; and the burst of notoriety and public praise had come too late to disturb the poise of her spirit. She heard it curiously, as if it had had no connection with herself. At times it almost wearied her. "I think," she wrote, "of the time when I shall be somewhat forgotten with the sort of longing which one has to get out of a great assembly into one's own cool and quiet room, where one can rest the head and luxuriate in the peaceful sense of being alone. Just now, people come a little too near me. My sacred privacy seems disturbed. I feel that I shall never get a new inspiration (don't be shocked at the word!) in this way. I do so long to know whether God will yet give me grace to write something more. This power, while I have it, is worth more to me than all earthly honor, or any of the accidents of life. When people entreat me to write more, and are determined never to see or think of me otherwise than with a pen in my hand, and still refuse to believe in my reluctance to class myself with the guild of registered and privileged authors who can, or at least do, say, *Now I will*, — all this hinders my real productivity, which can be fostered only by a long season of quiet and retirement, and above all things never arrogates to itself any individual rights."

Her biographer says of her at this time, "The drawing-rooms of the great world were all open to her, and every species of honor awaited her in them; and there, while always preserving her individuality, she met with much that was stimulating, and which broadened her experience." . . . She seldom entertained many people at a time, but her companies were always well assorted and particularly lively and stimulating. There was never any lack of artists, poets, and learned men in her circle. Her home life with her brother and her few intimate friends and her hours of labor were paramount to everything else with her. Yet she never so surrendered herself to these delights as to be annoyed by interruptions; nor would she ever allow the most weariful visitor to be turned away, even though her morning had been a series of distractions. She belonged to those who were with her for the time being, and threw herself at once into their interests, no matter how narrow these might chance to be."

"When she was at work on *Thomas Thyrnau* [which appeared in 1840], I often expressed my amazement at the extraordinary facility with which she wrote. 'It is not hard work,' she used to answer, whenever I made a remark of this kind. 'They all stand around and dictate to me, so that often I cannot set it down fast enough.' She had but the lightest outline of the whole in her mind, and allowed the rest to evolve itself under her pen. Entire scenes and situations sprang into life thus, to her own surprise, making her positively curious as to what would come next. Hence the freshness and spontaneity of her writings, and the interest, unflagging to the end, of the author in her own work. She never allowed her mood to withhold her from writing, but had in this respect such self-control that even her growing invalidism did not disqualify her. The need of har-

mony and moderation was so great in her that she had accustomed herself to assign to all her experiences their true *relative* importance, to rid herself of excesses of feeling which were foreign to her nature. She thus turned her time to infinite profit, and the simplicity and regularity of her life were the true expression of her soul."

"To watch her at her work was a rare pleasure. The noble, pale countenance, the deep-set eyes which followed the rapid motion of the transcribing hand, the black dress which she always wore, and which suited her dignified person so well, the tranquillity, the beauty, and all the signs of culture which surrounded her, made a picture which it was well worth while to have received into the memory."¹

Concerning Thomas Thyrnau, translated and considerably condensed by Mary Howitt, and published in England under the title of *The Citizen of Prague*, about five years after its original appearance, the present writer has, at sundry times and in divers places, said, or essayed to say, so much that she experiences a slight embarrassment in recurring to the subject. The book has been, as Mr. Micawber said of David Copperfield's friendship, "the joy of my youth and the consolation of my riper years." Most people have experienced this sort of *grande passion* for some one or other work of the imagination, and they are indeed enviable who are doomed to no dire revulsion of feeling about their early literary love, but who find their judgment sustaining with increasing strength the choice of their virgin affections. And I can truly say that whatever the great masters of modern fiction have taught me concerning the dignity and difficulty of the novelist's art has but served to increase my admiration of a work which, with all its grasp of mind and depth of plot and refinement of

characterization, is, in a certain sense, conspicuously *artless*, — "without finish and without fault," as Mr. Swinburne so beautifully said of the *Earthly Paradise*.

In her delineation of the historic epoch of Maria Theresa, and of the characters of the empress and her famous minister, Kaunitz, Madame Paalzow is more entirely at her ease than even in her French historical studies; and she succeeds in making that epoch exceeding real. No doubt the portraits are slightly idealized, and all the political portions of the story are suffused by the glow of that dream of civic freedom and the elevation of the masses which beset so many generous European minds in the day of Madame Paalzow's fame, and which was so rudely and sadly dissipated a few years later, in '48. It is hard to believe that one of the three sovereigns who partitioned Poland could ever have been beguiled by any eloquence into the slightest sympathy or charity for reformatory and philanthropic schemes like those of Thomas Thyrnau and his enthusiastic friends. Yet history shows conclusively that the resolute sovereign who made good her title to her throne against all Europe when she had scarcely passed the years of girlhood, although strenuous, haughty, and choleric, as this romance also depicts her, was subject to strangely magnanimous impulses, and a very woman in the way in which she allowed personal influences to shape her policy.

One fault, which has been heretofore mentioned as disfiguring both of Madame Paalzow's earlier books, and which recurs lamentably in her last, she entirely avoids in Thomas Thyrnau. She condenses the animated action of the story into a very few years. She cannot avoid repeated retrospects, in which she unfolds her own interesting, but somewhat tyrannous, theories about ancestral influences on character; and these it is altogether safe for the impatient

¹ Die Verfasserin von Godwie-Castle. Eine Biographische Skizze. Pages 18-20.

modern reader to skip if he chooses; but she makes her dissertations mere asides, and strictly subordinate to the main story.

The chief glory and charm, however, of this book lies in the transcendent and ever memorable character of the hero, the advocate Thyrnau, who is no less than seventy years old when he is first introduced to us. I know not where in romance to look for another figure at once so original, so consistent, and so majestic as this. He is a man whom to have known early must of necessity have modified all one's human standards; so richly endowed and experienced, so great in courage and candor and tenderness and wit, so triumphant over obstacles of birth and misfortune, personal enmity, and even the ravages of years, that there might well happen to one of his admirers the fate of Lord Douglass's wayward mistress, and "all men beside" seem evermore "like shadows" in comparison with him. I shall make room for two quotations from Thomas Thyrnau. The first will help to illustrate the singular mixture of worldly wisdom and intrepid idealism which gives unflinching point and unflagging interest to our hero's abundant discourse, at the same time that it affords a glimpse of Madame Paalzow's own subtlety as a moralist. A guest of the old gentleman had been fired upon and wounded while riding through the park of his host, and the matter is being discussed by the advocate, another guest of rank, and an old priest domesticated in the family.

"The whole affair is remarkable," said Thyrnau, when they had all seated themselves with the impatient Father Hieronymous at the dinner-table. "The attack appears so entirely personal in its character. But one shot was fired, and the way the count sank forward showed that he was wounded, and we were molested no farther. A robbery of

seven men could have been attempted only by a larger number. And at noon-day! so near the house! What madness if they thought of plunder! But nothing happened which looked in the least like that."

"It may be, however," answered the prince; "and perhaps we might better have inquired into the young man's private relations a little before we made the thing public."

"He is not fit to talk," said Hieronymous. "He is exhausted by loss of blood, and his wound is painful."

"All the same," said Thyrnau, "I detest this sparing of improper connections. If he have any of a nature to occasion so violent an attempt, he must endure seeing them brought to light. Believe me, nothing thrusts youth so deep into destruction as this shielding and sparing of its thoughtless lapses. If young men had promptly to suffer what they have deserved, they would find the dissipations in which they indulge less fascinating. But the vanity of parents and guardians, who will not own to themselves that they have reared a ne'er-do-weel,—this it is which is forever averting and reassuring, and giving levity courage to pursue every senseless lust which allures it."

The prince smiled, and nodded assent to the fiery old man, who continued with animation, "People are very ready to allow that they have erred, and even that they have a darling sin or two; but in Heaven's name, let them not rebaptize their darlings, to protect them from our reproaches. I have all my life remarked that the lies with which we cheat ourselves are far more numerous than those by which we impose upon other people."

"At least," said the prince, "we reproach ourselves for the falsehoods which we speak to others, while we have no compunction about those which we tell ourselves. And yet, compunction, repentance, is the true regeneration. It

cuts us loose from the past, and strengthens us to begin our lives anew."

"Yes, it may do so," answered Thomas Thyrnan, "and I think just as highly as you do of true repentance; but I scrutinize very sharply what usually goes by that name. I have something like an aversion for it. Those who have been readiest to acknowledge and bewail their faults have never gotten rid of them. Either they have met with fools, who were ready to assure them that they had not been so bad after all, and that their modest acknowledgment was a wonderful exhibition of virtue, or they have laid this flattering unction to their own souls, consoled themselves for their brief abasement by a corresponding self-congratulation, and then made an end of the matter. They cherished their faults as a needful stage for the exhibition of their repentance, and at last acquired such skill at it that they could repent and confess as easily as we doff the hat to an acquaintance. I have frequently embarrassed such coquettish penitents by pretending to believe all with which they charged themselves. At first they would start, and fancy that I had not heard them aright. Then they would repeat and extravagantly exaggerate their lamentations. But when they could only excite my amazement at the depravity of human nature, and my approbation of their remorse, they would presently begin themselves to offer the excuses which they had expected from me, and in time they washed themselves so white that nothing remained of their crimes but some little amiable weakness. But he who feels bitterly and profoundly the fallibility of his nature, who would fain become conqueror through God, he feels the old by-gone sin like a burning wound in his breast, and in the certainty that One alone can cure him of it he will carry his anguish and his regret to that Being. There he will find help to strike his balance and begin a new life. Such a one, my friend, will rarely proclaim

himself penitent before men. A sacred shame for his sincerely realized fault will permit no confession of the tongue, but his downcast eye and flushing brow move me far more than the other's howling."

Before the story ends the old advocate has himself to face the late consequences of some of his own youthful errors. He is tried upon an antiquated charge of treason, and cannot be entirely vindicated. He is therefore sent as a prisoner, accompanied by his charming granddaughter, to the famous old fortress of Karlstein, in Bohemia, where a garrison of high-born fanatics lead a strange, monotonous life, encumbered with a ceremonial half monkish and half masonic, and cherish with pious reverence the traditions of the Emperor Charles IV., the founder of their order. The solemn pomposity of manners prevailing here under the headship of his excellency General von Podiebrad, and the sacred horror with which that doughty hero and mediæval enthusiast regarded the thought of receiving into Karlstein a prisoner without a title and accompanied by a woman, are described with delightful glee.

I had marked for quotation a long passage depicting the preposterous ceremonial maintained inside these dismantled and defenseless towers, but it is too long; and I must content myself with one more extract, and that a briefer one, which will illustrate the livelier manner of our author, — I had almost said *my* author, as Sainte-Beuve used to say "*my* Ronsard." The scene is in Vienna, in the private boudoir of the empress, where a gay young cousin of the illustrious lady, just returned from France, has been drawing so glowing a picture of life and affairs in Paris as quite to fascinate her great auditor. Kaunitz has observed the scene with extreme satisfaction, being just now desirous of promoting by any and every

means a friendly understanding between the French and Austrian courts.

"Austria will some day thank you for this, and Kaunitz will consider himself only too poor in power and influence if the Princess Therese has ever a wish to prefer!" exclaimed the statesman, enchanted. And the princess, reviewing him with an ironical smile, perceived that this was a prime minister's declaration of love.

"I am losing my shoe-buckle!" she cried, and set her beautiful foot upon the footstool of the empress so firmly as to start its very filling. Kaunitz bent his straight, proud back and buckled the shoe, and when he rose again she laughed and said, "You are not to pay me homage in your way, Sir Minister, but in the way which pleases me! What are you dreaming about? Do you suppose I could exist in your tiresome Germany without the memory of my beloved France? I have been talking for my own pleasure. That I happened to say just what you wished me to say does not signify! You have not half *finesse* enough to compass a French alliance, and I intend to have nothing to do with it."

"Your highness will never make me believe that," said Kaunitz. "You will have something to do with it, and you will take much pains to bring it about, were it only to avenge yourself on Monsieur Bernis. This time you must go along with me, whether you will or no, and I hope we have already traversed the worst part of the way. If," he added, smiling, but eying her keenly, "we are not again baffled by a certain conspiracy."

"You had better not speak slighting of that conspiracy, as though it were a mere fantasy in the brain of a lovesick girl! Take care! I am afraid it will yet vex you sorely."

"Of course it would," smiled Kaunitz, "if it were able to disturb in the slight-

est degree the peace of the fairest of princesses, or even that of one of her adorers."

"Bah!" said the princess, "the peace of my adorers has not yet become an object of my concern or sympathy. I give them up to your tender mercies."

"Poor Kaunitz!" said the minister, laughing. "I perceive that love becomes me here just as ill as it did in France."

"The reason of that," said the princess, "is that love is becoming only to those who yield to it for its own sake. Your love is only one out of your hundred thousand methods of attaining your ends. Your diplomacy may delude all the world beside, but a woman would find you out, even were she a novice just cured of her first passion."

"And of how many more?" inquired Kaunitz. But the princess spoiled his triumph in this malicious rejoinder, for she was gone.

I have preferred to make my own translation of the passages which I have quoted from Madame Paalzow's writings, and am constrained to add that my last eight or ten perusals of Mary Howitt's *Citizen of Prague*, especially the latest of all, which has been made with the original at hand, have confirmed me in the opinion that the tale might be much better translated, and of course that it is worthy of the best of all translations. I have mentioned that Mrs. Howitt has considerably condensed the later portions of the story, and undoubtedly, like every German novel of note which I have yet seen, the original is too long. But Mrs. Howitt has dropped incidents and omitted whole scenes and conversations, while one would rather like to see what might be done by a general and constant condensation of style — say, by the sort of work which Mrs. Wister has done so admirably for the Marlitt novels.

If Godwie Castle and Sainte-Roche had been warmly received by the social

and literary magnates of Berlin, Thomas Thyrnau was received rapturously. The author's brother, William Wach, was deluged with orders for pictures illustrating scenes in the novel, — the Dohlen Nest, the Castle of Tein, and the fascinating fortress of Thyrnau's imprisonment. The most fantastic tribute was paid the novelist, who laughs heartily, in her frank letters to her publisher, over the excesses of what she calls the "Thyrnau mania." Yet one cannot help liking all those fine folk the better for their capacity to be carried away by types of character so highly and nobly ideal as many of those in Thomas Thyrnau, and especially by a narrative so colored by the most generous political dreams of the day.

This was the culmination of our friend's honors and success. The brilliant afternoon sunshine of her life was brief in its shining, and abruptly clouded, nor did it ever break forth again before the setting of the orb.

Painful and dangerous disease fastened upon her frame once more, and for two years absolutely incapacitated her for effort. With the first beginning of improvement, the active intellect and heroic will essayed a new task, and under manifold disadvantages Madame Paalzow wrote her last book, *Jacob van der Nees*. She seems to have wanted to show her admiring critics that she was no mere idealist in human nature, and that she could depict a low and evil type of character as truthfully as she had done a regal one in the case of Thomas Thyrnau. And she has, perhaps, never produced anything more original and powerful than the first third of this romance, — the whole story of Angela's childhood and youth in the house of the miser. But it was the final flash of her genius. The rest of the novel shows a constant decline of ability. The author's wayward imagination strayed back to England, and she seems more than ever bewildered by an "environment"

which she never fully mastered. Her Montrose is unpardonably sentimental; her Henrietta Maria feeble and conventional. Moreover, by the time this tale was given to the world, in 1844, our author's little day was over, and it was coldly and critically received. The Roman Catholic party, who had not much relished the liberal tone of religious opinion manifested in her earlier and more popular works, accused her of a gross misrepresentation of the spirit and policy of the Roman church in this. Only a few of Madame Paalzow's oldest friends came to the defense of the really great portions of her last and least symmetrical tale.

Hostile criticism could never have discouraged the truly modest and flexible spirit whose equanimity had not been disturbed by exaggerated flattery, but the time for profiting, in practice, by hostile criticism was over for her. Almost immediately after the publication of *Jacob van der Nees*, Madame Paalzow sustained the most terrible bereavement which could befall her: she lost her idolized brother William by sudden illness, and from that time forward she could only hide her widowed existence from the eyes of the world, and strive patiently to acquiesce in the desolation of her life and her own increasing infirmities of body. After some months have passed she writes to Herr Max: —

"All my life long there has been one thing which I have regarded as the most signal grace of God. I never could complain, and I cannot now. He has made me in by-gone times abundantly and exceedingly rich in Him. He sees now that I am poorer and more helpless than one who dies by the wayside, and for Him I wait. He *must* succor me, — either here by lending me strength to bear, or *there*. When I think of you, I remember my talent as a dream of long ago. That, too, is in his keeping. I can still endure, but I cannot undertake any more. God's will be done."

"As a dream when one awaketh"

were soon to dissolve and vanish away all the pains and efforts, the triumphs and vicissitudes, of her earthly career. The struggle lasted for a little longer. Once she even says to Herr Max, "I am actually writing again." Then came months of entire silence. She had gone to stay with her sister, Frau Friebe, and amid the homely, kindly, bourgeois surroundings familiar to her infancy, on the 30th of October, 1847, she passed away.

The announcement of the woman's death, whose irrepressible genius had won her a place among the foremost figures of her land and time, whom kings had vied in praising, was made in the prim phrase of one whose heart was heavy with grief, indeed, but to whom, apparently, the use of the pen was rare and by no means easy:—

"My poor, dear sister, honored sir, endured very, very much. The last four weeks of her noble, beautiful life were an unbroken chain of heavy sufferings,

accompanied for the last week by such high fever that she saw fantastic pictures about her all the time, and in particular our dear brother seemed to be always by her side. Sometimes she would make a strong effort to tear herself free from these delusions, and entreat me only to keep talking to her, because else her mind would go astray. Poor I, with pain and deep anguish in my heart, tried my best to disperse her fancies; but I did not succeed very well, and her brave spirit sank back into delirium. But it would be hard indeed to find a sick-bed which so moved and exalted all who approached it as that of our dear one. Her soul was full of courage, patience, and resignation; not a trace of petulance to those who waited on her; it was, in one word, the death-bed of a truly saint-like woman.

"Respectfully your humble servant,

"CAROLINE FRIEBE, *née* WACH.

"BERLIN, November 9, 1847."

Harriet W. Preston.

A FAILURE.

(She speaks.)

I MEANT to be so strong and true!

The world may smile and question, When?

But what I might have been to you

I cannot be to other men.

Just one in twenty to the rest,

And all in all to you alone,—

This was my dream; perchance 't is best

That this, like other dreams, is flown.

For you I should have been so kind,

So prompt my spirit to control,

To win fresh vigor for my mind,

And purer beauties for my soul;

Beneath your eye I might have grown

To that divine, ideal height,

Which, mating wholly with your own,

Our equal spirits should unite.

To others I am less than naught;
 To you I might have been so much,
 Could but your calm, discerning thought
 Have put my powers to the touch!
 Your love had made me doubly fair;
 Your wisdom made me thrice as wise,
 Lent clearer lustre to my hair,
 And read new meanings in my eyes.

Ah, yes, to you I might have been
 That happy being, past recall,
 The slave, the helpmeet, and the queen, —
 All these in one, and one in all.
 But that which I had dreamed to do
 I learned too late was dreamed in vain,
 For what I might have been to you
 I cannot be to other men.

CLARY'S TRIAL.

"COME! hurry up there!"

In answer to the coarse, strong voice of Goody Jakeway, who kept the Blisset tavern, her handmaiden came from the kitchen into the parlor with a mug of hot flip for the traveler who had just alighted.

It was not strange that Guy Morgan forgot his comforting cup as he looked at the bearer. Clary was only a bound girl, but nature had made her an aristocrat outwardly and inwardly, as the proud lift of her beautiful head, the serene calm of her great brown eyes, and the lithe grace of her figure bore witness. If hard work had reddened her little hands, it had not destroyed the dimples and taper of her fingers, or the exquisite turn of her slender wrist; and her short, dark skirt of linsey-woolsey no more hid the small arched foot, than the coarse, short gown of linen check concealed her noble white throat or graceful shoulders and slight waist. She was pale, but the curved, red lips showed that her pallor was not that of illness,

and if you but looked at her too hard the very hue of a pink lily flushed that clear fairness even up to the shining masses of dark brown hair, tucked away behind her tiny ears and braided in a heavy, coiled knot like the tresses of a Greek statue. If Clary had been born a duchess the world would have heard of her; but she was born a pauper, and was bred in the poor-house. Perhaps the best blood of Old England ran in her veins, but nobody knew it, and the orphan child of an unknown woman brought in from the road-side, dying with exhaustion and cold, is not often credited with noble lineage.

Guy Morgan was Judge Morgan's son, of Litchfield. The Morgans were an old Connecticut family who had a genealogical tree to fall back on, and Guy was now on his way home from Harvard and its law school. He had been petted in Boston society, for his family were of the Brahmin sort, and their record indorsed him; he was mentally brilliant, too, and handsome as a young prince is

supposed to be. His high, regular features and dark blue eyes were alight with intellect rather than feeling; but there lay a depth of unrevealed passion and devotion below them.

Clary did not look up at him, for she knew what eyes were upon her from behind the bar; but he looked at her, and his very heart thrilled at that wonderful beauty, that gracious shape and faultless coloring. He half drained the mug of flip and set it down on the table, turning to speak to this mortal Hebe; but she had disappeared, and nothing was left for Guy Morgan but to pay his reckoning and mount his horse, reflecting in himself, as he rode away, that Blisset was not ten miles from Litchfield, and he could and would see that face again.

Now he had seen all the loveliest women in Boston over and over; they had danced with him, walked with him, and done their best to spoil him, as women will spoil a brilliant and handsome young fellow. But not one of them, in all the pride of satin, brocade, or jewels, had ever entered so victoriously into his consciousness as this country maiden in her coarse clothes; dress adorned them, but she adorned dress. He was a well-read youth, and as he trotted briskly over the rough roads, up hill and down, the old ballad of Sir John Suckling kept jingling in his head:—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As they had feared the light.

"Her eyes so guard her face
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July."

As for Clary, she did not even give him a thought; for behind the bar, watching her as an ill-conditioned cat glares at its prey, sat Lon Jakeway, the son and heir of her mistress, and the man poor Clary loved.

Goody Jakeway had taken the child from the poor-house when she was ten years old, finding it would be handy to

have a pair of quick feet to run her errands, and ready hands to wait on her; for her only child, this same Alonzo, then about sixteen, had run away to sea, and her husband was a wretched, drunken idler. It was she who kept the family up, and on her rested all the care of the tavern and farm both, as much while her husband lived as after his timely death.

In the service of this rough, hard woman Clary Kent grew up, just as a harebell grows in the crevice of some sturdy boulder, neither rightly fed nor sheltered, shaken by all wild winds that blow, nipped by stinging frosts, scorched by midsummer suns, but by the grace of God a harebell still, clad in a beauty and grace that defy position and ignore circumstance. That she had food and clothing she owed to her usefulness, yet they were doled out grudgingly, however hard she earned them; while her sunny temper, quick perception, fidelity, and serene activity made her a real treasure.

"Well, she's pretty consider'ble helpful," owned her mistress to Polly Mariner, the tailoress, as she sat by the kitchen window mending Steve the hostler's overalls, for it was haying-time, and neither of the women of the house could spare a moment; Steve had to hire his sewing done.

"She's everlastin' smart, now, I tell ye," snapped out Polly, viciously snipping at a patch which would not fit; "but you'll have trouble, Mis' Jakeway. She's a sight too good-lookin' for a tavern gal; somebody or 'nother will marry her up afore you can wink, so to speak, seemin'ly. You'd as good get what you can out on her whilst she stays."

"My land, Polly Mariner! I guess folks ain't in no gre't pucker to marry gals from the poor-house. I don't feel no call whatsoever to fetch trouble out o' that idee. She is reasonable good-lookin', I allow for't; but I'll bet ye a cookey she won't marry them that

wants her, and them she wants won't look at her. She's real high-strung, considerin'; but she does well by me, and she's got faculty."

"Well, if she's got faculty, that's the end o' the law, I expect; but if I know human natur',—and it's everlastin' queer if I don't, considerin' how many years I've done tailorin',—you'll reap trouble yet out of that cretur. I never was pretty-lookin' myself, and I allow it tried me whilst I was young; but since I've got along in years some I'm free to confess I don't see why th' Almighty makes girls good-lookin'. It fetches heaps of mischief into creation, and don't do no great o' good, as fur as I know."

"Seems to me you're sorter presumptuous, Polly Mariner, to find fault with eternal Providence that way. You don't think, do ye, 't you're smarter 'n the Lord?"

"Land! how you talk, Mis' Jakeway! Folks can have ideas, I guess, without faultin' Providence. Well, I won't say no more,—time'll show. And here's Steve after them overalls; my work on 'em's worth ninepence, ef it's worth a cent."

And in a wrangle over the ninepence this ominous conversation ended; but not without leaving a troubled corner in Goody Jakeway's mind, for of the three things that never return to their first place one is the spoken word.

Two years rolled away, and Clary attained the stature of her womanhood: her somewhat slender figure rounded into fuller outlines of beauty; her girlish grace developed into stately poise and superb curves; her soft eyes learned to darken with scorn, or flash with passion. But so far Goody Jakeway's judgment was correct: the drovers who came to the tavern only disgusted the proud girl with their coarse admiration, although more than one would gladly have married her; the stage-drivers who stopped for a daily dram, and seasoned their flat-

tery well with oaths, pleased her no better; the young louts of farmers, dull, rough, uneducated, only just across the dividing line that separates the human from the bestial, and far less attractive than their own sleek herds,—these, who assembled in the bar-room to talk and drink and smoke clay pipes, were all loathsome to Clary.

Something in her whole nature revolted at the idea of passing her life in any of these companionships, and beside the still but irresistible voice of nature she had found for herself a certain sort of education. Years before she went to the tavern to live, an old man from Hartford had come to spend the summer in Blisset. He was a lawyer, and a native of the place, but, having amassed enough property to live on, returned like a wild animal to his old haunts to die; for die he did before the summer for which he had engaged board was over. He left his property to a college, but the books in his trunk and his clothes were never claimed. Old Jakeway wore out all the linen, and the clothes were cut over for Alonzo's jackets; the books remained,—volumes of what were once called the English classics, the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, the *Tatler*, and all that genus, with a volume of Pope and one of Dryden, besides a fine edition of Shakespeare.

All these had Clary fed upon at odd moments with the avidity of a keen mind deprived of any other food, and they had been to her instead of a liberal education. Perhaps in the deepest sense of the term they had educated her liberally; at least, they had lit the lamp, hitherto flameless, in the alabaster vase of her beauty, and added to that fair sculpture the brilliance of lofty thought and ardent feeling; but also they had unfitted her for the stolid life about her, and filled her soul with that restlessness which is the penalty of knowledge.

Of all the pregnant fables that ever streamed from Shakespeare's pen, per-

haps the saddest — to a woman — is that of Titania and Bottom. It is called comedy ordinarily; but is there a more profound pathos or a more shuddering tragedy than is contained in the story of that spiritual creature's infatuation for the weaver with the ass's head? And what has time done since Shakespeare's day but reiterate the spectacle of pure and high-minded women fondling the ass's head that is not a mask, and whispering, in the delicate voice of devotion,

"Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

Clary was not quite eighteen when the prodigal son of the Jakeways returned from sea-faring; not as the prodigal returned, in evil case outwardly, but bringing spoils of gold and garments to make him welcome. His father had long since drunk himself to death, but the tavern prospered more and more, once relieved from the drain of drunken extravagance. When Alonzo came back, he found a warm greeting and a good home; the sunniest room in the house was swept and garnished for him; the choicest food and most deft attendance awaited him. He stepped at once into the headship of things with the instinct of manhood: lorded it in stable and bar-room, ordered about his mother and Clary, swore glibly at old Steve, and conducted himself in as ill-conditioned a fashion as his nature dictated.

There was little, one would think, that was attractive about Alonzo Jake-way: he was below the middle height, but his broad shoulders and long arms, his powerful muscular development, and his large, sinewy hands gave him a strength disproportionate to his height; he stooped a little, as most sailors do, and his walk was ungraceful. Nor was there anything pleasing about his face except a pair of handsome keen gray eyes, deep-set under bushy brows, but capable of expressing every sort of emotion as only

gray eyes can. Otherwise his features were coarse, his mouth large and sensual, with a loose under-lip, betraying, when he smiled, a set of strong white teeth, looking carnivorous as a tiger's. All this was capped with a shock of straight pale-brown hair and a half bronzed forehead that told of foreign suns. And the picture was not altogether attractive to a calm observer who discerned it to be the index of a nature passionate, vindictive, selfish, and undisciplined; intelligent enough, and capable of attachment to a certain extent, but over all brutal. No doubt he was superior to the men who frequented Blisset tavern in many ways; his experience of the world had heightened his natural self-conceit to such an extent that his opinion was ready on every subject, and pronounced in that dictatorial manner that always imposes on conscious ignorance. Then his sullen temper and self-absorbed reserve gave him an aspect of unhappiness that is the surest appeal to a thoroughly feminine character. Yet this offers no explanation of the fact, which is as stubborn as facts proverbially are, that Alonzo had not lived in his mother's house twenty-four hours before Clary had lost her heart out of her bosom and dropped the jewel at this swine's feet. If there be metaphysicians who say this thing is impossible, I cannot confute them; it is true, but inexplicable, that there are women, and men too, who are struck as by a bolt from the clouds with the one love of their lives, and reason or probability has nothing to do with it.

Why did Mary of Scotland love black Bothwell, or delicate Desdemona the Moor? Why have the worst ruffians of history always had some woman clinging to them or to their memory until death? And what evil woman has not shipwrecked some good man's faith and honor, and made his life a drifting, wretched wreck? And in obedience to this mystic and dreadful exception, which is more stringent often than law, our poor little

wayside beauty fell desperately and utterly in love with Alonzo Jakeway. Now this fellow had had the ordinary experience of sailors; he was not unacquainted with women, — of the baser sort, no doubt, but still women. He knew very well that Clary was as far above the level of those whose society he had frequented in port after port as the blue sky in heaven is above its reflection in a muddy pool; yet even from these low examples he had learned something of a woman's nature, which is not always stamped out even by degradation and sin, and it did not take Alonzo Jakeway long to see that this beautiful young creature worshiped him entirely, without any perception of his real character or instinct of his baseness. At first he was naturally flattered; but that mood only lasted long enough to put a tender expression into his eyes, a softer tone into his rough voice, and add a little consideration to the moody and sullen manners which were his home wear; and to the girl's hungry heart these crumbs were a feast, inasmuch as they seemed to her infallible promise of returned affection, and fed her day-dreams with the very bread of heaven.

In the bar-room, condescending to his inferiors, or amusing himself with the display of his own information and supreme experience, Alonzo could be agreeable at times and affable; but there were dark hours when even the established frequenter and wit of the place, Pete Stebbins, found he was not to be approached.

These glooms, which Clary's tender heart laid to the account of chronic pain, or sad recollection, or weariness of this dull life he lived, were in fact nothing more than attacks of ill temper which he had never learned to subdue or conceal. If he over-ate, or drank too much liquor for his digestion to endure, — though to do him justice he was never drunk, — he felt, consequently, uncomfortable and angry, and the world about

him had to bear it, especially the women. Had he been brought up in polite society, where the outside friction of well-bred people from infancy does, in spite of the utmost self-indulgence and uncurbed temper, modify a man's manner and speech, he would still have been, like a hundred others, "street angel and house devil," and being essentially a coward he did, even here in Blisset, restrain his evil tongue somewhat among men; but his mother and Clary were at his mercy; they could neither knock him down nor return his oaths. Whenever things internally went wrong with him, or outside matters swerved from the line he ordered, it was on these two shrinking women that his temper burst; for even his mother, hard, rough, enduring as she was, cowered before Alonzo, — because she loved him!

It is a common saying that if a horse knew its own strength no man could guide or mount one; but is it any less true that if a man knew his real strength he might do anything with women? If Alonzo had possessed enough knowledge of character to understand himself, he could and would have led these two in a leash after him forever; even as it was he guided them far and along cruel ways before they knew their guide and the path before them. It was this utter absorption of herself in Alonzo Jakeway that blinded Clary's sight to Guy Morgan that day he stopped in Blisset to get his mug of flip. He might have been one of the "plow joggers," as Alonzo derisively styled the rural farmers thereabouts, or a pig drover, for all the notice Clary bestowed on him; but from his retreat behind the bar Alonzo noticed the long and unmistakable stare of admiration Guy bestowed on his handmaiden, and a sort of wolfish jealousy sprang up in his breast, mingled with a sudden greed of money hitherto latent. Up to this time he had no thought of marrying Clary; he knew very well what his mother would say to that, and he did

not himself care to be tied up in legitimate bonds. He could amuse himself with her to the very brink of her ruin, or beyond it, if so he pleased, but it was not for his pleasure to live with mother and wife at daggers drawn in one house. For sin or shame he cared nothing; the very purity of Clary's simple and devoted nature would add a charm to the lazy pursuit whose success he never doubted; and as to her future, who cares for the fate of a flower? Should it not wither and die when its fragrance is over? Nothing so metaphoric passed through his mind, but this is the most delicate expression to be found for his instincts, which indeed need the veil of metaphor. But when he saw Guy Morgan's look at Clary, and perceived that a man's admiration could be respectful, it shot across his mind that the girl might become a great and lucrative attraction in his business. This young spark, whose aspect and dress proved his wealth and position, might be the opening wedge, and spread the fame of the beautiful bar-maid in adjacent towns. Blisset was on a frequented turnpike, and stages from Hartford to Litchfield, and so on to Albany, ran through it. A little exertion might induce them to stop there for dinner instead of at Litchfield; and then — well, if some crazy city fool, as he phrased it, saw this girl, she might be snapped up out of his reach and use. As his wife, this would be impossible; she would be a fixture in the tavern, and an attraction, while in this Puritan country whatever shame attached itself to a less honorable connection would redound to his discredit and injure his business.

Beside, if Clary were his wife, young sparks like Guy Morgan would have to be careful how they stared at her; and here Alonzo stretched out one long arm and clenched fist, with a sudden gleam of ferocity in his eye that showed what vengeance would be visited on any man who meddled with his property.

So, following the devices of his own

craft and will, he began to word the love he had hitherto only looked at poor Clary; a whisper now and then, a pressure of the soft little hand in his own, a stolen kiss, a gentle carefulness, — all these produced their effect on the guileless and tender heart of this lonely girl. Busy about her house, Goody Jakeway saw nothing of Alonzo's manœuvres; he was not ready yet that she should; he did not, indeed, mean to have any previous storms. The plan that suited his ease and assured him success was that on some pretext or other Clary should be sent to Hartford, and he either follow her, or take her there; that she should stay long enough to make their marriage legal; and then, when the ceremony was once over, they should return to Blisset, and let his mother help herself if she could.

He found chance enough to insinuate his design into Clary's ear: if she went to the barn to hunt eggs, he was sure to be there before her, with some excuse of inspecting harness or examining the straw, and in among the bean-vines, where she went to gather long pods for dinner, he would be diligently at work also; when she was sent to gather wild strawberries on the hill, he lurked in the edge of a neighboring wood, and joined her, till at last, between her overpowering passion and his plausible arguments, she consented to accept his arrangements, and be in readiness to set out for Hartford as soon as his plots matured. But "God disposes," let us thankfully own. Before anything was even fixed upon in Alonzo Jakeway's mind, a very small household matter, the mouse that gnawed the lion's net, intervened. His stock of shirts began to wear out, and his mother, who had inwardly resented the fact that he came home with a goodly supply of these articles, when she had a web of the finest Irish linen laid up these seven years waiting his need, and yards of linen cambric bought in order to ruffle them, was only too glad to in-

stall Polly Mariner in the keeping-room, with patterns and shears, thread of the best, and store of needles, in order to take in hand a dozen of ruffled shirts for my master; for Polly was as skillful at nice sewing as at tailoring, and her stitching was not to be matched in Blisset, even by Parson Piper's daughter. She had scarce been at work three days on the dainty fabric when there was an interruption to her duties from a very unexpected quarter. As she left her door one July day to go over to the tavern, she almost stumbled over the prostrate shape of a man lying with his head on her doorstep. At first she thought him some drunken person who had lain down there to sleep, but calling to her next neighbor, Pete Stebbins, who was feeding his hens at the back door, to come and help her, she soon discovered that the man was burning with fever and quite unconscious. He was evidently a sailor, and there was good store of pieces of eight and English guineas in his pocket, but no clew to his name anywhere about his person. Pete was ready enough to take him in and shelter him when he saw the gold pieces, and Polly promised to stop for Dr. Root. All of this made her late for her sewing that day, and Goody Jakeway sent Alonzo over to see where the seamstress was, being in a hurry to get the shirts done.

He did not find her at home, for she was in the doctor's office; so he sauntered into Pete's house to make inquiry, and finding no one in the kitchen went on into the bed-room. Just as he entered the doorway the strange man recovered consciousness and opened his eyes. Alonzo started as if he had been shot, turned the color of clay, and drew back. A sort of spasm convulsed the stranger; he clenched his hands and tried to spring at Alonzo, but his muscles refused to obey the angry will; the fevered brain gave way with the effort, and he sank again into stupor and delirium.

In Alonzo's astonishment he quite

forgot that Pete Stebbins stood by the bedside, and had eyes whose acuteness seemed to make up in rapidity of perception for the inborn laziness of his temperament.

That night when Polly went over to watch with the sick man (for Mrs. Stebbins was a deaf and dumb woman, and of no use here), Pete accosted her with, "Say! ye ben to the tavern to-day?"

"Well, I guess I have," answered Polly. "I'm a-makin' Lon Jakeway a set o' shirts fit for a lord, and he's in an everlastin' takin' to get 'em done, I do' know what for; but Mis' Jakeway she pesters me so, seems as if I should caterpillar. I can't sew no faster 'n I can, if the sky falls. Stitchin' ain't flyin' work, now, I tell ye; and it's seventeen hunderd linen, as sure as you're alive; and them ruffles! Goshen! I'd jest as soon put them things on to the old ram as on to Lonzo; there ain't no fitness, so to speak, seemin'ly, in dressin' sech a feller in purple an' fine linen."

"W-e-ll," drawled Pete. "I expect he's a hard cretur. I don't reelly want to tell on't 'a-flyin' all abroad,' as the hymn-book says, but he come in here to-day for suthin' or 'nother, and opened the door jest as this sick feller kinder come to. I'd gin him a swinge-in' dose of brandy, ye see, fourth proof, only jest sort o' laced with water, an' I guess it stung. He riz up in bed and he see Lonzo, and Lon he see'd him. Good Jerus'lem! I wisht you'd seen Lonzo's physimogony; he was jest the color of a cold biled turnip. I never did! And this feller he sot his teeth and kinder give a spring. Law! he could'n't do it no more 'n a broken-kneed grass-hopper; he gin out dyrect, and went off stupid agin. But you bet there's suthin' out o' shape betwixt 'em!"

"Well, I b'lieve you!" exclaimed Polly. "And what's more, I mistrust Lonzo is kind of sweet on Clary Kent. I hope 't ain't so; she's a real pretty girl, — as good a girl as ever was; but I

keep an eye out, you may rely on 't, and things looks real dubious. I don't say nothin', for Goody Jakeway ain't aware on 't, and she 'd like to kill anybody short o' royal blood that durst to marry Lon; but I b'lieve I 'll speak to Clary. I reelly think 't's my duty."

"Oh Lord! don't ye do it, then!" groaned Pete (whose real name, by the way, was Petrarch!). "I've allers noticed when women-folks got a-goin' on dooty, they 'd say the meanest, hatefullest things that ever was! Say ye like to torment a gal, an' take her down mortally, an' you 'll mabbe see how 't is, reelly; but say it's 'dooty,' an' there ain't no whoa to ye, no more 'n to my old mare when she gets her head. I don't see where it's folks's dooty to say pesky things, any way; ef it's suthin' real agreeable, why?"

But here the harangue was cut off by a cry from the bedroom; they found the patient stupid no longer, but raving and crying out fiercely, "I 'll fetch him, my lass; cheer up, Mary! D——d rascal! Let me go! let me go! I want to get at him!"

Polly was an accomplished nurse, and under her medicaments the poor fellow became more quiet; but at intervals through the night he talked wildly, always on one theme,—a poor girl's desertion, the girl seeming to be his sister, and his fierce desire to get hold of the man and punish him. In the later hours of the night his ravings grew less and he weaker; only once he sprang up and glared at the door, swearing a great oath. "It's you, is it? I've run you to earth, you villain! I've got her marriage lines, and I 'll clap you into Bridewell if I don't kill you first!"

Polly stroked and coaxed and sung a sweet old hymn to him, till she could persuade him to swallow a cup of strong skull-cap tea, and either from pure exhaustion or the mild narcotic and stimulating warmth of his dose he fell into uneasy slumber; and then she stole out

and called Pete, who was making a fire in the kitchen, and asked him if he found anything in the stranger's wallet except money.

"Well, I did n't look no further; when I come to the sinners o' war, why I see 't was all right. Folks that hez money in their pockets is giner'ly about right, 'cordin' to my b'lief. I 'll fetch the puss an' see."

"I wisht you would," said Miss Polly. "I've got my own misgivin's, 'count o' what he said; seems to hev suthin' on his mind."

So Pete brought the old wallet, worn and stained, and left it with Miss Polly, who searched it thoroughly, and at last discovered in its inmost fold, indeed, where it had slipped between lining and outside, a dirty and creased but quite legible certificate of marriage between Mary Harris, of Liverpool, England, and Alonzo Jakeway, of Blisset, America.

Polly was a woman of discretion, though she loved to talk. She resolved not to make her discovery public, for to trust it to Pete was as if it were printed in the local column of a county paper; he served as the news medium for all Blisset, where only one copy of any journal, the small, dull sheet of the Hartford Weekly Courant as it existed in 1790, was taken, and that only by the minister.

She answered Pete's inquiries astutely, when he came back from the shed, by displaying an old brass ring, a slip from an English paper with ship news on it, a true-lover's-knot of blue ribbon with a curl of gold hair caught in its tie, and half a rollicking ballad, such as hawkers sold about the old country.

"Had your labor for your pains, did n't ye?" chuckled Pete.

"T wa'n't no great o' labor," laughed Polly, disagreeably conscious that her own small buckskin purse contained Alonzo Jakeway's secret, and perhaps poor Clary's heart-break.

It would indeed have been a good day

for Alonzo that had spared him those new shirts, and sent Polly Mariner in another direction! But her discovery bore consequences she did not dream of, though they delayed long. After it she kept a closer watch than ever on Clary, and made up her mind that she must interpose at once to save the girl from ruin.

Alonzo had gone to New York the day after his interview with the stranger, if such the mere recognition could be called, but returned as soon as possible. He would not have gone at all except on urgent business, and he came back by way of Hartford, in order to persuade his old aunt that she ought to send out to Blisset for Clary to come and stay with her a while, to wait upon her. Aunt Smith was held in great regard by Goody Jakeway. She was the only near relative her husband had left; but that never would have commended her to the good graces of her niece in Blisset, except for the fact that she was the widow of a well-to-do grocer who had kindly left her all his goods and chattels to dispose of as she would, to the great anger of his own relations. When Alonzo reached home, with an urgent invitation from his aunt to have Clary come and visit her, it happened that Polly Mariner, so as to see better, had taken one of the shirts up-stairs to a south window. The next room was Clary's, and Polly could not help overhearing a conversation between her and Alonzo that betrayed to her their plans, for their voices were quite unguarded; Goody Jakeway being three miles off at a quilting, and Clary quite certain that the tailoress was where she left her two hours before, in the keeping-room, not in the least suspecting that the sharp ears of this equally sharp-eyed woman were just the other side of a thin partition in one of the unused tavern bedrooms. Polly could bide her time, but she saw that in this instance she must be prompt. To-day was Tuesday, and

on Thursday Clary was to go to Hartford; for Alonzo well knew that however his mother might grumble she could not, or rather dared not, offend his Aunt Smith by denying her request. So after tea, when Polly was ready to go home, she asked Clary to walk along with her and fetch back some red balm flowers she had promised Goody Jakeway, as her task at the shirts was done now. They stopped at the minister's house on the way, and Polly made her companion sit down in the hall while she herself went into Parson Piper's study, and came back with a folded paper in her hand. Then she hurried Clary on, and as soon as they had reached the spinster's queer little brown house, she drew her into the parlor, and without a word of explanation laid before her Alonzo Jakeway's marriage certificate. It was Polly's belief that a sharp, quick thrust is the truest mercy; but it was not pleasant to see Clary's beautiful face turn dead and white as a marble mask. Her hand clutched at her throat a moment as if something choked her, and then she gasped, "I don't believe it!"

"Well, child, that don't make it so," said Polly sadly. "It looks true, and I've took means to find if so be 't is or 't is n't; but Parson Piper he hain't a doubt on 't. He's heered tell of the man that's put his name to 't, him that married 'em; he's chaplain to some seaman's meetin'-house or 'nother over there to Liverpool. Any way, if ever that sick feller comes to rights, he'll know the upshot on 't."

Clary said not another word; like a stunned creature she set her face toward the tavern and dragged her slow steps thither; while Polly, knowing that Alonzo had gone to fetch his mother home from the quilting, hastened back to give the certificate into Parson Piper's hands again, and the worthy man proposed, as he was going to drive over to Litchfield early in the morning, that he should take the paper over and have an attest-

ed copy made of it, to guard against accident.

He and Polly both knew that accident meant Alonzo, but with proper respect for the decencies kept the knowledge to themselves. And well they might have dreaded his rage, for poor Clary, after a night of dreadful anguish and struggle with herself, resolved to tell him at once. A less simple and humble nature might have trembled and dallied with some temporizing arguments, but Clary had in her soul one desire, of Heaven's own planting, that had divine endurance and strength, — the honest desire to do right. She knew it was utterly wrong even to love Alonzo if he was another woman's husband, and she meant to give all her energies to unlearn the passion that held her in such dear slavery. But the first step was plain and near: she must tell him, to begin with, that she knew his double-dealing, and then take the rest of her life to forget her past.

It is true that she ought, according to the strict code of feminine morals, to have ceased at once to have any tender feeling toward such a sinner; but poor Clary loved him! It was like taking her life in her hand to withdraw him to the barn on some pretext early in the morning, and tell what she had discovered. The storm that ensued was fearful. Alonzo Jakeway was not accustomed to thwarting; he would just as soon have expected the white rose-bush by the window to uproot itself and try to scratch him as to have Clary rebel if he asked of her the most menial service, but to have her fly in his face like this was outrageous.

Having partially exhausted his fury in words and threats poured out upon the trembling creature before him, he thrust her roughly aside, and hurried over to Pete Stebbins's house to see if the sick man was yet able to speak rationally, determined to stop his tongue by either force or bribes, and to tell some plausible lie to Clary; for he had already

declared to her with a fearful oath that the story was false. He had kept close watch over this stranger's condition, not personally, but through others, and he knew very well that his delirium had continued and his strength grown less every day; but he did not know that in those ravings his own name had more than once met Pete Stebbins's ear and aroused his suspicions.

To-day Alonzo hurried to the house, determined to end the suspense that enraged him. The morning was calm and full of July's rich odors; beds of fern breathed their delicate perfume on the fresh, soft air, and the silence of summer filled all the sky; the sad, broad fields, the granite ribs of earth, the quiet woods, all were lapped in peace. There was not a sound in Pete Stebbins's old red house as the angry man strode across to the bedroom, whose door stood ajar, and where lay the heart of all silence, majestic death. Though the couch on which those pulseless limbs lay straight and cold was poor, with no folds of drapery or garlanded blossoms, though the sheet that revealed the immobile outline was coarse and scant, no king lying in state had more serenity on his white brow or more awful meaning in his pallid lips than this dead sailor, for his face was at once accuser and judge of the criminal before him. And as Alonzo stood and stared at that sculptural mask, memory forced upon him another vision, another face, twin to this, except as woman never is twin to man, crowned with just such clustering gold, lit with such great blue eyes as he knew lay beneath those sealed lids; and he heard a voice saying in sonorous English accents, —

"Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder!"

He turned away silently, and quitted the house like one in a dream; but as he left the door Pete's yellow dog leaped up and flew at him, and the trivial attack turned back the unwonted current of his thought. He kicked the creature out of

his path, and felt a fierce thrill of joy to think that just so this babbler had been flung from his track ; there was only the certificate now, and this he must coax out of Polly Mariner.

But Polly was not to be coaxed ; her black eyes snapped as she told him with serene but triumphant contempt that Parson Piper had it in his possession and was gone to Litchfield.

"Tain't no use to swear !" she remarked blandly. "You can't get it to-day, nohow, and you can't onto it if you could. Black an' white don't lie ;" and Alonzo bitterly owned to himself that this was true.

However, he did see the certificate in due time, and vindicated the parson's penetration as well as Miss Polly's ; for no sooner had the document been placed in his hands than he tore it in pieces and threw them all from the open window, looking round to see only a calm smile on the parson's face, and to hear, —

"You have done no harm, young man ; that was but an attested copy, and there are more. Beside that, the original is not in reach."

Nothing now remained for the baffled man but to make the best of the situation, and the best was bad. The affair could not be kept from his mother, of course, and she was furious ; her rage all fell upon poor Clary, who found it easier to bear than the other anguish which had befallen her, and who did her best to please and serve her mistress, in the vain hope of some future peace. It so happened that her term of bondage was not quite over ; it had been specially extended in her case to her nineteenth year, because she was eleven years old when the authorities indentured her to Mrs. Jakeway. It might have been the first result of that woman's wrath to turn Clary out of the house ; but she could not do so legally, and when the first bursts of fury had expended themselves she felt that the girl's services were worth too much to part with, and

she could at least have the satisfaction of making her feel in every fibre what presumption and crime she had been guilty of, not only in daring to love Alonzo, but in supposing he really meant to marry her, and then in "turning up her nose at him," as Goody Jakeway expressed it, merely because she imagined he was married over seas ! So Clary's daily bread was doled out to her with a full allowance of coarse taunts, bitter reproaches, vulgar revilings, and the low but torturing scoffs of a coarse and hard woman knows too well how to bestow on a sensitive, shrinking girl whom she has in her power. Truly she watered her food with her tears, and her nights were full of an anguish which the torments of the day only delayed till their hour and power should come upon her. But worst of all — far, far worse than his mother's fiercest tyranny — was the persistent endeavor of Alonzo to make her put aside her sense of right and duty and elope with him.

He swore by every oath he knew that the woman he once married in Liverpool was dead, — dead long ago ; but he could not prove it. Then he said the marriage never was legal, for there were no witnesses ; but this excuse revolted Clary more than his first subterfuge appeased her. He uttered every lie he could think of, and used every threat his experience suggested ; and when they all failed against the strength of a pure purpose in this fragile, heart-broken, wretched girl he pleaded with the traitor within her, divining in his devilish subtlety that she loved him as only a woman can love, in spite of his anger, his cruelty, his lies, or his attempts to make her as evil as himself. It was his tender words, the passion in his beautiful eyes, the thrill of sadness and longing in his voice, that shook and melted her very soul ; from which she withdrew, trembling and tempted, to fall on her knees and beg for strength from Heaven to deny herself as well as her lover. And

all this obstinacy, as he called it, only fired Alonzo's determination to obtain the prize. Had she been easy of attainment, no doubt his desire to marry her, once fulfilled, would have degenerated into coldness and indifference. It had indeed at first been rather as a matter of policy and gain that he proposed to give her a legitimate right to share his position in the house; but now he was in vital earnest about it, and the more strenuously she resisted anger, threat, or prayer, the more he set himself to form new plans to subdue her, and the more furiously he flung himself against all the obstacles that she opposed to him, — lying awake by night and brooding darkly by day over the invention of a new malice or a closer tightening of grip that might make her yield. For, once married, he could defy his mother and order her out of the house if he chose; while as to Mary Harris, he had long ceased to fear her, since her brother was dead, and she had nobody now to help or interfere for her.

Through all this summer it is not to be supposed Guy Morgan had forgotten the beautiful girl of Blisset tavern. Many an excuse he made to himself for extending his drives or rides as far as that little village; many a time the yellow gig and high-stepping black horse stopped before the door and were taken round to the barn, while he sat down to a common country dinner for the sake of being waited on by Clary. Deeper and deeper did the fair image that already occupied Guy Morgan's heart sink into that goodly abode, though Clary never had given him a sly look or a flitting smile. It was the old merry-go-round of life repeated. Guy loved her; she loved Alonzo; he loved — himself! and, knowing him to be jealous as no one but a selfish man can be, Clary dared not offer the commonest courtesies of life to any other man, much less Guy Morgan. She keenly appreciated this handsome young fellow's grace, refinement, high breeding,

and kindliness, but it was with a passion of self-devotion which only a woman in love — a woman like her — can know, that she rejoiced to keep even her outward manner cold and reserved except to him she loved. Polly Mariner's sharp eyes, however, soon perceived the situation. She knew very well that the Morgans would not countenance Guy's infatuation, and she knew too that he was a gentleman, — a word that meant something in those days, — and would not harm Clary in word or deed, so she only smiled to herself at the little drama before her; for, like most women, she held the love of a man to be a light matter, never vital, and rather enjoyed seeing masculine struggles upon the baited hook, just as a trout-fisher becomes interested in the beautiful creature that spins and splashes at the end of his companion's line.

But now, when Polly saw that Clary's troubles were growing heavier and more unendurable day by day, the courageous and sensible woman borrowed a tame old horse and rather dilapidated sulky, and set out for Litchfield alone, — on "law business," she said. She went to Guy Morgan's office, for he had begun to practice law, and laid the case before him, confiding to him certain steps she had already taken.

He heard her with ill-concealed rage and grief; but as the interview ended he said, —

"You have done all you can, Miss Mariner; you will not have to wait a great while, I think, for results. But meanwhile you must promise me that if any new development happens you will send for me at once. I suppose you will not leave Blisset?"

"My sakes! I guess not. I would n't leave there for nothing you could mention! She don't mistrust that I'm her friend, Clary don't. I've hed to fetch this trouble on to her. 'Faithful are the wovnds of a friend,' Scriptor says, but it don't say but what they hurt jest

as much as the wounds of an enemy. I think they do wuss, becous you're kind of obleeged to keep in about 'em; can't spit out, so to speak, as 't were."

Mr. Morgan smiled, and Polly, whipping up her old horse, drove back to Blisset, feeling as if she had some strong support to fall back on, whatever occurred. She would have relied on Parson Piper, but that worthy man lay at death's door with typhus fever, and if ever he recovered, which Dr. Root doubted, wagging his head with great solemnity, he would be months in getting back to life and strength again; and Polly judged wisely in concluding that she should need some one having authority in any contention with Alonzo Jake-way.

About the end of August, when it seemed to Clary that endurance would fail and life with it, Alonzo appeared to be relieved from some pressure of thought and doubt that had long kept him meditative and gloomy. A dull fire lit his gray eyes with a sort of evil satisfaction; and though his mother, with feminine persistence, kept up her nagging and reviling of poor Clary, and made her life a burden, he let the poor girl alone for a while, neither threatening nor coaxing her. Polly watched the whole thing steadily. She distrusted Alonzo none the less for his present forbearance. She would gladly have extended comfort to Clary, but the girl avoided her carefully, and seemed to shrink from her very sight; so the good woman bided her time, not without wonder at the long delay of her measures for Clary's help, but with no fears as to their ultimate result.

It was now the second week in September, when one morning Alonzo Jakeway came down-stairs and asked his mother where she had put his scarlet stockings with gold clocks. These stockings were the pride of his heart, for he had a weakness for finery, and these scarlet hose of heavy silk, gold-

embroidered, he had brought with him from abroad, and they figured at every feast Blisset knew, in gorgeous contrast with a pair of black velvet breeches, a red satin vest, also gold-embroidered, and a coat of fine French cloth with silver buttons.

There was to be a wedding to-night in Goshen, and Alonzo's dress must be in readiness. Clary had ironed one of his new shirts, clear-starched the frill, and done up his laced cravat to a nicety, lingering over the task as if it were a pleasure, as indeed it still was her delight to do any service for the man she loved. But this morning he could not find the stockings, and great was his wrath; he stormed and swore, and his mother hunted over all his possessions and her own too, but in vain. At length, with a face of dark menace, Alonzo left the house, and returned in two hours with the village constable and a search-warrant from the nearest justice of the peace, who lived in Noppit. On the authority of this, every room in the house was examined, — the hostler's hair trunk, the bags of a miller stopping over night on business, the chest of drawers in the school-teacher's room, who had just come there to board, and last of all Clary's little blue chest, where her small store of clothes lay in due order, with sprigs of cedar and sweet basil strewn amongst them.

There, in the folds of her best sprigged cotton gown, her only Sunday gown, lay the red stockings!

Clary was horror struck. Her dry lips could not part to speak; her knees refused to support her; she sunk into the nearest chair, and all the spectators cried out upon her guilty face.

So does man judge! The very agony of insulted innocence is accepted as the aspect of guilt. Shame and horror hang out the same signals with convicted crime. There are not two ways for the blood to leave the heart, or to rush back to it, — one way of sin and another of

purity; and Clary was condemned in the eyes of all who saw her by the very semblance of her guiltlessness.

But nothing availed her now; not her solemn asseverations of innocence when speech at last returned.

Law and justice — if indeed it is not a matter of libel to mention these together — were somewhat ignorantly and clumsily administered in Blisset. A sudden trial was held before the Noppit justice. There were enough to swear that Clary had meant to marry Alonzo Jake-way, and the match had been broken off some time; doubtless she bore him a grudge, accordingly, and stole the stockings in revenge.

This accusation struck poor Clary dumb. She knew such pitiful meanness was as far from her soul as earth from heaven; but she could see that the judge, a heavy, plodding old farmer, believed it; he judged her, as we all do other people, from his inward self, and the case was hopeless. It remained only for the constable to swear that he found the said red silken hose in her chest, hid in her Sunday gown, and the judge was outwardly as well as inwardly convinced. He pronounced her guilty, sentenced her to pay a fine of one hundred dollars, or, in default of ability to pay such fine within the two weeks ensuing, to receive thirty lashes on her bare back at the whipping-post on Blisset green; and in the mean time to be conveyed to the lock-up, a bare little room with grated windows, above the store and post-office of the village, being partitioned off from the public hall, which occupied the second story of the store, and reached from the outside by an open stairway.

For the first time in her life Clary Kent fainted when she heard this sentence. Worn out with long suffering, constant labor, and the intense heat of the past summer, the flesh could not endure one more buffet from the spirit, and in a state of merciful senselessness

she was carried back to Blisset, taken up the outer stair, and left to recover as she might on the rough sacking cot provided for the rare occupants of the strong room.

When she came to herself she longed to faint again, for the whole force of the situation rushed upon her like a flood, and the judge's sentence was burnt in upon her brain as with hot irons. A hundred dollar fine! and she had not a hundred cents. Another girl in her place might have gathered some small store from the generosity of the tavern guests, but Clary so disliked notice, was so sure to slip out quietly when her service was ended, that those who wished to give her money got no opportunity to do so, and those who would have given it from habit were glad of the chance to escape the tax. Guy Morgan would as soon have offered gold to the haughtiest woman in Boston as to Clary. Yet even if all these had bestowed gratuities upon her, she would have been nowhere near possessing a hundred dollars; it was as unattainable to her as the wealth of Croesus.

And the alternative!

She had once accidentally passed the whipping-post when a man had paid the old-time penalty of stealing. An awful fascination chained the child, then only thirteen years old, to the spot; but she had never forgotten the barbaric spectacle. She could see still the thongs that lashed him to the post, the bare, glistening back, the descending lash, the purple welt that followed; she could recall with the distinctness of absolute vision the quiver of that sturdy figure, the groans he vainly tried to repress, the brutal jeers of the crowd, and the red blood that spattered on to the snow under the victim's feet. And all this lay before her! All? A thousand-fold more, for she was a woman, and the lash was no more dreadful in her eyes than the exposure of her sacred person, the violence done to her virgin modesty.

She had not once think of hope. Her nature had been so long crushed into earth by misfortune and suffering that her first impulse was to despair. She fell off the cot on to her knees, and, prostrate on the floor, prayed with the whole force of a desperate soul that God would let her die before the day of her trial came.

From this absorption she was roused by the trembling voice of Polly Mariner, who had climbed the stair and was calling her through the grated door. Clary rose, and looked at her with a shudder.

"Keep up your heart, child! — keep up!" sobbed Polly, crying as much with rage as with sorrow, for she had only just heard the story, and referred the whole thing to its right source directly. "You'll be took care of; there's them will see to 't. Look here; I've fetched ye a blanket an' a big sheet. It's warm weather, but September sunshine ain't reliable; mabbe you'll want bedclothes. And I've spoke to the constable, an' he's goin' to fetch ye a piller and suthin' to eat. You won't be here long, noways. I'm a-goin' over to Litchfield, post-haste, to fetch help. Keep up your sperits."

"Oh, Miss Polly," sighed the girl, inspired with hope by the cheery voice and assurance, "can anybody help me?"

"Land, yes! Anybody can pay your fine, can't they? I could myself, ef I had the dollars. I hain't got 'em, but I'll get 'em."

A thrill of stronger hope awoke in the girl's heart.

"Oh, then I know Lon will pay it! He will! he will! Oh, I ain't a bit afraid, Miss Polly; he'll get me out."

"He!" ejaculated Polly, with a scorn type is powerless to express. "He help you! Why, if you war n't in trouble, I should say you was the biggest fool in Blisset. Why, if you knowed beans, you'd know he was to the bottom of all

on't. Do you expect them stockin's walked into your chist an' crawled inside o' your gown of themselves?"

Clary's eyes grew dark with horror; it was true, somebody must have put them there.

"May be 't was her," she said tremulously; meaning, as Polly well knew, Goody Jakeway.

"Not a bit of it; she's ugly enough, but she ain't 'cute enough. Besides, she don't want to lose ye; she's buzzin' round now like a bee in a tar barrel to get somebody to help her, but there won't none o' the decent gals in Blisset go where Lon Jakeway is."

Clary did not notice this small scoff which Polly really could not help giving; she only went on, —

"I know Lonzo will pay for me. Why, Polly, he — he likes me!" and here a warm blush suffused her beautiful face. "He — well, I never told anybody before, but he wants to marry me just the same. He says that woman's dead, and I only waited to be sure; he's promised to find out. Do you think he'd let me be whipped?" Her piteous voice changed to a ring of scornful triumph as she asked the question, but Polly responded promptly, —

"Yes, I do; but there's them that won't. I'll fix it. Land! there's three-o'clock bell over to Noppit; lecturer preparatory, but I ain't goin'. I must hurry up. Good-by child; I'll be here airy in the mornin'. Keep up your sperits!"

But "spirits" will not come at call, and Clary sank into despondence as soon as Polly's face disappeared. She was roused again by the constable, who fetched her some supper and a pillow, and when dusk fell, worn out by emotion, she laid her weary limbs along the cot and fell fast asleep.

It was at the dead of night that she awoke, hearing her name again; this time it was Alonzo Jakeway; her heart bounded as she recognized his voice. But it sank to deeper depths when he

made known the object of his visit: it was to tell her that if she would marry him at once he would pay the fine and set her free. Here was a trial fit for a martyr of old time; she had but to do that which her heart had all along prompted, and she was saved. But there was one question first to ask:—

"You know I did n't steal them, Lon?"

"I do' know who knows it better," was the surly reply. "Look here, Clary Kent, I've got ye now, tight and sure. I've planned and plotted on't along back, so's it should be tight and sure. I put them stockin's there, for I meant to get a grip on ye. Now take your choice,—to be stripped and whipped, or marry me. If you're a half-way decent gal, you won't demur much."

Clary sprang back from the grating, all her blood on fire with the dastardly insult. She seemed to grow tall and strong; her voice, softer than any cooing flute, took on the ring of a clarion.

"Go away!" she said. "I had rather die than marry you now, Lonzo Jake-way!"

"Wait a bit!" he sneered. "I guess a fortnight'll change your mind; bread an' water and locked doors is pretty convincin'," and with an evil laugh he turned away and stole softly down the stairs.

Poor Clary! this was her bitterest hour. The bandage was torn from her eyes, and she saw the man—no! not the man she loved, but the real man, who had borne about as a garment the image and superscription of her God. Death would not have been as hard. In the agony of bereavement and disgust she tossed on her pallet till daybreak, and then she heard a heavy foot-step toil up the stairs; it was Polly Mariner. She said, trying to smile,—

"Well, dear, I can't fetch it about today. The feller that's got the money he's took an' gone off to Boston of an arrand, but he'll come back,—yes, he

will; he's a-comin' shortly, and I've left a billet for him. You'll hev to stay here a spell, mabbe, but it'll all come right."

Clary looked at her with dull eyes. "There won't ever anything come right any more," she said, stupidly; and this was the fixed belief of her soul.

In vain Polly brought her food of the nicest she could prepare, decent clothing, a Bible, a hymn-book, Boston's Fourfold State, and Jenks's Devotion, her whole store of literary amusement; or thrust through her grating early apples and late peaches, or musky bunches of wild grapes; she could not coax a smile over the beautiful wan face, or instill a spark of hope into the breaking heart.

She had told Clary the truth as far as it went. She found Guy Morgan had gone to Boston, and she left a letter to be given him as soon as he returned; but for security the black boy who waited on the office slipped the queer, ragged note into a legal volume, and then forgot all about it. Polly's errand had been vainer than she knew.

So the days wore on; Clary still in the dull desolation that possessed her, and Polly fuming to herself at Guy's delay. She would have made another journey to Litchfield, but she dare not leave Clary alone; some vague fear was always present with her when she saw or recalled the girl's set face; so she waited as well as she could, not for Guy alone, but for the result of measures she had taken long before to deliver Clary from Alonzo's net. More than once or twice in the dead of night the desperate man visited Clary again, and poured threats and persuasions through the grating, but never did he receive any answer of word or look. Still he clung to the belief that at the last moment he should conquer, and went away in that conviction; for he could no more understand her pure and lofty nature than a worm of earth can interpret the seraphs of heaven.

At last the end of these weary hours drew near. Miss Polly, grown desperate, dispatched Pete Stebbins by sunrise to Litchfield with a strenuous message to Guy Morgan. But the day crept on and he did not come, for the axle of Pete's old wagon gave out half-way there, and he had first to clear the road of the obstruction, and then walk the remaining five miles; happily for Polly she knew nothing of this delay. It was the first day of October, and the languid splendor of early autumn brooded in soft glory over the low hills about Blisset; the woods were lit here and there by a scarlet bough, and one great maple like a torch of fire flamed on the little green; nothing stirred, but the sad chirping of the crickets rose sharp and grievous as a dirge from the damp grass, and now and then a wailing south wind shed a bright leaf softly to the ground. A ring of curious people crowded already about the whipping-post, and close by it stood Alonzo Jakeway, waiting for his victim's appearance.

Just at ten o'clock the constable came down the stairs of the strong room leading Clary; her white feet were bare below her short stuff petticoat, revealing their exquisite shape and dimpled beauty, and over her shoulders a dark blue blanket was loosely thrown.

In her cell she had only the simplest necessities of toilet, so she had knotted the rich masses of her hair loosely on the top of her head, tucking in the ends to keep it in place as well as she could. Her beautiful, despairing face was like molded alabaster, so pure, so pallidly transparent, and her great brown eyes were filled with unutterable woe; she was brought forward, and her hands passed around the post and lashed there. Alonzo Jakeway went up to her and whispered a word. She looked at him as one who saw him not; but when the constable, with sudden roughness, tore the blanket from her shoulders, and the sculptural shoulders and ivory neck were

bared to sight, over every glistening surface and perfect outline a scarlet flush swept like the reflection of sudden flame, and in the agony of outraged womanhood an appeal burst from her parted lips:—

“O Lon! Lon! save me!”

But like a tiger gloating over his prey, the man, who was less man than brute, stood moveless. A fierce and bestial joy filled his soul: he saw this proud girl humbled to the ground, and was greedily glad; his hunger of wrath and revenge tasted blood, and as his red and eager eyes met hers with a look of scorn the uplifted lash descended along those snowy shoulders, and a piercing, horrid shriek rent the air as a long purple welt marked the smooth and polished skin. But hardly was the constable's arm raised again when something burst madly through the crowd; the whip was torn from his hands; the thongs that bound her cut apart; and as if the lash had stung her to life Clary's first instinctive motion was to lift her hand, and loosening her heavy hair drop its dusk veil over her shoulders. She did not see how like a flash Alonzo Jakeway was sent flat to the ground, nor yet that the interposer in this drama was Guy Morgan, whose black horse stood now foaming and panting while his master counted out the fine to the indignant constable. Polly Mariner, sobbing and chattering, got a big camlet cloak about poor Clary and led her away to her own house.

And now into this homely drama, in the commonplace chariot of a creaking chaise, entered another actor, who should have been here long before if winds and waves had not delayed Polly Mariner's letter to Liverpool. When Alonzo Jakeway recovered from the thorough thrashing which Guy Morgan proceeded to give him with the same lash that had seared Clary's shoulders, his eyes opened on the living face of Mary Harris, his wife, to whom Polly Mariner had

written, sending all her little savings that she might come to Blisset and prove her rights.

It was in the eternal fitness of things that she should never after forgive Polly for this intervention, for on her head, with the cowardice and brutality of his nature, Alonzo visited his anger and unsated cruelty; and no one who knew him expected any better result. But she had saved Clary from the like fate, Polly thought, and that was enough for her; for to no human being did the poor girl ever reveal her midnight interviews and her murdered affection. Clary lay long at Polly Mariner's house ill of a dreadful fever, and when at last she recovered, Heaven visited her, in mercy, with utter oblivion of the past; she was even more intelligent and lovely than ever, but her memory was a blank. Under Polly's care she was taken to Boston, and put in charge of an old lady, one of Guy's friends, who was rich and lonely, and romantic enough even in her age to sympathize with young love.

Here the poor girl found shelter, protection, and affection in her new world

of consciousness; and here she received for a few years the training and education of a lady.

It was nothing to her that Alonzo Jakeway became a hopeless drunkard and died like his father before him, or that Polly Mariner, her truest friend, fell a victim to that typhus fever which decimates some New England towns at uncertain intervals.

Clary had no past; and if ever her awakening intelligence questioned it, she was always answered that she was an orphan, and Mrs. Grey had taken her when she was very ill. In time Guy Morgan visited her, and renewed the attentions she did not remember; and now she received them with shy sweetness, for she loved him as fervently as she had loved Alonzo. After their marriage he went to live in a flourishing Western city, and Clary was for a life-time the pride and delight of his home and heart; transmitting her beauty as a heritage to children and grandchildren, who are to this day as ignorant as she mercifully remained till the hour of her death of Clary's Trial.

Rose Terry Cooke.

IN A LIBRARY.

I.

In my friend's library I sit alone,
Hemmed in by books. The dead and living there,
Shrined in a thousand volumes rich and rare,
Tower in long rows, with names to me unknown.
A dim, half-curtained light o'er all is thrown.
A shadowed Dante looks with stony stare
Out from his dusky niche. The very air
Seems hushed before some intellectual throne.
What ranks of grand philosophers, what choice
And gay romancers, what historians sage,
What wits, what poets, on those crowded shelves!
All dumb forever, till the mind gives voice
To each dead letter of each senseless page,
And adds a soul they own not of themselves!

II.

A miracle—that man should learn to fill
 These little vessels with his boundless soul;
 Should through these arbitrary signs control
 The world, and scatter broadcast at his will
 His unseen thoughts, in endless transcript still
 Fast multiplied o'er lands from pole to pole
 By magic art; and, as the ages roll,
 Still fresh as streamlets from the Muses' hill.
 Yet in these alcoves tranced, the lords of thought
 Stand bound as by enchantment; signs or words
 Have none to break the silence. None but they
 Their mute, proud lips unlock who here have brought
 The key. Them as their masters they obey.
 For them they talk and sing like uncaged birds.

Christopher P. Cranch.

COLERIDGE AS POET AND MAN.

I.

As imaginative men—novelists, poets, painters, historians—delight in reclothing again and again and presenting under various aspects the famous dead of different epochs, so do we all like to see these artists themselves, as they stand before us in their works, habited anew from time to time. A new edition is somewhat like a newly discovered portrait of the author. It often gilds more than the edges of the pages. In the collection of British Poets who are gathered together in the Riverside edition¹ like figures on a classic frieze, motionless yet full of life, Coleridge and Keats go hand in hand; a companionship of pain and pleasure which tempts us to discuss them together. But in the space of one essay this would hardly be profitable. Originality, too, demands solitariness so strongly that it is better to consider an original genius alone, even in criticism. The maxim will serve us at least in fixing our attention upon Coleridge separately.

Most poets flower first and strike root afterward. Their earlier poems spring from an impulse powerful out of all proportion to their experience, and bloom to our eyes like mysterious air-flowers, growing rootless, we hardly know how, fed by a vital inspiration of beauty or longing that we cannot define. Later, the song becomes united with the solid ground of fact: study, reflection, observation, actual suffering, or enlarged enjoyment serve as nurture-bringing fibres which, thrown out searchingly in all directions, constantly supply new force to the productive faculty. Where that faculty is deeply and enduringly original the nature of the outgrowth remains always the same essentially, though subject, form, and strength may change. So with Coleridge, for the history of his mind's supply we must look into his prose works—the multifarious interests there spreading, intersecting, tangled together, wasting as well as absorbing energy—and into the narrative of his life. But in the poems themselves we find, from the beginning, though faint at first,

¹ *The Poetical Works of Coleridge and Keats, with a Memoir of each.* Four vols. in two. New

York: Hurd and Houghton. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1873.

the quality which makes them real, — makes them priceless. To this quality life and character and varied research all ministered.

In the original edition of *The Friend*, he wrote: "Long and early habits of exerting my intellect in metrical composition have not so enslaved me but that for some years I have felt, and deeply felt, that the poet's high functions were not my proper assignment; that many may be worthy to listen to the strains of Apollo, neighbors of the sacred choir and able to discriminate and feel and love its genuine harmonies, yet not therefore called to receive the harp in their own hands, and join in the concert." This was in 1809, when he had already written most of the poems upon which his fame rests, including the *Ancient Mariner*. He left out a long passage containing these words from the later edition; but even had he himself adhered to the opinion, and if much of the claim made for him as a philosopher be allowed, it remains true that his wide studies in history, philosophy, literature, and politics are tributary to his verse. "Poetry is the identity of all knowledges," he has said in one place. Like Emerson and Matthew Arnold, Coleridge found in rhythmic utterance the last gratification of the desire for perfected form; but with him it was a greater necessity than it has been with either of these. It soothed his restless spirit by giving melody to passion and sorrow, — the delirium of intellectual and sensuous joy imposed upon the delirium of suffering and annulling it. With Emerson and Arnold it is more a sense of refining workmanship and a desire for reduction or portableness that leads to the choice of verse, — so far as analysis may profess to limit a thing so indefinable and mysterious as the poetic instinct. In minds whose thought (besides falling into the primitive motion of

language, namely, rhythm and music) leaves large deposits of prose, the latter gradually chokes the fountain. The golden rill of Emerson's poetry ceased, while essays still continued to be formed. Matthew Arnold employs himself with putting in position one beautifully polished block of argument after another. And who can say what would have befallen the *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* had Milton not retired from catapultic controversy?

We listen to Matthew Arnold more reverently because of the knowledge that a share of the divine gift has been his also. Similarly, in the poems of Coleridge a thrill reaches us from all that wisdom so ill arranged and cumbrously clothed in his other works, and here, too, are gathered all the divergent rays reflected from his life; so that in Coleridge as poet we have the man, the thinker, the bard, combined.

It is the sense of a person and a spirit addressing us, as distinguished from a merely argumentative, reasoning mind, that in these cases so endears to us the poetic voice. There is the magic of a *tone*, here, which even the most original and strongly individualized prose does not always carry in equal degree.

If, for a starting-point, we ask ourselves what elements make up the quality that has given these poems their hold, two naturally present themselves: Coleridge's sensibility to suffering and sorrow, and that faculty of complete surrender to a vision upborne in melody which — whether we call it poetic rage, divination, possession, or by any other name inadequate as all must be — exercises a kind of odyllic sway, mesmerizing not only the listener, but the composer himself.¹ The simple instinct for truth, which is every poet's, does not make the whole of this faculty I speak of. There must be with such instinct a gift of supreme musical intuition, so that

¹ The Greek word for seer or prophet (*μᾶντις*) and that meaning to rage (*μαίνομαι*) both of which come from a root indicating search or desire, and

by reduplication signifying the greatest intensity of onward longing, express this self-surrendering faculty best.

the minstrel shall wrap himself oblivious in the eddies of his song, and become lost in the magic of his own incantation. The union of this gift and this instinct in high degree does not come to many men. The Hebrew prophets are exponents of it; Pindar grandly exercised it; we find it in Shakespeare, Hugo, Keats, Shelley, Swinburne. Schiller was swayed and sways by it, sometimes; but not Goethe. Two of our American poets disclose it: Edgar Poe, and Whitman in work like his poem on the death of Lincoln. Readers will at once recognize the mesmeric presence in the *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner*; but it is nowhere more intense and striking than in the pulsing verse, the abrupt transitions and rhapsodic images of the *Kubla Khan*.

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

"It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 't would win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware, Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!"

Is it possible to trace the growth of the self-surrendering power exemplified here?

II.

I have said that Coleridge's genius blossomed before it had fairly taken root. But many of the earlier buds were pallid, unhealthy, futile; some even

resembling prematurely withered husks. The Poems Written in Youth are obscured with rubbish, from which a few surprising beauties peep out here and there. On the one side we have absurdities like the *Kisses*, the tepid *Monody* on a *Tea-Kettle*, the lines *To a Young Ass*, its Mother being Tethered near It; a strain aptly continued in the extraordinary title, *On Revisiting the Seashore*, under Strong Medical Recommendation not to Bathe, which is now somewhat oddly placed among poems of love. But on the other side we have a gracefully imaged allegory, the *Time*, Real and Imaginary, and among the boyish verses some lines entitled *Genevieve*, which not only give the name afterward employed in the *Love*, but also intimate something of the then uncreated beauty of this poem. Of the otherwise valueless little effusion to *Sara*, too, the closing lines bring us an awakening murmur of the sentimental charm that breathes from a full chord in the *Love*:—

"Well-pleased I hear the whispered 'No!'
The whispered 'No'—how little meant!
Sweet falsehood, that endears consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft, relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of joy."

But what it is to our present purpose especially to note is the muttering of that precocious melancholy, that languid sadness, which, however, had its place in the development of Coleridge's peculiar fascination. This pensiveness that hung like a net about him, and doubtless often impeded his movements, became a charm to work with when combined with a fertile mood, a congenial theme, and that sudden, rapt inspiration which drew to itself all the writer's energy, fused and utilized at one heat all his nice investigations in the art of verse, and produced a delicious intoxication of sound and meaning. In the *Sigh*, dated at the age of twenty-two, he makes preface with these words:—

"When Youth his faery reign began,
 Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man."

Just what period this faery reign was held to have covered it would be curious to know. Coleridge's life had assuredly not been a bright and smiling one. To take no more than the scanty evidence of his own allusions, we find him three years before, in an ode on leaving school, exclaiming, in language stereotyped enough,—

"Ah me! too mindful of the days
 Illumed by Passion's orient rays,
 When Peace and Cheerfulness and Health
 Enriched me," etc.

In his autobiographical letters he speaks of himself, even before the time of his father's death, as having become "fretful, timorous, and a tell-tale," tormented by his school-mates; dreamy, slothful, "inordinately passionate," and controlled by vanity and a contempt for most of those with whom he came in contact. This is not a happy picture. It was clearly not a "faery reign." The reverted gaze and the regret for something past struck the young poet as pleasing and appropriate, when writing at nineteen and twenty-two: accordingly, he adopted that common attitude. But he was sad by temperament, ingloriously mournful both at the beginning and at the high noon of life.

"And sweeter than the gentle southwest wind
 O'er willowy meads and shadowed waters creep-
 ing."

This is the comparison he adopts for love's first hope, in the earliest of his

¹ Here, by the way, is the earliest instance of Coleridge's appropriation of another man's words. This line is owed to a verse in Southey's *Retrospect* (1794). Coleridge first met Southey at Oxford, in April, 1794. The question of Coleridge's plagiarisms, however, has been made too much of. The borrowing of a line from a friend was nothing extraordinary, considering the freedom with which lines were then exchanged, or supplied on a pinch by one poet to another, as a sort of credit currency in the hands of him who could make the best use of it. It was a more serious matter, incorporating seven lines from a sonnet by Favell with his *Monody on Chatterton*, and not acknowledging them, when he gave credit for others from the same source. He was accused in 1796 of plagiarizing from Rogers, and defended

school-day fragments. It is the willowy meads and shadowed waters, with their slow suggestion of inert sadness, that occupy his fancy. In his tenth sonnet, still during the season of the youthful poems, he harps still on happier years: "Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
 Like the bright rainbow on a willowy stream."

He has himself given some explanation of this seeming contradiction between the fact that he had no such bright years to look back to and the fact of his repeatedly speaking as if he had, where—in the lines to a young lady, with a poem on the French Revolution—he confesses,—

"Much on my early youth I love to dwell,
 Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,

Yet, though the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of sorrow would I sing.
 Aye, as the star of evening flung its beam
 In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
 My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
 Mourned with the breeze, O Lee Boo, o'er thy tomb."

We can imagine the blue-and-yellow-coated charity boy, pacing the cloisters of the old Christ School, and musing over the death of this other boy, the young prince of the Pelew Islands, who had come to England and perished there by small-pox; and how this became to him an event of tragic might, a factor in his emotional development.

"No knell that tolled, but filled my anxious eye,
 And suffering nature wept that one should die."¹

In the *Lines Written at Shurton Bars*, in 1795, a month before his marriage,

himself by a counter-charge, afterward withdrawn. Then came, years later, De Quincey's complaints of purloinings from Schelling. A review of the evidence shows that Coleridge's want of order doubtless led to the omission of credit in this case; and his memory played him extraordinary pranks, as when he published without signature among his own poems Lamb's sonnet to Mrs. Siddons, which had appeared in a previous edition with Lamb's initials. Frederika Bremer's poem on *Mont Blanc* is not mentioned, though it doubtless suggested the Hymn in the *Vale of Chamouni*. Without that, the hymn might not have been written; being written it utterly extinguishes the suggestive German. Coleridge could have afforded here to adopt the bold policy of his title to the poem on a *Cataract*, "improved from *Stolberg*."

he tells how, "Ere peace with Sara came," it would have been sweet to him to pace alone beneath the light-house tower, —

"And there in black, soul-jaundiced fit
A sad, gloom-pampered man to sit,
And listen to the roar."

His predilection was for gloom and dread and pity. This, indeed, is the one uniform feature of the juvenile poems which arrests attention. The mood of seemingly causeless melancholy and introverted mourning is inseparable from the youth of most poets; but in Coleridge the effusions of it are monotonous and open to the charge which, in introducing them, he says is often brought against similar compositions, namely, that of "querulous egotism." To a mind coming, as all must, haunted by echoes of Coleridge's fame, to read these youthful poems for the first time, they will infallibly be disappointing. But, on a review, gleams of the future splendor break out. From the general conventionality of the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton* spring a few lines beating with the rhythmic ardor that triumphed absolutely in poems of a period not much later. Then there is the noble sonnet on Burke: —

"Thee stormy Pity and the cherished lure
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitation of soul,
Wildered with meteor fires," —

a strain of meditative eloquence which, in its way, the poet hardly surpassed at any time; and that other sonnet to Schiller, lifted by a potent and sudden gust of inspiration above his ordinary level at the period, and all athrob with feeling. The *Destiny of Nations*, giving some hint of his sympathy with popular liberty and progress, is otherwise barren. "I rest all my poetical credit on the *Religious Musings*," he declared, in 1796; but neither this nor the *Destiny of Nations* are to be named with great or inspired poetry, though in the *Musings* there are a few strong notes, like echoes in a rocky cañon.

Not until we turn to the *Sibylline Leaves*, first issued together when the author had reached the age of forty-four, but mainly produced within a few years after his marriage at twenty-three, do we get the real stress and power of his genius. Here in the *Lewti* are the softly clouded mood, the evasive yet ensnaring melody, the quick succession of images which we have learned to recognize at the first touch as belonging to his recondite individuality: —

"The moon was high, the moonlight gleam
And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far, —
The rock half sheltered from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew:
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair."

And then we have the beautiful description of the thin cloud in the sky and the swans, their rest broken, moving in moonlight on the river. Not since the early lines on Genevieve had he written anything so direct, so natural, yet so original and alluring. In this poem, of the year 1795 (how different from the *Shurton Bars*!), he rose at once and with the greatest ease to the fashioning of a perfect nocturne, when nearly everything done before had been weak and very far from perfect. The *Ode to the Departing Year* (1796) brings with it again something of the mystic passion that we expect from the full-statured Coleridge; and we find a new inspiration in the *France*, with its grand invocation, and its epode which imparts so noble a joy in liberty. "While on the sea cliff's verge I stood," he says,

"And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty, my spirit felt thee there!"

Not only individual love, but this all-embracing passion as well, had come to mellow his song. His soul had suddenly and swiftly awaked to larger sympathies. From the faint and lachrymose musings and regrets of adolescence; from pinings over Lee Boo and others, and gratitude to Bowles for "those soft strains" which

soothed him, yet "the big tear renewed;" — from all this he was caught up and carried away by the culmination of a republican and human fervor, roused to indignation against his own selfish England, and to tortured ecstasy over the mingled idealism and atrocity of France. His democratic, possibly agrarian sentiments had appeared in a line here and there before, but had not been lifted into sustained poetic expression until the writing of these odes. His style, too, in the *Destiny of Nations* and *Religious Musings* was Cowperized Milton; the ink, we may say, being dried to some extent with Southey's sand. He now attained to a voice of his own, and one singularly fresh when compared with those which had given the pitch till then, — Pope, Addison, Goldsmith, Rogers. A year before his marriage, he had said, addressing the "contemplant spirits" that hover about the throne of God, —

"I, haply journeying my immortal course,
Shall sometime join your mystic choir. Till then
I discipline my young and novice heart
In ministeries of heart-stirring song;"

but the heart was not visibly stirred until the date of the *Departing Year*. He himself tells us, in those lines to a young lady, before referred to, that it was when slumbering Freedom came and "scattered battles from her eyes" that the patriot fire was kindled in him, and his mind forsook those feeble woes that had hitherto absorbed it. This confession to the young lady belongs to the year 1792, and the *Ode on France* bears the mark of 1797; by that time the enthusiasm for freedom had manifested itself in an enduring form.

I am particular about these dates, because we have now to observe a very important fact in the chronology of the poet's mind. When Coleridge was twenty-two, that is in 1794, after the break in his academic course caused by his enlisting as a light dragoon, he left Cambridge, made a pedestrian tour in Wales, and then joined Southey at Bristol,

where he met Miss Fricker, his future wife and the sister of the lady whom Southey afterwards wedded. In October of the next year, he was married. Then two years were passed in a whirlpool of changing plans, postponements of work, removal from place to place, the unsuccessful publication of the *Watchman*. His first book of poems was printed during this inauspicious beginning of a responsible career. Finally he returned to Stowey, and took a house there. Wordsworth and his sister were neighbors, at Alfoxden, and the happiest epoch in Coleridge's life followed, crossed though it was by pangs of suffering, haunted by the very palpable ghost of poverty. It was here, also, that he first took opium, to relieve a terrible neuralgic or rheumatic pain. This was on November 5, 1796. In the last days of the next month, he wrote the *Ode to the Departing Year*. In the following year, note again, he wrote the *Ancient Mariner*, the *Love*, the first part of *Christabel*, the *Dark Ladie*, the *Kubla Khan*, and his tragedy of *Remorse*.

Here is a coincidence of some import. In 1796 he had begun using opium, a habit which clung to him for the best part of his long remaining life; and in 1797 he composed those several poems which have given him his distinctive fame, — the poems that stand preëminent for that melodious exaltation, that quality of intoxicated style, which, as I have said, is his ruling characteristic. In the genuineness of this rapt Pindaric ecstasy, he is unequaled by any English poet. Are we then to attribute the sudden and prodigal fruition of so unique a form of fantasy, with its attendant marvel of expression, to the operation of opium on the brain?

A similar question has been mooted in the case of Thomas De Quincey, and in an essay upon that writer¹ I tried incidentally to show that the constitution

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1877. (Vol. xl. No. 241.)

of his mind and body, rather than the use of a drug, gave to his genius its peculiar magnifying power; that his style, too, instead of gaining in splendor under the influence of opium, was plainly inferior while he was writing immediately under that influence. With Coleridge, as we have just seen, the converse is true. Having accomplished the age of twenty-four, with no more than a few brief bursts of eloquence or delicate rays of beauty, in all his verse, from which greatness might be augured, he subjects himself to laudanum, and at once pours out within a few months that short succession of darkly beautiful, unsurpassable chants that are to make him immortal. Yet we must not give too much weight to this as a relation of cause and effect. If emanations so wonderful were due to opium, they should have continued with the prolonged taking of opium. Its stimulating effect would in time be weakened; but since the same mind went on producing poetry, we should expect to see the peculiar opium quality remain itself from time to time. But it did not do so with Coleridge. This year of opulent achievement passed, — the year 1797, — Coleridge continued poetic composition, from which, however, the special visionary power we are considering was almost wholly absent. Its dreamy radiance rests a while on the few lines written for the beginning of the Wanderings of Cain, and streams through the second part of Christabel; but it is weaker than in the Kubla. The fact that this poem rose in the author's mind while he was asleep from the effect of an opiate is pertinent to our inquiry. And here it may be said that portions of the drama of Remorse might have received their color in part from "wildly-working visions" induced by laudanum. Isidore in the cavern seems to describe to Ordonio the very sensations of horror recorded by De Quincey and others as proceeding from opium, even to the fine, needle-pointed pricking of the skin: —

"An arm of frost above and from behind me
Plucked up and snatched me backward.

If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever — 't was just so!
Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald."

This passage is a direct transcript of the pains of opium, but evidently of the pains in recollection. It cannot, therefore, be called an example of *influence*. Moreover, it is well to remind ourselves that the peculiarities of the Remorse, the lurid and phantom-like play of incident and emotion, stand in no more need of physiological explanation than Byron's Manfred. We cannot so easily set bounds to the swing of the unaided imagination. Let us admit that without the opiate and a passage from Purchas's Pilgrimage acting on Coleridge's brain, we should not have had the Kubla. It is equally true that we should not have had it if the brain had been another than Coleridge's. Every poet has his main productive epoch, be it shorter or longer: we have seen how it came early to Coleridge, bringing him the crown of his poetic existence, and in its full glory left him almost as the year did. Nothing could have been more natural than that a quick ripening of his genius should follow upon marriage; it took place as soon as he gave himself time to rest in one spot. The presence of Wordsworth, too, probably stimulated him. A certain amount of ill health and the interposition of opium would also heighten his sensibility. But all that these or other agencies could effect would be to bring out that power of creative harmony that was in him from his birth.

III.

We have now in some measure explained to ourselves the growth of the self-surrendering power, the capacity for yielding to an intoxication of melodious

sound and mystic sense, which we had set out to study. But we by no means explain that rhapsodic gift. It is something beyond explanation. Could we read into the dim, ancestral history of the Coleridgean mind, we should at least be able to establish some of the sources of his mental endowment; ascertain what race put the controlling poetic instinct into his blood; and how the hidden fountain of tendency had collected itself in one brain after another, until at last it jetted up with dazzling rainbow sparkle in the poetry of this modern and unexampled bard. Bard he truly was, as Lamb in a famous passage called him (though doubtless using the word conventionally); for the supreme quality of his inspiration, on which we must dwell continually, was akin to that of the harpers, whose voices sounded anciently along the valleys of legendary Wales or in the heroic courts of Ireland. Among the verses of his boyish years are found some lines imitated from Ossian, and the Complaint of Ninithoma, besides a love-song from the Welsh, — the last more redolent of modern fancy than of antique bardic feeling; but its nativity is suggestive. At all events, these early scraps show the poet's sympathy with Ossian, even if we must confess that, in the manner of other poets who have versified McPherson's adaptations, he utterly lost their spirit in adding to them rhythm and metre. He was moved by the Ossianic chants, which, as well as the Welsh romances, are Celtic, and the peculiar, identifying genius of the Christabel and the Ancient Mariner is also purely Celtic in its nature. The suggestion of this note would of course be found in old Scotch and English ballads, whence he probably took it; but I cannot rid myself of a belief that there was a deeper connection than this, a vein of ancestral sympathy that worked to produce the transfigured beauty of old Celtic genius which we see in Coleridge. Great sensibility

and an aversion to the actual are traits of the Celtic mind. The poet's tearfulness in his youthful songs; his extreme susceptibility to enthusiasm, despair, and pain; his revolt against the limits of circumstances, and alternate reachings after relief through stimulants and narcotics, or through research into spiritual truths, and the bent of his mind towards the supernatural are all indicative of the two traits just mentioned. It is probable that in future the study of English literature, and in especial poetry, will receive an enlarged meaning and take a deeper drift from the sifting of race tendencies. But Coleridge, not altogether conscious of the secret of his power, ceased to follow the lure of supernaturalism; and even in so fine a ballad as that of Alice Du Clos — a product of his last period — there is more of the regular ballad style and succinct, connected action, with less of deep, inner music and shadow-woven beauty, than in his greatest poems. He unhappily left what none but he could do, to write poems resembling more nearly what others were capable of.

Different as the later poems are in form and direction, an inward harmony, a fine balance of parts, filled some portions of them with superb beauty. Indeed, I have heard the poet Lowell quote, as embodying the music of the language perhaps more completely than any other four lines, these from the poem *On a Cataract*: —

"It embosoms the roses of dawn,
It entangles the shafts of the noon,
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber."

Each verse of this possesses a rhythmic being of its own, though the first two verses and the last two have a structure common to themselves. And how wonderfully, with the change from the anapestic measure of the second to the amphibrachs of the third, the melody glides into that restful cadence, —

"The moonshine sinks down as in slumber!"

This was written well on in life. Other passages of signal mellifluousness may be found here and there in the blank verse; for although in this metre Coleridge was weak at first, and never so completely a master as in others, he attained to a mellowness in it, during the latest period, productive of fine effects. The Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni seems to be pitched to a solemn organ accompaniment; and in that most generous and touching address to Wordsworth, after hearing him read his Prelude, there are chords of sweetness so phrased that we almost fancy their resonance broken by half-checked sobs. In Glycine's song, in the second act of Zapolya, there is an exquisite recurrence of the old melodiousness and picturing power of youth in this glimpse of the "enchanted bird" which the girl tells of:—

"He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!"

Although Zapolya did not come before the world until twenty years after the composition of Remorse, this song of Glycine's carries us back to that great year of production from which the tragedy dates, with its incantation:—

"And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine!"

In recalling these last verses, we can almost imagine that it is Poe who speaks. Poe no doubt studied Coleridge in a receptive mood; but he likewise had an inborn sense for the supernatural, and he was of Irish descent. It is therefore worth remarking that in this American poet, of admitted originality, inventive in metre and captivated with wayward melody, wherein he was no mean master, should be found so clear a correspondence with the peculiar quality of Coleridge which I have ventured to call Celtic.

The visit of Wordsworth and Coleridge to Germany, in 1798, had no special influence on the founder of the new school, but on Coleridge's career it had a decided effect. It led him on into the study of German speculation, thus giving greater strenuousness to his always eager propensity for metaphysics. It resulted in a brilliant poetic achievement, the translation of Wallenstein, which lives to-day almost as an original English poem. It also marked an immediate and great change in the character of his poetic work. The German genius, into which he had entered so deeply, would inevitably oppose itself to a further development of that rhapsodic power which is so un-German in character. Principal Shairp discovers in the Ancient Mariner and Christabel "those very mental elements in solution which, condensed and turned inward, would find their most congenial place in 'the exhausting atmosphere of transcendental ideas.'" There could hardly be a better witness to the truth of our theory. The momentum in those poems is a flight towards the ideal, transcending experience and entering into the supernatural. They also involve, in a veiled poetic aspect, questions of sin and punishment, the struggle of good and evil. But all this is blended, fused in the whirl of the writer's seer-like frenzy, and the succession of his visions and harmonies. The Druidic spirit was, according to our knowledge, highly transcendental for that age; but, imbuing forms like these of Coleridge's poetry, it gives us something as different in effect to methodical German speculation as a mystical religious dance is unlike a carefully argumentative sermon. Yet, even so, Mr. Shairp recognizes in this wilder and unreasoned shape the mental elements which, when condensed, would give as a result transcendental ideas. Such they did, in fact, give; but modern German transcendental. After his visit to Germany, the Saxon in Coleridge led the

Celt a captive; and the prevailing scope of his later poetry is therefore German-English, softened with gentle melodiousness, touched with grace of the classics, but rarely holding a gleam of the old clear fire which first made sacred the altar of his genius.

One of the tenderest among the short poems — perhaps the most lovely of all in its sweet affectionateness of reverie — is that entitled *The Day-Dream*,¹ feignedly addressed by an emigrant to his absent wife. It was written in Germany, when the poet was absent from his family, and breathes of love and longing in these delicious lines: —

"I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;
All o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling, —
I know not what, — but had the same been steal-
ing

"Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss
Her babe, that something more than babe did
seem,
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

"Across my chest there lay a weight so warm,
As if some bird had taken shelter there;
And lo! I seemed to see a woman's form —
Thine, Sara, thine? Oh joy, if thine it were!"

Here is the murmur of the tempered lute, not the sweep of the stricken harp, though the song has Coleridge's individuality in both its atmosphere and motion. That repetition, with variation, of the phrase "All o'er my lips," and so on, is very characteristic. But, except for the fancy of the bird sheltering on his breast, all is plain description; etherealized by being charged with emotion, yet exact and plain. Now, if we take this disposition to picture with simplicity and clearness, and to depend for the effect upon well-defined emotion, and if we then add to this the reflective and

allegorical imagination revealed in that work of his boyhood, *Time, Real and Imaginary*, we have the governing forces that gave Coleridge his themes and his methods in poetry, after thirty. The piece referred to may be given here, for clearness' sake: —

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

On the wide level of a mountain's head
(I knew not where, but 't was some fairy place),
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,

A sister and a brother!

That far outstripp'd the other;

Yet ever runs she with reverted face,

And looks and listens for the boy behind;

For he, alas, is blind!

O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

This is like a fragment of sculptured marble; a piece of beautiful Greek relief, suddenly unearthed after an age of repose. Its plastic quality is perfect, its expression serene. The same characteristics reappear in those poems of latter manhood, *The Pang more Sharp than All*, and *Love's Apparition* and *Evanishment*; more ruggedly again in the *Hymn to the Earth*. The gentleness of feeling which we have been touched by in *The Day-Dream* also imbues the fragmentary lament, *The Blossoming of the Solitary Date-Tree*, wherein the lines rock themselves away into the closing silence, as a boat sleeps upon a gradually subsiding sea after a tempest. This tender, swelling sadness and this chaste imagination, suffusing objects of reflective thought, color other poems, like *The Nightingale*, *Youth and Age*, *The Visionary Hope*, *The Garden of Boccaccio*; it is needless to detail them all. As Coleridge grew older the skill in epigram, which seems to have been his in early manhood, coöperated with a growing tendency to narrow his poetry into channels of specific reflection, so

¹ See *Riverside edition*, vol. i. p. 266. This piece appeared first in 1802, in a daily paper, but was probably written in 1798 or 1799. The author apparently forgot its existence, not having included it in his subsequent collection; and, cu-

riously enough, wrote another *Day-Dream* in 1814 (see vol. ii. p. 66), akin to the first in theme, quite like it in mood, and cast in almost the same stanza, but much inferior in musicalness and warmth. The contrast is instructive.

that the pages representing his later life are filled with pieces of greater brevity, condensed and pointed. Nowhere does he reach a higher level in this kind than in that noble poem, *Complaint and Reproof*, where the voice of eternity is given back in an echo deeply and resonantly human :—

"Has he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures, love
and light
And calm thoughts regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

Wide asunder as the poles these meditative poems appear, from the mystic measure, the wild and terrible images and fierce coloring of the *Ancient Mariner*, or the dim, soft, eerie atmosphere of the *Christabel*. Yet the axis of one imagination, one mind, connects them.

With all his shaping power and opulence of language, — full of sympathy as he was, too, for the genius of Wordsworth, which went to the real as to the very source of its strength, and inaugurated the modern nature worship, — we look nearly in vain to Coleridge for any revivifying magic that shall bring before us the spirit, color, and form of natural beauty in imperishable garb of poetry. It is significant that the *Biographia Literaria*, in its elaborate defense and careful scrutiny of Wordsworth, gives comparatively little heed to his fresh simplicity in the description and interpretation of nature, while it provides a penetrating and comprehensive analysis of the essence and language of poetry. It is true, in *This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison*, there are touches of careful observation of out-door sights and sounds; but the enumeration is buoyed up by no deep sentiment; only the tame reflection comes in, at length,

"That nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure."

A graceful and sonorous idyl in the earlier *Sibylline Leaves*, by name *The Picture*; or, *The Lover's Resolution*, —

which hints of Theocritus, and might easily have furnished Tennyson with a model for some of his first short blank-verse tales, — contains by far the best, indeed the only deliberate and sustained, description of nature that he has left. There are a few intimate and loving glimpses to be had through its pages, as in

"the pebbly brook
That murmurs with a dead yet tinkling sound."

It was in this poem that he gave the birches their famous name, "the ladies of the wood;" and these following lines were not written by a man incapable of conveying the sentiment of wood-life :—

"Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
That swells its little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me on the mountain-ash."

I do not say, he was wholly incapable of rendering the external beauty of earth, sea, and sky; but he did not develop the germ of appreciation for these things that lay within him, and it was not the errand of his genius so to do. He was much more at ease in picturing the water-snakes that played in elfish light on the still and awful red of the charmed water, blue, glossy green, and velvet black, around the *Mariner's* ship. Swinburne pertinently complains that this most wonderful of ocean tales has hardly enough of "the air and savor of the sea." But Coleridge would not have been the true Coleridge, had he imported these into it. In one place he rashly proclaims that "in nature there is nothing melancholy;" but had his proposition as to the cheerfulness of nature been true, and himself confined to that inspiration, his genius would have fared ill.

"Oh, the one life within us and abroad,
That meets all motion and becomes its soul,"

was an exclamation truer to his real instinct, which finds its full utterance in that glorious strophe of the *Dejection*, beginning,

— "we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!"

The beautiful and beauty-making power which enables us so to envelop the earth, Coleridge in this same ode attributes to joy, the joy of the pure. It matters not that Coleridge's joy was oftenest joy in sorrow. Certainly the spell of every poet arises from his rejoicing in himself, in the vibration of manifold feelings across his nature, in his rhythmic gift, in the powers of his mind and heart for delight, or pain, or thought; but the way in which that spell shall be exercised, what objects it will lay hold of, is determined by causes too occult for explanation. Coleridge never put nature under enchantment except in those few poems which cast the peculiar, visionary, not wholly natural light of his own spiritual interior upon it. His dramatic works, again, have little objectivity. Poets have stood for many different things, accordingly as their genius has provided a lens for this or that class of phenomena, this or that phase of intellectual striving: Shakespeare being the poet of human nature in action, Dante of Middle Age belief, Byron the poet of revolt. But Coleridge was preëminently the poet of his own mind.

IV.

In this fact we seize the link between those widely dissimilar kinds of poetry which Coleridge produced. His imagination, being interior, — not working in the usual exterior way upon nature, men, history, fable, but upon what it found within, — gave us first poems like the *Lewti*, *Love*, *Christabel*, and the *Ancient Mariner*, which were not daylight nor moonlight poems, but poems illuminated solely by the singular genius that shone in the writer's brain and made a separate sphere for them to move in. When afterward the creative impulse was checked by necessities, misfortunes, and anguish, in other words the whole complex of the man's personal circum-

stances, this interior imagination took another turn, and occupied itself with the expression of moods, reflections upon life and love, terse sentences of summarized experience. In this way, as I said on my opening page, after the first impetuous blooming of those flowers which seemed almost without an origin, the fibres of experience and suffering connected the poet's after-blossoms definitely with the earth. But these, changed as they were outwardly from the first growth, retained the same essence, the same interior and inclosed imagination, working now with other substance.

Before this change had reached its height, another had begun. From being the poet of his own mind, Coleridge also became the prose annalist of its progress and expounder of its philosophic and religious struggles. Perhaps we ought to substitute for progress, or progression, digression and deviation. This is not the place, nor am I the writer, to speak adequately concerning his theological essays. Archdeacon Hare considers that "the main work of his life was to spiritualize not our philosophy, but our theology, to raise them both above the empiricism into which they had long been dwindling, and to set them free from the technical trammels of logical precision." His influence upon subsequent thought in this department is confessedly great. But what we chiefly care for at present is to notice what colossal proportions that interest in his own mind, found to be important as it related to his poetry, assumed after his poetry declined from its first glory. From boyhood he had the taste for metaphysics, but in the Dejection he states distinctly that sorrow is fettering his "shaping spirit of imagination," and driving him to steal from his "own nature all the natural man," by abstruse research, — an often-quoted passage. However it may be applied in quotation, it shows very clearly grief on Coleridge's part at the direction his mind was

taking. When at last, in 1807, he returned from Malta completely the slave of opium, there rose up in a dark cloud, as if about to extinguish his poetic genius, an overshadowing sense of guilt, accompanied by wordy speculations on salvation and voluminous arguments on the Trinity. Orthodox faith grew upon him in proportion as he sank into dismal and hopeless vice. Instead of turning this religious fervor to his own improvement, he employed it in trying to convince others, in smoothing the way for after-comers, discussing church and state, and providing a manual for Christian statesmen. His family he left fatherless and dependent on charity, himself remaining a beggar, consumed with remorse and profuse with abject and pitiable self-condemnation, weakly continuing in sensuality, and all the while recording the result of this wofully wrecked career on his own thought. This is the dreary situation we are compelled to face in looking at Coleridge as man and poet. What he himself thought of it is written in one of his marginal notes in the *Literary Remains*, where, after describing how one should become "a rightful poet, that is, a great man," he adds this comment on his own note: "A map of the road to Paradise, drawn in purgatory, *on the confines of Hell*, by S. T. C., July 30, 1819."

There is another side to this change, apparently of ruin, which overcame his career. Without it, the world would undoubtedly have been deprived of the service which he clearly rendered to religious thought in importing the large ratiocination of Kant into England, and giving to the German philosopher's Pure Reason that transcendent meaning which was indigenous to his own aspiring mind. Without it, too, we should have missed the poems of later manhood, which form so remarkable a record of a great spirit wronged by the conditions of its mundane existence, and disconsolately grieving. His heart broke in music. Through-

out the poems of this time, we hear the echo of the ebb of all his hopes, receding with a hollow-sweet, monotonous refrain. By the absorbing beauty of this sadness, and the intense interest attaching to the evolution of his thoughts on religion, his concentration upon his own mind is justified. His was a nature so rare that the world is incalculably privileged in being allowed to watch and follow its vicissitudes; and had it not been lost for thirty years in a maze of sin and disappointment we should not, perhaps, have known its full range of power, its profoundest depth of feeling.

If we look for the immediate causes of Coleridge's disappointment and failure, we shall be puzzled to find adequate ones. He married, indeed, on nothing, and for several years was sore pressed to find the means of livelihood. But no man ever had more opportunities, or friends more generous. His lectures were profitable, from the beginning. In the complacent but appreciative Cottle he had a genuine friend and liberal publisher, at a time when to publish for him or for Wordsworth and Southey was almost Quixotic. Numerous schemes for schools or pupils were broached, and to all seeming could have been carried out with a little energy. The profession of Unitarian preacher was open to Coleridge, and would have supported life; but from this he was rescued by the liberality of the Wedgwoods, who settled upon him an annuity four times as large as the yearly income derived by Wordsworth from the bequest of Raisley Calvert, which was long that poet's chief dependence. None of these things availed to ward off distress. In 1796, before the settlement of the annuity, he wrote to Cottle: "So I am forced to write for bread!—write the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife. Groans and complaints and sickness! The present hour I am in a quick-set hedge of embarrassment, and whichever way I turn

a thorn runs into me! The future is cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up to me! Nor is this all. My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection that I must make haste." Every imaginative person, and in especial every imaginative writer who has felt the pressure of narrow means, will answer with sorrowful yearning that piteous cry, even as it stands now upon the printed page, when the poet's frame is dust. Yet, if the truth must be told, we shall put instead of the words "write for bread" "project and dream for bread." That was what Coleridge was then chiefly doing. A year before, he was preparing his "great work of Imitations," of which nothing further was ever heard. His poems, for which he drew payment in advance, fell slowly from his pen. He once read to Cottle a list of eighteen works which he intended to write, no one of which ever reached completion; and at other times he had in hand a History of German Belles-Lettres, a Life of Lessing, two volumes on Hall, Milton, and Taylor, and on Johnson and Gibbon, with other books, — the whole list of the unaccomplished footing up forty-four elaborate projects, for some of which he partly collected the material. As Cottle observes, he would frequently *talk* an entire octavo of original matter in a single evening; but that was not to the purpose. Yet in his weekly, *The Watchman*, undertaken in 1798, in his efforts to write for the daily press, afterward, in London, and in *The Friend*, issued when he was staying with Wordsworth at Grasmere, in 1808-9, he displayed a practical desire for bread-getting work, and more or less industrious application. What, then, was the trouble? I think Coleridge had a natural capacity for luxuriousness, as there are people who have a native inaptitude for it, and cannot possibly enjoy it, even under the most favoring circumstances.

This led to negligence, procrastination, and unthrift. Perhaps, too, it was the rightful business of his genius to dream and project, instead of executing, at the early age when he began wedded life; and instinctive obedience to genius was stronger than the earnest desire and sharp necessity of supporting his family. Suppose for a moment that he had succeeded as the editor of a weekly review, or as a writer for London dailies: what unspeakable loss would have been ours! If the relief given by the Wedgwoods had come earlier, Coleridge's history might have been different. Two years before that, referring to the various frustrated plans for gaining a support, he had said, "I am not the man I have been, and I think I never shall [be]. A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart." And by the time the annuity was offered poverty and anxiety may have set their stamp too deeply on his impressible and sensitive character to be effaced. That "calm hopelessness" had become a habit. But do we, in fine, wish that it had been otherwise? I am not of those who waste regrets upon the epic on the siege of Jerusalem which he did not write; we are perhaps as well off, too, without his observations on the German Boors. A great work, indeed, he might have done in his proposed study of masters of English prose and poetry, as the fragments reported from his lectures and notes attest. But Coleridge the prosperous author, producing literature by the pound, converting his conversation on the Corn Laws and all other conceivable subjects into volumes, so many per annum, — what a commonplace figure to replace that of the stricken bard, the seer, the thinker, the marvelous conversation-orator, whom we now have!

No; that mournfulness that we have observed in him was a prophetic note. In the Allegoric Vision he tells of a peculiar melancholy that was wont to possess him in spring and in autumn: in

spring, "the melancholy of hope; in autumn, the melancholy of resignation." That spring sadness of hope prefigured the autumnal sadness of his second half of life, which gave his reflective poems their pathos and their value as direct comments on life, and has invested his prose with a tragic and tender interest denied to that of writers whose personality is more sober and methodical. But at a fearful cost to his family, to his friends, and his own manhood did he pursue this destiny to the end. His very virtues assisted to bring on his failure more surely; his thirst for knowledge, his desire for accuracy, and his comprehensive circuit of thought, all led him to continual and fatal delays in preparing himself to write prose works. Besides, his absorbed attention to public affairs interfered with the creative mood. To Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, in 1800, he wrote that "the present state of human affairs" pressed on him for days together, so as to deprive him of all his cheerfulness; but although he admitted this to be a morbid condition, he added, "Life were so flat a thing without enthusiasm that if for a moment it leaves me I have a sort of stomach sensation attached to all my thoughts, like those which succeed to the pleasurable operations of a dose of opium." To the craving for excessive stimulation even at the expense of depressing reaction, here confessed, his misfortunes must in great measure be attributed. It may have had something to do with the utter indifference which he so long displayed towards his family. De Quincey, in his very questionable gossip about the man whom he had at one time aided with a considerable sum of money, intimates that with all Mrs. Coleridge's merits there was incompatibility between herself and her husband. Whoever utters the name of wife mentions the key to mysteries of mutual influence for good or ill which can never be wholly disclosed in this world, — least of all by confident tattlers.

It is of little use, therefore, to dwell upon such speculations. We may, charitably to both, guess that compatibility with so fitful and peculiar a man as Coleridge might be difficult for any woman. But, at all events, he passed completely through the phase of happy love which was recorded in sundry poems; and in *The Blossoming of the Date-Tree*, long after he had left his wife, he sighs, —

"Why was I made for Love, and Love denied to me?"

Yet memory and remorse associated with her being must have lent their weight to his long depression in decline. These wonderful and poignant lines from the second part of the *Christabel*, produced before the separation that was to prove final, had almost a prophetic bearing upon it: —

"They parted, — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Finally, hope left him, "like a loose blossom on a gusty night." There has been much debate whether his ill health came from the use of opium, or was due to an exposure in childhood which settled rheumatism in his constitution. He impressed impartial observers as a strong man, though his editor and his daughter have maintained that he was so only in appearance. We have noticed how he first had recourse to opium to relieve terrible physical pain; but, even allowing the excuses which his relatives have made, it cannot be denied that he abused the drug, and his own words are not wanting to show that bodily infirmity was at least greatly aggravated thereby. The desire for stimulation led to this abuse. Men of such temperament as his, and even those much more robust than he, when they have come to failure or wandered into wrong-doing, find a

wild but not inexplicable satisfaction in loading themselves with fresh burdens of error, as if to crush the first by a new incubus. Sensuality is to such men a counter-irritant, which, though it be worse than the disease, still fascinates them.

So the magnificently endowed creature, who, amid his constitutional melancholy, had been noisy and "gamesome as a boy" in his best days that Wordsworth knew, confronted Carlyle, who saw him in his late retirement at Highgate, with deep eyes "as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them as in a kind of mild astonishment." The ultra republican of forty years before had become a tory, with profuse, almost cowardly apology for so splendid a piece of poetic sarcasm as the *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*. There is a wretched abjectness in his whole attitude at this time. Carlyle, with a rough and bitter humor pervading all that he says of him, characterizes his whole air as flabby and irresolute, and scoffs at his unintelligible talk, given with eager and musical energy. Stirling made no such complaint; and Henry Nelson Coleridge declares that an entire day spent with the poet "was a Sabbath past expression deep and tranquil and serene." Of his conversation he adds that, though the subtlest listener might not understand it as he would a newspaper, there would steal upon him an attempering influence which worked until "his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation." Such, too, is the spell of his higher poetry, and if it departed from his song it still dwelt upon his lips.

The distinction has been made that Wordsworth was a philosophic poet and Coleridge a poetical philosopher. But this is useful only to be rejected, as defining an utter misapprehension of the true nature of the Sibylline poet's genius. Whether his theosophical writings answer to the full value given them by

theologians, or must be rated by Carlyle's estimate as "logical fata morgana," they have been of value to others, and were of great value to Coleridge, as giving him the one solution attainable for all his misery.

"In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life! Let, then, earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me! On my front I show
Their mighty master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?
Yes! but not his, — 't is Death itself there dies."

The faith that could rouse the poet to this sublime utterance was of vast importance to him as a culmination of his mental history; and the history of his own mind and soul was what interested him most. The props upon which he built it and the humiliating circumstances of his decline are secondary. Coleridge was above all a poet, — a poet of rare imagination and of musical power indescribable, whose chants far transcend the song of Wordsworth in spontaneity and artistic ideality. He had no novel purpose, no theory to enforce, no special interpretation of nature, which would suffice to form a school or to influence modern poetry so directly as Wordsworth has done; but his melodious and imaginative inspiration has passed into the air that all poets breathe, and will long affect them to their advantage.

He was not a Titan, like Byron. He was not well balanced, like Wordsworth, nor did he attain to the more exalted spirituality of a calm like Emerson's. But nevertheless grandeur and beauty are in him. I have a vision of a man looking up in anguish at the sky, and beating his breast; and at every stroke upon his breast a sweep of music sad and delicious issues forth. Such is Coleridge. Beautiful are the formed, secure, and reverend lives of self-respecting men. But beautiful also, and precious, is the life that like a breaking vase spills its elixir in such rills as these of Coleridge, with such wild perfume!

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

XII.

EGERIA had not fainted, but she had lapsed into a torpor from which she could not rouse herself. She could not speak or make any sign when her father drew her head away from the young man's shoulder and laid it on his own. The Shaker chirped his reeking horses into a livelier pace, and when he reached the office in the village he sprang from the wagon with more alertness than could have been imagined of him, and ran in-doors to announce his guests.

Brother Humphrey and the three office sisters,¹ very clean and very dry, with the warm smell of a stove fire exhaling from their comfortable garments, received him with countenances in which resignation blended with the natural reluctance of people within to have anything to do with people without, in such weather.

"Oh, better put them in the tramps' house," said Brother Humphrey, — "there's a fire there."

"Yee," consented one of the sisters, "they will do very well there."

"They would slop everything up here," said another, "and we've just been over our floors, Laban."

The third was silent, but she wrung her hands in nervous anxiety, like one who would not be selfish, and yet would like whatever advantage may come of selfishness.

"Nay," said Laban, "they're not tramps. They're the folks that Joseph and Elihu told about meetin' yesterday. I don't know as you'd ought to put them with the tramps. I guess the young woman's in a faint."

"Oh, why did n't you say so, to begin

with, Laban?" lamented that one of the sisters who had not yet spoken. "Of course she's sick, and here we've been standin' and troublin' about our clean floors, and lettin' her suffer. I don't see how I can bear it."

"Oh, you'll be over it by fall, Frances," answered Laban, jocosely. Humphrey caught up a cotton umbrella, vast enough for community use, and weather-worn to a Shaker drab, and sallied out to the gate. The doctor and Laban got their benumbed burden from the wagon between them, and carried Egeria into the house, where they were met with remorseful welcome by the sisters. They dispatched Brother Humphrey to kindle a fire in the stove of one of the upper chambers reserved for guests, and into its sweet, fresh cleanliness Frances presently helped Egeria, and then helped her into bed, while the others went to make her a cup of tea.

Her father, meanwhile, had taken off his wet clothes, and arrayed himself in a suit belonging to one of the brethren, a much taller and a thinner man than Boynton, who made a Shaker of novel and striking pattern in his dress. But he beheld his appearance in the glass, which meagrely ministered to the vanity of the office guests, with uncommon content, as a token that he had already entered upon a new and final stage of investigation; and when his tongue had been loosed by the cup of tea brought to him in the office parlor he regarded his surroundings with as great satisfaction. This room was carpeted, but it was like the rest of the house in its simple white walls and its plain finish of wood painted a warm brown; there were braided rugs scattered about before Shakers are imaginary in everything but their truth, charity, and purity of life, and that scarcely less lovable quaintness to which no realism could do perfect justice.

¹ In placing some passages of his story among the Shakers of an easily recognizable locality, the author has carefully avoided the study of personal traits, and he wishes explicitly to state that his

the stove and the large chairs, as there were at the foot of the stair-ways, and at the bedsides in the chambers above. Dr. Boynton, stirring his tea, walked out into the low, long hall, bare but not cheerless, and traversed it to look into the room on the other side; then he returned to the parlor, and glanced at the books and pamphlets on the table, — historical and doctrinal works relating to Shakerism, periodicals devoted to various social and hygienic reforms, and controversial tracts upon points in dispute between the community and the world; there were several weekly newspapers, and the doctor was turning over one of them with the hand that had momentarily relinquished his teaspoon when Brother Humphrey rejoined him.

"If we could have at all helped ourselves," he began promptly, "I should consider our intrusion upon you most unwarrantable; but we had no will in the matter."

"Nay," replied the Shaker, "it's no intrusion. This is not a family house. We call it the Office, for we do our business and receive friends from the world outside here."

"Do you mean that you keep a house of entertainment?"

"Nay, we would not take in strangers; but our rule forbids us to turn any one away. Of late years, the wayfar-
ing poor have increased so much that we have appointed a small house especially for them; but we cannot put everybody there."

"I thank you," said the doctor.

"It is not a hotel," continued Humphrey, "for we make out no bills. All are welcome to what we can do; those who can pay may pay."

"I shall wish to pay, as soon as we can recover our effects," Boynton interposed.

"Nay, I did not mean that," quietly rejoined the Shaker. "You are welcome, whether you pay or not."

The doctor turned from these civili-

ties. "I am glad to find myself here. I met two of your number yesterday, and had some conversation with them on a subject that vitally interests me."

"Yee, I heard," said the Shaker. "You are spiritualists. Are you the medium?"

"My daughter is a medium, — a medium of extraordinary powers, which I dare not say I have developed, but to which I have humbly ministered; powers that within the last hour have received testimony of the most impressive and final nature." Brother Humphrey made no outward sign of any inward movement that Boynton's words might have produced, and the latter suddenly demanded, "Are you a spiritualist?"

"Yee," answered the Shaker, "we are all spiritualists."

"Then you will be interested — you will all be interested intensely — in the communication which I shall have to make to your community. I wish you to call a meeting of your principal people" —

"Nay," interrupted the Shaker, "we are all equal."

"Then," said the doctor, "of all your people, before whom I desire to lay some facts of the most astounding character, and to whom I wish to propose myself for admission to your community, in order to the pursuance of investigations profoundly interesting to the race."

He paused, full of repressed excitement; but Brother Humphrey was not moved. "There will be a family meeting to-morrow night," he began.

"To-morrow night!" cried the doctor. "Is it possible that you are so indifferent to phenomena that ought to be instantly telegraphed from Maine to California? That" —

"We have heard a good deal of the doings with the spirits in the world outside," interrupted the Shaker, in his turn, "and we know how often folks are deceived in them and in themselves. If

something new and important has happened to you, I guess it'll keep for twenty-four hours." Brother Humphrey smiled quaintly, and seemed to expect his guest to take this common-sense view of the matter.

"Oh, it will keep!" exclaimed the doctor. "But so would the thunder from Sinai have kept!" He plunged into a vivid and rapid narration of the events of his captivity and release at the tavern.

When he paused, the Shaker replied with unperturbed calm: "These are things to be judged of by the family. I cannot say anything about them."

"Is it possible?" demanded Boynton, in a tone of indescribable disappointment. He seemed hurt and puzzled. After a while he said, "I submit. Could you let me have writing materials to take to my room? I wish to make some notes."

"Yee," said Humphrey.

Boynton went to his room, which was across a passage-way from that where one of the sisters was still busy with Egeria, and he did not reappear till dinner, which was served him in the basement of the office, in a dining-room made snug with a wood-stove. As Boynton unfolded his napkin, "What are your tenets?" he abruptly demanded of the sister who came to wait upon him.

"Tenets?" faltered Rebecca.

"Your doctrine, your religious creed."

"We have no creed," replied the sister.

"Well, then, you have a life. What is your life?"

"We try to live the angelic life," said Rebecca, with some embarrassment: "to do as we would be done by; to return good for evil; to put down selfishness in our hearts."

"Good, very good! There could be no better basis. But as a society, a community, what is your central idea?"

"I don't know. We neither marry nor give in marriage."

"Yes, yes! That is what I thought. That was my impression. I fully approve of your system. It is the only foundation on which a community can rest. And to keep up your numbers you depend upon converts from the world?"

"Yee."

"But you bring up children whom you adopt?"

"Yee."

"Do they remain with you?"

"We have better luck with those who are gathered in after middle life. The young folks — we are apt to lose them," said the Shakeress, a little sadly.

"I see, I see!" returned Boynton. "You cannot fight nature unassisted by experience. Life must teach them something first. They fall in love with each other?"

"They are apt to get foolish," the sister assented. "And then they run off together. That is what hurts us. They no need to. If they would come and tell us" —

Boynton shook his head. "Impossible! But you have the true principle. Celibacy is the only hope of communism, — of advanced truth." He ceased to question her as abruptly as he began; but after he had dispatched his dinner, he asked leave to borrow from the parlor a work on Shakerism which he had noticed there, and he again shut himself up in his room. That night they heard him restlessly walking the floor.

The sister who visited Egeria last at night stood a moment, shading her lamp with her hand and looking down on the girl's beauty. Her yellow hair strayed loosely out over the pillow; her lips were red and her cheeks flushed. The sister's tresses had been shorn away as for the grave thirty years before, and her face had that unearthly pallor which the Shaker sisters share with nuns of all orders. She stooped and kissed Egeria's hot cheek, and then went down to the office sitting-room to report her im-

pressions to the other sisters before they slept.

"It appears as if her father did n't want to go to bed," said Sister Diantha, after a moment's quiet, in which the doctor's regular tread on the floor overhead made itself audible.

"If he's got anything on his mind," said Sister Rebecca, "it ain't his daughter."

"Yee, Rebecca," said Sister Frances, "you're right, there. I told him I thought she was going to have a fit of sickness, but he said it wa'n't anything but exhaustion, and 't he'd see after her; 't he was a doctor himself. To my knowledge he hain't been near her since. I think she's goin' to have a fit of sickness."

Brother Humphrey came in from the next room and stood by the stove. "How did you leave her, Frances?" he asked.

"Well, I think she's goin' to have a fit of sickness," repeated Frances.

"Well, I don't know's you'd have much to say ag'in that, would you?" returned the brother, after a general pause. "You hain't had a good fit of sickness on hand for quite a spell."

The other sisters laughed. "Set down, Humphrey," said Diantha, putting him a chair. The manner of these elderly women with Humphrey was of a truly affectionate and sisterly simplicity, to which he responded with brotherly frankness.

"I guess she ain't goin' to be very sick," resumed Humphrey, making himself easy in his chair. "Any way, we've got a doctor to prescribe for her."

"What do you think of him, Humphrey?" asked Rebecca.

"Pretty glib," said Humphrey.

"I don't know as I ever heard better language," suggested Frances.

"Oh, his *language* is good enough," said Humphrey.

"It's quite a convert Laban's brought us," observed Diantha. "Talk of winter Shakers!" she continued, referring

to that frequent sort of convert whose Shakerism begins and ends with cold weather. "I hain't seen any one so ready to be gathered in for a long time."

"Yee, too ready," said Humphrey, soberly. "That kind ain't apt to stay gathered in; and I'm about tired havin' the family fill mouths for a month or two, and afterwards revilin's proceed out of 'em."

"We must receive all, and try all," interposed Frances, gently.

"Yee," sighed Humphrey.

"What do you say to his story?" asked Diantha.

"I don't judge it," said the brother. "We know that spirits do communicate with men, and miracles happen every day. As to the doin's at the Elm Tavern, Harris might tell a different story."

"I should n't believe any story Harris told," said Frances.

Humphrey smiled. "Well, I don't know as I should, come to look at it," he admitted.

"I wish that nest could be broken up," said Rebecca. "It's a cross."

"Yee, it's a cross," answered Humphrey. "I most drove over a man, dead drunk, in the road yesterday, comin' down into the woods, after I passed the tavern; and nearly all the tramps that come now smell of rum. The officers don't seem to do anything."

"Oh, the officers!" cried Diantha.

The walking had continued regularly overhead; but now, after some hesitation, the steps approached the door, which was heard to open, and they crossed the hall to Egeria's room. From thence, after a brief interval, they descended the stairs, and Dr. Boynton, lamp in hand, entered the room. The sisters rose in expectation.

"I find my daughter in a fever," said Boynton, with an absent air. "What medicines have you in the house?"

"We have our herbs," answered Sister Frances.

"They may be the best thing," said

Boynton, with the same abstraction, as if he were thinking of something else at the same time. He stood and waited amid a general silence, till Sister Frances, who had gone out, reappeared with some neat packages of the medicinal herbs which the Shakers put up. He chose one, and asked for some water in a tin dish in which to steep it on the stove.

"Let me do it for you," pleaded Sister Frances. The other sisters joined in an entreaty to be allowed to sit up with the sick girl.

"No," said Boynton. "I have always taken care of her, and to-night at least I will watch with her. I could n't sleep if I went to bed, but I shall make myself easy in an arm-chair, if you'll give me one." Humphrey went to fetch the chair, and as he passed the door, on his way up-stairs with it, Boynton called out to him, "Thanks! If her fever increases," he continued to the sisters, "she will wake at eleven, and then I shall give her this. I shall need nothing more. Good-night."

He went out, and Sister Frances said, with perhaps some sense of penalty in this loss of opportunity for nursing the girl through the night, "I feel to say that I was hasty in judgin' on him."

"Yee," said the others. "We judged him hastily."

"We were too swift to blame," said Humphrey, who now returned. "Let us remember it the next time."

"But," added Sister Frances, "I *knew* she was goin' to have a fit of sickness."

The sisters took each a hand-lamp of kerosene, and passed up the bare, clean halls to their chambers. The brother went about trying the fastenings of the windows and the locks of the outer doors. The time had been, before the time of tramps, when he never turned a key at night.

In the morning Sister Frances made an early visit to Egeria's room, and found the girl and her father both awake. She was without fever now, but she lay

white and still in her bed, and her father stood looking at her unhopefully.

Sister Frances went down to the kitchen, where the other sisters were already busy getting Boynton's breakfast. "It's goin' to be a fit of sickness," she said.

"Then she had best go to the sick-house," said Diantha.

"Yee," added Rebecca, at a look of protest from Frances, "that's what it's for, and she can be better done for there. It's noisy here."

She urged that it was noisy when they spoke, later, of Egeria's removal to Boynton, who owned that he could not now say she would not be sick: it was the belief of the office sisters that they lived in the midst of excitement.

The day had broken clear, and the New England spring was showing herself in one of her moods of conscientious adherence to duty: she would perform her part with sunshine and birds, but she breathed cold across the brilliant landscape, and she warned vegetation that it started at its own risk. The Shaker village had awakened to its round of labors and self-denials as quietly as if it had not awakened at all. Some of the elderly men, with the boys and the hired hands, were at work with the cattle in the great barns; some were raking together the last year's decay in the garden into heaps for burning; some were busy in the workshops. The women went about their wonted cares in-doors, and there was no sign of interest in the arrival of guests at the office. Perhaps their presence had not been generally talked over in the family, but had been held in reserve for formal discussion at the meeting in the evening. The office sisters consulted with the eldress in the family house opposite in reference to Egeria's removal, and the infirmary was made ready for her. It was aired, the damp was driven out by a hot fire in the stove, and Sister Frances strove to set its order still more in order; a little

fluff under the bed or a spot upon the floor would have been a comfort to her; but everything was blamelessly, hopelessly, neat. It was not quite regular for her to take an interest in things outside of the office, but she had been suffered to do so much in consideration of her affliction at having a fit of sickness snatched from her care, as it were, and she was allowed a controlling voice in deciding upon the doctor's request to have a bed put up for him in the infirmary. This was hitherto unknown; it was an invasion of family bounds by the world outside; but it stood to reason that the girl's father had a double claim to be as near to her as possible, and his request was, after some conscientious difficulty, granted.

While they were making ready for her, Brother Elihu came to see him at the office, and gave him a sort of conditional welcome. He seemed to be a person of weight in the community, and after his brief visit Boynton perceived that his standing was more strictly probationary than before. There was no want of kindness in Elihu's manner; he made several thoughtful suggestions for the welfare and convenience of the Boyntons; but he had shown no eagerness for the statement which the doctor wished to make to the community, nor for his ideas upon the development of spiritistic science. The statement, he said, could be made that evening, or at the next family meeting; it did not matter; there was no haste. "Spiritualism arose among us; our faith is based upon the fact of an uninterrupted revelation; the very songs we sing in our meetings were communicated to us, words and music, from the other world. We have seen much perversion of spiritualism in the world outside, — much error, much folly, much filth. If you have new light, it will not suddenly be quenched. Rest here a while. Our first care must be for the young woman."

"Yes, yes!" assented Boynton, restively.

The office brothers and sisters had listened to Elihu with evident abeyance; only Sister Frances, by looks and tones, expressed herself unchanged to Boynton. As the time drew on toward evening, and Egeria seemed to need constant watchfulness, she offered to take his place at the infirmary, and to let him know if he was needed at any time during the meeting. This made it easy for him to go, and Sister Frances established herself in attendance upon the sick girl. She was not afterwards dislodged from her place in the infirmary. There were nurses whose duty it was to care for the sick, but Frances clung to her patient, not in defiance, but in a soft, elastic tenderness which served her as well.

Dr. Boynton went to the family meeting, and remained profoundly attentive to the services with which the speaking was preceded. He saw the sisters seated on one side of the large meeting-room, and the brothers on the other, with broad napkins half unfolded across their knees, on which they softly beat time, with rising and falling palms, as they sang. The sisters, young and old, all looked of the same age, with their throats strictly hid by the collars that came to their chins, and their close-cropped hair covered by stiff wire-framed caps of white gauze; there was greater visible disparity among the brothers, but their heads were mostly gray, with a few still dark with youth or middle life; on either side there was a bench full of sedate children.

When the singing was ended, the minister read a chapter of the Bible, and one of the elders prayed. Then a sister began a hymn, in which all the family joined. At its close, a young girl rose and described a vision which she had seen the night before in a dream. When she sat down, the elders and eldersses came out into the vacant space between the rows of men and women,

and, forming themselves into an ellipse, waved their hands up and down with a slow, rhythmic motion, and rocked back and forth on their feet. Then the others, who had risen with them, followed in a line round this group, with a quick, springing tread and a like motion of the hands and arms, while they sang together the thrilling march which the others had struck up. They halted at the end of the hymn, and let their arms sink slowly to their sides; a number of them took the places of those in the midst, and the circling dance was resumed, ceasing, and then beginning again, till all had taken part in both centre and periphery; the lamps quivering on the walls, and the elastic floor, laid like that of a ball-room, responding to the tread of the dancers. When they went back to their seats, one woman remained standing, and began to prophesy in tongues. A solemn silence followed upon her ceasing, and then Brother Elihu rose, and said briefly that a friend from the world outside had a statement to make to the family, in the belief that he had arrived at central truths relating to spiritualism. He claimed to have been operating in a certain direction, with results as striking as they were unexpected. Elihu reminded them that as Shakers they had not been able to maintain a cordial sympathy with spiritualists in the world outside, who had too often abused to love of gain and the gratification of their pride and vanity the principle of spiritual communion originally revealed to Shakers. Yet they could not in reason refuse to hear the statement of this friend, who had, as it were, been providentially cast in their way, and who was apparently not moved by considerations of personal glory and profit, but who, from all he said, had the wish to remand the science into the keeping of Shakers, and to pursue his own investigations under their auspices. Elihu spoke with neatness and point; he added some cautionary phrases against too hasty judg-

ment of the facts about to be offered them, and warned them to beware of self-deception and the illusions arising from love of the marvelous, whether in their own hearts or the hearts of others.

Dr. Boynton could scarcely wait for him to have done. "I thank the brother," he said, in rising, "for admonishing us to beware of self-deception; it is an evil which in an inquiry like this would prove fatal,—which *does* prove fatal wherever it mingles with religious impulse; it poisons, it palsies, religious impulse. I have always guarded against it with anxious care, and, though sometimes abused by the deceit of others, I have at least no cause to accuse myself of want of vigilance concerning my own impressions. I regarded with skeptical scrutiny the first developments of spiritualism. I had been bred in the strictest sect of the Calvinists, from which I had revolted to the opposite extreme of infidelity; I was a materialist, believing in nothing that I could not see, hear, touch, or taste. I rejected the notion of a Supreme Being; I derided the hypothesis of immortality. The interest which I had taken in mesmerism only intensified my contempt for the whole order of miracles, in all ages. I saw the effect of mind upon mind, of mind upon matter; but I saw that it was always the effect of earthly intellect upon earthly substance. I accounted even for the wonders performed by Christ and the Apostles by mesmerism, acting now upon the subjects of their cures and resuscitations, and now upon the imaginations of the spectators.

"When the new phenomena were forced upon my attention by their prevalence in so many widely separated places, under so many widely differing conditions, I began to study them as the effect of mind upon inanimate matter. I did not suffer myself to suppose a spiritual origin for these phenomena, for I would not suppose spirits. I im-

ported into this fresh field of research the strict and hard methods with which I had wrought in the old.

"My wife died during the infancy of the daughter who is here with me now, the involuntary guest of your hospitality, and her death was attended by occurrences of a nature so intangible, so mysterious, so sacred, that I do not know how to shape them in words, but regarding which I may safely appeal to your own spiritual experience. In the moment of her passing I was aware of something, as of an incorporeal presence, a disembodied life, and in that moment I believed! I accepted the heritage which she had bequeathed me with her breath, and I dedicated the child to the study of truth under the new light I had received.

"That child has been my mesmeric subject almost from her birth, and all my endeavors have latterly been to her development as a medium of communication with the other world. She was naturally a child of gay and sunny temperament, loving the sports of children, and fond of simple, earthly pleasures. She showed great aptness for study,—she liked books and school; and the ordinary observer would have pronounced her a hopeless subject for psychological experiment. But I argued that if spirit was truly immortal it was immutable, and that a nature like hers, warm, happy, and loving, would have the same attraction for persons in one world as in another. The event proved that I was not mistaken; from the first, disembodied spirits showed a remarkable affinity for hers, and the demonstrations, though inarticulate and indefinite, were of the most unusual order. They frightened and disturbed her, and she did all that she could to escape from them. At different times, indeed, she effectually rebelled against my influence; and she was abetted in these periods of revolt by those who, after myself, were nearest and dearest to her. But in the end

my influence always triumphed, for she loved me with the tender affection which her mother seemed to impart to her with the gift of her own life. I never appealed to this affection in vain, and I have seen her change from a creature of robust, terrestrial tendencies to a being of moods almost as ethereal as those of the spirits with which it has been my struggle to associate her.

"Her health has not always borne the strain well, and but for my own sustaining strength it must have given way completely. The conditions amidst which we lived were all unfavorable. I will not enter upon the long story of my own misfortunes. By the insidious operation of the prevailing bigotry, public confidence in me was undermined; I lost my practice; I was reduced to dependence upon her kindred, who were the bitterest of my antagonists, and who resisted by every means in their power my purpose of taking her away from them, and attempting her development in other circumstances. But I prevailed, as I always prevailed when I made a final appeal to her affection. We came away, and entered upon the career, distasteful to us both, of public exhibitors. At first we met with great success in the small places which we visited, and I was induced to try our experiment in Boston. Here, too, we made a good impression; but almost at the outset, we encountered an influence, an enmity, embodied in a certain individual, against which we were almost powerless. To this antagonism was added the paralyzing effect of fraud on the part of a medium who assisted at our principal séance.

"I saw, upon reflection, that we could not hope to succeed in the atmosphere of a mercenary, professional mediumism; and I determined to retire again to our village, and lay once more, however painfully and slowly, the foundations of our experiment. I dreamed of forming about me a community of kindred spirits,

in which our work should be done unhindered by the selfish hope of gain, and I armed myself with patience for years of trial and discouragement.

"Brother Elihu will tell you how chance brought us together in the depot at Boston, and again at Ayer Junction; and I will not detain you with the history of the seeming disasters which have ended in our presence among the only people who have conceived of spiritism as a science, and practiced it as a religion. The mistake of a train going southward for a train going northward made us houseless and penniless wanderers last night; the cruel rapacity of a ruffian crowned our sufferings with a triumph surpassing my wildest hopes."

Dr. Boynton entered upon a circumstantial account of the strange occurrences at the Elm Tavern, and painted every detail with a vividness which had its effect upon his hearers. At the close, one of the sisters struck into a rapturous hymn, in which the others joined. He remained standing while they sang, and when their voices died away he continued in a low and grave tone:—

"What I wish now is simply to be received among you without prejudice, and to be allowed to carry out my plan with the powerful help of your sympathetic and intelligent sphere. I do not ask to be received out of charity: I am a physician, and I offer you my professional services at need; I have strong arms, and I am willing to work in your shops and your fields. But I feel myself here in presence of the right conditions, and I would make any sacrifice, short of the sacrifice of self-respect, to continue here. I am intensely disappointed that neither my investigations nor my usefulness to you can begin at once. My daughter, as you know, lies sick in your infirmary, and my first, my whole duty is to her. As soon as she is well again, you shall have my labor, and the world shall have my truth."

He sat down. One of the elders rose,

and, coming forward, said, "The thanks of the family are due to the friend for what he has spoken. The meeting is dismissed."

The brothers and sisters dispersed to their dwelling-houses, and Boynton walked alone to the infirmary. He found Sister Frances with his daughter, who was wakeful and in a high fever.

XIII.

Her father watched over Egeria in her sickness with the mechanical skillfulness and the mental abstraction which the office sisters had seen in his treatment of her case from the first. He was at her bedside night and day while the danger lasted; he prepared the medicines himself and administered them with his own hand, and he waited their effect from hour to hour, almost from moment to moment, with anxious scrutiny. At the same time a second and more inward self in him remained at immeasurable remoteness. "I never see such doctorin' or such nursin'," said Sister Frances, in her daily report at the office; "but it don't seem, somehow, as if he did it for *her*. I should say—and perhaps I should say more'n I ought if I *did* say it—'t he wanted her to get well, but 't he didn't want her to get well on her own account; well, not in the first *place*. And still he's just as kind and good! Well, it's perplexin'."

"I can't see," said Rebecca, carefully, "as we've got any call to judge him, as long as he does his duty by her."

"That's just where it is, Rebecca," answered Frances. "It does seem as if there was somethin' better than duty in this world. I d' know as there is, nor *what* it is; but it does seem as if there might be."

Boynton's efforts were bent not only to Egeria's escape from danger, but to her immunity from suffering, so far as he could avert it; and to this end he

often used his 'mesmeric power with what appeared good effect. The rending headache yielded to the mystical passes made above her throbbing temples, or over her eyes that trembled with the hot pain; or perhaps it was only the touch of the physician's wise fingers that soothed them, and brought her the deep, strange sleep. But after the crisis of the fever, and when the convalescence began, the influence, whatever it was, ceased to relieve. It fretted instead of strengthening the girl in her climb up toward health, as her father was quick to perceive. He desisted, and he did not talk with her of the schemes and hopes that preoccupied him. He scarcely talked of them at all, though now and then, when he met Elihu, it was clear that he had not relinquished them in the slightest measure. The Shaker wondered at the self-control with which he cast them into such complete abeyance, and could not forbear suggesting at one of their encounters, "Your daughter's sickness is quite a little cross to your patience, Friend Boynton."

"Yes, yes," returned the doctor, intensely; "but it is not the first time I have had to use patience. The end is worth waiting for, and, as you said when we first talked of it, the end can wait for us; the truth will keep. I am sure of the result. But nothing can be done till she is perfectly well again."

"Yee," said Elihu; "the young woman's welfare is more precious than any proof she could give us of the existence of spirits. We know that they exist already."

The doctor stared at him, astonished, but finally said nothing. They did not speak of Boynton's union with the family; that question shared the suspense in which the great problem, to the solution of which Shakerism had been only a means in his mind, was left. But he had taken his place in the community like one of them. There were reasons in the condition of the only suit of

clothing which he brought from the world outside why he should continue to dress in the Shaker garb; but it is probable that he would have preferred to wear it, even if the skill of the family tailoress could have rehabilitated the wreck of his secular raiment; and he was faithful in his attendance at all the religious meetings, both those held in the family-house and those opened to the public, with the advancing spring, in the meeting-house. He did not take an active part in the worship. Once, when asked to speak, he said briefly that for the present he had nothing to add to his first statement; and during the marching and singing he sat quietly in a corner, opposite a sister on the women's side, whose extreme stoutness had long excused her from dancing before the Lord. In the mean time he had treated several slight cases of sickness which occurred in the family; and he had drawn all the teeth in the head of a young sister much tormented with toothache, and long emulous of the immunity enjoyed by most of the other sisters through their full sets of artificial teeth. He had also, in his moments of disoccupation, and during his watches beside Egeria, made a profound study of the history and doctrine of Shakerism; and he grew into general liking with the family at large, whose knowledge of his devotion to his daughter did not search motive so jealously or fantastically as that of Sister Frances, and who thought him a marvel of vigilance and skill.

April had passed, and May had worn away to its last weeks before the girl could sit up in an easy-chair, and with pillowed head look out on the landscape. Sometimes, after the favorable change in her fever began, she had asked, in the mellowing afternoons, to have her window opened to let in the rich, pungent odors of the burning refuse of the gardens,—the last year's withered vines and stalks which the boys had raked into large piles, and fired in the field below

the infirmary. She could hear, from where she lay, the snap and crackle of the flames; and once, when Sister Frances returned after a moment in which she had left the sick girl alone, she found that Egeria had dragged herself across the bed to where she could see the fire, upon which she was gloating with rapture. Frances spoke to her; she replaced her pillow, and after a long look at the Shakeress she broke into tears. The watchers with her in these early days of her convalescence always found her awake at dawn, when the robins and orioles and sparrows were weaving that fabric of song which seems to rise everywhere from the earth to the low-hoovering heaven.

"It's like the singin' of spirits, ain't it?" said one of the sisters who saw the transport with which she silently listened, her large eyes wide and her lips open.

"No!" cried the girl, almost fiercely. "It's like the singing of the birds at home."

"Seemed as if she hated the spirits, as you might say," the Shakeress commented to the office sisters. It was the first time that any of them had heard Egeria mention her former home, for even in the fever her ravings had been of experiences in Boston, unintelligible to them. But they had all noted the passion with which, when her recovery began, she turned to the natural world. She asked for the wild flowers, and day by day demanded if it were not yet time for the anemones, the columbines, the dog-tooth violets. If the spring lingered, or at times turned backward, nothing could rouse her from the dejection into which she fell, till the sun began to shine and the birds began to sing again. It was felt in the family to be foolish, or worse, but none of the Shakers could come home through field or wood without staying to pluck some token of the season's advance for the sick girl, who was longing so restlessly

to go out and find the summer for herself. Her bed was decked with boughs of wilding bloom; on the shelves and window-sills the sylvan and campestral flowers gave their delicate colors and faint fragrances in whatever prim jug or sober vase the community could spare from its service. Something, surely, must be wrong about all this ministering to a love that might be said to savor of earthly vanities, but the most anxious of the nun-like sisters could not determine upon the sin; and while they wondered in just what sort they should deal with the elusive evil, a visiting brother from another community arrived to pronounce it no evil, but an instinct, wholesome as the harmless things themselves. Upon this, one of them brought and laid at Egeria's bedside a rug which she had worked with the pattern of a grape-vine, and which for five years she had kept fearfully hidden away in her closet, from compunction for its likeness to a graven image.

Egeria first went out on the 20th of May, that signal date when the spring, whatever her previous reluctances, brings up all arrears with the apple-blossoms. The season is then no longer late or early, but is the consummate spring; and all weather-wise hopes and fears are lost in the richness with which she keeps the promise of her name. It might well have seemed to the girl's impatience as she watched the orchard trees, sometimes from her closed window and sometimes from her open door, as the day was chill or soft, that the blossoms would never come; and even when every tip of the mossed and twisted boughs was lit with the pink glimmer of a bud, and the trees' whole round was suffused with a tender flush of color, that the delicate petals of rose and snow would never unfold. The orioles and the bobolinks sang from the airy tops, and from the clover in the grassy alleys between the trees; in a neighboring field the oats were already high

enough to brighten and darken in the wind. The canes of the blackberries and raspberries in the garden were tufted with dark green, and beyond the broad leaves of the pie-plant and the neat lines of sprouting peas, the grape-vines on Elder Joseph's trellis, were set thick with short, velvety leaves of pinkish-olive, when suddenly, in a warm night, the delaying buds unfolded, and in the morning the apple-blossoms had come.

"I am going out under them," the girl said, when she saw them, and she set a resolute face against the fond anxieties of Sister Frances. Her father came and approved her wish.

"It won't hurt her; it will do her good," he said, with that somewhat propitiatory acquiescence with which he now indulged his daughter's whims. So, when the morning was well warmed through, as Sister Frances said, they spread some sad-colored wraps on the grass in the orchard, where the mingled wind and sun could reach her through the screen of blossoms. She walked a little tremulously, clinging to her father's arm, but a light of perfect happiness played over her faintly flushing face as she sank upon the couch. From where she lounged, she could look across the gardened interval, declining from the street on which the hamlet was built, to the elms and sycamores that fringed the river-course, and beyond to other uplands, where the gray farmsteads dimly showed among the fields, and the white houses of villages clustered and sparkled in the sun. An unspeakable serenity filled the scene; and round her the little Shaker town was a part of the wide peace. There was seldom a passer on the sandy thoroughfare, now printed with the delicate shadows of the new maple leaves, and the stillness was unbroken by any sound of human life. The Shakers and their hired men were at work in the gardens and the fields, but they worked quietly; and the shops in which there was once the clinking of hammers on lap-stone

and anvil had been hushed long ago by the cheaper industries of the world outside.

At the doors of the great family houses of brick, a Shaker sister in strict drab and deep bonnet from time to time issued or entered silently. Nothing but the cat-bird twanging in the elder-bushes, and the bobolinks climbing in the sunlit air, to reel and slide down, gurgling and laughing, to the clover tufts from which they rose, broke upon the mellow diapason of the bees in the apple-blossoms overhead. Where she lay, propped on her arm, with her father seated beside her, some of the brothers and sisters came out of their way from time to time, to welcome her out-doors, and to warn her not to stay too long. Some rumor of her longing to be in the weather, and of her passion for the blossoms and the birds amongst which she was blessed at last, had penetrated the whole community, and many who did not come to speak to her looked out unseen from their windows upon her happiness, which they might have found somewhat too earthly, in spite of the ideas lately promulgated by the visiting brother. With her blue eyes dreamily untroubled, she looked like some sylvan creature, a part of the young terrestrial life that shone and sang and bloomed around her; while flashes of light and color momentarily repaired the waste that sickness had made in her beauty. A sense of her exquisite harmony with the great natural frame of things may have penetrated the well-defended consciousness of Elder Joseph, as he paused near her, on his way home to dinner; but if it did, it failed to grieve him. He looked indulgently down at her; by an obscure impulse he gathered some of the richest sprays from the branches at hand, and dropped them into her lap.

"It seems right," he said, "to be getting well in the spring, when everything is taking a fresh start. I like to see the young woman looking so happy."

He addressed the doctor as well as Egeria, but it was she who answered.

"Yes; it would n't seem the same thing if it were fall. If it had been fall, I should not have got well; I should not have cared to get well."

"Nay," replied the Shaker; "if it is for us to choose, we are to choose to get well at all times."

"I mean," said the girl, "that I could not have chosen."

"You can't tell," observed her father. "Most fevers are autumnal, and convalescents are braced up by the approach of cold weather."

"Yes," she rejoined, "but now I seem to be stronger because my getting well is part of the spring."

"Our sympathetic relations with nature are subtle and strong," consented Boynton. "No one can tell just how much influence they have over our physical condition."

Egeria silently gazed upon the prospect. "It's sightly, is n't it?" asked the Shaker. "I have looked at it, now, for fifty spring-times, and it is as pretty as when it was first revealed to me."

Boynton started, and repeated, "Revealed?"

"Oh, yee," returned the elder, "I first saw this place in a vision. It was when I was a young man, and several years before I was gathered in from the world outside. When I came here, I remembered the place and the persons I had seen in my vision, and I knew them all. Then I knew that it was meant, and I stayed."

"Is it possible!" cried Dr. Boynton. "That was very extraordinary. Have you had other psychological experiences?"

"Nay," said Brother Joseph, briefly.

"But they are common among you?" pursued Dr. Boynton.

"Oh, yee, we have all had some such intimations. Have you never read Elder Evans's account of his dealings with the supernatural?"

"No, never!" cried Boynton, with intensifying interest.

"I will lend you the book. He tells some strange things. But we do not follow up such experiences. They serve their purpose, and that is enough. We try to live the angelic life. That will bring what is good in the supernatural to us, and we need not go to it."

"I think you make a mistake!" said Boynton promptly. "These intimations are given expressly to invite pursuit. That is what miracles are for."

"Nay," returned the Shaker. "They are no miracles, if you follow them up to see them a second time. We must beware how we make the supernatural a commonplace. None of the disciples knew exactly who Christ was till he was taken from them; and he has only appeared since to one Doubter out of all the millions that have longed to believe on him. There is something in that. The other world cannot come twice to prove itself. Once is enough in miracles."

"Then you disapprove of spiritistic research?" demanded Boynton. "You condemn the desire to develop the dim hints of immortality which we all think we have received into certain and absolute demonstration?"

"Nay, I do not condemn any earnest striving for the truth, under proper conditions."

"I hope to find those conditions among you," Boynton hastened to say.

"We shall be happy to afford them," said the Shaker smoothly, "if we can agree upon what they are. But it is right to say that we consider Shakerism the end and not the means of spiritualism." He passed on down the orchard aisle, the sunlight falling upon his quaint figure through the apple-blossoms.

The doctor's eyes followed him, but it was some time before he spoke. "After all," he said, as if musing aloud, "he is not one of the controlling forces of the community." He spoke

with a certain effect of arming himself against opposition. "You had better come in, now, Egeria. It won't do for you to take cold."

"Yes, pretty soon. I don't wonder that they think they're living the angelic life."

"Why?" asked her father sharply.

"It's like a heaven upon earth, here."

This vexed her father. "Yes, like heaven now, with the apples in bloom and the birds singing. But how much like heaven would it be with three feet of snow where you are lying?"

"Well, let us go in. I had better not stay too long." She rose as if saddened by his words, and suffered herself to be helped back to the infirmary.

"The Swedenborgians," said her father, in reparation, "believe that in the other world winter is absorbed into the other seasons, and that the whole year is a sort of spring-time."

"Ah!" breathed the girl. "But I did n't mean spring. I should want the whole year to be summer, and I should want it to be in this world. I should like a heaven upon earth."

Her father looked closely at her. "This materialistic tendency is a trait of your convalescence. People are never so earthly as when they are recovering from a dangerous sickness. There is a kind of revolt from the world whose borders they have touched, — a rebound. The senses are riotous to try their strength again." He said these things as if accounting to himself for a fact, rather than explaining her condition to Egeria.

"Well, we have a right to our life here!" she cried, passionately. "Let the other world keep to itself!"

He did not answer her directly, and at other times he avoided encounter with anything like opposition in her. She would not stay in-doors after she once liberated herself. The spring came on rapidly and brought the hot weather before its time; but she throve in the heat.

Before she was strong enough to walk much, the Shakers appointed for her use an open buggy, garrulous and plaintive with age, and an old horse past his usefulness at the plow, but very fit for lounging along by-roads, and skilled in cropping wayside foliage as he went. With her father beside her in his Shaker dress, while she wore a worldlier garb, which she had beguiled her convalescence in fashioning from materials supplied by the family dress-maker, the equipage took the passers on the quiet roads with question and wonder. But they met few people, for they drove mostly over the grass-grown lanes that entered the forest, and the track oftener died away in the thickening vegetation than led any whither. Sometimes it arrived at a clearing deep in the woods, and accounted for itself as the way over which the teams had hauled wood in the winter, or got out logs. In other places it was a fading reminiscence of former population, and led through the trees and thick undergrowth to the site of a vanished dwelling; a few apple-trees emerged from the ranks of their sylvan brethren; a rose or currant bush stood revealed among the blueberries or the sweet-fern; then the dull red and white of ruined masonry showed in the grass, and suddenly a cellar yawned before their feet, or they stepped over a well-curb choked with stones. Now and then they met lurking and evasive people on the lonesome roads, who were sometimes black, and who seldom seemed part of the ordinary New England life. If they followed up the track on which these men had shambled towards them, they might come upon a poverty-stricken dwelling of unpainted wood, which seemed never to have had heart to be a home. If they spoke to the slattern woman in the doorway, she was nasal enough, but otherwise the effect was as if some family of poor whites from the South had been dropped down in those Northern woods, with all its na-

tive environment of lounging dogs, half-starved colts, and frightened poultry.

Boynton philosophized the strange conditions as well as he could in the absence of any but obvious facts concerning them. When he stopped for a dipper of water at the well, from which he drew it with the old-fashioned sweep, and fell into talk with the women, they were voluble, but not very intelligible. They commonly took him for a Shaker, but Egeria gave them pause in their conjectures; and when he explained that he and his daughter were merely staying with the Shakers they said, Well, the Shakers were good folks, any way. There was sickness in some of these forlorn places, and once it happened to the doctor to be able to afford relief in the case of a suffering child. He was very tender with it, and gentle with the parents, who looked as if they would still be young if they had any encouragement, and on a second visit they asked him what he charged. When he said, "Nothing," they followed him and Egeria out to their buggy in a sort of helpless gratitude.

"Well, you've done our little girl good, doctor," the woman said on the doorstep, "and we sha'n't forget it. The trouble is we don't seem to get no ways forehanded."

Boynton looked about him, as he took the reins in his hand, upon two or three other weather-beaten houses. "What place is this?" he asked.

"Well," said the woman, with sober apology, while her man grinned, "I d' know 's you may say it *has* any name. Skunk's Misery, they call it." She showed her sense of degradation in the brutal grotesquery. "Well, call again," she said, as the doctor lifted his reins and chattered to the old horse. "And you, too, lady," she added, nodding to Egeria.

"She kept her house in good order, for such a poor place," said the girl, when they had been watched out of

sight by the man and his wife, "and the little girl's bed was sweet and clean. I should think they might be happy, there."

"In Skunk's Misery?" asked her father.

"If the house is their own," answered Egeria simply. "They seemed good to each other."

"Oh, you will change your mind when you're quite well again. You will want to see more of the world."

"I wish we had a house of our own, somewhere," said Egeria. "I should n't care where. I was thinking of that. I should like to keep house. I am going to get Frances to teach me everything."

"That will all come in good time," answered her father soothingly. "And it will come with higher things. Only now get well."

"What higher things?" demanded the girl.

Boynton looked at her, and answered evasively, "Things we could n't very well find in Skunk's Misery. Perhaps we shall go abroad. Would you like to go to Europe?"

"I would rather go home."

Boynton frowned, but did not answer; and they had escaped encounter for that time, at least.

As Egeria grew stronger they gave up their drives somewhat, and took walks in the nearer woods. Oftenest their errand was to gather laurel, which was now coming richly into bloom. It filled the open spaces of the small clearings and wherever the woods were thin; it hid the stumps and consoled the poor, sterile soil with the starry profusion of its flower. One afternoon, when they had climbed to the hill-top where the Shakers of earlier times lay in their nameless graves, they looked out over the masses of the laurel, and it was like a second blossoming of the orchards. Egeria sat down on one of the fallen stones, without knowing that it covered a grave, and

began putting her boughs of laurel into shape, choosing this and rejecting that, while her father went about among the forgetful tombs.

"I am glad we came here," he said, returning to her, "for I should not have liked to miss seeing their grave-yard."

"Their grave-yard?" she repeated.

"Yes; this is the old Shaker burial-ground."

She looked round. "I did n't know it," and added, like one following out some tacit thought, "Well, what difference would it make if they had put their names on? They rest as well without it. And if they had put their names, who could remember who they were in fifty years from now?"

"They know one another in the other world just as well, without the record here," consented her father. "And it is n't here that we are to be remembered, at any rate."

"I wish it were!" said the girl, with passion, dropping her flowers into her lap. "I like this world, and I like to be in it. I wish we did n't have to die."

"Death is the condition of our advancement," said her father.

"But I would rather not advance," said Egeria. "I almost wish I had been born an animal. I should have had to die, but I should not have known it, and there would have been nothing of me to come back!" She went on putting together her boughs of laurel, and she wore that look of being remote within her defenses which a woman knows how to assume no less with her father than with her lover. She then adventurously throws out thoughts and opinions, as if they had just casually occurred to her, which she has perhaps reached after long secret cogitation or sensation, or which are perhaps really what they seem.

"Why should n't you wish to come back, ages hence, and see what advance the world has made?" rejoined her father, after a pause.

"I should be afraid that I had n't kept up with it," answered Egeria. "The spirits that come back say such silly things."

"That is a childish way of looking at it," said her father with severity. "We have no more right to accuse them of silliness than we have to laugh at the foreigner who can express only the simplest things in English. The medium of thought must be so different in the two conditions of being that the wonder is that returning spirits can understand and use our dialects at all."

"I don't see why they should forget their own language, if they're the same persons there that they were here," Egeria returned, stubbornly. "Yes," she cried, "I would rather be here under the ground forever than be like some of the spirits! Oh, I should like to live always, too; but I don't call that living. I should like to live here in this world, — on the earth."

"Would you like to live always among the Shakers?" asked her father, willing to turn the current of her thoughts.

"They try all the time to make the other world of this world!"

"Perhaps that's the only condition on which they find happiness in this world."

"Perhaps. But I don't believe so. We were not born into the other world. The Shakers are very good, and they have been kind to us. Yes, I could be contented among them. Are you going to stay with them, father?"

"I don't know," replied Boynton. "The time has n't come to decide, yet. I have been waiting. There is no hurry. I don't feel that we are here on charity, quite. I am able to render some equivalent."

"Yes," said Egeria, "and I am going to work as soon as they will let me. I know they would like to have us stay and join them."

"That was originally my idea. I still

propose to do so, if I find them useful. Everything depends" — He stopped uneasily, and glanced at Egeria, but she showed no uneasiness.

XIV.

While their place in the community was thus indefinite, they dwelt with the brothers and sisters who had first received them in the office. Egeria helped the sisters in their work there, and they all liked to have her about them, though it was tacitly agreed that she belonged chiefly to Sister Frances, with whom she served, making the beds, wiping the dishes, and putting the rooms in order, while Diantha and Rebecca devoted themselves to the more public duties of the place. As she grew stronger she would not be kept from taking her share in the family work. Frances forbade her helping in the laundry, where one of the brothers, vague through wreaths of steam from the deep boilers, presided over a company of sisters and boys, and afterwards marshaled them in hanging out the community wash; this, she held, involved dangers of rheumatism and relapse; but she allowed her to find a place in the herb-house, where a score of the young Shakeresses, seated on the floor of the wide, low room, before fragrant heaps of catnip, boneset, and lobelia, sorted and cleaned these simples for the brothers in the packing-room below. "That is sort of being out-doors," said Sister Frances, with a sly allusion to the girl's well-known passion. Indeed, Egeria's chief usefulness appeared when the first wild berries came. Her father no longer accompanied her, for he found the heat too great a burden. The women went, five or six in a wagon, with one of the brothers, who drove, to the berry pasture a mile or two away, and they sang their shrill hymns while passing through the pine woods, that gave out a balsamic sweetness in the sun. At the

verge of a westward-sloping valley was a stretch of many hundred acres, swept by a forest fire a few years before, and now rank with the vegetation which the havoc had enriched. Blueberries and huckleberries, raspberries and blackberries, battened upon the ashes of the pine and oak and chestnut, and flourished round the charred stumps; the strawberry matted the blackened ground, and ran to the border of the woods where, among the thin grass, it lifted its fruit on taller stems, and swung its clusters in the airs that drew through the alleys of the forest. Here and there were the shanties of Canadian wood-cutters, whom the Shakers had sent to save what fuel they might from the general loss, and whom, at noonday, the pickers came upon, as they sat in pairs at their doors, with a can of milk between them, dusky, furtive, and intent as animals. From the first of the strawberries to the last of the blackberries, the birds and chipmucks feasted, and only stirred in short flights when the young Shakeresses, shy as themselves, invaded their banquet.

"Why, Egery," said one of them, the first day, "you empty your basket faster than any of us, and you said you never picked before. How do you always find such full vines? I do believe it's because they know you *love* to pick 'em so, and they just give you a little wink."

"Yes," she answered absently, like one entranced by the rich influences of the time and scene. She drank of the strong vitality of the earth and air and sun, and day by day the potion showed its effect in the serenity of her established health.

"Oh, nothing in the weather hurts *her*," said the girl who had surprised her secret understanding with the berries. "She keeps on with the birds and squirrels when the heat drives us off, and if it comes on to rain it runs off her as if she was a chipmuck or a robin; and next morning, when I'm as full of aches and

pains as I can hold, she's all ready to begin again."

"Yee, that's so, Elizabeth," said the others, who laughed at this.

In their way they mingled what jollity they could in their work, and were sometimes demurely freakish in the depths of their poke-bonnets and under the wide brims of their hats. Certain of the elder brethren and sisters had their reputé for humor, and made their quaint jokes without a bad conscience; while the younger played little pranks upon one another, with those gigglings and thrusts and pushes which accompany the expression of rustic drollery, and were not severely rebuked. Egeria did not take part in their jocularities; but it was another joke of the young Shakers and Shakeresses, kept children beyond their time and apt to allege children's excuses when called to account, to say, "She made us do it—she looked so!"

They all liked her, and in spite of the secular fashion of her dress, to which she still clung, they treated her as if she were one of themselves, and were always to stay with them. Whatever may have been in their hearts, nothing in their manner betrayed surprise at the complete abeyance into which her supposed supernatural gifts had fallen. Perhaps, as people used to supernaturalism, to the caprice with which the other world uses this, they could be surprised at no lapse or access of divination, in any given case. At any rate, they all seemed content with her robust return to life and health, and if they were impatient for proof of the great things that her father had claimed for her, none of them showed impatience.

There were certain other faculties as dormant in her as her psychological powers. Once, as she passed through the pine woods where Laban had first found her and her father, he leaned across Sister Frances, who sat between them on the wagon-seat, and asked, "Do

you know this road?" And when they came to that knoll beside the brook he asked again, "Do you mind this place?" He laughed when she said no. "Well, I don't much wonder. You didn't seem to be quite in your right senses. This is the place where I come across you and your father that day."

At another time, when a different course brought them home by the Elm Tavern she dimly recalled the aspect of the house and asked what it was. "It seems as if I had seen it in a dream," she said.

"Must ha' had the nightmare pretty bad," returned Laban. "It's a dreadful place."

"Dreadful," repeated Sister Frances. "But it's just so when you're comin' down with a fit of sickness, especially fevers. Everything seems in a dream, like."

Sister Frances rejoiced like a mother in the girl's health, which came back to her in no ethereal quality, but in solid evidence, in color and in elasticity of step and touch. She had known her before the fever only in that brief interval in which all her faculties were invested by the disease; and both the spiritual and material change wrought in her by convalescence might well have appeared greater than they were. She had seen her lie down a frail and fearful girl, deeply shadowed, as she fancied, by the memories of a troubled past; and she had seen her rise up and grow, in sympathy with the reviving year, into a broad, tranquil summer of womanly ripeness and strength, unvexed by any remembered pain. To the homely mind of Sister Frances she was like the young maple which Brother Joseph had found in a sombre thicket of the woods, and had set out in the abundant sunshine of the village street before the office gate, where it had thriven in a single year out of all likeness to itself. She admired this tree, and in telling Egeria of her fancy she gave her a pin-cushion

she had shaped in its image on the stem of a broken kerosene lamp: it was faithful, even to the emery bag in a red peak, like the first color which the maple showed at top in the autumn.

When the garden berries began to ripen, the two often talked long together as they sat in the cool basement of the office, sorting them with Shaker conscientiousness, and packing for market only boxes of honest fruit. Then the elder woman tried with maternal tenderness to draw nearer the life of this daughter of her care, in the fond hope that she might always keep her, and not lose her again to the world from which she had wandered.

"You seem happy here, Egeria," she would say, timorously feeling her way toward what had already been talked of in the family; and then, when the girl answered that she had never been so happy before, the sister's conscience gave her a check. It did not seem right to take advantage of Egeria's happiness among them to urge her to any step to which she was not moved by conviction. "You know," she resumed, "that we would n't like anything better than to have you stay among us, — you and your father both. All the family's agreed about that. But it is n't for us to prevail without you feel a call to our life. What does your father say?"

"We have never talked much about it," said Egeria. "May be he is waiting for me to get well before he makes up his mind."

"Why, you look a great deal better than he does, now!" cried Sister Frances, bluntly. "I want you should both stay with us till he gets strong again. I don't think your father's over and above strong when he's well."

"Well?" echoed the girl. "Don't you think he's well?"

"Yee," answered Sister Frances, "but nervous, worried, like. I suppose he has n't had a chance yet to wear off the excitement of the world outside. You

know you've had a good fit of sickness. We all say that whatever happened before you came here, it's dropped from you like a garment."

"Yes, like a garment," responded Egeria, vaguely, letting her busy hands fall into her lap.

Frances took her by the arm. "Don't you go and be anxious, now, at what I said about your father."

"Oh, no!" said Egeria, recalling herself, and settling to work again.

"He's as well as anybody need be. Only you're so very well that anybody, to see you, would suppose you were the well one."

"I was wondering," mused the girl aloud, "if he had anything to perplex him. Sister Frances," she asked presently, "did any letter come for me while I was sick?"

"Nay. Did you expect a letter?"

"No," said Egeria, "there could n't have been any answer." She suddenly blushed, and then fell into a reverie so profound that Frances, working alone at the berries, knew not how to bring back the talk to the point from which it had strayed. She was not a person of much native tact, and the community life did not cherish tact among the virtues, counting truth much better; but now Sister Frances attempted a strategic approach.

"Sometimes," she said, "the young people who are gathered in have hopes in the world outside that make it hard for them to conform to the true life. And we women, we all know what such hopes are. I was young, and the world looked very bright to me when I was gathered in."

"You, Sister Frances? You gathered in? I thought you were brought up in the family from a child."

"Nay, I was gathered in — when I was twenty."

"When you were twenty? And I am nineteen."

"I came to the neighborhood on a visit, and one Sunday I went to Shaker

meeting, and I heard something said that made me think it was the true life. I used to be troubled about religion; but I've had peace for many years. At first it was considerable of a cross, wondering whether I'd acted for the best. He'd never said anything to me, and I'd know as he ever would. But he might have. That was what kept preying on my mind, whenever I got lonesome or doubtful about my choice. But I was helped to put it away. He's been here, since — with *her*. That was the most of a cross, of anything. At first, he did n't know me, so I don't suppose he ever *did* care, much."

"Had you ever," said Egeria, in a sort of scare, "done anything that could have made him think *you* cared?"

"Nay. I was too proud for that."

"But even if you had done such a thing — by a mistake, or by doing something you thought was right, and then you had been afraid he might take it differently — you would have felt safe here."

"Yee, I should have felt safe." Frances waited for Egeria to speak, but the girl was again silent. "I did hope," resumed the sister, "in those young and foolish days, that he might be gathered in, too. Then we could lived in sight of each other. But it wa'n't to be, and I don't know as 't would been for the best. Any rate, he got married. I've heard they live out in Illinoy, and 't he's made out real well. And I'm at rest, here."

"Sister Frances," said Egeria, "do you think my father looks sick?"

"Well, I declare, if you ain't thinkin' of that silly talk of mine, yet! Anybody'd look sick alongside of you. I only meant that he was a little more peaked."

"Yes," responded the girl with a sigh, "he does n't look well."

She watched him at dinner, that day, and saw that he had a small and fastidious appetite, though the early abundance of a Shaker garden was there to

tempt him. "Are you feeling well, father?" she asked, when they went out after tea for a little stroll. "You ate hardly anything at dinner, and this evening you did n't touch your tea."

"Yes," he answered quickly, with a touch of irritation, "I am well; very well; perfectly well. But the hot weather is trying, and — and" —

"And what?" coaxed the girl. "Have you been thinking about something that worries you? Is there anything on your mind?"

"No, no. Nothing. Have you ever noticed it before? What has made you notice it?"

"I don't know. Sister Frances said she thought you did n't look as well as I do. That seemed strange."

"*You* are looking very well, Egeria. I am glad to see you looking so well. This fund of physical strength ought to contribute — There is nothing that is necessarily alien in it to — I am truly glad for your sake, my dear, that you are so well."

They were walking down the sloping roadside from the office gate toward the clump of old willows in whose midst stood the spacious stone bowl, scooped out of the solid granite by some forgotten brother in former years, and now tenderly, darkly green, inside and out, with a tint of cool mold. When they reached the bank beside the trough, he dropped wearily on the grass, but she remained standing, with her arms sunken before her and her fingers intertwined, watching the soft ebullition of the spring in the centre of the bowl. She had either not been aware of his approach to the matter of their tacit avoidance, or she was indifferent to it. A smile played upon her face as the bubble continually rounded itself without breaking upon the surface of the water; and in the mellow light of the waning day she looked strong and very beautiful. Her hair was darker than before her fever; her eyes had lost their look of vigilance

and apprehension, and softly burned in their gaze; the sun and wind had enriched her fair Northern complexion with a tinge of the South. An artist or a poet of those who dream backward from fable might have figured her in his fancy as the Young Ceres: she looked so sweet and pure an essence of the harvest landscape, so earthly fair and good.

Her father glanced at her uneasily. "I don't like my environment, here," he broke out on a sudden. "I am conscious of adverse influences."

She slowly lifted her eyes from the fountain, and looked at him with gravely smiling question, as if she had not quite understood.

"You asked me just now," he resumed, "whether I had been thinking about any vexatious matter. Have you seen nothing here of late to vex me?"

"No," she answered, with the same question, but without the smile.

"Nothing in the attitude of these people?"

"Their attitude?"

"I have tried to believe," he said vehemently, "that it was my fancy; but I can't be mistaken. They regard me with distrust; they have withdrawn from me the sympathy upon which I was placing all my hopes of success. No, no," he added, seeing her about to speak in refutation, "I am right. I feel it, I know it."

"They seem kinder to me than ever," Egeria ventured.

"They *are* kinder to you," returned her father. "They are distinguishing between us. They wish to keep you, and to cast me out."

Egeria looked incredulous. "But how could they do that? Nothing could separate us!"

"I am glad to hear you say that," said her father, huskily. "There have been times of late when I thought — when I was afraid — You have seemed indifferent" —

"Father!"

"I know that I wronged you." He turned his face, and they were both silent, till Egeria spoke.

"If what you think is true, we must go away. Where will we go? Shall we go home?"

"No, I can't go there. It's impossible."

Egeria did not reply directly, but after a while she said, "Father, do you ever think of Mr. Hatch?"

"No. Why should I think of him?"

"He lent us money, and he expected to find us at home when he got back."

"His loan could scarcely have paid the debt he was under to me. I regarded it in that light, and so did he. We had no obligation to be where he expected to find us."

"No; but if he went there, and did n't find us, it would make grandfather very anxious."

"I'm not obliged to preserve your grandfather from anxiety. He has n't known our movements since we left home. But I do care for Mr. Hatch. I will write him, and tell him where we are. Where was he going?"

Egeria turned a little white. "I — I don't know," she faltered. "I can't remember. Wait! Yes — he gave me his address, and I — I can't think what I did with it."

"Perhaps you put it in your bag, with the money."

"Yes — I did. I put it in my bag. It's gone. Everything about that time seems so dim, so" —

"It's no matter; not the least," said her father. "He probably has n't returned to the East. When he does, he can readily find us out." Egeria looked grieved and troubled, but he hurried on to say, "The great question is how to bring about the results — the important results — for which I came here. I will not be driven from conditions which I thought so favorable, without an effort. Their leading men may turn against me if they choose; it is their peril and their

loss; but the great mass of the community will be with me in any collision."

"Why, what makes you think there is a feeling against you, father, in any of them?"

"Do you remember that day in the orchard when you first went out? Joseph and I had some words, in which he showed plainly what had been fermenting in his mind, when he intimated the subordination of spiritualism to Shakerism. I understood his drift, though at the time I said nothing. Afterwards the matter dropped; but within a few days I have been made to feel very distinctly a sphere of opposition. They think, the leading men, that my utilization of their conditions will undermine their whole system. And so it will. Their system is unnaturally and ridiculously mistaken; next after their spiritualism, their communism is the only thing about them that is fit to survive. Their angelic life, as they call it, is an absurd delusion, the dream of a sick woman."

"Oh, I hope you won't do anything to break up their life!" cried the girl, in simple trust of his power. "They have been so good to us."

"Their system may remain, for all me," returned her father. "Even in riding down the opposition to me, I shall be careful of their rights. Egeria," he said, "you must have observed that during your long convalescence I have spared you all discussion of this matter?"

"Yes," she admitted, apprehensively.

"I noticed that it seemed to irritate you, — to cost you an effort of mind and of will, which I was unwilling to tax you with till you had regained your full strength. The delay has been very irksome to me. I felt that we were losing precious time — that we were being placed in a false position; the waiting has worn upon me, as you see." He looked even haggard in the coming twilight. He had lost flesh, and two loose

cords hung where his double chin had been. "The question now is whether you will be ready when I call upon you for the test which I am impatient to make."

Egeria sank down upon the bank not far from him, and pulled weakly at a tuft of grass. "I was in hopes," she said sadly, "that you had given it up, father."

"Given it up!" he cried in amaze.

"Why could n't we wait?" she asked.

"Wait? Till when?"

"Till we are dead. Then we shall know whether there is any truth in it all. It will be only a little while at the longest."

"A little while!" exclaimed the doctor indignantly. "We may live to be a hundred! There are people in those houses yonder," — he indicated the dormitories with a wave of his hand, — "who have had everything to kill them in their prime; who came here with the women who were to be their wives, or who left husband and children and home to embrace this asceticism; who for scores of years have had the memories of these to brood upon in their withered hearts. We can't wait for death. We have a right to know the truth from life."

They had so often talked of this deep concern as knowledge to be acquired that probably neither of them found anything grotesque or terrible in this phase of the discussion. Egeria now only urged vaguely, "We have the Bible."

"Yes," rejoined her father, bitterly, "the Bible! the book with which they try to crush our hopes! the record, permeated and saturated with spiritualism from Genesis to Revelation, by which they pretend to disprove and forbid spiritualism! Shall one revelation suffice for all time? Shall we know nothing of the grand and hopeful changes which must have taken place in the world of spirits, as in this world, during the last eighteen hundred years? Are we less worthy of communion with su-

pernal essences than those semi-barbarous Jews? Let us beware how we refuse the light of our day, because the light of the past still shines. Shines? Flickers! In many it is extinct. How shall faith and hope be rekindled? Egeria, you must not try to argue with me on this point. You must submit yourself and your power implicitly to me. Will you do so?"

"I don't know what you mean by my power. I have no power."

"You have power, if you think you have. What I ask is that you will not oppose your will to mine."

"I will not oppose you," she answered in a low voice. A gush of tears blinded her, and dimmed the beautiful world. "You know how I have always hated this, father,—ever since I was old enough to think about it. A thing that seemed to be and seemed not to be,—it scared me! And when it all stopped I thought you would n't want to begin it again. But I will try to do whatever you ask me."

"I can't understand your repugnance," said her father. "If this power of yours should bring you face to face with your mother"—

"I never saw her,—I should not know her; and she would not know me for the little baby she left!" cried the girl desperately. "Besides, I can wait to go to her. And she can wait, too. I don't believe she would ever come. What good does it all do? Oh, it's dreadful to me!"

"The time has been, Egeria," rejoined her father, "when your attitude would have discouraged me. Now, it only gives me pain. I am convinced that your own opinions and ideas of the matter are of no consequence to the agencies operating through you. All that I ask of you is that you yield yourself passively to my influence. Will you do this?"

"Oh, yes, I will do all that I can. Oh, I wish I had died in the fever!"

"You talk childishly," said her father. "How do you know that death would have released you from your obligation to this cause? It may be your office in the next world, as it is in this, to be the medium of communication between embodied and disembodied spirits."

"Then I hope there won't be any other world."

Her father looked angrily at her as she rose and stood beside the rustic fountain. One of the Shaker boys, uncouth in his wide straw hat and misshapen trowsers, came by with some cows from pasture, and they stopped to drink from the great stone bowl. The voices of bathers in the river half a mile away came sadly across the intervening space of meadow land. The air was so heavy with dew that the rumble of a distant railroad train was as clear as if near at hand in the valley which the sound even of the steam whistle seldom visited. As Egeria and her father walked back to the office the crickets trilled along the path. The smell of the prosperous gardens beyond the wall came to them, and mingled with the thick, sweet scent of the milkweed by the wayside.

There was a little group before the office door. At the foot of the steps stood Humphrey, and with him Joseph and Elihu; Diantha and Rachel were seen within the door-way, and Frances sat on the threshold. They were talking earnestly; at sight of the doctor and Egeria they lowered their voices, and as they drew near they ceased speaking altogether, with the consciousness of sincere people interrupted by those of whom they have been speaking. At the same time Sister Frances made room upon the step, and beckoned to Egeria with more than her usual fondness,—with a sort of tender reparation and defiance. The girl took the place, and her father remained standing with the other men.

It plainly cost Elihu an effort to break the silence, but he said, after a moment,

"Have you seen the account of the exposure of that materialization medium out in St. Louis?"

"No," said the doctor; "but nothing of that sort surprises me. It is too soon yet for successful materializations, and all attempts at it are mixed with imposture."

"There's quite a long account," rejoined Elihu, "in yesterday's Tribune."

He made a movement to take the paper out of his breast pocket. "I don't care to see it," said the doctor abruptly; "I can very well imagine it. Those things are sickening. Some wretched creature — a woman, I suppose — trying to eke out her gift by cheating, to get her bread. It rests with you Shakers to rescue this precious opportunity from infamy. But you must take hold of it in no half-hearted way."

"What do you mean?" asked Elihu.

"You have the conditions here of perfect success, as I heard you boast when I first saw you in the Fitchburg depot at Boston. You are released from all thought of the morrow; the spectre of want that pursues other men does not dog your steps; you have neither wife nor husband nor child to cling about your hearts and weaken your will to serve the truth with absolute fidelity. Your discipline has rescued you from the vanity of making men wonder. There is nothing to prevent you from developing a perfect mediumship amongst you."

"You imply," rejoined Elihu, with warmth, "that we have failed of our duty in this respect. You don't seem to realize that our very existence is a witness to the truth of an open relation between the spiritual and the material worlds. As a people we had birth in the inspired visions of Ann; the very hymn we sang yesterday was breathed through our lips by angelic authority; the tradition of prophecy has never been broken with us. We gave spiritualism to the world."

"Yes, you gave spiritualism to the world," retorted Boynton, "to mock its hopes and baffle its aspirations and corrupt its life. You flung it out a flaming brand, to be blown upon by cupidity and lust and ambition, till its heavenly light turned to an infernal fire, while you remained lapped in your secure prosperity, counting your gains; adding acre to acre, beef to beef, sheep to sheep; living the lives of clowns and peasants on week days, and on the Sabbath dancing before the Lord, for the amusement of the idlers who come to your church as they go to a circus."

"Friend," interrupted Elihu warningly, "you are abusing our patience!" The other Shakers looked shocked and alarmed, and Egeria rose to her feet.

"I *mean* to abuse your patience. I mean to sting you into life. I mean to make you think of your heavenly origin, and realize how unworthy you have grown. You have subordinated your spiritualism to your Shakerism" —

"Spiritualism was never anything but a means to Shakerism," angrily retorted Elihu.

"I would make it the *end* of Shakerism. How has it profited you as a means?" demanded Dr. Boynton.

"It has made us what we are. It gave us a discipline and a rule of life, because it descended, unasked, from heaven. But your secular spiritualism which you want to have us take up, and which has continued through solicitation and entreaty, has given you no code of morality. It has been a vain show, making men worse and not better, and tempting them to all manner of lies. And you wish us to take it up at the point to which the world has brought it? Nay! You wish us to subordinate the angelic life, and the good that has crowned it, to the mere dead means? Nay! To value the staff by which we have climbed, and not the height we have reached? Nay! Prove first that in your hands it has not become a stock

to conjure with, — to be cast on the ground and turned into a serpent for a wonder before Pharaoh and a confusion of true prophecy, — and then we will take it up again."

The men's faces had grown red, and they approached each other angrily.

"You have deceived me!" cried Dr. Boynton. "You led me to believe that among you I should find the sympathy and support which are essential to success."

"We led you to believe nothing," retorted Elihu. "An accident threw you among us, after we had fully and fairly warned you that we should not receive you or any one without deliberation. We welcomed you kindly, and you have had our best."

"Elihu, Elihu!" softly pleaded Sister Frances, "it is n't for us to boast of our good deeds." The others silently looked from him to her.

"There is no vainglory in the truth, Frances," answered Elihu, severely. "We have been assailed with unjust tauntings."

"And I," said Dr. Boynton, "have been provoked to a harsher frankness than I meant to use, by your indifference to an interest infinitely more vital than any rule of life; by a gradually increasing enmity here which I have now felt for some time, and have struggled against in vain. There has been a withdrawal of confidence from me."

"You have no right to say that," Elihu promptly retorted. "The conditions remain precisely the same as when you first unfolded your plans to us in family meeting. We dealt plainly with you then, and we know nothing more of you now than we knew within two days after your arrival here. You made certain pretensions then, and you have fulfilled none of them. Instead of that, you come after nearly three months' time, and require us to lay aside our industries, and join you in a pursuit which

has proved the vainest and idlest that has ever wasted the human mind."

"You have twice upbraided me, now," said Dr. Boynton, "with my failure to make good my claim to your confidence. You shall not upbraid me a third time. You knew why I was waiting. You knew that it was at a cost almost like life itself that I waited, and that I counted every hour of delay as a drop of blood wrung from my heart. But I will delay no longer. You shall have the proof now — at once — this very night. Call your family together. We won't lose another moment. Egeria!"

Egeria started: the quarrel — for it had assumed this character — had begun so suddenly, and probably without intention or expectation on either side, though this is by no means certain; but she must have known whither it tended.

"You are right!" cried Elihu, with equal heat. "There is no time like the present. Matters have come to such a pass that something must be done."

"Call your family together!" repeated Dr. Boynton, defiantly.

"There is no need; this is the evening for family meeting," the Shaker rejoined.

In fact, while they had been disputing, a group of the younger Shakers and Shakeresses had formed about the door of the family house in which the meeting was to be held, and their voices, unheeded by the angry disputants and their listeners, had risen on the cool twilight air. At that distance the white dresses of the young girls, freshly put on for the evening worship, showed pale through the gathering dusk, and their singing, robbed of its shrillness, was the voice of that disembodied devotion which haunts dim cathedral arches, and in our bright New World sometimes drifts out of open church windows to the ear of the passer, taking his heart with an indefinite religious passion and yearning.

W. D. Howells.

A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.

MOST of my readers probably know that the head of the Church of England is the Archbishop of Canterbury; but I have been led to believe that many intelligent and generally well-informed people, even in England, do not know why he is so. By the head of the church, I mean the sacerdotal head, — the Primate, as he is called. The nominal and secular head is at present her most gracious royal and imperial majesty Victoria, who holds this position as the successor, although not the descendant, of that long-suffering and tender-conscienced monarch, Henry, the eighth of that name, who was so sorely tried by the sex through which came death and all our woe, — an assertion for which I hasten to say that Moses and Milton are alone responsible. And as the afflictions of that exemplary monarch in the matter of wives form an important part of the history of the Reformation, about which it is becoming to all people who would seem well educated to be exact, I venture to offer a little rhyme, not generally known I believe, which will help to keep the facts in mind, and be at any time convenient for reference — to those who can remember it: —

“King Henry the Eighth to six spouses was wedded:

One died, one survived, two divorced, two beheaded.”

This is not thoroughly original, it being manifestly framed on the model of “Thirty days hath September,” etc.; but like that most frequently repeated of all English stanzas, to which I confess that I am obliged to recur for much-needed assistance at least twelve times in every year, it may save many worthy people from being put, by ignorance, to open shame.

The reasons why the Archbishop of Canterbury is the priestly head of the

Church of England are the very reasons why I was particular to visit the little city from which his see takes its title. Canterbury is the cradle of English Christianity; and not only of English Christianity, but of the Christianity of the whole Teutonic race, — that great race which has done more for morality and for freedom than any other known to history, and more for literature and for philosophy, although not for the fine arts, than any other since the decadence of ancient Greece. It may be worth our while to glance at the events which gave this place a position so elevated and so extraordinary.

Almost all names of places in England have the admirable quality of a meaning. They were given for a good reason; and that reason, if not apparent in their modern clipped and curtailed form, may be extracted by a little patience. Very little patience is needed in the case of Canterbury, which is merely a condensed form of the “Anglo-Saxon” *Cantuara-byrig*; that is, the burg, or stronghold (“*Eine feste burg ist unser Gott*”), of the men of Kent. Kent is the part of Britain which first became English. Its position would naturally make it so, it being that part of the island which is nearest to the continent of Europe, from which the English or “Anglo-Saxon” people came; and such history as we have of their migration from the country now known as Schleswig-Holstein tells us that in Kent Hengist and Horsa made their landing. But the Angles and the Saxons did not bring Christianity into Britain. They were heathen; and soon extinguishing a little flame of Christianity, of Roman lighting, that they found there, they worshiped for centuries the gods whose names are upon our lips almost hourly, because they are embodied and embalmed in the En-

glish names of the days of the week, which were respectively consecrated to their service.

The interesting story about the English captives, whose fair faces, blue eyes, and long golden hair caused the monk Gregory to say of them, "Not Angles, but angels" (*non Angli, sed angeli*), — to which story I referred in the first of this series of articles, as early evidence of the beauty of the English race,¹ — has a direct connection with the christianizing of England, and therefore also with our present subject. Gregory, learning that these beautiful Angles that so charmed and interested him were heathen, earnestly desired to convert them to Christianity, and set out on a mission himself for that purpose; but he was stopped on his way to England, and he turned back to Rome, to become afterwards known as Pope Gregory the Great. But the Pope did not forget the benevolent scheme of the monk, and he sent as his apostle a priest named Augustine, who was afterwards known as St. Augustine; albeit he was not a very saintly personage. Augustine, if he should make converts, and succeed in establishing a Christian church in England, was to be the first English bishop and archbishop. But Gregory also intended that there should be another archbishop in England, one at York (he knew about as much of Kent and York, and of their relative positions, we may be sure, as most English bishops nowadays seem to know of New York and Chicago, and probably supposed them to be a few miles asunder); and this double intention of his produced an ecclesiastical complication, of which more hereafter. His intention in regard to York was the consequence of the fact that the young Englishmen by whom he was so captivated came from Deira, in the then great province or kingdom of Northum-

bria, which included what is now Yorkshire.

It was in A. D. 597 that Augustine set out upon the mission that was to have such important results, not only in England, but on the continent of Europe and in North America. He landed with his ecclesiastical suite on the Isle of Thanet, then as now the extreme eastern point of Kent, but then, as not now, really an island; being made so by an estuary formed by the sea and the river Stour, upon which the land has so encroached during the succeeding centuries that it has almost disappeared. The Italian priest and his followers disembarked, as Hengist and the Danes had disembarked before them, at a place called Ebbe's Fleet, a little southwest of Margate. The word *fleet* is Old English for a creek or small shallow water, where boats can float. It is preserved in the name of Fleet Street in London; that street having been so called because it passed by Fleet ditch, a little water-course which in old times had the place now held by the Thames, as the chief receptacle of the city's sewage. Nor has the name Ebbe's Fleet disappeared in thirteen hundred years, notwithstanding that the water which gave it its name was long ago displaced by the land. Just where Hengist and the Danes and Augustine landed, on a strip of high ground rising out of the marsh, and plainly once a little promontory, is a farm-house, known as Ebbe's Fleet.² Such records of the past, in its names, is one of the charms of England.

All students of early English history know that Ethelbert, the king of England at that time, had a Christian wife named Bertha, the daughter of the king (so called) of Paris. There was then no king of France, nor for centuries afterward. Ethelbert allowed Bertha to live as a Christian; and she worshiped at a

¹ English Men. The Galaxy, April, 1877.

² I make this statement on the authority of Dean Stanley. I did not visit Ebbe's Fleet. Dean Stan-

ley, now of Westminster, was once Dean of Canterbury, a fact to which we owe his interesting Historical Memorials of the place.

little chapel which stood just outside the town of Canterbury, and which had been used as a place of worship by British Christians. Whether she persuaded her husband to receive Augustine favorably is not known; but he did so receive the missionary, and, after a conference with him in the open air at Thanet, gave him an old heathen temple near Canterbury for temporary use, and at last permitted him and his followers to worship with the queen at her chapel, which was even then called St. Martin's. Erelong Ethelbert yielded to the power of precept and example, and received baptism; and before the year was over, on Christmas Day, 597, ten thousand Englishmen were baptized, two by two, in the Swale, the couples reciprocally immersing one another, at the word of command from St. Augustine. How many forefathers of those who now call themselves "Americans" thus dipped each other into Christianity it may not be within the power of statistics and the law of chances to discover. The royal convert now gave Augustine his own palace in Canterbury as a dwelling, and an old pagan temple hard by for a church, building himself a new residence a few miles off, at Reculver. Christianity was thus planted in England, and Augustine, the first bishop, established his see in Canterbury, where it has remained from the year 601 to this day. Thus it is that the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the lineal successor of St. Augustine, is chief priest of the Church of England.

Not only did English Christianity take its rise in Canterbury, but, as we have seen, hard by in that part of Kent was the very beginning of the English nation in the first landing there of the Saxons. Moreover, its great cathedral was the scene of a political murder which was of graver consequence to England than any other, even of a royal victim, recorded in

her annals,—that of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was slain by partisans of Henry II. for his resistance to the king's encroachments (in the interests of law and of justice) upon the privileges of the clergy. Within the walls of this noble church lie the remains of the Black Prince, whose name and whose glory are known to all school-bred people of English race, even to those who are ignorant of his history and of his real character.¹ To Canterbury went that train of pilgrims whose figures were wrought into an immortal life by the first great English poet in one of the greatest of English poems. To Canterbury came Oliver Cromwell, England's last real king and last tyrant, and bore away from the Black Prince's tomb the sword which had pointed the way to victory at Poitiers. There is no place in England, excepting London and Westminster, which is so enriched by memories and by memorials of the past. And yet I found intelligent, well-educated men in London and elsewhere, not three hours away, who had never seen Canterbury and its great cathedral. I can understand this, for I was myself in England six weeks before I made my Canterbury pilgrimage; and if I had been born in England to live there, I too might have postponed the journey indefinitely.

I went to the Rose inn, because I had heard that it was clean, comfortable, unpretending, and old-fashioned. It deserved all those praises. No place open to the public could be less like the American notion of a hotel. On the principal street, which is narrow, and which was meant to be straight, but which happily neither street nor road in England is but for a very short distance, the snug hostelry stands, distinguished in no way from the other old but not antique houses of the neighborhood except by a lantern over the door and the name of the inn.

¹ The Black Prince was not, what many suppose him to have been, a dark man. Edward of Woodstock had a fair skin, blue eyes, and yellow-

brown hair. He was called the Black Prince from the color of the armor he usually wore.

I went in, and found sitting by an inner window of a room that opened on one side into the passage-way, and on the other into the kitchen, a pleasant-faced woman of years between youth and middle age, who asked if I would like a room. On my answering Yes, she said, "Please walk up-stairs, sir, and the chambermaid will show you one." I did so, and the maid met me at the first landing, and took me to a snug, clean, comfortable room, where my trunk was soon brought, and where she quickly returned with warm water; and that was all. Oh, the ease and comfort and privacy of these English inns! — where you are not called upon to write your name and your address in a big book for any curious idler to read, and any reporter to copy and publish, and bring upon you calls when you would be private; where you do not perform all the offices of life, except sleeping and dressing, in the eyes of all your fellow lodgers, and of half the loungers of the neighborhood; where you do not feel as if the house were a mere continuation of the street, except the paving-stones and the carts and horses. They would be improved by "coffee-rooms" a little more bright and cheery, for the coffee-room of an English inn on a dark, damp day is not a place of enlivening and inspiriting influence; and by a little parlor or modest receiving room (as unlike as possible that concentration of glare and vulgarity known to us as a hotel parlor), in which lodgers who have not a sitting-room could receive those whom they do not wish to ask into their bedrooms. But these are comparative trifles. A man in health who could not be contented at the Rose must have in himself the causes of his discontent.

The city of Canterbury (city in virtue of its bishop's see) is a small town, irregular in every way, and old-fashioned without being very antique. It lacks the effect produced, for instance, in Coventry and in Chester by houses of the sixteenth and the seventeenth century. Dwelling-

houses which are, on their outsides at least, more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty years old are comparatively rare. But nearly the whole town seems to be composed of houses of about that age; and mingled with these are the few which are older, and an unusual number of old churches and other buildings more or less ecclesiastical. These old towns in England had a never-failing charm for me; not because of their antiquity, of which I am no blind worshiper, nor because of their beauty, for of that they commonly have very little, but because of their naturalness. They have manifestly grown, and were not made to order. Even the streets most nearly straight were plainly once paths, which are never straight. One house was built in a certain place and in a certain way, because its builder chose to build it there and in that way; another was built in another place, in another way, because at another time another man so chose to build it; another was built between these in another way, because its builder perhaps could do no better. The town does not look as if it were put up in sections by contract. There is no air of pretense, and the place seems like an aggregation of homes. The resulting difference between these towns and one in the United States is like the difference between a crowd of men, each one of whom has his individuality of feature and of expression, and an array of puppets or lay figures all cast in one mold.

Over all in Canterbury rise the three towers of the great cathedral church, which dominates the city and the surrounding country. Seen from a distance, this great building seems larger than it does near by. It dwarfs the whole city, like a great growth in stone rising from amid a little bed of rubble. It is an architectural expression of the ecclesiastical supremacy which it embodies.

As soon as I could do so I went to the cathedral, approaching it through a short, narrow street called Mercery Lane, which

has its name from the little shops which have lined its sides for centuries. I entered the nave, and walked its whole length beneath its lofty roof all alone. At once it took me captive; it swallowed me up in its immensity. The effect of grandeur is much increased by the elevation of the choir to a great height above the floor of the nave, from which there is an ascent by a lofty and broad flight of steps. As I walked slowly up the nave and mounted this majestic stairway, the tones of the great organ and the voices of the choristers chanting the morning service fell upon my ears, seeming to come from the dusky void above my head. I found that I could not enter the choir; the grated gates were closed. I stood and listened. The singers were invisible who were taking part in the worship from which I was shut out. Was it only by the gate? Should I have worshiped if I had been within? Could I have worshiped even in that sacred place as I should have done if I had come there when I was a child?

Moved by the solemn strains within and the thoughts which they awakened in me without, I forgot for the moment why I was there. The music rose and fell; it swelled and soared; and died away among the lofty arches. Breaking forth anew, it became a cry for mercy and for salvation, a passionate entreaty to be received into the joys of heaven. As I leaned against the iron barrier between me and the holy place within, the tones of the unseen singers pierced my heart and seemed to cleave it in sunder. But my soul did not answer to them. I knew that I was moved only by a sensuous thrill, by the vast and solemn gloom, and by the charm of sweet association. I felt that there was more between me and those sacred rites than the iron which stayed my steps. Alas! those bars only figured to me the hard and stern realities which stood between me and those rites which I had been taught were pledges and a foretaste of the heavenly life. I might

stand and look across the threshold of that paradise; but from its enjoyment, except as an intellectual and sensuous pleasure, almost as an exhibition, I was shut out forever. At every note my heart grew sadder, and the music became to me only the requiem of a buried faith.

Turning away with a sense of self-inflicted banishment, I descended the steps and wandered through the nave, musing, and oppressed even more by my thoughts and by thick-coming memories than by its grandeur, or by the sense of loneliness that came upon me in its vast silence, until the service was ended. The gates were opened. A few commonplace people came out: maiden ladies with umbrellas; matrons with chattering children, already familiar with that which was so strange and impressive to me; a nondescript man or two, one of whom was pale and damp and peevish. They had performed one duty, and now they went forth to others. I watched them as they passed through the door-way into the world, and then turned back to make the tour of the great church.

The choir of Canterbury cathedral is more imposing than that of any other ecclesiastical edifice that I ever saw. It combines in a rare degree those two great elements of architectural effect, extent and elevation. It alone is very much larger than our largest churches. Its length is one hundred and eighty feet. From the steps of the altar you look down the nave through a vista of arched stone, which stretches before you for more than five hundred feet. The grandeur of the elevation of the choir above the nave is repeated and enhanced within the choir itself by the elevation of the altar, which rises before you with a majesty which is almost oppressive. From the first entrance into this noble religious building the eye is led upward, and again upward, in long reaches of solemn beauty. The light comes to you only from above, softened and enriched by the marvelous hues of the stained

glass windows of the clere-story. With the light Caen stone of the walls and piers and arches is mingled another of a dark, rich color, which, warmly tempering the somewhat cold gray hue of the former, produces an effect of color all the more admirable because it is not excessive and does not seem to be elaborate.

As I stood upon the steps of the altar, I observed that a few knots of people here and there in the choir began to approach each other; and presently a verger in his gown, whom they were following, stepped up to me and asked if I wished to see the cathedral. The other visitors joined themselves to us, and we set off upon our round. I shall not describe what I saw, or tell what I was told. To do so would occupy at least all the space that I could ask for my whole article; and then I should have told no more than may be found in a good guide-book. Nor do I hold such descriptions in high estimation. They are useful to those who are just about to see the objects described; and to those who have seen them they serve as aids to recollection. To all other persons they have really little value. In the course of three quarters of an hour I had stood by the tomb of the Black Prince, and had seen hanging over it the surcoat, the helmet, and the gauntlets that he wore at Poitiers; I had seen Archbishop Chichely's strange two-storied tomb, on one slab of which he is represented in health, clothed in his archiepiscopal robes and wearing his mitre, while on the other he is, by his own directions, represented in his dying state, attenuated to a skeleton; I had looked with a sentiment of retrospective wonder and pity at the stone staircase to à Becket's shrine, worn in hollows by the knees of the pilgrims who were obliged to ascend it painfully, in the humble attitude of prayer; I had followed the course of the murderers of this arrogant and tyrannical priest to the place where they struck him down, and had stood over the spot

where they scattered his brains upon the pavement; and I had peered through the dim light upon the sombre beauty of that crypt, distinguished from all others even less by its varied architecture than as the scene of one of the most extraordinary and yet most characteristic transactions of past ages. For here, in 1174, two years after à Becket's slaying, Henry II., in whose interest, although not by whose command, the deed was done, did a second penance in expiation of that crime and sacrilege. After having lived upon bread and water for some days, and after walking barefooted to the cathedral, where he knelt in the transept of the murder (called the martyrdom), he was led into the crypt where à Becket's tomb then was. Upon this he bowed his head, and, his lower garments having been removed, the king of England, a Plantagenet, received five strokes from the rod of each bishop and abbot who was present, and three from each of the eighty monks! After this he stood the whole night barefooted upon the bare ground, resting only against one of the rude stone pillars of the crypt; and thus he passed the whole night, fasting. A belief in the efficacy and the merit of such performances did not die out for six hundred years; and it shows us the arrogant, ungainly figure of Samuel Johnson standing in the streets of Litchfield, bareheaded and exposed to the weather, for hours, in "expiation" of an act of disrespect to his father. Perhaps even yet, among enlightened people who are freed from the sacerdotal tyranny to which Henry II. succumbed, there may be some who believe that a wrong that they have done may be atoned for by a suffering on their part which can do no good to the person they have wronged. To them I would recommend a meditation in the crypt of Canterbury cathedral.

I was pleased with my verger, and I found that he was not displeased with me. He was a middle-aged man, with a fine,

intelligent face and a very pleasant manner, and he talked well as he led us from one spot of interest to another. If he had introduced himself to me as the dean, I should have accepted him as such without a doubt, and have been perfectly satisfied. And yet this man expected a shilling. Had it not been for my previous experience, I should as soon have thought of offering him broken victuals.¹ He evidently was pleased with the great interest in the cathedral which I could not conceal (and why should I have concealed it?), and plainly rejoiced in the questions which I alone asked; for the rest of the group was composed of the average British Philistine; and when I asked him to tell me where I could find three little arches, two of which were pointed and one round Norman, he led me to the spot with alacrity and a face lighted up with something like gratified vanity. Well might he be proud of his cathedral. But when, on passing a stately, elevated seat, half pulpit, half pew, he said, "The archbishop's throne when he attends service," the word throne grated on my ears, and I thought of Him who had not where to lay his head.

After my guide and I had parted at the choir entrance, I went alone through the precincts of the cathedral, wandering at my will, inquiring my way, and asking information as I needed it; and always receiving the kindest attention, often from persons more or less ecclesiastical, to whom I should *not* have ventured to offer a shilling. In these extensive precincts, beautiful buildings in perfect preservation are mingled with ruins which have been ruins for centuries, — pillars and arches which form aisles that now are roofless and lead no whither; grand gateways, the only remnants of buildings to which they were

once the mere entrance, and which are now put to humble uses; libraries now in use, and the houses of the dean and chapter. As I wandered about I came suddenly upon an object with the forms of which I was familiar, and the sight of which had been one of the expected pleasures of my visit, the Norman staircase leading up to the building known as the King's School. I thought that I knew it too well to find anything surprising in it, notwithstanding my admiration; and yet, seeing it unexpectedly as I turned a corner, I felt a little shock of delight. And why? Why does that small structure give the eye such joy? It is but a porch of three round arches resting upon heavy pillars, and a succession of some five or six small arches supported by graduated pillars; the detail shows little fancy, and the workmanship little finish; but the whole is such a beautiful imagination that among lovers of architecture it is as well known as a perfect poem is in the world of literature, or as a masterpiece of musical composition, like Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* or the *Andante* of Mozart's quartette in C, is to lovers of music. Description of it is quite in vain; for a description which should be quite correct might, like a similar description of a musical composition, apply equally well to a work the design and the informing ideas of which were utterly without beauty. That which constitutes the real charm in any work of fine art can never be described by words, although its effect may be expressed.

My next visit was to St. Martin's church, the mother church of England, the oldest ecclesiastical building in that land, the memories of which go back thirteen hundred years, and which bears in its walls memorials of a time yet

¹ We should not, however, judge him and such as he by our standard in this matter. These gratuities are looked upon in the light of *honoraria* or fees, and are reckoned as a part of the regular income of the places to which they pertain. A vergers receives his shilling just as Mr. Barnum

receives twenty-five cents for seeing one of his shows, and with no more feeling of obligation or dependence. And as to the possible independence of a man in such a position, I had an example of that in my Windsor Castle warder.

earlier. St. Martin's I found perched on a little hill on the outskirts of the town. The hill has been cut down around the old church, which is left standing upon a slight elevation supported by a stone wall. Around it are ancient yew-trees; and its tower is so covered with ivy as to be almost wholly concealed. The stem of this gigantic parasite is like the trunk of a large tree. I found the same great growth at other places. We have no notion of the size to which this "vine" attains in England. The chancel end of this little church is evidently much older than the tower end; and here it was plainly that Bertha worshiped. Not necessarily within even this older part of the building, but where that portion of it stands, and not improbably between the foundation walls. The British chapel is gone; but in its place and on its site was built the little Early English church which now forms the chancel of St. Martin's. Its walls are composed in part of the material of the walls of its predecessor; red Roman tiles being built into it freely with the rubble and shale and mortar.

After I had looked at the outside of this venerable memorial of English Christianity alone to my content, I made inquiries for the key, and was directed to one of a row of small houses not far off. Thither I went, and found a kindly woman with two or three children around her, who each accepted a penny with round-eyed joy. The eldest was sent off after the goodman, while I sat talking with the goodwife in the little parlor. She was such a comfortable, cheery, simple creature, so far from pretending to be anything but what she really was, that I liked her, and homely as she was in feature I did not think her husband was long in coming with the key. The interior of the church contains little to gratify the eye. It has none of the charms of St. Andrew's, near Windsor, or even of the characteristic evidences of antiquity which I found at the old

church at Harbledown, which I visited also on this day. In appearance it is the least interesting of these three churches, which are the oldest in England, and of which it is the senior. There is a clever but shabby attempt, by a rude stone coffin and a Latin inscription, to produce the impression that Bertha's body was entombed there; but it lies in the great cathedral. A rude font is shown as that in which Ethelbert was baptized. It is certainly of very great antiquity; but I observed that the upper part of it was certainly Norman work, although the lower seemed to me to be Saxon, an opinion in which I afterwards found that I had but coincided with others much better able to form an opinion on such a point; and indeed I could have expected nothing else. Even the lower part, however, I am inclined to think is of a period much later than Ethelbert's reign. Moreover, I suspect that he, instead of being baptized in full dress and from a font, as the friends of Voltaire's *Ingenu* expected that their young convert would be, received the rite in the waters of the Stour in that perfectly natural and unadorned condition in which the Huron (who had read only the New Testament) awaited it on the banks of a similar rivulet, while his priest-taught friends and sponsors fretted for him at the church in their best bibs and tuckers.

The modern pilgrim to Canterbury, if he is at all interested in ancient ecclesiastical architecture and in the early history of England, should not neglect to visit Harbledown. It is but two miles away, and the view of the cathedral from the road on the return is alone well worth the little journey. The old village, apparently no larger than it was twelve hundred years ago, lies in a hollow, and is now seen by the traveler and now hidden from him, as the road rises and falls with the undulation of the country. Chaucer's pilgrims passed through it; and this effect of its posi-

tion is the origin of the whimsical perversion of its name by which the poet refers to it.

"Wot ye not wher there stont a litel town,
Which that i-cleped is Bob-up-an-down,
Under the Ble in Canterbury way?"¹
(Prol. to the Manciple's Tale, l. 1.)

Here Lanfranc founded a lazar house or hospital, and the hospital is still there, although it has been twice rebuilt; but the old church or chapel, where service is performed once a week, stands nearly as it was originally built, somewhat dilapidated by time, but little injured by restoration. As I neared the village I asked one or two persons that I met for the old church there (I preferred to go about thus, inquiring my way and talking with the people), and I was directed to a church upon a little hill, which was indeed an ancient and an interesting building; but after a brief examination of it I was dissatisfied both with its appearance and its position, and I learned afterwards that, venerable as it was, it lacked six hundred years of the age of that which I was seeking!

The ground about here is very irregular, and at one place the road is split into two parts, one of which, used only by wayfarers on foot, passes over an elevation, from which there is a steep descent to the part used by carriages. As I walked along the lower road, a carpenter, with his tools over his shoulder, called down to me, and asked me to please to tell him where Mr. Pangborn lived. With malice prepense I made him repeat his request; for I always enjoyed these inquiries put to me in places where I found myself for the first time, — places three thousand miles from that

where I and my kindred had been born and lived for more than two centuries. They began, these inquiries, before I had been on English soil two days. In Chester, the day after my arrival, I was driven, by a heavy shower, under an old pent-house where I was soon joined by a man who was evidently a gentleman, and one who I conjectured from the cut of his jib was a "horsey" squire. We chatted as the rain poured down; and when the clouds began to break a groom came down the street on a fine spirited horse, which he checked and irritated by his impatient handling. My temporary companion, who had received with favor a remark that I made upon the horse's clean fetlocks and the fine fall of his haunches, who fretted almost as much as the poor beast did under his rider's irritating hand, presently broke out to me, "Now, sir, if that was my horse, I should dismount that fellow, and discharge him on the spot; wouldn't you?" I assented. By this time the rain had stopped, and he, preparing to go on his way, said, "And now, would you be kind enough to tell me the way to?" — I forget where. I answered, "I would with pleasure, sir, but I'm an entire stranger in the country. I arrived from America but yesterday." He turned upon me a look of puzzlement and wonder, hesitated a moment, and then bade me good-morning. It was an early beginning of a series of similar experiences. But I am far away from Harbledown.

I found the hospital and the old church sooner than I fear my carpenter found Mr. Pangborn. An old man was at work in a sort of garden in front of the hospital. I asked him where I should

¹ The origin of this perversion has not been pointed out, I believe, by any of the editors of Chaucer. Indeed, one of the latest and most eminent of them gravely remarks, "I cannot find a town of that name in any map; but it must have lain between Boughton, the place last mentioned, and Canterbury." The only place between Boughton and Canterbury is Harbledown, the name of which is easily, naturally, almost inevitably corrupted into Hobble-down, a form of it which I heard

there, and which is itself suggestive of a jocose perversion. But besides this, Hob is one of the nicknames of Robert, the other being Bob. With these suggestions it would have been strange if the little town which seemed to rise and fall had not been called Bob-up-and-down by rustic wits six or eight hundred years ago. The Ble is the wooded hill of Ble or Blean which rises just above Harbledown.

find the key of the church. He looked me full in the face, but without any expression of intelligence, and bawled out, "I can't hear a word you say! I'm as deaf as a stone. But I know what you want. Just knock at that door," and he pointed to one of two or three in the hospital. I remark here that I found many more deaf people in England than I ever met in America. I have remarked before upon the greater number of rheumatic and otherwise disabled old people that I saw there. I was soon in the old church. It is about as large upon the ground as a good-sized country school-house, but very interesting. The pillars and arches on one side are Norman; on the other Early English. The roof is open timbered, like that of St. Andrew's, but much ruder and heavier. Some pillars are round, some square, and the capitals have ornaments which brought to mind those in Saxon missals. On the wall on one side are the shadowy remains of an ancient painting, in which the ghostly figures, life-sized, of a king and a bishop may be discerned. No place that I saw in England took me quite so far back into the past. Here, indeed, I seemed to have got before the Conqueror, and among my forefathers whom he found in England when he and the rabble of fierce robbers whom he had sharked up landed there and fought and took possession. How did I know but that upon the floor where I was standing some man or woman whose blood was flowing in my veins had knelt a thousand years ago? It was more than possible.

In the hospital are some relics; but in those I felt little interest, and I was soon on my way back to Canterbury, where I passed the rest of the day in wandering from one old building or quaint nook to another. I did not undertake to "do" the town systematically; and I avoided professional guides and eschewed guide-books.

As I was walking about the town at

night, I came upon a strange sight. I stood upon an elevated street, and looked down upon one lower; which, indeed, was rather a small open place than a street. There I saw an assemblage of large wagons, most of them covered; and there were some booth-like stands, built or in building. Here and there were lights, and figures were moving about in the darkness with lanterns. As I leaned against a railing and looked down upon this theatrical little spectacle, I turned to a man who had taken a place beside me, and asked him what this was. He told me that it was the beginning of the preparations for a fair, which was to take place in a day or two. The fair used to be an important event, but its interest had diminished, and only the lowest orders of people took any part in it. By his speech and his manner, and a fustian coat he wore (I could not see his face, the night was so dark; and, besides, he kept looking straight before him), I discovered that he was a respectable artisan, or person in that condition of life, and we soon fell into talk together. I found him intelligent and even thoughtful. The hoarse voices of men and the shriller tones of women speaking in strange accents came up to us from the lights and the wagons. I asked him who these people were, and where they came from. He did not know. They weren't Canterbury folk; they came from the country around, no one knew whence; some of them from far enough away. "It's sad to think, sir, that there must be such people in a country like ours; that they must live, and that they will, one way or another." The tone of his voice was more monotonous than that of most Englishmen; it was the monotone of sadness. He seemed willing to talk, and I led him on. He was evidently oppressed by desponding thought, and his voice and manner suited the gloaming, gray-hued darkness. He was well enough to do himself, he said, and was always comfortable, and

had a pound or two laid by for a rainy day; but he plainly brooded over the condition of those who were not comfortable, and who had no pound or two, and could n't get even shillings. "What is to become of them, sir?" he said. "There are so many of them; and there are more every year." He always said "them," as if he were not thinking of himself or his own. "It's something that gentlemen like you, sir, know nothing about, except what you see in the newspapers; but I'm nearer to it, and I see it for myself. They call 'em dangerous classes; but they're dangerous because they're poor; and if there were n't people, many of them, so much richer than they, there would be nobody to be in danger." I asked him if he thought there was any danger to the government. "Oh, no, sir; how could that be in England? The government's well enough. It's a good government; and an Englishman's a free man, and always has the law on his side. And there must be rich people and poor people; and lords, too, for the matter of that. I don't mind there being lords. And I know that what a man gets honestly he's a right to keep, little or much. But what's to become of the people that get nothing, — not enough to eat? And there's so many of them, — so many." I asked him if he thought the matter would be helped by taking the land from the great landholders and giving it to the people. "Lord bless you, sir, no; leastways only for a little while. Some people *will* get poor; and if a man has a little land and no money, he'll sell his land; he must; and the men that have land and money too will buy more land. You can't stop that." Alas! I thought, as he uttered this truism; this poor, sad-hearted fellow sees the inevitable law, — to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he hath; and remembering that those who had least money always, as a class, had the most children, I could say noth-

ing to encourage him. I suggested emigration; but he replied, "Yes, sir, that's all very well, although it's a hard thing for a man to go away from the place he was born in. But to emigrate a man must have *some* money; and I'm thinking about the people that haven't enough to last from day to day; and England's full of them, and is getting fuller and fuller every year." He had never heard of Malthus or of Ricardo, and Mrs. Besant's little book was not yet published; but he was plainly in sympathy with them all. Our talk became more desultory, and it was growing late. I bade him good-night. We had touched the gravest question of the day for England, the crucial question of the time, and we parted without having seen each other's faces. We were one to the other only a voice speaking out of the darkness.

The next day I went again to the cathedral. The gloomy sky of the night had harbingered a heavy mass of clouds which were now descending in a copious but fine and gentle rain. The cathedral was deserted. Even the verger was not there. He was represented by his daughter, a pretty, slender girl. He had evidently remembered my interest when he went home; for she stepped up to me, and asked with a little emphasis, "Would you like to see the cathedral *again*, sir?" I said Yes, of course; and she went with me to the gate of the choir, which she opened. All at once the wish arose to be there without even her attendance (there was not another person in sight), and I asked her, with no expectation of consent, if she could not let me go in by myself. She looked at me a moment with sweet, steady blue eyes, and said, "I think I may let you go, sir." She shut the gate behind me. As I turned away I heard the key creak and the bolt shot. Then a great silence fell upon me; I walked slowly on until I stood before the high altar; and there I was, alone in that dim magnificence.

I made little use of my liberty. I was not there to mouse among antiquities, or to study architecture. Details seemed petty to me enveloped in that vastness, and whelmed in the flood of those associations. I did go to the Black Prince's tomb, and, although I am no relic-monger, as I stood by it I longed to touch one of those gauntlets. To clasp even that glove would have done something toward bridging the gap of five centuries, and placing me by Edward's side at Poitiers. I wish that I had asked that blue-eyed girl if I might do so. I verily believe the good creature would have helped me to a ladder. But I soon wandered back to the great altar, and sat down upon the steps. The day was dark, and notwithstanding the pale color of the walls the vast space was filled with the dusk of twilight. I did not people this grand gloom with figures; and indeed I doubt if that is ever done by any one; but I did think, as on the day before I could not have thought, of all the much good and the little ill to me and mine of which that noble church was a sign and a witness. Here Chaucer's pilgrims came; but what was their pilgrimage to mine! They made a three or four days' journey to do, for their own profit, reverence to the tomb of a crafty, ambitious churchman: I had come three thousand miles to stand upon the spot where my people were born to civilization and baptized into Christianity. But for what happened here and hard by I should have been, not a savage, indeed, nor a heathen, because the world has taken all men on in the course of thirteen hundred years, but something other than I am; and I fear not something better. For me there might have been no Alfred, no Chaucer, no Wicliffe, no Sidney, no Bacon, no Shakespeare, no Milton, no English Bible, no Bunyan, no *habeas corpus*, no bill of rights, no English law; and what a man is, who does more than eat and sleep and wear apparel out, depends hardly more upon the nature that

he has inherited from his forefathers than upon what they did for him. A man is a result, — result of forces which were tending toward him centuries before he appeared; a result over which his own will and his own work have but a modifying influence. And, thus sitting alone in Christ Church at Canterbury, I felt that I was near what was for me, except as a mere animal, the beginning of all things, — certainly the beginning of all things good.

But I was to leave the town that afternoon, and calling my pretty portress I walked with her for a little while under the gray arches, and then said good-by. At the Rose, when I told my friend who sat by the window that I was going directly, and by such a train, she said, "Oh, I'm sorry; our 'bus does n't go to that train." I then asked her to get me a fly. "Oh, no, sir," she said, "no need of that. I'll send to the — [naming another inn] and get them to send their 'bus here for you. Cost you only sixpence, sir." Did any one of my readers ever have his sixpences or even his dollars looked after so carefully at a hotel in America? After a cheery good-by from this good housekeeper, I got into the rival 'bus, and was soon at the station. Not until I had bought my ticket, did I discover that I had left my hat at the Rose. I had put on my traveling hat in my room, and in my haste had forgotten my chimney-pot. It was the identical preposition which had excited the professional jealousy of the Surrey hatter. I could not do without it. Looking at my watch, I found that I had twelve minutes before the arrival of my train. I hailed the fly with the best-looking horse, and told the driver, "Double fare to get me to the Rose and back again, for the next train." We dashed through old Coventry at a pace that would have astonished Chaucer's Prioress, and did somewhat alarm some good Kentish women. At the inn my hurried entrance caused great surprise; but I had hardly said what

brought me, when the chambermaid flew past me, and, shooting up-stairs like an arrow feathered with petticoats, in an instant she met me with the hat in her hand. She had no shilling to expect, and I no time to give her one. I jumped for my fly, and was set down at the station just as the train was coming in; and in five minutes I was steaming off to Rochester.

Richard Grant White.

THE CONQUEROR.

I REMEMBER Falaise and the songs that we sung
When eventide gathered the old and the young,
And over the vineyards the golden moon hung,
In the years that are fled.

My fleet on the waters again I behold,
The gonfanons waving, the pennons of gold,
The three bannered Lions of Normandy old,
As in years that are fled.

I pointed to England, and proudly behind
The wings of a thousand ships rose on the wind,
And the sun, sinking low, on the serried shields shined,
In the years that are fled.

“Pevensey!” The shout from a thousand ships rung;
To Hastings we marched the green hill-sides among,
And there the great war-song of Roland we sung,
In the years that are fled.

And calm was the evening, the moon it was round,
The dead and the dying lay thick on the ground,
As I stood by the side of young Harold discrowned,
In the years that are fled.

My army from slumber awakened each day
The yeomen to harry, the foemen to slay.
They fought by the Humber, they fought by the Tay,
In the years that are fled.

Fécamp glows before me,—the feasts debonair,
The troubadours’ dance in the torch-lighted air,
The full wine that flowed ’neath the coronals there,
In the years that are fled.

The scutcheon of Conqueror shines on the wall;
My triumphs are arrased in yonder bright hall;
And chronicled there, where the tapestries fall,
Are the years that are fled.

My red wars are ending; o'er wrinkles of care
 Time's coronet silver encircles my hair;
 Alas and alas for the son of Robèrt,
 And the years that are fled!

Hark! . . . A young mother sings on the terrace below
 To the babe on her breast an old rune of Bayeux;
 My crown would I give its sweet slumbers to know,
 And to lie in its stead!

Hezekiah Butterworth.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

THE JACKSON ADMINISTRATION, 1829-1835.

THE inauguration of General Andrew Jackson as the seventh president of the United States was the commencement of a new chapter in the social as well as the political chronicles of the capital. Those who had known his predecessors in executive authority as educated and cultivated gentlemen, well versed in the courtesies of private life and of ceremonious statesmanship, saw them succeeded by a military chieftain, whose life had been "a battle and a march," thickly studded with personal brawls and duels; who had given repeated evidences of his disregard of the laws when they stood in the way of his imperious will; and who, when a United States senator, had displayed no ability as a legislator. His election was notoriously the work of Martin Van Buren, inspired by Aaron Burr, and with his inauguration was initiated a sordidly selfish political system entirely at variance with the broad views of Washington and of Hamilton. It was assumed that every citizen had his price; that neither virtue nor genius was proof against clever although selfish corruption; that political honesty was a farce; and that the only way of governing those knaves who elbowed their way up through the masses was to rule

them by cunning more acute than their own, and by a knavery more subtle and calculating than theirs.

Before leaving his rural home in Tennessee, General Jackson had been afflicted by the sudden death of his wife. "Aunt Rachel," as Mrs. Jackson was called by her husband's personal friends, had accompanied him to Washington when he was there as a senator from Tennessee. She was a short, stout, unattractive, and uneducated woman, endeared to General Jackson because he had with difficulty secured her separation from her first husband, married her two years before she was legally divorced, and ever defended her reputation with chivalric devotion. While he had been in the army, she had carefully managed his plantation, his slaves, and his money matters, and her devotion to him knew no bounds. Her happiness was centred in his, and it was her chief desire to smoke her pipe in peace at his side. When told that he had been elected president of the United States, she replied, "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad of it, but for myself I am not." A few weeks later, she was arrayed for the grave in a white satin costume which she had provided herself with, to wear at the White House. Her sorrow-stricken husband came to Washington with a stern determination to punish those who

had maligned her during the preceding campaign, and those who eulogized her always found favor with him. Her young relatives were cherished by him with paternal love.

The inauguration of General Jackson as president was, for the first time on such occasions at Washington, a military pageant. A band of the veterans of the Revolution formed his body-guard, bayonets bristled on Pennsylvania Avenue, martial music resounded over the metropolis, and salutes of artillery were fired at different points in the environs to announce that the oath of office had been administered. An immense concourse of people joined in the shouts with which the "Hero of New Orleans" was greeted, as he rode on a spirited horse from the Capitol to the White House. "I never saw such a crowd," wrote Daniel Webster to a friend. "Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." Hunters of Kentucky and Indian fighters of Tennessee, with sturdy frontiersmen from the Northwest, were mingled in the throng with the more refined dwellers on the Atlantic slope, and the impetuous people of the South, who had all the virtues and the faults arising from their peculiar social institutions. Arriving at the White House, the motley crowd clamored for refreshments, and soon drained the barrels of punch which had been prepared, in drinking to the health of the new chief magistrate. A great deal of china and glass ware was broken in the struggles for ice-creams and cakes, and the East Room was filled with a noisy mob. At one time General Jackson, who had retreated until he was pressed against the wall, could be protected from injury only by a number of his friends, who linked arms and formed a living barrier about him. Such a scene had never before been witnessed at the White House.

The democratic press of the country

was also well represented at the inauguration; for General Jackson's election had hardly been proclaimed before a considerable number of those who had given him their editorial support hastened to Washington, attracted by this semi-official declaration in the Telegraph: "We know not what line of policy General Jackson will adopt. We take it for granted, however, that he will reward his friends and punish his enemies."

The leader of this editorial phalanx was Amos Kendall, a native of Dunstable, Massachusetts, who had by pluck and industry acquired an education, and migrated westward in search of fame and fortune. Accident made him an inmate of Henry Clay's house, and the tutor of his children; but many months had not elapsed before the two became political foes, and Kendall, who had become the conductor of a democratic newspaper, triumphed, bringing to Washington the official vote of Kentucky for Andrew Jackson. He found at the national metropolis other democratic editors who, like himself, had labored to bring about the political revolution, and they used to meet daily at the house of a preacher politician, the Rev. Obadiah Brown, who had strongly advocated Jackson's election. Mr. Brown, who was a stout, robust man, with a great fund of anecdotes, was a clerk in the post-office department during the week, while on Sundays he performed his ministerial duties in the Baptist church.

Organizing under the lead of Amos Kendall, whose lieutenants were the brilliant but vindictive Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, the scholarly Nathaniel Greene, of Massachusetts, the conservative Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, the jovial Major Mordecai M. Noah, of New York, and the energetic Dabney S. Carr, of Maryland, the allied editors claimed their rewards. They were not to be appeased by sops of government advertising, or by the appointment of publisher

of the laws of the United States in their respective States, but they demanded some of the most lucrative public offices, as their share of the spoils. No sooner did General Jackson reach Washington than they made a systematic attack upon him, introducing and praising one another, and reciprocally magnifying their faithful services during the canvass so successfully ended. The result was that soon after the inauguration nearly fifty of those editors who had advocated his election were appointed to official federal positions, — not, generally speaking, because of their superior qualifications for those places, but as rewards for political services rendered, and as the means of punishing others who, being in office under the administration of President Adams, had not joined in the combination to put it down.

Up to that time, the national elections in the United States had not been mere contests for the possession of federal offices, — there was victory and there was defeat; but the quadrennial encounters affected only the heads of departments, and the results were matters of comparative indifference to the subordinate official drudges, whose families depended on their pay for meat and bread. A few of these department clerks were revolutionary worthies; others had followed the federal government from New York or Philadelphia; all had expected to hold their positions for life, unless they should resign to accept a more lucrative employment. Some of these desk slaves had originally been federalists, others democrats; and while there was always an Alexander Hamilton in every family of the one set, there was as invariably a Thomas Jefferson in every family of the other set. But no subordinate clerk had ever been troubled on account of his political faith by a change of the administration, and the sons generally succeeded their fathers when they died or resigned. Ordinarily, these clerks were good penmen and skillful account-

ants, toiling industriously eight hours every week day, without dreaming of demanding a month's vacation in the summer, or insisting upon their right to go to their homes to vote in the fall. National politics was to them a matter of profound indifference, until hundreds of them found themselves removed by newly-appointed secretaries and chiefs of bureaus. The greater number of those thus decapitated by the democratic guillotine had entered the public service when young, and found themselves without qualifications for any other employment, had the limited trade of Washington afforded any. Many of them were left in a pitiable condition, but when the Telegraph was asked what these men could do to ward off starvation, the insolent reply was, "Root, hog, or die!" Some of the new political brooms swept clean, and made a great show of reform, notably Amos Kendall, who was appointed fourth auditor of the treasury, and who soon after exulted over the discovery of a defalcation of a few hundred dollars in the accounts of his predecessor, Dr. Tobias Watkins. Dr. Watkins had been appointed by President Monroe, and was highly esteemed in the social circles at Washington. It was asserted by his friends that, while his accounts, which had been kept without balances or checks, disclosed a deficiency, it was because he had not kept the public moneys separate from his private funds, and that there was no evidence of any intention on his part to embezzle or to defraud the government. The doctor was nevertheless prosecuted with great vindictiveness, and was finally sentenced to a brief imprisonment in the criminal ward of the city jail.

Postmaster General McLean, of Ohio, who had been avowedly a Jackson man while he was a member of Mr. Adams's administration, rebelled against the removal of several of his most efficient subordinates because of their political action during the preceding presidential

campaign. At last, he flatly told General Jackson that if he must remove those postmasters who had taken an active part in politics, he should impartially turn out those who had worked to secure the election of General Jackson, as well as those who had labored to reelect Mr. Adams. To this General Jackson at first made no reply, but rose from his seat, puffing away at his pipe; and after walking up and down the floor two or three times he stopped in front of his rebellious postmaster-general, and said, "Mr. McLean, will you accept a seat upon the bench of the supreme court?" The judicial position thus tendered was accepted with thanks, and the post-office department was placed under the direction of Major Barry, who was invited to take a seat in the cabinet (never occupied by his predecessors), and who not only made the desired removals and appointments, but soon plunged the finances of the department into a chaotic state of disorder.

Prominent amongst those "Jackson men" who received lucrative mail contracts from Postmaster General Barry was "Land Admiral" Reeside, an appellation he owed to the executive ability which he had displayed in organizing mail routes between distant cities. He was a very tall man, well formed, with florid complexion, and red hair and side whiskers. Very obliging, he once had a horse, belonging to a senator, taken from Pittsburgh to Washington, tied behind a stage, because the owner had affixed his "frank" to the animal's halter. He was the first mail contractor who ran his stages between Philadelphia and the West, by night as well as by day, and Mr. Joseph R. Chandler, of the *United States Gazette*, said that "the admiral could leave Philadelphia on a six-horse coach with a hot johnny-cake in his pocket, and reach Pittsburgh before it could grow cold."

Mail robberies were not uncommon in those days, although the crime was

punishable with imprisonment or death. One day, one of Reeside's coaches was stopped, near Philadelphia, by three armed men, who ordered the nine passengers to alight and stand in a line. One of the robbers then mounted guard, while the other two made the terrified passengers deliver up their money and watches, and then rifled the mail bags. They were soon afterwards arrested, tried, convicted, and one was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary, while the other two were condemned to be hung. Fortunately for one of the culprits, named Wilson, he had some years previously, at a horse-race near Nashville, Tennessee, privately advised General Jackson to withdraw his bets on a horse which he was backing, as the jockey had been ordered to lose the race. The general was very thankful for this information, which enabled him to escape a heavy loss, and he promised his informant that he would befriend him whenever an opportunity should offer. When reminded of this promise, after Wilson had been sentenced to be hanged, Jackson promptly commuted the sentence to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

While Admiral Reeside was carrying the mails between New York and Washington, there arose a formidable organization in opposition to the Sunday mail service. The members of several religious denominations were prominent in their demonstrations, and in Philadelphia chains, secured by padlocks, were stretched across the streets on Sundays, to prevent the passage of the mail-coaches. The subject was taken up by politicians, and finally came before the house of representatives, where it was referred to the committee on post roads, of which Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was then the chairman. The Rev. Obadiah B. Brown, who had meanwhile been promoted in the post-office department, wrote a report on the subject for Colonel Johnson, which gave

"the killer of Tecumseh" an extended reputation, and was the first step towards his election as vice-president, a few years later.

Admiral Reeside was on very intimate terms with David Crockett, then a representative from Tennessee, who was a good specimen of the backwoods congressmen, — distinguished by their stalwart frames, unpolished deportment, and vigilant minds, ever ready to aim their rifles at a foe, or to drink a social glass of whisky with a friend. Originally a Jackson man, he espoused the cause of Mr. Clay, and was made a lion of when he visited New England, making his quaint speeches and telling his backwoods stories. Crockett was an excellent shot, and was very proud of his skill with the rifle. He had one manufactured for him by a noted gunsmith, named Derringer, of Philadelphia, and used to go with parties of congressional friends to the commons in the northern part of Washington (now covered with houses), where he would fire it at a mark with great skill. A case of dueling pistols was then a part of the outfit of the Southern and Western congressmen, who used to spend more or less time in practicing. A notch cut with a penknife in the handle of one of these weapons denoted that it had been used in a duel, and a small groove cut entirely around the handle was evidence that it had inflicted a mortal wound. The dueling "code" was carefully studied, and the latest "affair of honor" was a favorite topic of conversation among ladies as well as gentlemen.

The construction of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, with a branch leading to Washington, was commenced in the early part of General Jackson's administration, and it was ridiculed by some, while others were positive that it would never be of any practical use. At first the cars were drawn by horses, and for a time a car was propelled by sails, which with a fair wind made fifteen miles an

hour; but finally a locomotive was constructed and driven by Mr. Peter Cooper, now of New York. It was a combination of belts and cogs, with a blower kept in motion by a cord attached to one of the wheels. English locomotive builders had asserted that no engine could be built to turn a curve of less than nine hundred feet; but some of the curves on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad were only two hundred feet, yet Mr. Cooper's engine ran around them. Among other evidences of the excitement caused by this successful introduction of "the iron horse" was an operetta called *The Rail Road*, written by George Washington Park Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington, and the adopted son of *pater patriæ*. The following song, which was sung by Mr. Jefferson (whose son now graces our stage), will give an idea of the dramatic capabilities of the owner of Arlington, who used to sing it occasionally himself at festive boards: —

Air, THE STEAM COACH.

Of each wonderful plan
E'er invented by man,
That which nearest perfection approaches
Is a road made of iron,
Which horses ne'er tire on,
And traveled by steam, in steam coaches.

Chorus.

And we've no longer gee up and gee ho,
But fiz, fiz, fiz, off we go,
Nine miles to the hour,
With thirty horse power,
By day time and night time,
Arrive at the right time,
Without rumble or jumble,
Or chance of a tumble,
As in chaise, gig, or whisky,
When horses are frisky.
Oh! the merry Rail Road for me!
Oh! the merry Rail, Rail Road for me!

At the inns on our route,
No hostler comes out
To give water to Spanker or Smiler,
But loll'd at our ease,
We ask landlord to please
Put a little more water in the boiler.

Chorus.

And we've no longer gee up and gee ho, etc.

Contractors won't fail,
When they carry the mail,
Where the coachman ne'er loiters or lingers;
And should robbers approach
Our smoking mail coach,
They'll rather be apt to burn fingers.

Chorus.

And we've no longer gee up and gee ho, etc.

Songs of this character, the most attractive feature being a rattling chorus in which all present could join, were highly prized at the jollifications in which the new political element of Washington society indulged. In former years, the wildest gentlemen used to spend their evenings in decorously playing whist, with frugal suppers of broiled oysters, bread and cheese, and a glass or two of madeira. The rollicking Jackson men substituted poker for whist, and indulged in frequent libations of whisky, while their supper tables were graced — according to the season — with a baked raccoon, garnished with fried sweet-potatoes, or canvas-back ducks, or shad broiled before a hickory fire on an oak board. Plantation tobacco was freely smoked in pipes, but few, except the members of the diplomatic corps, indulged in cigars.

Assemblies were held once a week between Christmas Day and Ash Wednesday, to which all of the respectable ladies in the city who danced were invited. It was also customary for those of the cabinet officers and other high officials who kept house to give at least one evening party during each session of Congress, invitations for which were issued. The guests at these parties used to assemble at about eight o'clock, and after taking off their wraps in an upper room they descended to the parlor, where the host and hostess received them. The older men then went to the punch-bowl, to criticise the "brew" which it contained, while the young people found their way to the dining-room, almost invariably devoted to dancing. The music was a piano and two violins, and one of the musicians called the fig-

ures for the cotillons and contra-dances. Those who did not dance elbowed their way through the crowd, conversing with acquaintances, and the men frequently taking another glass of punch. At ten the guests were invited to the supper table, which was often on the wide back porch which every Washington house had in those days. The table was always loaded with evidences of the culinary skill of the lady of the house. There was a roast ham at one end, a saddle of venison or mutton at the other end, and some roasted poultry or wild ducks midway; a great variety of home-baked cake was a source of pride, and there was never any lack of punch, with decanters of madeira. The diplomats gave champagne, but it was seldom seen except at the legations. At eleven there was a general exodus, and after the usual scramble for hats, cloaks, and over-shoes the guests entered their carriages. Sometimes a few intimate friends of the hostess lingered to enjoy a contra-dance, or to take a parting drink of punch, but by midnight the last guest departed, and the servants began to blow out the candles with which the house had been illuminated.

Theatricals were not well patronized at Washington, although the small theatre was always crowded when the elder Booth would occasionally come from his Maryland farm to delight his audiences with his matchless renderings of Richard III., Iago, Sir Giles Overreach, Shylock, and Othello, which his resonant voice, his impassioned action, and his expressive gestures interpreted with wonderful sincerity. Then there were minor amusements elsewhere. The circus paid its annual visit, to the joy of the rural congressmen and the negroes, who congregated around its saw-dust ring, applauding each successive act of horsemanship, and laughing at the repetition of the clown's old jokes; a daring rope-dancer, named Herr Cline, performed his wonderful feats on the tight rope and

on the slack wire; Finn gave annual exhibitions of fancy glass blowing; and every one went to see "the living skeleton," a tall, emaciated young fellow named Calvin Edson, compared with whom Shakespeare's starved apothecary was fleshy.

The gradual introduction of anthracite coal led to the substitution of grates and stoves for wide, deep fire-places, and the brass andirons were banished to garrets or sold to the junk-dealers. Candles also gave way to lamps in which whale oil was burned, although at entertainments they were used to give additional light, often dropping melted spermaceti on the clothes of the guests. Massive mahogany furniture, upholstered with hair-cloth, was very generally used, with heavy window curtains of crimson damask or moreen, trimmed with silken fringe. Every dining-room had its long and large sideboard, to visit which all the gentlemen guests were invited at all hours. At the Capitol, an innocent beverage called "swichell," composed of molasses, ginger, and water, was provided, and the materials purchased were charged under the head of stationery. To this a representative one day made objection, while the appropriation bill was being discussed. "If," said he, "syrup is charged as stationery, I wish that the sergeant-at-arms would purchase some good whisky for those who prefer it to swichell, and charge the same to the appropriation for fuel."

The White House, over the furniture of which so many shafts from political quivers had been aimed at Mr. Adams, and which had been described as having been fitted up in too palatial a style for the chief magistrate of a republic, was refurbished, at a cost of twelve thousand dollars, soon after General Jackson became its occupant.

The East Room was adorned with four mantel-pieces of black Italian marble, each one surmounted by a large mirror in a heavily gilded ornamental frame.

The floor was covered with a rich Brussels carpet, and there were three large cut-glass chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. Gilded sofas and chairs were upholstered with blue damask; there were heavy window curtains of blue and yellow moreen; and French china vases, filled with artificial flowers, adorned the mantel-pieces and the three marble-topped centre tables.

General Jackson cared not for this exhibition of costly furniture, but passed the greater portion of his time up-stairs in his office, smoking a corn-cob pipe with a reed stem, and discussing politics with his henchmen. He was at the time of his inauguration sixty-two years of age, tall, spare, with a high forehead, from which his gray hair was brushed back, a decisive nose, searching, keen eyes, and when good-natured an almost child-like expression about his mouth. A self-reliant, prejudiced, and often very irascible old man, it was a very difficult task to manage him. Some of his cabinet advisers made it a point to be with him, to prevent others from ingratiating themselves into his good-will, and they were thus chronicled in a ballad of the time:—

"King Andrew had five trusty squires,
Whom he held his bid to do;
He also had three pilot-fish,
To give the sharks their cue.
There was Mat, and Lou, and Jack, and Lev
And Roger of Taney hue,
And Blair the book,
And Kendall chief cook,
And Isaac, surnamed the true."

Mat Van Buren was secretary of state, Lou McLane was secretary of the treasury, Jack Branch was secretary of the navy, Lev Woodbury was his successor, and Roger B. Taney was attorney-general. Blair, Kendall, and Isaac Hill were also known as "the kitchen cabinet."

Francis P. Blair had been the partner of Amos Kendall in the publication of the Frankfort Argus, and they had both deserted Henry Clay when they

enlisted in the movement which gave the electoral vote of Kentucky to General Jackson, and joined in the cry of "bargain and corruption" raised against their former friend. It is related that the first interview between Clay and Blair after this desertion was a very awkward one for the latter, who felt that he had behaved shabbily. Clay had ridden over on horseback from Lexington to Frankfort, in the winter season, on legal business, and on alighting from his horse at the tavern door found himself confronting Blair, who was just leaving the house. "How do you do, Mr. Blair?" inquired the great commoner, in his silvery tones and blandest manner, at the same time extending his hand. Blair mechanically took the tendered hand, but was evidently nonplused, and at length said, with an evident effort, "Pretty well, I thank you, sir. How did you find the roads from Lexington here?" "The roads are very bad, Mr. Blair," graciously replied Clay,—"very bad; and I wish, sir, that you would mend your ways."

Mr. Blair established *The Globe*, which became a model political organ, and had the name of every federal office-holder whose salary exceeded a thousand dollars on its subscription list. While he defended in its columns General Jackson and the acts of the administration, right or wrong, he waged merciless warfare against those who opposed them. When Colonel W. R. King, of Alabama, once begged him to soften an attack upon an erring democrat, Mr. Blair replied, "No! Let it tear his heart out." With all his political insolence, however, he possessed a remarkable kindness of heart, and a more indulgent father was never known in Washington. Personally, Mr. Blair was very ugly, and General Glascock, of Georgia, used to tell how a wager was once made between some Georgians and Kentuckians of an oyster supper for thirty, to be paid for by the citizens of that State

which could produce the ugliest man. The evening came, the company assembled, and Georgia presented a fellow not naturally very ugly, but who had the knack of wonderfully distorting his features. Kentucky was in despair, for their man, who had been kept cooped up for a week, was so hopelessly drunk that he could not stand. At the last moment a happy thought occurred to a Kentucky representative, named Albert G. Hawes. Ordering a hack, he drove to the *Globe* office, and soon returned with Mr. Blair as an invited guest, saying, as they entered the room, "Gentlemen, this is Mr. Blair, the editor of the *Globe*, and if he will only look as nature has made him, Kentucky wins." The Georgians at once expressed their willingness to pay for the supper.

Mrs. Anne Royall was at that time the only "interviewer" and the only female writer for the press at Washington. She was the widow of a Tennessee revolutionary officer, and she first visited the capital to secure a pension; but failing in that, she devoted herself to personal literature. Then she managed to secure an old Ramage printing-press and a font of battered long-primer type, with which, aided by runaway apprentices and tramping journeymen printers, she published, on Capitol Hill, for several years a small weekly sheet called *The Huntress*. Every person of any distinction who visited Washington received a call from Mrs. Royall, and if they subscribed for *The Huntress* they were described in the next number in a complimentary manner, but if they declined she blackguarded them without mercy. When young she was a short, plump, and not bad-looking woman, but as she advanced in years her flesh disappeared, and her nose seemed to increase in size; but her piercing black eyes lost none of their fire, while her tongue wagged more abusively when she lost her temper. John Quincy Adams described her as going about "like a

virago-errant in enchanted armor, redeeming herself from the cramps of indigence by the notoriety of her eccentricities and the forced currency they gave to her publications."

Mrs. Royall's tongue at last became so unendurable that she was formally indicted by the grand jury as a common scold, and tried in the circuit court before Judge Cranch. His honor charged the jury at length, reviewing the testimony, and showing that if found guilty she must be ducked, in accordance with the English law in force in the District of Columbia. The jury found her guilty, but her counsel begged his honor the judge to weigh the matter, and not be the first to introduce a ducking-stool, which had been obsolete in England since the reign of Queen Anne, as the introduction of such an engine of punishment might have the effect of increasing criminals of this class. If the Greek legislators would not enact a punishment for a crime not known to them, lest it should induce persons to commit that offense, the court should not permit the introduction of the ducking-stool, lest it might lead to an increase of common scolds. This argument had weight, and a fine was imposed on Mrs. Royall, which was duly paid.

When the twenty-first Congress assembled, on December 7, 1829, General Jackson sent in a message which naturally attracted some attention. Meeting his old and intimate friend General Armstrong the next day, General Jackson said, "Well, Bob, what do the people say of my message?" "They say," replied General Armstrong, "that it is first-rate, but nobody believes that you wrote it." "Well," good-naturedly replied Old Hickory, "don't I deserve just as much credit for picking out the man who could write it?" Although the words of this and of the subsequent messages were not General Jackson's, the ideas were, and he always insisted on having them clearly expressed. It

was in his first message, by the way, that he invited the attention of Congress to the fact that the charter of the United States Bank would expire in 1836, and asserted that it had "failed in the great end of establishing a uniform and sound currency." This was the beginning of that fierce political contest which resulted in the triumph of General Jackson and the overthrow of the United States Bank.

The senate of the twenty-first Congress has probably never been surpassed, if equaled, in point of ability and oratorical talent, by any representative body of its size, and an unimportant resolution, introduced early in 1830 by Senator Foot, led to a general debate which was "the battle of the giants." The discussion embraced all the partisan issues of the time, especially those of a sectional nature, including the alleged right of a State to set the federal government at defiance. The state-rights men in South Carolina, instigated by Mr. Calhoun, had been active during the preceding summer in collecting material for this discussion, and they had taken especial pains to request a search for evidence that Mr. Webster had shown a willingness to have New England secede from the Union during the second war with Great Britain. The vicinity of Portsmouth, where he had resided when he entered public life, was, to use his own words, "searched as with a candle. New Hampshire was explored from the mouth of the Merrimack to the White Hills."

Nor had Mr. Webster been idle. He was not an extemporaneous speaker, and he passed the summer in carefully studying, in his intervals of professional leisure, the great constitutional question which he afterwards so brilliantly discussed. A story is told at Providence about a distinguished lawyer of that place, Mr. John Whipple, who was at Washington when Webster replied to Hayne, but who did not hear the speech,

as he was engaged in a case before the supreme court when it was delivered. When a report of what Mr. Webster had said appeared in print, Mr. Whipple read it, and was haunted by the idea that he had heard or read it before. Meeting Mr. Webster soon afterwards, he mentioned this idea to him, and inquired whether it could possibly have any foundation in fact. "Certainly it has," replied Mr. Webster. "Don't you remember our conversations during the long walks we took together last summer at Newport, while in attendance on Story's court?" It flashed across Mr. Whipple's mind that Mr. Webster had then rehearsed the legal argument of his speech, and had invited criticism.

As the debate on the Foot resolution progressed, it revealed an evident intention to attack New England, and especially Massachusetts. This brought Mr. Webster into the arena, and he concluded a brief speech by declaring that as a true representative of the State which had sent him into the senate it was his duty, and a duty which he should fulfill, to place her history and her conduct, her honor and her character, in their just and proper light. A few days later, Mr. Webster heard his State and himself mercilessly attacked by General Hayne, of South Carolina, no mean antagonist. The son of a revolutionary hero who had fallen a victim to British cruelty, highly educated, with a slender, graceful form, fascinating deportment, and a well-trained, mellifluous voice, the haughty South Carolinian entered the lists of the political tournament like Saladin to oppose the Yankee Cœur de Lion.

When Mr. Webster went to the senate-chamber to reply to General Hayne, on Tuesday, January 20, 1830, he felt himself master of the situation. Always careful about his personal appearance when he was to address an audience, he wore on that day the whig uniform, which had been copied by the revolutionary heroes, — a blue coat with bright

buttons, a buff waistcoat, and a high white cravat. Neither was he insensible to the benefits to be derived from publicity, and he had sent a request to Mr. Gales to report what he was to say himself, rather than to send one of his stenographers. The most graphic account of the scene in the senate-chamber during the delivery of the speech was subsequently written virtually from Mr. Webster's dictation. Perhaps, like Mr. Healey's picture, it is rather high-colored.

Sheridan, after his forty days' preparation, did not commence his scathing impeachment of Warren Hastings with more confidence than was displayed by Mr. Webster when he stood up, in the pride of his manhood, and began to address the interested mass of talent, intelligence, and beauty around him. A man of commanding presence, with a well-knit, sturdy frame, swarthy features, a broad, thoughtful forehead, courageous eyes gleaming from beneath shaggy eyebrows, a quadrangular breadth of jawbone, and a mouth which bespoke strong will, he stood like a sturdy Roundhead sentinel on guard before the gates of the constitution. Holding in profound contempt what is termed spread-eagle oratory, his only gesticulations were up-and-down motions of his arms, as if he was beating out with sledge-hammers his forcible ideas. His peroration was sublime, and every loyal American heart has since echoed the last words, "Liberty and union — now and forever — one and inseparable!"

Mr. Webster's speech, carefully revised by himself, was not published until the 23d of February, and large editions of it were circulated throughout the Northern States. The debate was continued, and it was the 21st of May before Colonel Benton, who had been the first defamer of New England, brought it to a close. The Northern men claimed for Mr. Webster the superiority, but General Jackson praised the speech of

Mr. Hayne, and deemed his picture worthy to occupy a place in the White House, thus giving expression to the general sentiment among the Southerners. This alarmed Mr. Van Buren, who was quietly yet shrewdly at work to defeat the further advancement of Mr. Calhoun, and he lost no time in demonstrating to the imperious old soldier who occupied the presidential chair that the South Carolina doctrine of nullification could but prove destructive to the Union.

Mr. Calhoun was not aware of this intrigue, and in order to strengthen his state-rights policy he organized a public dinner on the anniversary of Jefferson's birthday, April 13, 1830. When the toasts which were to be proposed were made public in advance, according to the custom, it was discovered that several of them were strongly anti-tariff and state rights in sentiment, — so much so that a number of Pennsylvania tariff democrats declined to attend, and got up a dinner of their own. General Jackson attended the dinner, but he went late and retired early, leaving a volunteer toast, which he had carefully prepared at the White House, and which fell like a damper upon those at the dinner, while it electrified the North: "The federal Union, — it must and shall be maintained!" This toast, which could not be misunderstood, showed that General Jackson would not permit himself to be placed in the attitude of a patron of doctrines which could lead only to a dissolution of the federal government. But the committee on arrangements toned it down, so that it appeared in the official report of the dinner, "Our federal Union, — it must be preserved!"

This was a severe blow to Mr. Calhoun, who had labored earnestly to break down Mr. Adams's administration, without respect to its measures, that a democratic party might be built up, which would first elect General Jackson, and then recognize him as the legiti-

mate successor to the presidential chair. His discomfiture was soon completed by the publication of a letter from Mr. Crawford, which informed the president that he had, when in the cabinet of Monroe, proposed that "General Jackson should be punished in some form" for his high-handed military rule in Florida. Van Buren secretly fanned the flames of General Jackson's indignation, and adroitly availed himself of "a tempest in a tea-pot" to complete the downfall of his rival.

The woman used as a tool by Mr. Van Buren is a somewhat picturesque figure in the political chronicles of the capital. Her maiden name was Margaret O'Neill, although she was known when a girl as Peg, and she was one of the daughters of the keeper of a tavern at which General Jackson used to put up before his election to the presidential chair. She had the lithe form, the fair skin, the dark red hair, and the keen, cat-like gray eyes of her Milesian ancestry, while she was as full of fun, frolic, and flirtation as the typical damsel on the banks of the Lake of Killarney. Caressed and teased by the guests at the tavern, she grew up to be pert, piquant, and audacious, and General Jackson, who had always admired her when she was a child, was delighted when he learned, years afterwards, that his "little friend Peg" — then the Widow Timberlake — was to be married to his old comrade, General Eaton. There was much scandal at Washington about the death of her first husband and her marriage to the second; but General Jackson paid no heed to it, and when he became president he appointed General Eaton secretary of war. Washington society was horrified, and it soon became known that Mrs. Calhoun, with the wives of other members of the cabinet, did not intend to call on Mrs. Eaton, or to invite her to their houses. She carried her griefs to the White House, where Mr. Van Buren had paved the

way for them, and the gallant old president swore "by the Eternal" that the scandal-mongers who had imbittered the last years of his beloved wife Rachel should not triumph over his "little friend Peg."

This was Van Buren's opportunity. He was a widower, keeping house at Washington, and as secretary of state he was able to form an alliance with the bachelor ministers of Great Britain and of Russia, each of whom had spacious residences. A series of dinners, balls, and suppers was inaugurated at these three houses, and at each successive entertainment Mrs. Eaton was the honored guest, who led the country-dance, and occupied the seat at table on the right of the host. Some respectable ladies were so shocked by her audacity that they would leave a room when she entered it. She was openly denounced by clergymen, and she found herself in positions which would have covered almost any other woman in Washington with shame. Mrs. Eaton, who did not apparently possess a conscientious or an honorable scruple as to the propriety of her course, evidently enjoyed the situation, and used to visit General Jackson every day with a fresh story of the insults paid her. Yet she gave no evidences of diplomacy nor of political sagacity, but was a mere beautiful, passionate, impulsive puppet, held up by General Jackson, while Mr. Van Buren

adroitly pulled the strings that directed her movements.

Mr. Calhoun, whose wife was foremost among those ladies who positively refused to associate with Mrs. Eaton, said to a friend of General Jackson's, who endeavored to effect a reconciliation, that "the quarrels of women, like those of the Medes and Persians, admitted of neither inquiry nor explanation." He knew well, however, that it was no women's quarrel, but a political game of chess played by men, who were using women as their pawns, and he lost the game. Van Buren and Eaton next tendered their resignations as cabinet officers, which General Jackson refused to accept; whereupon the cabinet officers whose wives declined to call on Mrs. Eaton resigned, and their resignations were promptly accepted. The whole city was in a turmoil. Angry men walked about with bludgeons, seeking "satisfaction;" duels were talked of; old friendships were severed; and every fresh indignity offered his "little friend Peg" endeared her the more to General Jackson, who was duly grateful to Van Buren for having espoused her cause. "It is odd enough," wrote Daniel Webster to a personal friend, "that the consequence of this dispute in the social and fashionable world is producing great political effects, and may very probably determine who shall be successor to the present chief magistrate."

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE and I have traveled hand in hand
 So many days that I have grown to trace
 The lines of sad, sweet beauty in her face,
 And all its veiled depths to understand.

Not beautiful is she to eyes profane;
 Silent and unrevealed her holy charms;

But, like a mother's, her serene, strong arms
Uphold my footsteps on the path of pain.

I long to cry, — her soft voice whispers, "Nay!"
I seek to fly, but she restrains my feet;
In wisdom stern, yet in compassion sweet,
She guides my helpless wanderings, day by day.

O my Beloved, life's golden visions fade,
And one by one life's phantom joys depart;
They leave a sudden darkness in the heart,
And patience fills their empty place instead.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

A DISCUSSION of the merits and availability of aspirants and supposed aspirants for the republican nomination for the presidency has been going on ever since Mr. Hayes was fairly installed in the White House. At times it would almost cease; but this was always when some important question of immediate interest absorbed the public mind, and after such questions were disposed of the newspapers would be sure to revive the old topic. Three causes operated thus to keep the matter of the presidential succession alive during the whole of an executive term. The attitude of Mr. Tilden, as a martyr to the electoral commission and a matter-of-course candidate (in his own opinion, at least) of his party in 1880, made the republicans feel a lively interest in such of their own leaders as they thought might possibly be pitted against him. Mr. Blaine's defeat at Cincinnati, brought about, as it was, by the defection of the delegation from a single Southern State, when he was on the verge of success, made him an inevitable candidate for 1880, and kept his friends zealous and active. Then there was the ever-impending candidacy of General Grant. Although Grant left the presidency, in

1877, under a thick cloud of unpopularity, few sagacious politicians believed that the most potent personality on the American continent could keep aloof from the next struggle for the chief magistracy. Thus we have had three years of intermittent talk about the republican candidates for 1880, without a month passing at any time during that period when the country has been allowed to forget the topic. And a curious peculiarity of this discussion has been that it has developed few new candidates and disposed of no old ones. The death of Oliver P. Morton took one of the most prominent out of the field, and the retirement of Benjamin H. Bristow from public life disposed of another. Mr. Bristow's candidacy in 1876 was an accident growing out of his quarrel with Grant while he was in the treasury, and if he had kept before the public in some official capacity ever since he would hardly be mentioned in connection with the nomination this year; but as he took himself out of the public gaze voluntarily, it cannot be said that he fell a victim to the discussion of the merits of candidates. All the other men who were most talked of in 1877 — Grant, Blaine, Washburne, Sherman, and Conk-

ling—are most talked of to-day. Mr. Sherman, it is true, has progressed from an attitude of possible to one of positive candidacy; but this was foreseen by all who knew his political ability, and appreciated the advantages of his position in control of the national finances in the transition period from paper to specie values.

Before we proceed to consider the strength and prospects of the several candidates, the ideas or shades of republican opinion they represent, and the political elements supporting them, let us stop to note the fact that the present contest is unusually free from the active interference of the outgoing president. I am aware that the presence of Mr. Sherman in the list of aspirants for the succession gives to his candidacy a certain appearance of official administrative sanction; but this is only in appearance, for it is not asserted in any quarter that the president uses his patronage to promote the success of his secretary, or in any way employs his personal influence in his behalf. There may be a treasury candidate, but there is no White House candidate. If Mr. Evarts, or Mr. Key, or Mr. Ramsay should choose to enter the race, he would doubtless feel sure of a fair field and no favor as far as Mr. Hayes was concerned.

There are three conspicuous competitors for the republican nomination. I place General Grant on the list, because, although he has not avowed himself a candidate either to the public or to his friends, like Mr. Blaine or Mr. Sherman, all the ordinary agencies to secure his nomination have been put to work with his full knowledge, and without one word of objection on his part. The fact that he remains silent counts for nothing. He was just as silent before the conventions of 1868 and 1872, and there is no reason why he should now change the habit of reticence which has so long stood him in good stead. He has been made a candidate by his friends advocating his

claims in the newspapers, and going to work in the ordinary way to obtain the control of county and state conventions, in order to secure delegates to the national convention who will vote for him. Our list of active, open, and above-board candidates is, therefore, Grant, Blaine, and Sherman.

Close after these gentlemen, under the head of a conspicuous possibility, we must place Elihu B. Washburne. Next to him comes Roscoe Conkling; and the line is lost in a crowd of excellent "dark horses," among whom we discern Garfield, Wheeler, Hamilton Fish, Edmunds, and Windom.

Let us begin with General Grant, as the most prominent and probably, on the whole, the strongest of all the candidates for the nomination. When he left the White House in 1877, he was, as we have said, exceedingly unpopular. His second administration had given less satisfaction than the first. It developed grave scandals affecting the cabinet itself, and gave rise to serious divisions in the party. In 1874 the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, every one of which had voted for him in 1872, turned over to the democracy. In these States there was an aggregate change of over four hundred thousand votes produced in two years by republican dissatisfaction. Grant's Southern policy had been a curious alternation of force and decision with weakness and irresolution. He held on to Louisiana by the bayonets of federal soldiers; but he gave up Mississippi, and surrendered Arkansas to an armed mob. One after another of the Southern States slipped away from the republicans, or was torn away during his administration, so that they held possession of only three when he went out of office, and lost all of them immediately afterwards, as the result of the elections held in 1876. The general effect of his policy was to intensify the hatred of the rebel element

for the negroes and white republicans, without affording any adequate protection to those classes. Of the Northern States lost to the republicans in 1874, five were recovered in 1875, in a contest over the financial issue; but it was found necessary to declare in their platforms that they did not contemplate the re-nomination of Grant in 1876, and were opposed on principle to giving any president a third term.

General Grant had thus failed as president to make a consistent, irreproachable administration, and as a party leader he had brought disaster upon his followers. And yet, in spite of all this, he recovered in the space of two years a large measure of the public esteem he enjoyed in 1868, and became by far the most popular man in the country; and this, too, without making the smallest effort, by word or deed, to change the opinions of his countrymen. It is interesting to study the causes of this remarkable revolution in the feelings of the American people towards their ex-president. Unquestionably the attitude of the South had very much to do in producing the change. The leaders of that section broke the pledges made to President Hayes in the spring of 1877, that they would protect the political rights of the negroes in case there was no further interference by the federal authority with local self-government in their States. They grew more ambitious and insolent as their power increased, and began to reach out for the full possession of the national government. In this state of affairs the old loyal elements of the North remembered that although Grant had enforced no fixed policy towards the South, he had had moments of firmness and periods of consistency, and that with all his faults he was still the great Union captain and the conqueror of the rebellion, whom the former rebels feared more than any other man; and they began to say, "If Grant were president this sort of thing would

not go much further." Then, as time went on, and the democrats refused to pass any law for avoiding trouble in the counting of the electoral votes, the republicans began to suspect that their opponents intended to count out the republican candidate in 1880, by an arbitrary use of power in Congress, and this fear caused them to turn instinctively to Grant as the "strong, silent man," whom no party would venture to deprive of the presidency by tricks and frauds if he were lawfully elected. Last summer, when, at the extra session of Congress, the democrats endeavored to force the president to sign their bills for repealing the federal election laws by refusing appropriations for carrying on the government, the Grant feeling reached high-water mark, and if a nominating convention had been held at that time he would unquestionably have been chosen by acclamation.

Meanwhile the ex-president was reaping a rich harvest of honors in his tour around the world, which gratified the national pride of his countrymen at home. An impulse towards hero worship exists in republics as well as in monarchies. In our country this natural feeling had been suppressed since the war, for want of a proper object to call it forth. Our great soldiers had passed from the public eye to private life, or to the far Indian frontier, where their gallant deeds passed unnoticed, and among our statesmen no one towered high enough above the common level of mediocrity to challenge adulation. So it was quite natural that the plain republican citizen who was receiving the hospitality of kings and emperors beyond the seas should become invested in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen with the romantic halo of heroism. The persistency of military fame was well illustrated here. Grant the politician and president was forgotten, while Grant the general became a powerful presence in the public mind. His eight years in the White House were scarcely thought of,

but every circumstance of his career as a soldier was distinctly remembered.

General Grant's return to America was ill timed for permanent effect upon his chances for the presidency. He came too soon. The expected ovations took place; all the way from San Francisco to Philadelphia, immense throngs greeted him with demonstrations of admiration and cordial good-will, and in the latter city he was given a reception such as was never before accorded to any man on the American continent; but there was time for a revulsion of feeling before delegates could be chosen to the Chicago convention, and the revulsion came very promptly upon the heels of the high-wrought enthusiasm. The ovation business palled upon the public taste. To many it seemed like an effort to suppress a thoughtful comparison of the merits of presidential candidates by a racket of brass bands and cannon. The friends of Mr. Sherman and Mr. Blaine were prompt to take advantage of this shifting in the fickle current of public opinion to press the arguments in favor of their candidates. A vigorous anti-Grant element showed itself in all parts of the country, and obtained the open support or half-concealed sympathy of nine tenths of the influential republican daily newspapers. All possibility of the nomination of Grant by a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm was thus brought to an end. He is now a candidate among candidates, taking his chances with the rest, and no longer standing upon a pedestal of real or supposed superiority. The Pennsylvania State Convention, held on the 4th of February, showed plainly that he is down in the dust of a heated conflict, to give and take blows with other aspirants, and to rise, if at all, rather by the political skill of his supporters than by his own popularity. That convention, it will be remembered, indorsed his candidacy by a majority of only twenty in a vote of two hundred and forty-six, and this result was produced by Senator Cam-

eron making Grant's cause his own, and making a vote for Grant a test of fidelity to his party leadership and of friendship towards him personally. The New York convention, held three weeks later, developed the position of the ex-president even more clearly. A majority of thirty-seven on a total vote of three hundred and ninety-seven was obtained for him in that body only by the utmost effort of all the forces under the control of the political "machine" and the employment of the great personal influence of Senator Conkling. The elements of strength and weakness involved in Grant's candidacy are now well understood by all observers of the political situation, and I think there will be no exceptions taken to the following as a fair summary. The forces working actively or by their quiet influence in the community to secure his nomination may be thus classified:—

(1.) The capable, energetic politicians who held office during General Grant's administration of the government. In several States these men still control what is known as the machine, and in all they possess considerable power. Their motive in desiring his nomination is not necessarily a selfish one. They believe that a party can be made efficient only by the judicious distribution of official patronage as a reward for party services. Grant represents a system which they regard as orthodox. Since he went out of office there has been a mixed *régime* of old ideas and new, very confusing and, as they think, very foolish, and they want to get back to the old plan of senators and representatives in Congress distributing the patronage in their respective States and districts, so that a man will once more know how to go to work to get an office. General Grant used to violate this system now and then, to put an old army comrade in the cabinet, or give a cousin or a brother-in-law a custom-house berth or a foreign mission, but in the main he adhered to it closely.

(2.) The Southern Republican ele-

ment, insignificant in power to affect a presidential election, but potent in a nominating convention. A few weeks ago it was supposed that the votes of all the Southern States would be thrown for Grant in the Chicago convention. This would undoubtedly be the case if the republican politicians of those States were left to exercise their free choice without outside influence; but of late the friends of Mr. Sherman have succeeded in gaining a foot-hold in two or three States, and as they have still nearly three months in which to continue their operations, it is impossible to say how much Southern strength will remain to Grant by the time the convention meets in June.

(3.) The soldier class. A very considerable proportion of the Union veterans have a natural partiality for their old commander. This class wields a good deal of political power; not as a body, for their organization, the Grand Army of the Republic, is non-partisan, but as individual members of the republican party. It is an interesting fact, and one showing that the restored Union has deeper roots in the South than Northern people of strong sectional feelings imagine, that the old Confederate soldiers have a friendly feeling towards Grant, and would rather see him president than any other republican.

(4.) The alarmists, who think the South is bent on mischief and can be restrained only by a strong man at the head of the government. The apprehensions of these people have never quite died out since the war, and were greatly aroused by the behavior of the democratic party in Congress last spring and summer, — behavior dictated by a caucus in which rebel officers had a controlling voice. A new impetus has just been given to their fears by the abortive effort to establish a fraudulent state government in Maine. This they regard as the forerunner of a scheme to count in the democratic candidate for president, next winter, by throwing out enough returns from re-

publican States to convert a minority into a fictitious majority. Congress has power to do this, and it is argued that nothing will restrain the democrats from exercising this power but the certainty that the republican candidate would not submit to be thus defrauded. Grant is the one man, they say, whose character and whose control over the fighting element of the North would cause the democrats to pause.

(5.) Many business men, who believe that Grant would give a stability and security to public affairs which would have a favorable effect upon trade and values.

(6.) A considerable portion of what we may call the ultra-religious class, and especially the ministers. Why people of extreme religious sensibilities should have such a liking for soldiers and war-like statesmen, I do not pretend to explain. Perhaps there is some mental law of the affinity of contraries which operates upon them.

The weakness of Grant's candidacy lies in the opposition of the following classes: —

(1.) The old liberals of 1872, nine tenths of whom are now back in the republican party, and occupying prominent positions in it. Their hostility to Grant is less pronounced than it was seven years ago, perhaps, but it is still pretty vigorous.

(2.) The progressive republicans, who were good party men in 1872, but who think we have got beyond the era of force of which Grant was the type, and believe that his reelection would be a retrograde movement in our politics which would check the development of a homogeneous national sentiment and postpone the consideration of important social, industrial, and commercial questions.

(3.) The Germans, who have no fondness for soldiers in politics, and who think the step from a third term to a military dictatorship is a great deal

shorter than it is in reality. They are the most jealous defenders of the republican system we have in this country, and are over-apprehensive of changes in the traditions and spirit of our government which might lead to a lapse into Old World institutions.

(4.) Many practical politicians, who look at the question from the stand-point of expediency. They fear that Grant could not carry the pivotal States, and dread the result of furnishing the democrats with the third-term issue. No one can foresee, they say, what might be the effect of the cry of imperialism which the democrats would surely set up against the republicans. It might be laughed out of the canvass, but it might arouse a passionate antagonism against the party violating without excuse the unwritten law of two terms for a president, and no more.

The candidacy of Senator James G. Blaine, of Maine, is the natural result of many years of exceptional prominence in republican politics, and of a fortunate faculty of winning and keeping friends by personal intercourse. Mr. Blaine entered Congress in December, 1863, and for four years was a quiet, observant member, serving on committees of minor importance, for the work of which he had little taste. He seldom took part in the debates, but was a close student of the rules, mastering in time all the tangled detail of legislative practice and precedent. During his third term he began to be somewhat conspicuous in the business proceedings of the house, and now and then won attention for a short, crisp speech that went straight to the marrow of the subject without much rhetoric. All this time he was making friends and gaining personal influence among the better class of members, and in 1869, when Schuyler Colfax left the speaker's chair to take the vice-presidency, the young representative from Maine was chosen to the vacant place, defeating aspirants who had served much

longer in Congress and were much better known to the country. The qualities which secured him the speakership are those which will win for him the nomination at Chicago, if he gets it. People help him forward because they like him. They overlook his faults and magnify his talents and rejoice to aid in his advancement, because he never forgets their faces or names, is delightfully cordial when he meets them, and always interests them with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and information concerning public men and affairs. There is no man in public life who has so large a personal following. He has made speeches in all the Northern States from Maine to California, taking part every year in the state canvasses that were at the time of most national interest, and always adding to his popularity by these stump-touring tours. His stump speeches cannot be classed as remarkable efforts of high statesmanship, but they express the average common sense and conscience of the republican masses, and always deal with the issues which are uppermost in the public mind. His speeches in Congress have been aptly likened to cavalry charges: they are bold, dashing, and effective. The opposite party, taken by surprise, and bewildered by the impetuosity of the assault, usually retire in confusion; but they soon rally again, and the battle of argument is generally won by the heavy artillery aimed by such men as Edmunds and Garfield.

Mr. Blaine's character is a singular combination of frankness and secretiveness, of eager impulse and calculating reserve. He is a more discreet Henry Clay, — a more impulsive Martin Van Buren. I think his abilities as a political organizer and manager are overrated. If he had John Sherman's cold, unmagnetic nature, he never would have attained his present prominence. He has climbed up, not on the shoulders of indifferent or unwilling men, but by the aid of thousands of helping hands. A

very important element of his strength is the friendship of newspapers and newspaper men. He was an editor himself in early life, and owned a lucrative country newspaper, which he disposed of when he got fairly embarked in politics, because he did not think the two careers would harmonize. The liking which some journalists have for him is somewhat singular from the fact that he never permits himself to be interviewed. He rather prides himself on the fact that he can talk freely with reporters, correspondents, and editors without being put in print. They like him because he is accessible and friendly, and always tells them something worth printing, with the sole condition attached that they will not accredit it to him. His knowledge of the history of American politics is remarkable. He knows the issues that divided parties at every presidential election since the foundation of the government, the vote cast for every candidate, the course of every administration, the career of every prominent statesman, the composition of every cabinet, the peculiarities of every speaker of the house, the causes of the growth and decay of political organizations, the attitude of every State in every national contest, and a thousand other things connected with the conduct of the government and the course of parties and politicians. From all this mass of information, treasured in a singularly retentive mind, he has evolved a sort of philosophy of politics which is no doubt of considerable assistance in enabling him to foresee the effect of certain issues upon the public mind, and to trace into the future the currents of public opinion.

Mr. Blaine belongs to the stalwart element of the republican party, and represents in a special degree the idea that the questions of the war are not yet definitely closed, and can only be settled finally and rightly by firmness on the part of the national government, backed by a powerful sentiment in the North,

in enforcing the constitutional amendments and protecting the equal rights of parties and citizens in the South. He is far more objectionable to the old slaveholding rebel element than is General Grant, because he is looked upon as the embodiment of the most aggressive and radical republican ideas. His strength as a candidate is not confined to any section. Indeed, he has more support in Iowa and in Kansas than in some of the New England States. In fact, he is a thoroughly national candidate, with a strong backing in every Northern State among influential politicians and the young, enthusiastic element of the party. His weakness lies chiefly in his strength, paradoxical though the statement may seem. He is the strong candidate against whom weaker candidates will be ready to combine again, as they did at Cincinnati in 1876. Perhaps this danger is offset, however, by the fact that he is the second choice of a large share of the Grant men, and particularly those in the South and in Pennsylvania and New York, who will be inclined to go over to him if their own candidate is withdrawn.

The candidacy of John Sherman grows very logically out of his brilliant and substantial success, as secretary of the treasury, in refunding the public debt and in resuming specie payments. This success is highly honored by all intelligent people in this country, and would be doubly honored if accomplished in any European country, because the difficulty of strengthening national credit when once depreciated, and of returning to specie values after being once cut adrift, is much better understood there than here. There is such a thing as a science of national finance in Europe. In this country the treasury was under the control of experimenters during the long interval between McCulloch and Sherman. Fortunately, Mr. Sherman had outlived his weaknesses on the subject of the currency and the debt, and

had come into the post of finance minister with a clear and correct idea of what was to be done to get affairs upon a settled and honest basis, together with a firm will to carry out his purposes. Backed by a president fully in accord with his views, he was able to triumph over opposition in Congress, and to go straight forward towards the goal of lower interest and gold payments. After such achievements it was inevitable that he should be looked upon by a large element in the republican party as the best man to nominate for the presidency. He is a type of solvency, prudence, and firmness in financial and business affairs. People who appreciate best the inestimable value to the country of the changes he has wrought in its finances look with most favor upon his candidacy, — that is to say, bankers, manufacturers, transporters, and substantial merchants and farmers. Of political strength he possesses far less than Mr. Blaine. His own State of Ohio is the only one which can be said to be originally in favor of his candidacy. In other States his followers are rarely in possession of much practical influence of the sort that controls conventions and selects delegates. It is probable, however, that a sense of the special fitness of his candidacy, his popularity among the business classes, and the knowledge all politicians possess of the character, temper, and opinions he would bring to the chief magistracy will give him a great deal of strength in the Chicago convention which cannot now be measured and located. Then, Mr. Sherman is himself an exceedingly able practical politician. With no faculty for winning friends by simply mingling with men and shaking hands, and no gift of oratory beyond the ability to express his ideas connectedly and clearly, he has held important positions ever since he entered politics as a young man, never dropping out of office for a day, and steadily mounting from post to post until within one step of the White House.

His success has been due to two things: first, he has always been able to convince the public of his intellectual and moral fitness for the place he sought; and, second, he has known how to go to work to secure nominations and carry elections. These two things will operate in his favor now as heretofore. As to his lack of personal magnetism, of which we hear so much, that is doubtless a misfortune for a public man; but it has not kept him from getting on in life, and will not be obstacle enough of itself to keep him out of the presidency. He makes up for this defect by a close knowledge of human nature (witness, for example, the efficiency of the revenue and customs departments under his administration of the treasury, and their freedom from scandals), and a full comprehension of the fact that in politics an exchange of services and benefits goes further than personal friendship. His chief weakness as a candidate lies in the fact that he is an Ohio man. It will be hard to persuade the convention to take another president from that much-favored State. Mr. Sherman represents a moderate phase of opinion on the Southern question. He is less conciliatory than President Hayes, and less aggressive than Senator Blaine. His republicanism is of a very stubborn, ingrained sort, but he sees the importance of other questions than those left over as the débris of the war and reconstruction periods.

Mr. Elihu B. Washburne is not a candidate in the sense of being a competitor for the favor of state conventions or the votes of delegates at Chicago on the first ballot, and yet no one would make a list of the half dozen names among which the choice is likely to fall without including his. If General Grant should withdraw, he would unquestionably be brought to the front to dispute the prize with Blaine and Sherman; but if Grant does not withdraw, Washburne will stay out of the fight. No rivalry between him and Grant is possible, apart from

the personal relations between the two men, for the reason that he could not assemble a nucleus of strength in the convention without his own State of Illinois, which is also Grant's State; he will probably vote for Grant until he is nominated or withdrawn. It has been asserted that the influence of Senator Logan will keep the Illinois delegation away from Washburne in any event; but later reports say that a good understanding now exists between the two rivals, and that if there appears to be no chance for the nomination of Logan, the friends of the senator will support the ex-minister to Paris. Washburne is the second choice of a large number of people whose first choice is Grant, or Blaine, or Sherman; a circumstance which counts largely in his favor, for the history of national conventions shows that second-choice men have the best chance of success. If nominated, Mr. Washburne would be entirely acceptable to all elements of the republican party. He did not participate in the quarrels between the stalwarts and the liberals which marked the first two years of President Hayes's administration, and so kept the friendship of both factions. His long and useful career in Congress and his subsequent excellent services as minister to France during a period of four years give abundant reason for confidence in his sound judgment and other statesmanlike qualities. There are no flaws in his record that would embarrass him in the canvass. While in the house he was distinguished for his zeal in protecting the treasury against the many doubtful and frequently dishonest schemes of legislation which flourished in the flush times following the war. His vigilance in detecting these schemes and his obstinacy in combating them gave him the sobriquet of "the watch-dog of the treasury." Some hostile feeling towards him survives to this day among old members and ex-members of Congress whose bills he defeated, or whom he offended

in debate by his crusade against every measure in which he suspected a taint of jobbery. Other than this there is no positive opposition to him resting upon personal grounds. But, on the other hand, there is little enthusiasm for him, save, perhaps, among the Germans, who are, as they ought to be, very cordial towards him for protecting their countrymen in Paris during the Franco-German war. It is now twelve years since Mr. Washburne has been in actual public life in this country, and a new generation of politicians has come forward in that time who know him not. Of the men with whom he served in the house there are not a dozen left in that body, and scarcely fifty are still prominent in national or state politics. In case he is brought into the arena at Chicago, he may fail for want of earnest friends, and he may succeed because he has few bitter enemies.

It has been announced on behalf of Senator Roscoe Conkling, by close political friends in the State of New York, that he will on no account permit his name to go before the Chicago convention; that he thinks his candidacy in 1876 was a mistake, and is not at all disposed to repeat it. Until we have some such statement directly from his own mouth, however, the public will hesitate to erase his name from the list of aspirants. A man of Mr. Conkling's commanding prominence and towering ambition, who will have full control over the seventy-four delegates sent by New York to the Chicago convention, can hardly be thought of as wholly out of the field. If Grant, whose faithful champion he is, should be withdrawn, many of Grant's friends would instinctively turn to him. Supposing him to be a candidate, or to become one, his strength would be found to lie in the devotion of his State, the power of its great vote in the convention to attract the votes of other States by the sort of centripetal force which big bodies exercise upon little ones, the gen-

eral conviction that he could carry New York if nominated, and the respect felt in all parts of the country for the boldness and consistency of his public career. His weakness would be his lack of popularity and hearty support in other States than his own. This comes from his habitual unwillingness to take part in campaigns away from home, and his failure to cultivate the liking of his fellow members of Congress by familiar manners and good fellowship. He has seldom appeared upon the stump outside of New York, and is therefore little known personally to the masses of the party, and in Washington his natural reserve and *hauteur* have caused an opinion to be current among his associates that he holds himself to be above them because of his great intellectual talents and his representation of the Empire State. Doubtless they do him injustice, but their notion is fatal to his personal popularity.

Of the possible candidates a long list might be made; but it will be sufficient to mention Vice-President Wheeler and Mr. Fish, either of whom might become prominent by the support of New York, in case General Grant should retire and Mr. Conkling is really determined not to try the hazards of another convention; Senator Edmunds, who will have the complimentary vote of his own State of Vermont and a good deal of second-choice support in other States; General Garfield, who might be a leading candidate if he were not an Ohio man, and would still be among the possibilities in case Mr. Sherman should be withdrawn; and Senator Windom, of Minnesota,

whose long service in both houses of Congress and popularity in the Northwest would give him advantages as a "dark horse" in case of a prolonged contest. Perhaps General Logan should be added, as a great favorite with the soldier element, and a little wider range of speculation would bring in General Ben Harrison of Indiana, Senator Don Cameron, and General Hawley of Connecticut.

It is not my purpose to discuss here the possibilities of the Chicago convention. A national nominating convention, unless its action is determined in advance by the unmistakable will of the party which it represents, is a whirlpool of conflicting currents, a labyrinth of intrigue, a game in which a bold player with a weak hand often wins, a race that is not always to the swift, a battle that is seldom to the strong. No one can foresee results in a convention like that at Cincinnati in 1876, or in such a one as we are likely to have at Chicago. Only one thing is clear now, and that is that the States of New York and Pennsylvania, the one controlled by Conkling and the other by Cameron, will exercise great power if they act together, as their leaders now design, and will probably form a solid nucleus, to which the votes of other delegations will attach themselves until the mass is large enough to dominate the convention. If these two States continue to hold by Grant and he gets the bulk of the Southern vote, he will be nominated. If they go over to Blaine, he will be nominated. If they fall apart and support different candidates, it will be anybody's race.

RECORDS OF W. M. HUNT.

I.

SOME five years ago, when Mr. Hunt first came to see us, being shown into the study where several landscapes are hung, he went directly up to a Corot, and putting his face quite close to the canvas looked it over earnestly for a moment or two, and then, seating himself near it, said abruptly, "What is it makes this painting so charming? Why is it so poetic?"

No one else answering, I ventured to say it was difficult to find a reason; perhaps it was because the picture was so Corot-ish. This was no answer at all, and disregarding it, accordingly, he went on to say that it was "because it is not what people call a finished painting. There is room for imagination in it. It is poetic. Finish up, as they call it, make everything out clear and distinct, and anybody sees all there is in about a minute. A minute is enough for a picture of that sort, and you never want to look at it again. They call Corot's pictures sketchy, and think that he does them quickly and easily. I tell you he works years on them, and works hard."

He then went over to a little Corot hanging on the opposite wall, to which he had not apparently paid any attention, and putting his thumb on the middle distance, and moving it over the thicket of trees in an artistic way, as though he were following the directions of Corot's brush, said, "See how beautiful that is, — how vague and indistinct! It's a great deal harder to do that than it would have been to make all those trees out clearly. Corot knows what he's about. He did not *begin* painting in the way he paints now. He learned from experience that this is the way to paint. He knows the worth of mystery and of hiding the appearance of hard work."

After Corot's death, in speaking of the great labor and seriousness in his pictures, Hunt said, "I went to see Corot when I was last in Paris. He is as simple and charming as his pictures, and seemed to enjoy showing his sketches and telling what he proposed to do. Mind you, he did n't speak of what he had done, but of what he proposed to do. He showed me three sketches in which the subjects were merely laid, which he said he purposed to get ready for the Exposition of three years later. Just think of it! He was going to keep these sketches by him and work over them for three years before exhibiting them. 'Yes,' said the old man, 'if the good God spares my life for three years longer, I hope to show some pictures worthy of me and worthy of our landscape painting.' Think of it! After painting for fifty years, he wanted three years more just to do certain things that he had been trying for so long, and had never been able to do. And yet some people think his work hasty and incomplete!" I remarked that an artist had said to me that there were multitudes of false Corots in this country, and I had replied that, while there were many imitations, I did not believe that copies were very common, and they were easy to detect, as Corot was one of the difficult masters to copy. "Poh!" said the artist, "if you will lend me your best Corot I will make a copy of it in a couple of days that you cannot tell from the original. He is the easiest of all the French school to copy." "Tell him," said Mr. Hunt, "that if he kept this Corot by him ten years he could n't copy it. I'm not sure that *anybody* could make a fine copy of Corot."

On another occasion, sitting opposite a Corot at a distance, he said, "As I see that picture now the tip of the tree there seems too strongly accented;" then crossing the room to the picture, he continued,

"Yes, the end of this branch as it melts into the sky is rather strongly accented. It attracts the eye too much," and, turning round quickly, he added earnestly and with a solemnity not unusual with him, "If Corot were here now, I think he would agree with me."

Mr. Hunt was very sparing of adverse criticism, and with the great masters like Millet, Corot, Delacroix, and others he was most reverential, whatever the nature of his criticism. A notable exception to this that I remember was in the case of Charles Jacques. This distinguished painter he disliked, and was disposed to do scant justice to his works. Being asked how he liked a certain Jacques picture, he replied, "It's better than most of his pictures, —not so stuffy." This was the highest praise he felt like giving it. Of another one of Jacques' large and pretentious canvases he said, "I don't like it. He thinks these daubs of color on the tree trunks make him a colorist like Diaz." The enmity between Millet and Jacques had, naturally, some influence in intensifying Mr. Hunt's dislike of the latter painter's work.

I asked him, one evening, if he nearly always made drawings in charcoal of his landscapes as well as his portraits before painting. He said that he did; that it was very easily and quickly done, and gave one a correct idea of how the picture would look in oil, especially as regards composition and values. "It is a great saving of time. One may get from a few minutes' work with a bit of charcoal more practical hints than he can get sometimes by hours of painting, and he may possibly discover also that he is attempting something that he can't do at all." I remarked that I had never tried charcoal drawing, and that I proposed to attempt it during my summer vacation. "That's right," he said. "I would do it. You'll find it great fun; easy, quick, and not fatiguing. It will teach you to paint, too. You see you

can get all the gradations of tone from the blackest black up to the pure white paper."

In the autumn following I showed him a dozen or more charcoal drawings from nature. He looked them over rapidly, pausing only when he saw something to praise, passing over grave faults without notice. Presently he said, "I must do a drawing or two for you some evening, just to let you see the way I do them." Nothing more was said on the subject at the time. After he left the house the probabilities of his remembering his promise were eagerly discussed, and we concluded that the chance of it was exceedingly small; and, although very desirous of seeing him do some of his famous charcoals, we resolved that no hint should ever be given him of the promise.

On the second or third subsequent visit, however, to our great joy, Mr. Hunt cried out, as he entered the room, "Where are your charcoals? I feel just like doing some. Ah," he exclaimed, as we opened the little box of crayons for him, "these are the *petits buissons*; you want the *gros buissons*. Keep these; they'll do for some things, but they are too delicate; they break too easily. I'll send you a box of the *gros buissons*." He then seated himself, and taking the block of paper on his knees began by dashing on the paper at one side near its margin, in the boldest hap-hazard style, a large black spot. He bore on so hard that the delicate stem of charcoal snapped almost at the start. This did not annoy him in the least, and he went on without interruption, using the fragments. One could scarcely imagine that this intensely black dot would ever make a reputable part of a picture, and he presently said, "This looks black to you, but I can't make it as black as I want to, the charcoals are so delicate. I often get a black a good deal blacker than this with the *gros buissons*." He went on with the drawing, and in about

fifteen minutes it was completed. There were the dark willows at the edge of the water that spread across and made the foreground, the shore-line and the bridge in the middle distance, the hills far away, the exquisitely tender clouds just over them, and higher in the sky the nearer cloud forms, the whole reflected in the water with a success so disproportioned to the apparent effort made that it seemed like magic. In fact, the whole drawing was so playfully free and effortless as to suggest a lucky accident; it drew itself. The effect of this charcoal, though different in composition, reminds one of Rembrandt's etching of *The Three Trees*.

Without pausing, Mr. Hunt went on, saying that now he would sketch from memory a sea-side view, that he had left the evening before. This time he drew carefully and with effort, evidently desirous of getting a correct portrait of the spot. In composition the drawing was somewhat like the other, but in place of the clump of willows at the left a large rock jutted out into the water; beyond this the distant coast-line was made up of rocks and cedar-trees. Above there was a clear sky, with irregular cloud-lines; and still above these were heavier, unbroken clouds. In the still water of the foreground the large rock and the sky were reflected; near the shore the breeze ruffled the mirror's surface, so that no reflections were visible there; but the smooth water extended in toward the coast just far enough to catch and reflect the tops of the rocks and trees beyond, so that a long, slender line of reflections nearly parallel with the coast reached across the middle distance. This drawing, though not academically prim, is rather precise than free. The sky and its reflection in the water are, however, more loose, and in Mr. Hunt's usual fascinating manner. The drawing is of the same size as the other, about eight by ten inches, yet it required nearly three times as long to do.

After a few moments' rest and talk about the beauty of the coast scene as he saw it, he began to draw again with an immense furor and rapidity, clearly due to a welcome reaction from the cramped exactness required by the last subject. In less than three minutes the picture was done. Near the centre of the foreground was a clump of half a dozen poplars; beyond, a broad river, and then a perspective of hills melting away into a horizon of clouds; above, a clear sky. As a finishing touch, the figures of a woman and a cow were put in at the left of the poplars in five or six seconds. He next drew, with almost equal rapidity, a very poetic landscape, of about half the size of the others. The water of the immediate foreground reflected imperfectly the two or three trees at the right, and a line of extremely delicate ones extending to the centre, and farther towards the left the finely modeled figures of a woman and child, and beyond a man in a boat pushing off from the shore. This is one of his poetic little bits, in his daintiest and tenderest manner.

In answer to the inquiry as to how his style of doing charcoals differed from that of the French school of Lalanne and Allongé, he said that they, for instance, first covered the paper with charcoal evenly, and then removed a portion, forming the lights of the clouds; while he, on the contrary, supposed the white paper to represent the clear sky, his clouds being formed by the dark of the charcoal touches. In other parts of the picture the French school depends for the lights upon the removal, more or less completely, of the darks. Hence their drawings are far less brilliant in tone than when done with the charcoal alone, and with as little rubbing, softening, or erasing as possible.

He then did a small picture in the manner mentioned, with light, rolling clouds on a dark background of sky, a darker middle distance, and a nearly white foreground, upon which he put, with the few-

est possible strokes, a man with a pair of oxen, plowing.

Finally, he called for a crumb of bread and as he began removing with it, carefully, the few lines that had straggled outside the field of his drawing, he said, "I'm not a very neat man about my work, but I *do* like to clean up the edges of my pictures." Then he quietly put his initials to the first, second, and fourth pictures, and the delightful lesson was over.

The next morning, to our surprise, a box of gross buissons was sent us. It was some days later before I realized his object in making a portion of his first picture so very black. It was partly for the purpose of showing me the whole gamut of tint from the blackest black to the whitest white, so that many values could be made available in one drawing, and partly to show that there need be no fear in the use of charcoal that one should get too dark a tone, or start on too dark a key. Instead of telling me that my drawings were too timid and nearly colorless, he chose to do some that were as far removed as possible from either fault, and trust them to do the rest of the teaching.

Years afterwards I heard a lady at his studio ask him how long it took him to draw a certain rather elaborate charcoal picture. "Well," answered the artist, "I think it took me an hour or two; that is, I was about that time putting it on the paper there; but I suppose I ought to say that it took me forty years, as I've been drawing about that length of time."

January, 1875. There was in his studio at this time a striking picture of a small boy fencing, that recalled at once the picture of *The Actor*, by Velasquez, at Madrid. On a remark to this effect the artist said, "Yes, yes; I don't know that I was thinking of Velasquez when it was painted, but possibly if Velasquez had never painted his picture this might never have been done." He seemed to take almost as much interest in a large

portfolio of charcoal drawings as in his more important works, and was constantly taking up the drawings that *he* liked best, and putting them in advantageous positions.

We were invited several times to his studio during this month, never presuming to visit him without special invitation, at this time or in later years. On these occasions he seemed very merry and light hearted, and would take up his banjo or guitar and play a little, sing a French song, joke a great deal, and tell stories.

February 12th. Mr. Hunt came in and looked at a small picture by Millet, of a woman bathing. It is one of his early pictures. He took it up and said, "I remember that picture. I saw it in one of the collections in Paris, many years ago. It's fine." To the remark that it was as good as the old masters, he replied, "It's as good as the *best* of the old masters, — as good as Correggio." This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. We then went out to one of Perabo's piano recitals at Wesleyan Hall. On the way there Mr. Hunt said, "Don't let us sit where we can't get out easily. Sometimes, you know, a fellow wants to get away pretty early, not because the music isn't good, but because one gets enough. If one piece fills you full, what's the use of spoiling your digestion by trying to take in more? When I get full I want to be able to leave quietly." So we got a seat far back, but he remained through the entire programme.

"It seems strange to sit here," he said, "and take in all this with my ears alone. I'm in the habit of taking in things with my eyes. It makes one want to shut his eyes to hear good music, so that he can concentrate his perceptions in his ears. I should think persons hearing music constantly might become blind." Mr. Hunt was very musical: he had in his room, at one time, a piano, two violins, a banjo, and a guitar.

Having an excellent ear for music he appreciated the best thoroughly; but as in painting, though conscious of any defect, he was always eager to pardon minor faults, when an artist had "something to say and said it." I remember once hearing him speak very warmly of a public singer, praising almost without stint her noble voice, her sincerity and breadth of style; adding at the end, "She's a great singer, even if she does get a little off the key sometimes."

On the way home from the concert he was very gay over what he heard a man say by way of criticism, namely, that "Perabo was quite himself to-day." Mr. Hunt kept repeating the phrase enjoyingly, and asked, "What did he mean by that, — something good or bad? Do you suppose he knows one tune from another?" "No." "Then what does he go to concerts for?" "Because he has a ticket given him." "And makes it out to be a very remarkable occasion because the player was 'quite himself.' I wish he would criticise pictures."

He drank tea with us, and remained until quite late in the evening. The conversation turned upon the drudgery of portrait painting and the peculiarities of sitters. He was then painting Mr. —, an elderly man. "He shakes hands every morning when he comes. Do you want to know how he does it?" He then took my hand, and holding it quite still squeezed it very hard. "What does that mean?" I asked. "It means that he is n't dead, — that's all. He's old and retired from business, and he's afraid people will think he's dead; so when he gets hold of a hand he just lets the owner of it know that he's very much alive still." Of General Dix he observed that he was a perfect gentleman in manners, — one of the old school; always deferential, continually mindful of the painter's comfort, never letting engagements interfere with sittings, punctual to come, and ready to remain.

Of another distinguished statesman he said, "He is a man who impresses you as very strong intellectually, a gentleman polished and refined; but he's a little pompous, and has the air of being afraid you won't feel his greatness unless he reminds you of it by his manner. He always fixed the time of his sittings himself. This annoyed me, but as I was his guest I let things go on in this way for a while; afterwards I had something to say about my own time for working, and we finally got on very well together."

Mr. Hunt was very intolerant of pretension, — as might be supposed from his character and writings; never assuming himself, never pretentious, never dictatorial, he was extremely sensitive to these traits in others. He could neither overlook nor pardon them for a moment in people of position. Many, knowing him as a "hail fellow well met," full of jokes and stories, are not aware that under this democratic exterior lay the dormant but ever-present consciousness of superiority. He felt that he was deservedly the peer of any American, of whatever position or reputation. He believed that he had done things that would live, and he did not choose to permit anybody to treat him as an inferior. Indeed, he would not permit himself to be treated with much familiarity by any one, how ever distinguished, unless he were an intimate friend. He would pull a letter out of his pocket and say, "This is all very well, but I don't quite like the familiar tone."

One evening, just after an exhibition of pictures at his studio, he came in and said Mr. — (mentioning the name of a man of wealth and prominence) came into the studio and swaggered about with his hat on. "I tell you, I came within an ace of just going up and smashing his hat down on to his chin; but if I had I should n't have stopped at that; I should have kicked him out of the room, too. It would n't have been

more than he deserved. What business had he, a man I never spoke to more than twice in my life, to swell round in my studio with his hat on! *You* may wear your hat there as much as you please, and so may any of my friends. You know I often insist on their remaining covered. I care nothing about it if a man is a gentleman. But old — is not a gentleman, and if he ever does that thing again I'll send my boy to him and tell him to take off his hat."

Of Mr. —, once a sitter, he said, "I wanted to paint him very much, not merely because he is famous, but because he has a striking face, and I thought I could do it justice. So I took great interest in the portrait, and gave myself the trouble of preparing several canvases and making a number of preliminary sketches. When he came to me, although very polite, he had on his air of condescension, and intimated that he was doing a thing of no account just to please his friends. After sitting for about an hour, he took out his watch, and said he had an engagement. I did n't set any time for the next sitting, and when, some weeks after, his friends came in to see when he should come again, I told them I would let them know when I was ready. I *will* let 'em know when I'm ready, but it will be when we are both a good deal older than we are now. If he does n't *want* his portrait painted, and does n't want it painted by me, I don't propose to paint it. I *did* want to paint it, and looked forward to doing it with the greatest interest."

Of a portrait of R, a prominent man, I said to him, "It is good, a faultless likeness and fine in color, but I don't think it one of your best. You have n't made any more of him than he is. Just look at the portrait of X. ! It is perfect as a likeness, and yet he has the air of a Roman emperor." "Well," said Mr. Hunt, "a fellow *could* make a Roman emperor of X., because he *is* an emperor in his way, but R. is just as big as he

looks, and no bigger. I could get nothing big out of him. He impressed me as a big talker, and that's all."

The following anecdote was given me by an artist friend of Mr. Hunt, and is, I think, substantially correct. He had painted for one of his patrons a figure in a blue dress, and later, while engaged in painting another portrait in a dress of the same color, he was asked by the owner of the former picture not to duplicate the blue dress. The only reply the artist made was to ask if he had a patent on this particular color, and he went on painting the dress as he had begun.

On another occasion the following document was sent for his signature: "Received of Mr. — fifty dollars for finishing up a portrait." Mr. Hunt refused his signature, but instead wrote as follows: "Received of Mr. — fifty dollars for working a week on a picture after it was finished. W. M. HUNT."

May 13, 1875. Mr. Hunt invited a few friends to his studio to meet William Warren and Joseph Jefferson. The affair was very enjoyable, and passed off to his entire satisfaction. In speaking of it later he said, "I hardly dared to invite Warren and Jefferson; I thought they might refuse, or say they were engaged, if they did n't want to come. But they said they would come in for a little while. As they stayed three hours or more, I think they must have had a pretty good time." One of the other guests present was a man of great dignity and social position, and I remember that Mr. Hunt said to him, "I was rather afraid to ask you here, you've got to be such a great man; I thought probably you'd feel too big to come, but I'm glad" — And here Mr. Hunt rushed up and threw his arms round him and gave him a hearty hug. I was astonished at his temerity, but no harm came of it.

"How nice Mr. Warren looked, did n't he?" said Mr. Hunt. "I've always said that he's the only man I ever saw that makes me want to wear a wig."

June 9th. He came to us early, and stayed very late. The portrait called *The Old Professor*, of Duveneck, interested him exceedingly. He took it in his lap and fondled it for a half hour or more, even while talking of other matters. A few evenings later he begged us to lend it to him for a few days; he wished to see how it looked in his studio; and so he carried it off under his arm, frame and all, refusing to have it sent round to him in the morning. He also showed us a very friendly letter from Duveneck, in response to an invitation from him to remain and paint in Boston. So far from feeling jealous of Duveneck's talent, as had been alleged, he would gladly have had him live in Boston, and would have done all he could to help him to get orders. Later in the year, when Duveneck was in Boston, Mr. Hunt expressed great regret at not meeting him. This evening he was a little disposed to scold the picture dealers, and expose some of their expedients to prevent the public from meeting the artists face to face.

He told the story of a little child who said, one day, when the servants were noisy, that "she felt as if the wolves were smoothing their voices on her back." Of an old woman, he said that she was as slow "as two big rocks in a pretty high wind."

During August of this year Mr. Hunt was very busy in the construction of what he called his van, — a large covered sketching wagon, commodious enough to live in while on a sketching tour; built, as he said with great glee, "by a man who builds gypsy wagons." It had all kinds of drawers in it for pots, kettles, and painting utensils, and was to be drawn about to eligible sketching grounds by a span of horses; the man who sold him the harnesses sold him, at the same time, a powder to cure galled spots in horses, that was also a good tooth powder. The same man had, fur-

ther, a contrivance for pulling up runaway horses that lifted them right off their feet, and a pail for feeding, with a crane under it!

The painter laughed heartily over the story he had just heard of two ladies, who, stopping in a country drive to water their horse at a brook, unbuckled the crupper, so that the horse should reach the water.

He said that the van was so easy that driving in it was like being up in a balloon, and gave the pleasantest possible proof of his assertion, one afternoon later, by driving us twenty-five miles in it. The drive was delightful, as any drive with Mr. Hunt was sure to be, but it left a consciousness for a day or two that an experimental drive of twenty-five miles, even in a van, is rather long.

It is doubtful if he found the new carriage as pleasurable and serviceable as he anticipated. Perhaps this would have been impossible, but as it was not spoken of much after a few weeks, we inferred that it was found to be a more cumbersome vehicle than he liked.

Mr. Hunt was very fond of horses, often driving a pair, and keeping four or five, besides a saddle-horse or two. He liked fine roadsters rather than fast trotters, and never raced, though generally driving fast and pretty far. Making pets of his horses, and frequently descanting on their individuality, he was, nevertheless, like other horse fanciers, disposed to buy and sell often. If a horse pleased him, the desire of possession was nearly irresistible, and the purchase of one necessitated the disposal of others.

Having, at one time, some trouble with horse-shoers, we inquired of him whom he employed for his horses. "Oh," he exclaimed, "don't ask! I don't know. I don't want to hate anybody in particular. If I knew, I should hate a man; now I only hate a race."

Henry C. Angell.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

AUERBACH has recently collected some of his lighter work in a little volume, to which he has given the name of *Unterwegs*.¹ The value of most of the little sketches — for they are not more — is not very great. At the beginning are some brief stories, after the manner of his village tales, which may be left unread without much harm, and may be read without much profit. So much one is justified in saying, while it is yet very possible that there may be some who will find pleasure in these simple chronicles of simple life.

In fact, Auerbach occupies a singular position in literature. He is no longer a young man, and he persists in keeping to just the method of writing that he hit upon many years ago. While his successors and his present contemporaries have sought for exciting situations and complex characters, he has been contented for the most part with very simple beings, whether peasants or kings, and with a plain delineation of their joys and sufferings. Since those who read for amusement are quite as desirous of novelty as of anything else, a great many people feel an intolerant spirit rising within them whenever they hear Auerbach's name mentioned; and there would be more who would be weary of him, were it not that we are all more patient with the peculiarities of a foreign literature than with those we happen to notice in our own. Auerbach's extreme simplicity, for instance, is of service in enhancing the value of his pathos, but it sometimes leads him into thinking that because a thing is simple it is therefore of interest. The first of these tales is an example of this: it is but the vaguest sketch of almost nothing

at all, yet without doubt the author looks upon it as full of subtle meaning. The next one, about an officer in love with an actress, is better, but it is slight enough. The fact is that Auerbach has great faith in himself, and he demands similar admiration from the reader, who must not be disposed to question the importance of the fare this novelist puts before him. A man who was inclined to self-criticism would not have been likely to give this volume to the world.

Besides these tales, the book contains three little comedies. The first has for what the author's fellow-countrymen would call its psychological motive the reaction in the mind of a girl who, having just refused a lover, comes round to reconsidering her action. A good actress, if young and pretty, might carry this play through, in a small parlor, before some very sympathetic friends. The next one is better and may be commended to those who are casting about for a German play for private theatricals. It is not likely that any one of these comedies will ever be given on the regular stage, but there is no need of insisting upon good plays from a man who has already done so much good work in pleasing the world with novels.

And Auerbach's latest novel, which has come out since the book just mentioned, shows that he has not yet got to the end of his power. This story, *Der Forstmeister*,² is one of the good old kind, dealing with simple country people and their loves and hates. The foresters, who are the principal people in the book, are well described, and of course all that could be asked is made out of their love of trees and nature. To be sure, a cold generation that have been brought

¹ *Unterwegs*. Kleine Geschichten und Lustspiele. Von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

² *Der Forstmeister*. Roman. Von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

up to think more about their own feelings than about the landscape will turn with more interest to the love-making and mental struggles of the various people. Indeed, to a foreigner there is something amusing in the way the people talk, or rather converse and declaim. Here, for instance, is an extract from the young vicar's letter to a friend, the day after his first sermon: "Early Monday morning! I follow in my mind the men and women who are carrying their working tools in their hard hands, to their houses, to the fields and woods, and into the dark ravines. The institution of the Sabbath is a God-given victory of the mind over matter; man stands above nature by the Sabbath, and separate from it by means of speech; they distinguish him from all merely natural beings. Materialism could neither establish the Sabbath nor frame a language." Yet this man's talk is far less pedantic than his letters. To be sure, he offends the girl he is in love with by urging her to give up her favorite amusement, the carrying of a rifle, with which she has won a prize, and he falls a ready victim to the dangerous charms of the bad heroine but he is a living being. The real hero, a forester who, on losing his wife, comes to this country and interests himself in saving our rapidly disappearing woods, is somewhat less distinct. Opposed to them both is a merry jail-bird, who is a sort of incarnation of all the vices of the century, for he is a communist, a socialist, and a nihilist, and of course an old-fashioned atheist. He is the disturbing element in the peaceful scene, and he manages to do a good deal of mischief. Indeed, his evil doings and the complications they give rise to form the main interest of this very readable novel. One reason that the book is entertaining is this: that Auerbach has been contented with telling his story without loading it down with instruction for the world at large.

He is really a good narrator, but too often in his novels he halts, and while taking breath, like people who get tired going up mountains, he devotes himself to admiring this thing and that, instead of pushing on. Here he seems to have no ulterior motive, unless it be to condemn the habit of writing anonymous letters, a matter concerning which mankind is tolerably harmonious, and he gives his whole attention to the work in hand. The result is good, and readers will find here a story that is worth their attention.

Frau von Hillern's *Und sie kommt doch!*¹ is a tale of a certain passion that is well known to laugh at locksmiths, and in this case it is a much more serious part of humanity that is made an object of derision. An infant is born on a wild, stormy night, in the middle of the thirteenth century, upon the snow-covered moor. He and his mother are carried into a monastery; the mother dies, and the child is taken in charge by some monks, after a discussion about the wisdom of their choice. The good monks are forced to intrust him to a wet-nurse, who is, however, forbidden to caress him, in view of the future sanctity of his life. He is unjustly cursed by his father, who, without reason, distrusts the child's mother, and there is no end to the mischief the young monk unconsciously accomplishes. It would be too much to enumerate all of his sufferings and actions; the upshot of the story is simply this, — that, in spite of his own intentions and efforts, he learns to know what love is. The story is impressive; it is as life-like as one's impressions of the thirteenth century are apt to be, and the reader who has once begun it will be averse to laying it down. All of these things count in favor of a novel; but when the reader has finished it, he will be likely to ask himself whether there is not something overwrought in

¹ *Und sie kommt doch!* Erzählung aus einem Alpenkloster des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts. Von

WILHELMINE VON HILLERN. Berlin: Paetel. Boston: Schönhof. 1879.

the story, able as it is. A hero who tears out his eyes to avoid the temptations of a young and beautiful woman is not easy to manage. It is like reading about that one of the incarnations of Buddha in which he established his claim to being the most generous man in India by offering himself to be eaten by a famished tiger; in either case the reader feels as if he were taken out of his depth into unknown water. Still, this novel is unmistakably powerful, and it only improves with the second reading. The first time one takes it up, one notices nothing but the horrors and truculence, but afterwards one is able to enjoy the delicacy of much of the writing. Yet the final impression that is enforced on the reader is one of almost

physical pain. This may be in part because we are so accustomed to the tepid sufferings of more or less unreal heroes that a thorough-going accumulation of physical horrors, and even mere acute mental anguish, finds us unprepared for what would have disturbed our ancestors as little as the report of the pistol would alarm a Texan rough. Frau von Hillern has a powerful imagination, and she writes with grace as well as power. Her style is really noticeable, and the many people who are always hunting for a good German novel cannot do better than read this one. The warning about the terribleness of the story will prepare them for what they will have to meet in its pages. At any rate, no one will question its power.

VERSES FOR A LETTER.

Did you send out a little white moth
On an errand to-night?
For one hovered and lingered about
With a flutter so light:

A tired little moth, with his wings
Like a flower that had blown
All away on the breath of a wind
That had kissed it and flown.

Did you tell him to hurry, and fly
Through the shadows so fast,
Because I would wait all alone
Till the twilight was past?

For later the lamps would be lit,
And I should go down
To listen to laughter and talk
Of the news of the town.

But my own time is just at the hour
While the clouds fade away;—
I could not help wishing for you,
And my thoughts were astray.

And the little white moth fluttered in
With the love you had sent;
My heart in that minute could tell
Just the words you had meant.

I knew we were so far apart,
I was tired and sad;
But the little moth brought me your love,
And then I was glad.

Sarah O. Jewett.

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

DR. JEFFRIES' treatise¹ deals with a subject which is interesting mainly from a technical point of view, most immediately concerning members of the medical profession and the administrators of railroads and steamship lines. The study of the singular defect of vision known as color-blindness is not, however, devoid of interest to the general public. The subject is very carefully and elaborately treated by Dr. Jeffries, and a perusal of his book cannot fail to afford much curious and valuable information.

Sunlight, as every one is aware, is composed of a mixture of primary colors which can be decomposed by passing through a glass prism. According to the Young-Helmholtz theory of color sense, these seven spectral colors can be reduced to three base colors, namely, red, green, and violet. Color-blindness consists in an inability to perceive rays of one of these base colors. Thus three main forms of color-blindness exist, according to the color of the rays which fail to excite the visual sense. In red-blindness, for instance, which is by far the most common form, the next being green-blindness, the red rays of the spectrum, whether pure or mixed with

other rays, as in white light, are unperceived, being eliminated, as it were, from the visual impression experienced by the red-blind person. The remaining rays of the green and violet categories, including the blue and the yellow rays, are perceived and accurately differentiated from each other.

We must not, however, assume that the red-blind individual sees these other hues of the spectrum, or even pure white light, as they appear to a normal vision. The red rays to which he is insensible, though existing with their maximum purity and concentration in what we call the red part of the spectrum, also pervade, in varying degrees of intensity, all the other parts, and enter more or less into the composition of all the other hues. By the elimination of the red element, these other colors suffer an alteration which a person with normal vision finds it hard to imagine, but which must greatly affect their appearance. A pure white to a red-blind person is composed of a combination of the two other base colors which he is able to perceive, — a combination which to the normal sense would appear like a bluish-gray.

The nature and seat of the infirmity are unknown. It is almost invariably congenital and hereditary, though a few cases have been observed where a tem-

¹ *Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and its Detection.* By DR. B. JOY JEFFRIES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

porary color-blindness resulted from injury. It occurs almost exclusively in the male sex, one in about every twenty-five men being color-blind; whereas among females, only one in every nineteen hundred is similarly affected. Curiously enough, though women enjoy an almost absolute immunity from color-blindness, it is nevertheless through the mothers that the infirmity is transmitted to their sons. This unilateral inheritance, limited to the male offspring, although taking place through the mothers, is also known to occur in certain diseases (for instance, in *hæmophilia* and in *pseudo-hypertrophic muscular paralysis*).

Color-blindness is an infirmity which in many walks of life is attended by little or no apparent inconvenience. Though the outer world with one of the base colors and about thirty per cent. of the light omitted must present a strange appearance compared to what a person with a normal color sense sees, still many color-blind people never betray to others, nor even discover themselves, that their vision is defective. It is often a cause of startling surprise when the nature and extent of the deficiency is discovered. Dr. Jeffries gives an amusing account of the various mistakes, some of them quite comical, by which color-blind individuals learn or reveal the imperfection of their vision. Dalton, from whose name the defect has sometimes been called Daltonism, was a Quaker, and as such wore only drab-colored clothes. But when he had been made a doctor of civil laws at Oxford, and was presented at court, he not only felt no scruple at wearing the scarlet

doctor's gown, but he subsequently wore it for several days in the street without being at all conscious of his conspicuous appearance. Professor Whewell asked him how the color of this scarlet gown looked; to which he replied, pointing to some evergreen trees, that their color was the same. A color-blind painter used green instead of vermilion in painting a red-cheeked face. Another painted a pea-green lion. A color-blind person has been known to put on together a red and a brown glove, thinking that they matched each other perfectly.

Mistakes such as have just been mentioned are perhaps of slight consequence. When, however, life or death depends upon the correct recognition of a color, as when red and green color-signals, flags, or lamps are used on railroads or at sea, then the existence of this not uncommon infirmity becomes a very serious matter. The object of Dr. Jeffries' book is to awaken a public sense of the importance of color-blindness as a disqualification in all posts of public and private service where individuals are called upon to recognize colored signals of any kind. He shows the dangers that may be occasioned by the existence of color-blindness in such persons. He also sets forth most minutely the methods by which color-blindness can be unerringly detected and convincingly demonstrated, under all circumstances, whether the sufferer be conscious or not of his defect, willing or unwilling to let it be known. The book will therefore be invaluable as a complete repertory of information for all persons who, professionally or otherwise, are interested in the subject of color-blindness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IS N'T it rather an advantage to live fifty miles from a circulating library, so as to escape from the malign influence of new books? This influence is not imaginary; it is too real. Such is its strength that it threatens to destroy all true love for wholesome literature. Any one who visits circulating libraries cannot fail to notice the immoderate demand for new books. Novels, of course, are sought first, because fiction always will continue to form a large proportion of the mental pabulum of general readers; then come books of travel, essays, memoirs, criticisms. A clerk in a large public library, whose experience extends over many years, said to me, recently, "Most of the people who come here get their ideas of literature from book reviews and gossip in society, just as many men gather their political opinions from their favorite paper and the talk among their club associates. People, as a rule, don't care for books as books; it is only because they are talked about, and one must have sufficient information about them to escape the imputation of ignorance. Many clever women skim the reviews, and will rattle off cut-and-dried opinions about current books with a glibness that would make even a professional critic's hair stand on end. The majority, however, like to read the books for themselves, as they have n't the confidence and tact to adopt the review method. Here comes a fair specimen of our readers. Notice what she asks for, and you will get a good idea of the popular demand for books."

A matronly old lady came up to the counter, with an intelligent face and a pleasant smile. She placed upon the counter *The Colonel's Opera Cloak* and *John Caldigate*, and then said, "Now, I must have *L'Assomoir*, — not that I have much desire to read it, it must be very

disgusting; but then every one has been talking about it for so long a time that there is nothing else to be done. Please get me the most decent translation, the one with the least shocking bits of realism. And then I want *Froude's Cæsar*. It will be heavy reading, I know, but Gertrude declares that we must not let slip anything that Mr. Froude writes. Ah, so you have it: that's fortunate. Well, good day."

"I told you," said my friend, "that she would 'give away' the tribe of novelty hunters."

This may seem like a caricature, but it is not overdrawn. Young and old patrons of large libraries, with very few exceptions, all have this one touch of nature; they "praise new-born gauds," and leave the solid old worthies of literature to languish in the dim back alcoves. Little can be done to counteract it while the present yearning for novelty remains. Frederick Harrison may bewail the evil days, but he will have no more influence in literature than he has in religion, which I fancy is small. Do you ever nowadays surprise any of your friends reading a good standard author, like Shakespeare, Bunyan, Milton, or Fielding? Do you find any of the English classics near at hand and showing traces of constant daily use? Instead, you will usually find the latest novel or the freshest contribution to criticism.

In a multitude of books there is no safety. In fact, it has become almost a positive evil to live near a great centre of books. The temptation to join the mob of superficial readers is too strong to be resisted save by those of exceptional self-control. Unless a specialist, you are constantly seduced from any systematic course of reading. You call at the library, perhaps with the intention of get-

ting some standard work. You catch a glimpse of the attractive title-page of that latest novel, whose piquant charms have been sung by the most acrid critics, and your fine resolutions dissolve; you succumb to the tyranny of the novel. The books that you ought to read over and over again, until they become as familiar as nursery rhymes, are neglected. You fall unconsciously into the habit of rapid reading of many books. You lose your taste for old favorites, — a taste which was acquired, perhaps, when you had not more than twenty books to select from. They may look down reproachfully upon you from their shelf, but you are too much engrossed with the claims of new-comers to heed your ancient companions. Your friends, too, have fallen into the same evil ways, so that it is exceptional now to find a resident of a large city who knows a few great authors well, and is willing to acknowledge ignorance of a host of writers whose fame will die with the century. And for these evils of perverted taste and bad habits in reading the circulating library must be held largely responsible.

— If ever a historian of Philistines should arise, like the famous historian of Snobs, he will have to avow on the title-page that the book is by "one of themselves." For, upon the current definitions, there is none of us who is free of the taint. Matthew Arnold himself, the self-appointed crusader against Philistinism, has been proved to be a Philistine by Swinburne. It is said that the note of provincialism, or insularity, is the great test; that the term includes all those who cannot love, admire, or worship without hedging in their love, admiration, or worship with hatred, contempt, dislike, of everything exterior to the immediate object of those affections. The traditional John Bull, whose love of England is compounded with hatred of foreigners, has always been held up as a very archetype of the class. But even

the Greeks and Romans were sufficiently barbarous to hold all people barbarians except themselves. And which one of the modern nations is exempt from this failing? Coming down from nations to individuals, this definition of Philistine would include all those who look upon themselves and their belongings as the most interesting facts in the inhabited globe; all those who gaze at the world through a pin hole and imagine that the view from their pin hole represents the universe; all those who cannot divest their minds of the "shop," whether it be the tailor who looks upon all his fellows as mere clothes-horses for the display of his own manufactures, or the artist who insists upon the sacredness of his calling and the general ignobleness of the rest of the avocations of men. It would include that school of Genius with a big G of which Bulwer in some of the moods of his mind is the most offensive exemplar, as well as that cheap sort of pessimists who despair of the race whenever they examine their neighbor's heart, and who make up for the severely virtuous standard which they hold up for their neighbor's guidance by a genial, large-hearted charity for their own weaknesses. It would include all those who mistake individual preferences for general principles. It would include Byron and Shelley; it would not be difficult to show that it would include the nobler minds of Carlyle and Ruskin. And if the whole of mankind have not already been marshaled under the banner of Philistinism the remainder could very easily be proved to belong there by that other definition which is the favorite formula of advanced thinkers, — that Philistinism means an indifference to the higher intellectual interests. When Carlyle denies to Walter Scott the epithet of great, because "his life was worldly, his ambitions worldly;" because "the great mystery of existence was not great to him, did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an

answer," etc., and then adds that "our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy, and withal very prosperous and victorious man," he simply means to say that Scott was a Philistine in the acceptance of the word which we are at present considering. And Emerson's criticism of Macaulay gives us a neat summary of the Philistine theory of life: "The brilliant Macaulay," he says, "explicitly teaches that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity." Macaulay, indeed, has so long been given up on all hands as a specimen of hopeless Philistinism, — the marvelously wrong-headed ingenuity of his Bacon essay condemning him with the thinkers, and the bigotry of his political and literary partisanship with all other men, — that it comes upon one with the freshness of a new sensation to find any one undertaking to relieve him from the stigma. Such a sensation is afforded by Karl Hillebrand in the Familiar Letters from England now running through the Nineteenth Century.

"The word *Philistine*," says Mr. Hillebrand, "is a new expression taken from the German; and if an Englishman uses it he is bound to use it in the German sense, or to declare he gives it another sense. . . . This word, indeed, has always kept in the German mind something of its origin, — the opposition to the liberty and Bohemian life of the student. What constitutes *Philistinism* is pedantic regularity of habits, both in life and thought, prosiness, want of enthusiasm, narrowness of social and intellectual horizon, a certain mild conventionalism, and timid shrinking from paradox, noise, and fantasy. Never was there a man less *Philistine* than the dashing, bustling, passionate Whig [Macaulay], whose ponderous rhetoric charmed the youth of our generation throughout the civilized world."

After all, I wonder if we won't have to fall back upon Mr. Leslie Stephen's definition as the most satisfactory, namely, that it is a "term of abuse given by prigs to the rest of their species"?

— A man who had been sentenced with unpleasant regularity would not lack for listeners, should he enter upon an encomium on the judge who had done him these favors. Even the crier would wear an appreciative smile. As one who has been the recipient at quite regular intervals of those documents from the editorial room which quench expectation, I am sure of a hearing, for I appear to defend the average editor. I stand with but one foot on the lowest round of the ladder of fame. In that heroic attitude, allow me to remark: (1.) The allegation that unfeeling haste governs the adverse decisions of the editor ought not to be accepted as equitable. The doctor reads your symptoms while you are entering his office. When fairly seated, you may be sure that a portion of the diagnosis is concluded. The fleeting colors of the bank-notes are included in the swift glance of the teller who rushes through the package of bills. He does more than merely see the absolute counterfeits. But a contributor who never read a dozen manuscripts, save those in his own handwriting, charges unfairness, because the editor swiftly winnows what is laid before him. Incessant reading ought to make one a ready judge of literary material. The complaining author might be even more agile were he set for the judgment which retains or returns the precious sheets. Practice perfects.

(2.) I take exception to the assertion, made in the Contributors' Club for January, that the negative answer should be sent out in varying terms. The proposed scale of merit would be undesirable, I am very sure. The impersonal imperative of the printed form (dear, it may be, from long association) ought not to be exchanged for the reward

card system. You fail to secure recognition for your contribution, and that is the end of it. If so be you have the testimony of a good (literary) conscience, why seek the impractical approbation of the editor who bars you out? You want the consolation of print, not of phrase. If your own judgment condemns your work, why add to your intellectual remorse by receiving unfounded compliments? The peremptory style is effective in correcting conceit. Bald failure is what most need. My best moments succeed the opening of the envelope — too bulky for hope to rest upon — which conveys the homeward-bound article. Our waste-basket, it must be remembered, is an annex to the editor's receptacle for deficient material. Let us keep it well filled, — so will our future be secure!

(3.) I may receive a fresh sentence of condemnation by the next mail, but I will kiss the hand that smites me! I believe, and will believe, that the editors who represent our active literary life in this country are bent on securing better English, and less of it, rather than the mere increase of profit. I will trust their educated judgment more than my own.

— I have been very much interested in the articles on Western Farming in your December and January numbers. I have been a small farmer for several years, and hope to be one again. Naturally, I consider my class the most important one in the economy of the republic, and view the encroachments of capital on our "ancient rights and privileges" with a semi-professional jealousy. In spite of all this, I cannot share the apprehensions of your correspondent. I think that twenty years at the utmost will see the bonanza farms split up into fragments as small as those of the great Sullivant farm of Illinois. A disintegrating force begins to work as soon as the big farm is under way. Notice, in the first place, that the capital of a farm is easily divisible. You cannot cut a

railroad up into ten-mile sections, each worked by an individual stockholder, but when a tract of land is sold it is "in lots to suit purchasers." As soon as a partner dies or fails the partition must be made. Farming cannot be carried on by a corporation, because the standard of commercial honor is not high enough to make it safe; or rather the advantages of large farming operations are not decided enough in the *long run* to compensate for the risk of parting with individual ownership. The title must be held by a partnership or by an individual, and remains "joint and several." But of course the decisive question is, How long will wholesale farming be profitable? The immense profits which are received at first shrink year by year, and disappear as soon as the yield of wheat falls to ten bushels an acre, which it must do after five or six crops, whether continuous or not. After that the profits reappear with a minus sign before them. The profits of a small farm of two hundred acres, worked under a judicious system of mixed husbandry, ought to increase with every crop.

An industrious man can always find a day's work on a farm which he owns, the remuneration of which, though small, goes into his fixed capital. The regular operations of seed-time and harvest should yield a support to him and his family, and the rest of the year can be filled with work of improvement, such as underdraining, planting and trimming trees, gathering and preparing fertilizing material, and the thousand and one "odd jobs" of repairing. Thus a small farm solves the great problem of the day. It finds a "fair day's work and pays a fair day's wage" at all seasons. The capitalist farmer cannot afford to buy the minute, careful work a man puts on his own acres, and the land must have it or deteriorate. The subtle combinations of lime and potash and phosphorus which nature has elaborated in the soil become exhausted. The capitalist cannot re-

place them at a profit by buying commercial manures. The old law reasserts itself: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Legislation, by making the transfer of land expensive, as in England, can arrest its tendency to subdivision; but the tendency, it seems to me, is inherent, and based on a law which in this country can operate freely. The skinning system of the great bonanza farmers is essentially vicious, for it realizes the fixed capital of the nation represented in the accumulated power of the prairies, sends it over the sea in the shape of food, and receives it back as money, which may be spent or wasted. It would be much better for all parties if they could export the land itself. The wisdom of the homestead law and the folly of railroad land grants are receiving their most striking exemplification.

— From a purely historical standpoint the distinction between ancient and modern history is only conventional; but it is none the less true that history is divided into cycles, that the world in turn grows old and is rejuvenated. Society, that is to say, regularly goes to seed, and its place is occupied for a time by the growing and still incomplete society of the future, till that, in its turn, blossoms and decays. Now I can imagine no surer proof of a society's being on its last legs than the discussion of such problems as *Is Life worth Living?* With material civilization goes hand in hand intellectual (as distinguished from spiritual) refinement, and it is not till both of these have reached a high development that people begin to ask themselves, *Is life worth living?* It is the theory of the Catholic church that for the mass of mankind intellectual development is bad; and this seems to be the lesson of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the only perfect civilization with whose decay we are well acquainted. For intellectual development consists simply in increased ap-

preciation of beauty, in greater sensitiveness to sensuous impressions, in a cultivated taste. In so far as he is a critic, the admirer of a Raphael is not at all superior to a connoisseur in sauces. Intellectual development, we may say, results in everywhere making ends of what with common folk are but means or incidents.

Now the high-strungedness as to both body and mind which is a necessary result of luxurious living does not invariably bring happiness with it, and for those who are not satisfied with such joys as it bestows this world can do nothing more, and they know it. *If* death is but a sleep and a forgetting, then for them life certainly is not worth living.

But these hot-house specimens of the human race are too few to be important as a class, except as they influence the mass below them by their example and opinion. To a student of the signs of the times Mr. Mallock's book is very disappointing; not because what he says is not worth the saying, but from the fact that he takes up but a single and comparatively unimportant phase of it. For what he asks is not whether life *is*, but whether it *ought to be*, found worth living, — a question which occurs not to one man in ten thousand, while the number of persons who ask themselves the simple question, and with practical intent, is increasing in an enormous ratio. Next to civil marriage, the Protestant clergy of Germany regard the annual increase of suicides as the clearest proof of the materialistic character of the age. In the never-ceasing shaking which civilization imposes on mankind, round men are constantly settling into square holes and square men into round ones. Such persons are necessarily miserable, and the scientific gospel, by its negation of a future life, furnishes them a peace which may not pass understanding, but which is none the less valuable from their point of view. There can be no

doubt that these doctrines are spreading, and that they are destined to exercise great influence on society. The result will be a survival of the fittest, not through the forcible extinction but by the voluntary effacement of the unfittest,

that is, the weakest. Thus may the sad and the weary put an end to the sadness which they have not the energy to throw off, and the over-refined and sensitive step out of a world which is no world for them.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. ii. No. 2. Published under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, etc.

Annual Report upon Explorations and Surveys in the Department of the Missouri. By E. H. Ruffner, First Lieutenant of Engineers, U. S. A.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: The Apostolic Fathers and the Apologists of the Second Century. By Rev. George A. Jackson. — Young Maugars. From the French of André Theuriot. — The Data of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. — The Distracted Young Preacher. By Thomas Hardy. — Hester. By Beatrice May Butt. — Uncle Cæsar. By Madame Charles Reyband.

The Authors' Publishing Co., New York: Vic. By A. Benrimo.

George M. Baker & Co., Boston: Our Folks. A Play in Three Acts. By George M. Baker.

Chancy R. Barns, 215 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.: Footprints of Vanished Races. By A. J. Conant, A. M.

J. W. Bouton, New York: The Rosierucians. Their Rites and Mysteries. By Hargrave Jennings.

Gazette des Beaux-Arts. Parts 265, 266, and 267.

James P. Burbank, Salem, Mass: On Teaching Reading in Public Schools. By Alex. Melville Bell.

Bureau of Education, Washington: Report of Commissioner of Education for the Year 1877.

Cassell, Petter and Galpin, New York: Free Trade and English Commerce. By Augustus Mongredieu.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: Half Hour Recreations in Popular Science. Second Series. Selected and edited by Dana Estes.

Gilbert and Winchell, Printers, Chicago: In Memoriam. William Goodell.

Ginn and Heath, Boston: Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. By Rev. Henry N. Hudson. — A Short German Grammar for High Schools and Colleges. By E. S. Sheldon. — Shakespeare's King Richard the Second. By Rev. Henry N. Hudson.

Harper and Brothers, New York: Burning their Ships. By Barnet Phillips. — Food and Feeding. By Sir Henry Thompson. — The Origin of the English Nation. By Edward A. Freeman. — Rose Mervyn, of Whitelake. By Anne Beale. — The

Afghan's Knife. By R. A. Sterndale. — The Adventures of Reuben Davidger. By James Greenwood. — Lessons from my Masters, — Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin. By Peter Bayne. — The Telephone, the Microphone, and the Phonograph. By Count Du Moncel. — Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Edited by Wm. J. Rolfe. — What Mr. Darwin saw in his Voyage round the World in the Ship Beagle. — The Bar-Maid at Battleton. By F. W. Robinson. — Chapters on Ants. By Mary Treat. — Framley Parsonage. By Anthony Trollope. — Moy O'Brien. By "Melusine." — The Life of Charles James Mathews. Edited by Charles Dickens. — The Gypsy. By G. P. R. James. — Afternoons with the Poets. By Charles D. Deshler. — The German Principia, Part II. A First German Reading Book. — Edmund Burke. By John Morley.

Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston: The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Arthur Gilman. 3 vols. — American Poems. — The Bodleys Afoot. — Old Friends and New. By Sarah O. Jewett. — Dottings round the Circle. By Benjamin Robbins Curtis. Sixth edition.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things. By John D. Champlin, Jr. — Primitive Manners and Customs. By James A. Farrer. — History of American Politics. By Alexander Johnston, A. M. — History of the English Language. By T. R. Lounsbury.

Philip A. Kempen, Dayton, Ohio: Wonders of the Flora. The Preservation of Flowers in their Natural State and Color. By H. Acosta Kresken.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Madelon Lemoine. A novel. By Mrs. Leith Adams. — Rabelais. By Walter Besant, M. A.

Macmillan & Co., London and New York: Darwinism and Other Essays. By John Fiske. — The History of the Norman Conquest of England. By E. A. Freeman. Vol. vi. Index vol.

Stanton and Davenport, Wheeling, Va.: A Sketch of Shakespeare. By William Leighton.

The Postal Laws and Regulations of the United States of America. Published in accordance with the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1879. Compiled and edited by Arthur H. Bissell and Thomas B. Kirby.



HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

*** The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., 47 Franklin Street, Boston. Prices are given on page 8.

Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life, and Other Papers. — Under this name have been collected into a small book the striking essays which have appeared in THE ATLANTIC from the anonymous writer who contributed to the number for October, 1878, the paper on "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life." This paper attracted a kind and degree of attention rarely won by a magazine article. It furnished daily and religious papers with subjects of discussion for weeks, and was generally conceded to be a wise and conscientious treatment of topics that immediately concern American civilization. The other essays are: The Nationals, their Origin and their Aims; Three Typical Workingmen; Workingmen's Wives; The Career of a Capitalist; Study of a New England Factory Town; Preaching; and Sincere Demagoguery. Though none of these has excited so general and profound interest as the paper on "Dangerous Tendencies," all of them have impressed readers by the remarkable sincerity, earnestness, humaneness, and good sense which have marked them all. The little book surely merits a very wide and thoughtful reading.

Mr. Aldrich's Serial Story, "The Still-water Tragedy," which begins in this month's ATLANTIC, cannot fail to charm its fortunate readers by the easy grace of its narrative and the delightful freshness and brilliancy of its style. As it is possible that some who read this story have not read all of Mr. Aldrich's writings, a list of these is given on another page. Some of them have been translated for the "Revue des Deux Mondes;" most of the stories have appeared in German editions; and English critics appreciate and enjoy him as thoroughly as his own countrymen. The London *Athenæum*, in its notice of "Marjorie Daw," remarked: —

Mr. Aldrich is, perhaps, entitled to stand at the head of American humorists. The little work he has hitherto done in this line is singularly fresh, original, and delicate.

Rocky Mountain Health Resorts. — Dr. Charles Denison, who has lived many years in Colorado, and who made a report to the International Medical Congress at Philadelphia in 1876 on "The Influence of High Altitudes upon the Progress of Phthisis," has prepared a very interesting and valuable book with the above

title. Its sub-title explains its scope: "An Analytical Study of High Altitudes in Relation to the Arrest of Chronic Pulmonary Disease." After an introductory chapter on consumption and its prevalence, Dr. Denison discusses climates of low elevation, medium altitudes, high altitudes, the climatic map of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, mineral springs, the humidity and diathermancy of the air, atmospheric electricity, the altitude of approximate immunity from consumption, asthma, the results of the climatic treatment of consumption in Colorado, camping out, etc. To physicians and to invalids or semi-invalids this book is equally interesting and important.

Mr. James's New Story. — Apropos of "Confidence," the Boston *Transcript* remarks:

No writer has balanced the good and evil in the respective institutions of the Old World and the New, as illustrated in contemporary types of social life, more judicially than Mr. James, while his artistic handiwork is the admiration of European critics, and in itself a credit to and vindication of American culture and art.

The Scotsman, of Edinburgh, remarks: —

In respect of polish and finish of workmanship it is certainly equal to anything he has yet produced, and people who have read his books will know that this is saying much. The book is likely to have a wide popularity; its personages, their moods and their exercises, belong strictly to the domain of every-day life, and they are handled with all Mr. James's accustomed originality, insight, and analytical skill.

Now is an excellent time for those who have not read Mr. James's previous writings to become acquainted with them. The Boston *Traveler* says: —

Much of the charm of these novels lies in the dialogue. No modern writer possesses Mr. James's facility in giving interest to the airy nothings of polite society, and there is always an element of unexpectedness in his imaginary conversation, which is as delightful as it is rare. Mr. James's style cannot be too highly praised. Clear-cut, brilliant, lucid, and flexible, it becomes in his hands a wonderful instrument. Altogether "Confidence" is a fascinating novel. The reader may differ from the author, he may occasionally be irritated at his *insouciance*, but he will inevitably be interested, and having begun will not lay it down until the end.

A Remarkable Book. — The press is prompt to recognize the value and significance

of Mr. Hughes's important book on "The Manliness of Christ." *The Examiner and Chronicle* of New York says:—

It is an attempt to remove the feeling that Christianity means unmanliness. The life of Christ is examined step by step, with some minuteness, and it is shown with great force that it was not only a manly life, but the manly life of all history. None of the virtues that make up an ideal manliness—courage, truthfulness, independence, chivalrous defense of the weak and wronged—were absent from Christ's character; on the contrary, all of them were most conspicuously present. . . . We commend the book heartily to young men; they will find it stimulating and bracing reading.

The *Portland Transcript* remarks:—

The work is both strong and beautiful, and the style clear, fine, and convincing. From cover to cover this little volume is full of charm and power.

The Christian at Work, Dr. Taylor's paper, observes:—

When it was announced that the author of that charming and stimulating book, "Tom Brown's School Days," had written a new book on the "Manliness of Christ," we eagerly looked forward to its coming, and now that it has come, and we have read it, we wish it could be translated into as many languages as the other, and read by as many people, especially boys and young men.

A cheap edition of this book, in paper covers, has been issued, at 25 cents.

Mr. Cook's Lectures on "Labor," which have just been published, are generally recognized as among the most forcible and noteworthy of his books. *The Golden Rule* says:—

They are too well known to require any description here, and too able to admit of either criticism or praise. The lectures in this volume treat upon the general subject of labor, and its relation to socialism, communism, wages, and the rights of women and children. The subject is, perhaps, the most difficult of any which have been handled by this lectureship, and contains some of its most weighty utterances.

The *Boston Traveller* remarks:—

However much scholars may differ with Mr. Cook on theological questions, these discourses on labor and kindred topics must certainly meet the approval of every fair-thinking reader. Setting aside their somewhat turgid rhetoric, the arguments advanced are founded on the broadest principles of Christian philanthropy, while the expositions of vexed and intricate problems in social science are adapted to the comprehension of all. The questions discussed are for the most part of vital interest to the future welfare of the nation.

The *Philadelphia Bulletin* observes:—

Mr. Cook considers the whole philosophy of labor in a very thorough and sound way. . . . All of them are strong, virile expositions, made in very forcible language, of certain vital questions, social, political, and economical. These Monday lectures, from a small beginning in 1875, have grown to be a power in Boston society. Six or eight volumes of them have been published, and they constitute a body of most instructive literature, that intelligent, half-educated people and accomplished scholars will alike enjoy.

Lange's "History of Materialism," of which the second volume has just been published here, is a work of the first importance in its department of inquiry, and one which no student of history or philosophy can afford to overlook. As the *Boston Advertiser* well says:—

Lange's "History of Materialism" is the standard authority, the rank of which no other work is disputing. It is not only the most complete and thorough work on its subject, but one of those few books which no thinker can afford to leave unread who wishes to keep abreast of modern thought and its problems.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* observes: "It takes in the whole development of philosophical opinion, but with especial reference to materialism." The third volume, completing this important work, will appear in due time.

General Gordon's "Army of Virginia," which has just now its greatest interest from its exhaustive discussion of Gen. Fitz-John Porter's conduct in relation to General Pope, has received very strong commendation from many Northern journals. The *Southern Historical Society Papers*, published at Richmond, and devoted to gathering facts and opinions, from Confederate sources, concerning the Civil War, contain this flattering tribute to the work:—

We have read every page of the book with deep interest, and we do not hesitate to say that it is in the main an able, candid, remarkably fair, and very valuable contribution to the history of the campaign of which it treats. General Gordon has diligently studied both the Federal and the Confederate official reports, and all other means of information accessible to him; has made skillful use of his material, and has produced, in many respects, a model book. His tribute to "Stonewall" Jackson, who was his classmate at West Point, is very beautiful. His acknowledgment of the ability of Lee, and others of his subordinates, and his tribute to the splendid fighting qualities of the Army of Northern Virginia, are very handsomely done, and we "take off our hat" to the gallant soldier who could see these qualities in "Rebels," and has had the moral courage to publish his convictions.

It is but fair to add that the critic finds "serious blemishes" in the book, especially in General Gordon's estimate of Generals Stuart and Ewell, and "in his patriotic outburst against the 'damnable conspiracies for the overthrow of the government.'"

The *Boston Round Table*.—In a charming "Easy Chair" paper in *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. George W. Curtis thus discourses apropos of the recent Breakfast to Dr. Holmes:—

It is a very remarkable body of men and women which has for many years made Boston the literary capital of the country. It has contained, with the three exceptions of Cooper, Irving, and Bryant, all the chief names in our literature, and a breakfast to Holmes, at which Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier sat, Lowell being absent in Europe, without mentioning another name, shows the literary distinction of the city. The great literary day of Edinburgh at the beginning of the century was not so brilliant in genius as the last twenty years of Boston have been. Scott, indeed, was there, but there

was only one Scott. When the famous Boston Round Table is finally dissolved,

"Which was an image of the mighty World,"

it will be remembered not only for the literary lustre of its great names, but for the purity and dignity of the literary life which gathered about it. There has been no Bohemia at that table. Its chief guests have shown that genius is not another name for loose habits and shiftless and weak extravagance and vagabondage of every kind, but comports with the highest manhood and good citizenship. . . . The grace and gayety, the pathos and melody, the incisive wit, the aggressive earnestness and shrewd sense, of Dr. Holmes's writings have given him a place, and a sunny place, in the popular heart, so that the recent tribute, necessarily somewhat elaborate in form, was a spontaneous expression of sincere admiration and affectionate regard. The fellowship of authors has been sometimes called mutual admiration. But if the names of the guests at the Holmes breakfast be scanned, it may fairly be asked whom they should admire if not each other. Whittier, we hope, is not to be forbidden admiration of Emerson, or Mrs. Stowe of Howells, because they are all poets and story-tellers together. If the Boston Round Table did not admire each other, they would be a sorry company, and debar themselves of a pleasure which the rest of the world enjoys. And on this happy day it was not Boston that sat at table, but the whole country.

"Hunt's Talks on Art," says one of the editors of the New York *Tribune*, is "a compilation of epigrams, each one the text and suggestion of a whole sermon. One does not need to be an artist or an art student, or even an art amateur, to appreciate and enjoy these nervous and pithy fragments. They have the suggestiveness and meatiness of Emerson in matter, with the downright, sledge-hammer manner of Carlyle."

"Visions." — The London *Journal of Mental Science* speaks of Dr. E. H. Clarke's book on "Visions" as "a remarkable illustration of the influence of the mind over the body, a determined will over the usual effects of physical pain," and emphatically indorses Dr. Holmes's assertion that the circumstances in which it was written furnish "a lesson of manhood too precious to be forgotten." It says "the style is singularly charming, and many of the cases of pseudopia very interesting."

A Wonderful Episodist. — The London papers are kept reasonably busy criticizing and praising the stories and sketches of Mr. Henry James, Jr. The *Spectator* recently reviewed a volume of his stories, and concluded by saying: "Mr. Henry James is not so much a novelist as an episodist, if such a term be allowable. But he is a wonderful episodist."

Those who have read his "Passionate Pilgrim" and other stories, will readily perceive the justice and felicity of the *Spectator's* last remark.

Public Health. — The reports and papers of the American Public Health Association gather into available form the observations and experiences of health officers and students of sanitary questions. The fourth volume of these important papers has just been published.

Some of the more noteworthy essays are on "The Sanitary Value of Forests," by G. L. Andrew, M. D.; "Practical Suggestions Concerning Tree Planting for Sanitary Effects," by Professor Brewer, of New Haven; "Hygiene in our Schools," by C. N. Hewitt, Red Wing, Minn.; "Epidemic Infectious Diseases," by Professor Lyman, of Chicago; "Sanitary Safety in Railway Traveling," by T. J. Dunnott, M. D.; and "Public Holidays and Public Health," by Rev. Dr. Hereford.

American Poems is pronounced by the *New Englander* "a book for Americans to be proud of, not merely that so much is here brought together as to give a just idea of the wealth of our poetical literature, but that the arrangement and notes reveal discernment and accuracy of learning. Though these poems are familiar to most students of our literature, few would conjecture how many notes, for instance, in the 'Evangeline' and the 'Courtship of Miles Standish' are really needful for the young reader, and how many passages gain clearness even for older persons from Mr. Scudder's judicious explanations. This is particularly true of Holmes's 'School-Boy.' . . . We trust that the book will have a wide use, and that Mr. Scudder will be thus rewarded for the devotion of his fine taste to the advancement of literature in our schools."

Mr. Lewes's Last Book, the third series of "Problems of Life and Mind," says the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, "is a work of the most profound interest." After giving a sketch of the work, the *Advertiser* adds: —

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Artists of the Nineteenth Century. — The *Art Amateur*, in a recent notice of this excellent work, says: —

There are few books of reference to which the reviewer can, after a rigid scrutiny, award such a full meed of praise as to that before us. We have tested its accuracy and completeness in many ways, and are prepared to say that it is the most valuable book of its kind, in the English language at least. In England it is already as much a standard work as it has become in the United States, where it originated. It should be owned by every art club, if not every art student, in the country.

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The form and typography of these essays makes them very desirable for libraries. Indeed, it is quite within the truth to claim that they are beyond question the best American editions of these masterpieces.

Tyndall on Emerson.—In one of his later works Professor Tyndall quotes frequently from Mr. Emerson's poems, and justifies himself by saying:—

In him we have a poet and a profoundly religious man, who is really and entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, past, present, and prospective. In his case, Poetry, with the joy of a bacchanal, takes her graver brother Science by the hand, and cheers him with immortal laughter. By Emerson scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer lines of an ideal world.

Old Friends and New.—Miss Jewett's little book was one of the best and most valued volumes of short stories last year brought us. The *New York Evening Post* was altogether justified in saying of it then that "the season is not likely to bring anything more wholly delightful to lovers of the best light literature." Few seasons have ever brought a book of its kind so unpretentious and so entirely charming.

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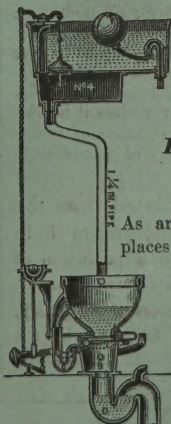
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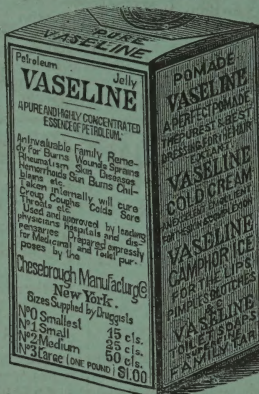
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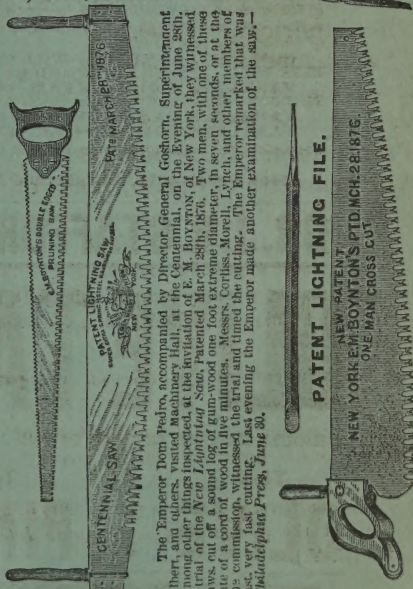
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VOL. XLV. — MAY, 1880. — No. CCLXXI.

THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

VI.

AFTER a lapse of four years, during which he had as completely vanished out of the memory of Stillwater as if he had been lying all the while in the crowded family tomb behind the South Church, Richard Shackford reappeared one summer morning at the door of his cousin's house in Welch's Court. Mr. Shackford was absent at the moment, and an elderly deaf woman, who came in for a few hours every day to do the housework, was busy in the extension. Without announcing himself, Richard stalked up-stairs to the chamber in the gable, and went directly to a little shelf in one corner, upon which lay the dog-seared copy of Robinson Crusoe just as he had left it, save the four years' accumulation of dust. Richard took the book fiercely in both hands, and with a single mighty tug tore it from top to bottom, and threw the fragments into the fire-place.

A moment later, on the way down-stairs he encountered his kinsman ascending.

"Ah, you have come back!" was Mr. Shackford's grim greeting after a second's hesitation.

"Yes," said Richard, with embarrassment, though he had made up his mind not to be embarrassed by his cousin.

"I can't say I was looking for you. You might have dropped me a line; you were politer when you left. Why do you come back, and why did you go away?" demanded the old man, with abrupt fierceness. The last four years had bleached him and bent him and made him look very old.

"I did n't like the idea of Blandmann and Sharpe, for one thing," said Richard, "and I thought I liked the sea."

"And did you?"

"No, sir! I enjoyed seeing foreign parts, and all that."

"Quite the young gentleman on his travels. But the sea did n't agree with you, and now you like the idea of Blandmann and Sharpe?"

"Not the least in the world, I assure you!" cried Richard. "I take to it as little as ever I did."

"Perhaps that is fortunate. But it's going to be rather difficult to suit your tastes. What *do* you like?"

"I like you, cousin Lemuel; you have always been kind to me — in your way," said poor Richard, yearning for a glimmer of human warmth and sympathy, and forgetting all the dreariness of his uncared-for childhood. He had been out in the world, and had found it even harder-hearted than his own home, which now he idealized in the first flush of returning to it. Again he saw him-

self, a blonde-headed little fellow with stocking down at heel, climbing the steep staircase, or digging in the clay at the front gate with the air full of the breath of lilacs. That same delicate perfume, blown through the open hall-door as he spoke, nearly brought the tears to his eyes. He had looked forward for years to this coming back to Stillwater. Many a time, as he wandered along the streets of some foreign sea-port, the rich architecture and the bright costumes had faded out before him, and given place to the fat gray belfry and slim red chimneys of the humble New England village where he was born. He had learned to love it after losing it; and now he had struggled back through countless trials and disasters to find no welcome.

"Cousin Lemuel," said Richard gently, "only just us two are left, and we ought to be good friends, at least."

"We are good enough friends," mumbled Mr. Shackford, who could not evade taking the hand which Richard had forlornly reached out to him, "but that need n't prevent us understanding each other like rational creatures. I don't care for a great deal of fine sentiment in people who run away without saying so much as thank 'e."

"I was all wrong!"

"That's what folks always say, with the delusion that it makes everything all right."

"Surely it helps, — to admit it."

"That depends; it generally does n't. What do you propose to do?"

"I hardly know at the moment; my plans are quite in the air."

"In the air!" repeated Mr. Shackford. "I fancy that describes them. Your father's plans were always in the air, too, and he never got any of them down."

"I intend to get mine down."

"Have you saved by anything?"

"Not a cent, cousin."

"I thought as much."

"I had a couple of hundred dollars in my sea-chest; but I was shipwrecked, and lost it. I barely saved myself. When Robinson Crusoe" —

"Damn Robinson Crusoe!" snapped Mr. Shackford.

"That's what I say," returned Richard gravely. "When Robinson Crusoe was cast on an uninhabited island, shrimps and soft-shell crabs and all sorts of delicious mollusks — ready boiled, I've no doubt — crawled up the beach, and begged him to eat them; but I nearly starved to death."

"Of course. You will always be shipwrecked, and always be starved to death; you are one of that kind. I don't believe you are a Shackford at all. When they were not anything else they were good sailors. If you only had a drop of *his* blood in your veins!" and Mr. Shackford waved his hand towards a faded portrait of a youngish, florid gentleman with banged hair and high coat-collar, which hung against the wall half-way up the staircase. This was the counterfeit presentment of Lemuel Shackford's father seated with his back at an open window, through which was seen a ship under full canvas with the union-jack standing out straight in the wrong direction. "But what are you going to do for yourself? You can't start a subscription paper, and play the shipwrecker mariner, you know."

"No, I hardly care to do that," said Richard, with a good-natured laugh, "though no poor devil ever had a better outfit for the character."

"What *are* you calculated for?"

Richard was painfully conscious of his unfitness for many things; but he felt there was nothing in life to which he was so ill adapted as his present position. Yet, until he could look about him, he must needs eat his kinsman's reluctant bread, or starve. The world was younger and more unsophisticated when manna dropped from the clouds.

Mr. Shackford stood with his neck

craned over the frayed edge of his satin stock and one hand resting indecisively on the banister, and Richard on the step above, leaning his back against the blighted flowers of the wall-paper. From an oval window at the head of the stairs the summer sunshine streamed upon them, and illuminated the high-shouldered clock which, ensconced in an alcove, seemed to be listening to the conversation.

"There's no chance for you in the law," said Mr. Shackford, after a long pause. "Sharpe's nephew has the berth. A while ago I might have got you into the Miantowona Iron Works; but the rascally directors are trying to ruin me now. There's the Union Store, if they happen to want a clerk. I suppose you would be about as handy behind a counter as a hippopotamus. I have no business of my own to train you to. You are not good for the sea, and the sea has probably spoiled you for anything else. A drop of salt water just poisons a landsman. I am sure I don't know what to do with you."

"Don't bother yourself about it at all," said Richard, cheerfully. "You are going back on the whole family, ancestors and posterity, by suggesting that I can't make my own living. I only want a little time to take breath, don't you see, and a crust and a bed for a few days, such as you might give any wayfarer. Meanwhile, I will look after things around the place. I fancy I was never an idler here since the day I learnt to split kindling."

"There's your old bed in the north chamber," said Mr. Shackford, wrinkling his forehead helplessly. "According to my notion, it is not so good as a bunk, or a hammock slung in a tidy fore-castle, but it's at your service, and Mrs. Morganson, I dare say, can lay an extra plate at table."

With which gracious acceptance of Richard's proposition, Mr. Shackford resumed his way up-stairs, and the

young man thoughtfully descended to the hall-door and thence into the street, to take a general survey of the commercial capabilities of Stillwater.

The outlook was not inspiring. A machinist, or a mechanic, or a day laborer might have found a foot-hold. A man without handicraft was not in request in Stillwater. "What is your trade?" was the staggering question that met Richard at the threshold. He went from workshop to workshop, confidently and cheerfully at first, whistling softly between whiles; but at every turn the question confronted him. In some places, where he was recognized with thinly veiled surprise as that boy of Shackford's, he was kindly put off; in others he received only a stare or a brutal No.

By noon he had exhausted the leading shops and offices in the village, and was so disheartened that he began to dread the thought of returning home to dinner. Clearly, he was a superfluous person in Stillwater. A mortar-splashed hod-carrier, who had seated himself on a pile of brick and was eating his noon-day rations from a tin can just brought to him by a slatternly girl, gave Richard a spasm of envy. Here was a man who had found his place, and was establishing — what Richard did not seem able to establish in his own case — a right to exist.

At supper Mr. Shackford refrained from examining Richard on his day's employment, for which reserve, or indifference, the boy was grateful. When the silent meal was over the old man went to his papers, and Richard withdrew to his room in the gable. He had neglected to provide himself with a candle. However, there was nothing to read, for in destroying Robinson Crusoe he had destroyed his entire library; so he sat and brooded in the moonlight, casting a look of disgust now and then at the mutilated volume on the hearth. That lying romance! It had been, indirectly, the cause of all his woe, filling

his boyish brain with visions of picturesque adventure, and sending him off to sea, where he had lost four precious years of his life.

"If I had stuck to my studies," reflected Richard while undressing, "I might have made something of myself. He's a great fraud, Robinson Crusoe."

Richard fell asleep with as much bitterness in his bosom against DeFoe's ingenious hero as if Robinson had been a living person instead of a living fiction, and out of this animosity grew a dream so fantastic and comical that Richard awoke himself with a bewildered laugh just as the sunrise reddened the panes of his chamber window. In this dream somebody came to Richard and asked him if he had heard that dreadful thing about young Crusoe.

"No, confound him!" says Richard, "what is it?"

"It has been ascertained," said somebody, who seemed to Richard at once an intimate friend and an utter stranger, — "it has been ascertained beyond a doubt that the man Friday was not a man Friday at all, but a light-minded young princess from one of the neighboring islands who had fallen in love with Robinson. Her real name was Saturday."

"Why, that's scandalous!" cries Richard with heat. "Think of the admiration and sympathy the world has been lavishing on this precious pair! Robinson Crusoe and his girl Saturday! That puts a different face on it."

"Another great moral character exploded," murmured the shadowy shape, mixing itself up with the motes of a sunbeam and drifting out through the window. Then Richard fell to laughing in his sleep, and so awoke. He was still confused with the dream as he sat on the edge of the bed, pulling himself together in the broad daylight.

"Well," he muttered at length, "I should n't wonder! There's nothing too bad to be believed of that man."

VII.

Richard made an early start that morning in search of employment, and duplicated the failure of the previous day. Nobody wanted him. If nobody wanted him in the village where he was born and bred, a village of counting-rooms and workshops, was any other place likely to need him? He had only one hope, if it could be called a hope; at any rate, he had treated it tenderly as such and kept it for the last. He would apply to Rowland Slocum. Long ago, when Richard was an urchin making pot-hooks in the lane, the man used occasionally to pat him on the head and give him pennies. This was not a foundation on which to rear a very lofty castle; but this was all he had.

It was noon when Richard approached the marble yard, and the men were pouring out into the street through the wide gate in the rough deal fence which inclosed the works, — heavy, brawny men, covered with fine white dust, who shouldered each other like cattle, and took the sidewalk to themselves. Richard stepped aside to let them pass, eying them curiously as possible comrades. Suddenly a slim dark fellow, who had retained his paper cap and leather apron, halted and thrust forth a horny hand. The others went on.

"Hullo, Dick Shackford!"

"What, is that you, Will? You here?"

"Been here two years now. One of Slocum's apprentices," added Durgin, with an air of easy grandeur.

"Two years? How time flies — when it does n't crawl! Do you like it?"

"My time will be out next — Oh, the work? Well, yes; it's not bad, and there's a jolly set in the yard. But how about you? I heard last night you'd got home. Been everywhere and come back wealthy? The boys used to say you was off pirating."

"No such luck," answered Richard, with a smile. "I didn't prey on the high seas, — quite the contrary. The high sea captured my kit and four years' savings. I will tell you about it some day. If I have a limb to my name and a breath left in my body, it is no thanks to the Indian Ocean. That is all I have got, Will, and I am looking around for bread and butter, — literally bread and butter."

"No? and the old gentleman so rich!"

Durgin said this with sincere indignation, and was perhaps unconscious himself of experiencing that nameless, shadowy satisfaction which Rochefoucauld says we find in the adversity of our best friends. Certainly Richard looked very seedy in his suit of slop-shop clothes.

"I was on my way to Mr. Slocum's to see if I could do anything with him," Richard continued.

"To get a job, do you mean?"

"Yes, to get work, — to learn *how* to work; to master a trade, in short."

"You can't be an apprentice, you know," said Durgin.

"Why not?"

"Slocum has two."

"Suppose he should happen to want another? He might."

"The Association would n't allow it."

"What association?"

"The Marble Workers Association, of course."

"They would n't allow it! How is that?"

"This is the way of it. Slocum is free to take on two apprentices every year, but no more. That prevents workmen increasing too fast, and so keeps up wages. The Marble Workers Association is a very neat thing, I can tell you."

"But does n't Mr. Slocum own the yard? I thought he did."

"Yes, he owns the yard."

"If he wished to extend the business, could n't he employ more hands?"

"As many as he could get, — skilled workmen; but not apprentices."

"And Mr. Slocum agrees to that?" inquired Richard.

"He does."

"And likes it?"

"Not he, — he hates it; but he can't help himself."

"Upon my soul, I don't see what prevents him taking on as many apprentices as he wants to."

"Why, the Association, to be sure," returned Durgin, glancing at the town clock, which marked seven minutes past the hour.

"But how could they stop him?"

"In plenty of ways. Suppose Slocum has a lot of unfinished contracts on hand, — he always has fat contracts, — and the men was to knock off work. That would be kind of awkward, would n't it?"

"For a day or two, yes. He could send out of town for hands," suggested Richard.

"And they would n't come, if the Association said 'Stay where you are.' They are mostly in the ring. Some outsiders might come, though."

"Then what?"

"Why, then the boys would make it pretty hot for them in Stillwater. Don't you notice?"

"I notice there is not much chance for me," said Richard, despondingly. "Is n't that so?"

"Can't say. Better talk with Slocum. But I must get along; I have to be back sharp at one. I want to hear about your knocking around the worst kind. Can't we meet somewhere to-night, — at the tavern?"

"The tavern? That didn't use to be a quiet place."

"It isn't quiet now, but there's nowhere else to go of a night. It's a comfortable den, and there's always some capital fellows dropping in. A glass of lager with a mate is not a bad thing after a hard day's work."

"Both are good things when they are of the right sort."

"That 's like saying I 'm not the right sort, is n't it?"

"I meant nothing of the kind. But I don't take to the tavern. Not that I 'm squeamish; I have lived four years among sailors, and have been in rougher places than you ever dreamed of; but all the same I am afraid of the tavern. I 've seen many a brave fellow wrecked on that reef."

"You always was a bit stuck up," said Durgin candidly.

"Not an inch. I never had much reason to be; and less now than ever, when I can scarcely afford to drink water, let alone beer. I will drop round to your mother's some evening, — I hope she 's well, — and tell you of my ups and downs. That will be pleasanter for all hands."

"Oh, as you like."

"Now for Mr. Slocum, though you have taken the wind out of me."

The two separated, Durgin with a half smile on his lip, and Richard in a melancholy frame of mind. He passed from the grass-fringed street into the deserted marble yard, where it seemed as if the green summer had suddenly turned into white winter, and threading his way between the huge drifts of snowy stone knocked at the door of Mr. Slocum's private office.

William Durgin had summed up the case fairly enough as it stood between the Marble Workers Association and Rowland Slocum. The system of this branch of the trades-union kept trained workmen comparatively scarce, and enabled them to command regular and even advanced prices at periods when other trades were depressed. The older hands looked upon a fresh apprentice in the yard with much the same favor as workmen of the era of Jacquard looked upon the introduction of a new piece of machinery. Unless the apprentice had exceptional tact, he underwent a rough novitiate. In any case, he served a term of social ostracism before he was admit-

ted to full comradeship. Mr. Slocum could easily have found openings each year for a dozen learners, had the matter been under his control; but it was not. "I am the master of each man individually," he declared, "but collectively they are my master." So his business, instead of naturally spreading and becoming a benefit to the many, was kept carefully pruned down for the benefit of the few. He was often forced to decline important contracts, the filling of which would have resulted to the advantage of every person in the village.

Mr. Slocum recognized Richard at once, and listened kindly to his story. It was Mr. Slocum's way to listen kindly to every one; but he was impressed with Richard's intelligence and manner, and became desirous, for several reasons, to assist him. In the first place, there was room in the shops for another apprentice; experienced hands were on jobs that could have been as well done by beginners; and, in the second place, Mr. Slocum had an intuition that Lemuel Shackford was not treating the lad fairly, though Richard had said nothing to this effect. Now, Mr. Slocum and Mr. Shackford were just then at swords' points.

"I don't suppose I could annoy Shackford more," was Mr. Slocum's reflection, "than by doing something for this boy, whom he has always shamelessly neglected."

The motive was not a high one; but Richard would have been well satisfied with it, if he could have divined it. He did divine that Mr. Slocum was favorably inclined towards him, and stood watching that gentleman's face with hopeful anxiety.

"I have my regulation number of young men, Richard," said Mr. Slocum, "and there will be no vacancy until autumn. If you could wait a few months."

Richard's head drooped.

"Can't do that? You write a good

hand, you say. Perhaps you could assist the book-keeper until there's a chance for you in the yard."

"I think I could, sir," said Richard eagerly.

"If you were only a draughtsman, now, I could do something much better for you. I intend to set up a shop for ornamental carving, and I want some one to draw patterns. If you had a knack at designing, if you could draw at all" —

Richard's face lighted up.

"Perhaps you *have* a turn that way. I remember the queer things you used to scratch in the mud in the court, when you were a little shaver. Can you draw?"

"Why, that is the one thing I can do!" cried Richard, — "in a rough fashion, of course," he added, fearing he had overstated it.

"It is a rough fashion that will serve. You must let me see some of your sketches:"

"I have n't any, sir. I had a hundred in my sea-chest, but that was lost, — pencillings of old archways, cathedral spires, bits of frieze, and such odds and ends as took my fancy in the ports we touched at. I recollect one bit. I think I could do it for you now. Shall I?"

Mr. Slocum nodded assent, smiling at the young fellow's enthusiasm, and only partially suspecting his necessity. Richard picked up a pen and began scratching on a letter sheet which lay on the desk. He was five or six minutes at the work, during which the elder man watched him with an amused expression.

"It's a section of cornice on the façade of the Hindoo College at Calcutta," said Richard, handing him the paper, — "no, it's the custom-house. I forget which; but it does n't matter."

The amused look passed gradually out of Mr. Slocum's countenance as he examined the sketch. It was roughly but cleanly drawn, and full of facility.

"Why, that is very clever!" he said, holding it at arms'-length; and then, with great gravity, "I hope you are not a genius, Richard; that would be too much of a fine thing. If you are not, you can be of service to me in my plans."

Richard laughingly made haste to declare that to the best of his knowledge and belief he was not a genius, and it was decided on the spot that Richard should assist Mr. Simms, the book-keeper, and presently try his hand at designing ornamental patterns for the carvers, Mr. Slocum allowing him apprentice wages until the quality of his work should be ascertained.

"It is very little," said Mr. Slocum, "but it will pay your board, if you do not live at home."

"I shall not remain at my cousin's," Richard replied, "if you call that home."

"I can imagine it is not much of a home. Your cousin, not to put too fine a point on it, is a wretch."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, sir; he's my only living kinsman."

"You are fortunate in having but one, then. However, I am wrong to abuse him to you; but I cannot speak of him with moderation, he has just played me such a despicable trick. Look here."

Mr. Slocum led Richard to the door, and pointed to a row of new workshops extending the entire length of one side of the marble yard.

"I built these last spring. After the shingles were on we discovered that the rear partition, for a distance of seventy-five feet, overlapped two inches on Shackford's meadow. I was ready to drop when I saw it, your cousin is such an unmanageable old fiend. Of course I went to him immediately, and what do you think? He demanded five hundred dollars for that strip of land! Five hundred dollars for a few inches of swamp meadow not worth ten dollars the acre! 'Then take your disreputable

old mill off my property!’ says Shackford, — he called it a disreputable old mill! I was hasty, perhaps, and I told him to go to the devil. He said he would, and he did; for he went to Blandmann. When the lawyers got hold of it, they bothered the life out of me; so I just moved the building forward two inches, at an expense of seven hundred dollars. Then what does the demon do but board up all my windows opening on the meadow! Richard, I make it a condition that you shall not lodge at Shackford’s.”

“Nothing could induce me to live another day in the same house with him, sir,” answered Richard, suppressing an inclination to smile; and then seriously, “His bread is bitter.”

Richard went back with a light heart to Welch’s Court. At the gate of the marble yard he met William Durgin returning to work. The steam whistle had sounded the call, and there was no time for exchange of words; so Richard gave his comrade a bright nod and passed by. Durgin turned and stared after him.

“Looks as if Slocum had taken him on; but it never can be as apprentice; he would n’t dare do it.”

Mr. Shackford had nearly finished his frugal dinner when Richard entered. “If you can’t hit it to be in at your meals,” said Mr. Shackford, helping himself absently to the remaining chop, “perhaps you had better stop away altogether.”

“I can do that now, cousin,” replied Richard sunnily. “I have engaged with Slocum.”

The old man laid down his knife and fork.

“With Slocum! A Shackford a miserable marble-chipper!”

There was so little hint of the aristocrat in Lemuel Shackford’s sordid life and personality that no one suspected him of even self-esteem. He went as meanly dressed as a tramp, and as careless of contemporary criticism; yet clear

down in his liver, or somewhere in his anatomy, he nourished an odd abstract pride in the family Shackford. Heaven knows why! To be sure, it dated far back; its women had always been virtuous, and its men, if not always virtuous, had always been ship-captains. But beyond this the family had never amounted to anything, and now there was so very little left of it. For Richard as Richard Lemuel cared nothing; for Richard as a Shackford he had a chaotic feeling that defied analysis and had never before risen to the surface. It was therefore with a disgust entirely apart from hatred of Slocum or regard for Richard that the old man exclaimed, “A Shackford a miserable marble-chipper!”

“That is better than hanging around the village with my hands in my pockets. Is n’t it?”

“I don’t know that anybody has demanded that you should hang around the village.”

“I ought to go away, you mean? But I have found work here, and I might not find it elsewhere.”

“Stillwater is not the place to begin life in. It’s the place to go away from, and come back to.”

“Well, I have come back.”

“And how? With one shirt and a lot of bad sailor habits.”

“My one shirt is my only very bad habit,” said Richard, with a laugh, — he could laugh now, — “and I mean to get rid of that.”

Mr. Shackford snapped his fingers disdainfully.

“You ought to have stuck to the sea; that’s respectable. In ten years you might have risen to be master of a bark; that would have been honorable. You might have gone down in a gale, — you probably would, — and that would have been fortunate. But a stone-cutter! You can understand,” growled Mr. Shackford, reaching out for his straw hat, which he put on and crushed

over his brows, "I don't keep a boarding-house for Slocum's hands."

"Oh, I'm far from asking it!" cried Richard. "I am thankful for the two nights' shelter I have had."

"That's some of your sarcasm, I suppose," said Mr. Shackford, half turning, with his hand on the door-knob.

"No, it is some of my sincerity. I am really obliged to you. You were n't very cordial, to be sure, but I did not deserve cordiality."

"You have figured that out correctly."

"I want to begin over again, you see, and start fair."

"Then begin by dropping Slocum."

"You have not given me a chance to tell you what the arrangement is. However, it's irrevocable."

"I don't want to hear. I don't care a curse, so long as it is an arrangement," and Mr. Shackford hurried out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Then Richard, quite undisturbed by his cousin's unreasonableness, sat himself down to eat the last meal he was ever to eat under that roof,—a feat which his cousin's appetite had rendered comparatively easy.

While engaged in this, Richard revolved in his mind several questions as to his future abode. He could not reconcile his thought to any of the workmen's boarding-houses, of which there were five or six in the slums of the village, where the door-ways were greasy, and women flitted about in the hottest weather with thick woolen shawls over their heads. Yet his finances did not permit him to aspire to lodgings much more decent. If he could only secure a small room somewhere in a quiet neighborhood. Possibly Mrs. Durgin would let him have a chamber in the cottage. He was beginning life over again, and it struck him as nearly an ideal plan to begin it on the identical spot where he had, in a manner, made his first start. Besides, there was Will-

iam Durgin for company, when the long nights of the New England winter set in. This idea smiled so pleasantly in Richard's fancy that he pushed the plate away from him impatiently, and picked up his hat which lay on the floor beside the chair.

That evening he moved from the Shackford house to Mrs. Durgin's cottage in Cross Street. It was not an imposing ceremony. With a small brown-paper parcel under his arm, he walked from one threshold to the other, and the thing was done.

VIII.

The six months which followed Richard's installment in the office at Slocum's Yard were so crowded with novel experience that he scarcely noted their flight. The room at the Durgins, as will presently appear, turned out an unfortunate arrangement; but everything else had prospered. Richard proved an efficient aid to Mr. Simms, who quietly shifted the pay-roll to the younger man's shoulders. This was a very complicated account to keep, involving as it did a separate record of each employee's time and special work. An ancient book-keeper parts lightly with such trifles when he has a capable assistant. It also fell to Richard's lot to pay the hands on Saturdays. William Durgin blinked his surprise on the first occasion, as he filed in with the others and saw Richard posted at the desk, with the pay-roll in his hand and the pile of greenbacks lying in front of him.

"I suppose you'll be proprietor next," remarked Durgin, that evening, at the supper table.

"When I am, Will," answered Richard cheerily, "you shall be on the road to foreman of the finishing shop."

"Thank you," said Durgin, not too graciously. It grated on him to play the part of foreman, even in imagination, with Dick Shackford as proprietor.

Durgin could not disconnect his friend from that seedy, half-crestfallen figure to whom, a few months before, he had given elementary instruction on the Marble Workers Association.

Richard did not find his old school-mate so companionable as memory and anticipation had painted him. The two young men moved on different levels. Richard's sea life, now that he had got at a sufficient distance from it, was a perspective full of pleasant color; he had a taste for reading, a thirst to know things, and his world was not wholly shut in by the Stillwater horizon. It was still a pitifully narrow world, but wide compared with Durgin's, which extended no appreciable distance in any direction from the Stillwater hotel. He spent his evenings chiefly there, returning home late at night, and often in so noisy a mood as to disturb Richard, who slept in an adjoining apartment. This was an annoyance; and it was an annoyance to have Mrs. Durgin coming to him with complaints of William. Other matters irritated Richard. He had contrived to replenish his wardrobe, and the sunburn was disappearing from his hands, which the nature of his occupation left soft and unscarred. Durgin was disposed at times to be sarcastic on these changes, but always stopped short of actual offense; for he remembered that Shackford when a boy, amiable and patient as he was, had had a tiger's temper at bottom. Durgin had seen it roused once or twice, and even received a chance sweep of the paw. Richard liked Durgin's rough wit as little as Durgin relished Richard's good-natured bluntness. It was a mistake, that trying to pick up the dropped thread of old acquaintance.

As soon as the permanency of his position was assured, and his means warranted the step, Richard transported himself and his effects to a comfortable chamber in the same house with Mr. Pinkham, the school-master, the perpet-

ual falsetto of whose flute was positively soothing after four months of William Durgin's bass. Mr. Pinkham having but one lung, and that defective, played on the flute.

"You see what you've gone and done, William," remarked Mrs. Durgin plaintively, "with your ways. There goes the quietest young man in Stillwater, and four dollars a week!"

"There goes a swell, you'd better say. He was always a proud beggar; nobody was ever good enough for him."

"You should n't say that, William. I could cry, to lose him and his cheerfulness out of the house," and Mrs. Durgin began to whimper.

"Wait till he's out of luck again, and he'll come back to us fast enough. That's when his kind remembers their friends. Blast him! he can't even take a drop of beer with a chum at the tavern."

"And right, too. There's beer enough taken at the tavern without him."

"If you mean me, mother, I'll get drunk to-night."

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Durgin, pleadingly, "I did n't mean you, William, but Peters and that set."

"I thought you could n't mean me," said William, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his monkey-jacket, and sauntering off in the direction of the Stillwater hotel, where there was a choice company gathered, it being Saturday night, and the monthly meeting of the Union.

Mr. Slocum had wasted no time in organizing a shop for his experiment in ornamental carving. Five or six men, who had worked elsewhere at this branch, were turned over to the new department, with Stevens as foreman and Richard as designer. Very shortly Richard had as much as he could do to furnish the patterns required. These consisted mostly of scrolls, wreaths, and mortuary dove-wings for head-stones. Fortunately for Richard he had no gen-

ius, but plenty of a kind of talent just abreast with Mr. Slocum's purpose. As the carvers became interested in their work, they began to show Richard the respect and good-will which at first had been withheld, for they had not quite liked being under the supervision of one who had not served at the trade. His youth had also told against him; but Richard's pleasant, off-hand manner quickly won them. He had come in contact with rough men on shipboard; he had studied their ways, and he knew that with all their roughness there is no class so sensitive. This insight was of great service to him. Stevens, who had perhaps been the least disposed to accept Richard, was soon his warm ally.

"See what a smooth fist the lad has!" he said one day, holding up a new drawing to the shop. "A man with a wreath of them acorns on his head-stone oughter be perfectly happy, damn him!"

It was, however, an anchor with a broken chain pendent—a design for a monument to the late Captain Septimius Salter, who had parted his cable at sea—which settled Richard's status with Stevens.

"Boys, that Shackford is what I call a born geni."

After all, is not the one-eyed man who is king among the blind the most fortunate of monarchs? Your little talent in a provincial village looms a great deal taller than your mighty genius in a city. Richard Shackford working for Rowland Slocum at Stillwater was happier than Michaelangelo in Rome with Pope Julius II. at his back. And Richard was the better paid, too!

One day he picked up a useful hint from a celebrated sculptor, who had come to the village in search of marble for the base of a soldiers' monument. Richard was laboriously copying a spray of fern, the delicacy of which eluded his pencil. The sculptor stood a moment silently observing him.

"Why do you spend an hour doing

only passably well what you could do perfectly in ten minutes?"

"I suppose it is because I am stupid, sir," said Richard.

"No stupid man ever suspected himself of being anything but clever. You draw capitably; but nature beats you out and out at designing ferns. Just ask her to make you a pattern in plaster, and see how handily she will lend herself to the job. Of course you must help her a little."

"Oh, I am not above giving nature a lift," said Richard modestly.

"Lay a cloth on your table, place the fern on the cloth, and pour a thin paste of plaster of Paris over the leaf,—do that gently, so as not to disarrange the spray. When the plaster is set, there's your mold; remove the leaf, oil the matrix, and pour in fresh plaster. When that is set, cut away the mold carefully, and there's your spray of fern, as graceful and perfect as if nature had done it all by herself. You get the very texture of the leaf by this process."

After that, Richard made casts instead of drawings for the carvers, and fancied he was doing a new thing, until he visited some marble-works in the great city.

At this period, whatever change subsequently took place in his feeling, Richard was desirous of establishing friendly relations with his cousin. The young fellow's sense of kinship was singularly strong, and it was only after several repulses at the door of the Shackford house and on the street that he relinquished the hope of placating the sour old man. At times Richard was moved almost to pity him. Every day Mr. Shackford seemed to grow shabbier and more spectral. He was a grotesque figure now, in his napless hat and broken-down stock. The metal button-molds on his ancient waistcoat had worn their way through the satin coverings, leaving here and there a sparse fringe around the edges, and somehow suggesting little bald heads. Looking at him, you felt

that the inner man was as threadbare and dilapidated as his outside; but in his lonely old age he asked for no human sympathy or companionship, and, in fact, stood in no need of either. With one devouring passion he set the world at defiance. He loved his gold,—the metal itself, the weight and color and touch of it. In his bedroom on the ground floor Mr. Shackford kept a small iron-clamped box filled to the lid with bright yellow coins. Often, at dead of night, with door bolted and curtain down, he would spread out the glittering pieces on the table, and bend over them with an amorous glow in his faded eyes. These were his blonde mistresses; he took a fearful joy in listening to their rustling, muffled laughter as he drew them towards him with eager hands. If at that instant a blind chanced to slam, or a footfall to echo in the lonely court, then the withered old sultan would hurry his slaves back into their iron-bound seraglio, and extinguish the light. It would have been a wasted tenderness to pity him. He was very happy in his own way, that Lemuel Shackford.

IX.

Towards the close of his second year with Mr. Slocum, Richard was assigned a work-room by himself, and relieved of his accountant's duties. His undivided energies were demanded by the carving department, which had proved a lucrative success.

The rear of the lot on which Mr. Slocum's house stood was shut off from the marble yard by a high brick wall pierced with a private door for Mr. Slocum's convenience. Over the kitchen in the extension, which reached within a few feet of the wall, was a disused chamber, approachable on the outside by a flight of steps leading to a veranda. To this room Richard and his traps were removed. With a round table standing

in the centre, with the plaster models arranged on shelves and sketches in pencil and crayon tacked against the whitewashed walls, the apartment was transformed into a delightful atelier. An open fire-place, with a brace of antiquated iron-dogs straddling the red brick hearth, gave the finishing touch. The occupant was in easy communication with the yard, from which the busy din of clinking chisels came up musically to his ear, and was still beyond the reach of unnecessary interruption. Richard saw clearly all the advantages of this transfer, but he was far from having any intimation that he had made the most important move of his life.

The room had two doors: one opened on the veranda, and the other into a narrow hall connecting the extension with the main building. Frequently, that first week after taking possession, Richard detected the sweep of a broom and the rustle of drapery in this passage-way, the sound sometimes hushing itself quite close to the door, as if some one had paused a moment just outside. He wondered whether it was the servant-maid or Margaret Slocum, whom he knew very well by sight. It was, in fact, Margaret, who was dying with the curiosity of fourteen to peep into the studio, so carefully locked whenever the young man left it,—dying with curiosity to see the workshop, and standing in rather great awe of the workman.

In the home circle her father had a habit of speaking with deep respect of young Shackford's ability, and once she had seen him at their table,—at a Thanksgiving. On this occasion Richard had appalled her by the solemnity of his shyness,—poor Richard, who was so unused to the amenities of a handsomely served dinner, that the chill which came over him cooled the Thanksgiving turkey on his palate!

When it had been decided that he was to have the spare room for his workshop, Margaret, with womanly officious-

ness, had swept it and dusted it and demolished the cobwebs; but since then she had not been able to obtain so much as a glimpse of the interior. A ten minutes' sweeping had sufficed for the chamber, but the passage-way seemed in quite an irreclaimable state, judging by the number of times it was necessary to sweep it in the course of a few days. Now Margaret was not an unusual mixture of timidity and daring; so one morning, about a week after Richard was settled, she walked with quaking heart up to the door of the studio, and knocked as bold as brass.

Richard opened the door, and smiled pleasantly at Margaret standing on the threshold with an expression of demure defiance in her face. Did Mr. Shackford want anything more in the way of pans and pails for his plaster? No, Mr. Shackford had everything he required of the kind. But would not Miss Margaret walk in? Yes, she would step in for a moment, but with a good deal of indifference, though, giving an air of chance to her settled determination to examine that room from top to bottom.

Richard showed her his drawings and casts, and enlightened her on all the simple mysteries of his craft. Margaret, of whom he was a trifle afraid at first, amused him with her candor and sedateness, seeming now a mere child, and now an elderly person gravely inspecting matters. The frankness and naïveté were hers by nature, and the oldish ways — notably her self-possession, so quick to assert itself after an instant's forgetfulness — came perhaps of losing her mother in early childhood, and the premature duties which that misfortune entailed. She amused him, for she was only fourteen; but she impressed him also, for she was Mr. Slocum's daughter. Yet it was not her lightness, but her gravity, that made Richard smile to himself.

"I am not interrupting you?" she asked presently.

"Not in the least," said Richard. "I am waiting for these molds to harden. I cannot do anything until then."

"Papa says you are very clever," remarked Margaret, turning her wide black eyes full upon him. "Are you?"

"Far from it," replied Richard, laughing to veil his confusion, "but I am glad your father thinks so."

"You should not be glad to have him think so," returned Margaret reprovingly, "if you are not clever. I suppose you are, though. Tell the truth, now."

"It is not fair to force a fellow into praising himself."

"You are trying to creep out!"

"Well, then, there are many cleverer persons than I in the world, and a few not so clever."

"That won't do," said Margaret positively.

"I don't understand what you mean by cleverness, Miss Margaret. There are a great many kinds and degrees. I can make fairly honest patterns for the men to work by; but I am not an artist, if you mean that."

"You are not an artist?"

"No; an artist creates, and I only copy, and that in a small way. Any one can learn to prepare casts; but to create a bust or a statue — that is to say, a fine one — a man must have genius."

"You have no genius?"

"Not a grain."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Margaret, with a disappointed look. "But perhaps it will come," she added encouragingly. "I have read that nearly all great artists and poets are almost always modest. They know better than anybody else how far they fall short of what they intend, and so they don't put on airs. You don't, either. I like that in you. May be you have genius without knowing it, Mr. Shackford."

"It is quite without knowing it, I assure you!" protested Richard, with suppressed merriment. "What an odd

girl!" he thought. "She is actually talking to me like a mother!"

The twinkling light in the young man's eyes, or something that jarred in his manner, caused Margaret at once to withdraw into herself. She went silently about the room, examining the tools and patterns; then, nearing the door, suddenly dropped Richard a quaint little courtesy, and was gone.

This was the colorless beginning of a friendship that was destined speedily to be full of tender lights and shadows, and to flow on with unsuspected depth. For several days Richard saw nothing more of Margaret, and scarcely thought of her. The strange little figure was fading out of his mind, when, one afternoon, it again appeared at his door. This time Margaret had left something of her sedateness behind; she struck Richard as being both less ripe and less immature than he had fancied; she interested rather than amused him. Perhaps he had been partially insulated by his own shyness on the first occasion, and had caught only a confused and inaccurate impression of Margaret's personality. She remained half an hour in the workshop, and at her departure omitted the formal courtesy.

After this, Margaret seldom let a week slip by without tapping once or twice at the studio, at first with some pretext or other, and then with no pretense whatever. When Margaret had disburdened herself of excuses for dropping in to watch Richard mold his leaves and flowers, she came oftener, and Richard insensibly drifted into the habit of expecting her on certain days, and was disappointed when she failed to appear. His industry had saved him, until now, from discovering how solitary his life really was; for his life was as solitary — as solitary as that of Margaret, who lived in the great house with only her father, the two servants, and an episodic aunt. The mother was long ago dead; Margaret could not rec-

ollect when that gray head-stone, with blotches of rusty-green moss breaking out over the lettering, was not in the churchyard; and there never had been any brothers or sisters.

To Margaret Richard's installation in the empty room, where as a child she had always been afraid to go, was the single important break she could remember in the monotony of her existence; and now a vague yearning for companionship, the blind sense of the plant reaching towards the sunshine, drew her there. The tacitly prescribed half hour often lengthened to an hour. Sometimes Margaret brought a book with her, or a piece of embroidery, and the two spoke scarcely ten words, Richard giving her a smile now and then, and she returning a sympathetic nod as the cast came out successfully.

Margaret at fifteen — she was fifteen now — was not a beauty. There is the loveliness of the bud and the loveliness of the full-blown flower; but Margaret as a blossom was not pretty. She was awkward and angular, with prominent shoulder-blades, and no soft curves anywhere in her slimness; only her black hair, growing low on the forehead, and her eyes were fine. Her profile, indeed, with the narrow forehead and the sensitive upper lip, might fairly have suggested the mask of Clytie which Richard had bought of an itinerant image-dealer, and fixed on a bracket over the mantel-shelf. But her eyes were her speciality, if one may say that. They were fringed with such heavy lashes that the girl seemed always to be in half-mourning. Her smile was singularly sweet and bright, perhaps because it broke through so much sombre coloring.

If there was a latent spark of sentiment between Richard and Margaret in those earlier days, neither was conscious of it; they had seemingly begun where happy lovers generally end, — by being dear comrades. He liked to have Margaret sitting there, with her needle flash-

ing in the sunlight, or her eyelashes making a rich gloom above the book as she read aloud. It was so agreeable to look up from his work, and not be alone. He had been alone so much. And Margaret found nothing in the world pleasanter than to sit there and watch Richard making his winter garden, as she called it. By and by it became her custom to pass every Saturday afternoon in that employment.

Margaret was not content to be merely a visitor; she took a housewifely care of the workshop, resolutely straightening out its chronic disorder at unexpected moments, and fighting the white dust that settled upon everything. The green-paper shade, which did not roll up very well, at the west window was of her devising. An empty camphor vial on Richard's desk had always a clove pink, or a pansy, or a rose, stuck into it, according to the season. She hid herself away and peeped out in a hundred feminine things in the room. Sometimes she was a bit of crochet-work left on a chair, and sometimes she was only a hair-pin, which Richard gravely picked up and put on the mantel-piece.

Mr. Slocum threw no obstacles in the path of this idyllic friendship; possibly he did not observe it. In his eyes Margaret was still a child, — a point of view that necessarily excluded any consideration of Richard. Perhaps, however, if Mr. Slocum could have assisted invisibly at a pretty little scene which took place in the studio, one day, some twelve or eighteen months after Margaret's first visit to it, he might have found food for reflection.

It was a Saturday afternoon. Margaret had come into the workshop with her sewing, as usual. The papers on the round table had been neatly cleared away, and Richard was standing by the window, indolently drumming on the glass with a palette-knife.

"Not at work this afternoon?"

"I was waiting for you."

"That is no excuse at all," said Margaret, sweeping across the room with a curious air of self-consciousness, and arranging her drapery with infinite pains as she seated herself.

Richard looked puzzled for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Margaret, you have got on a long dress!"

"Yes," said Margaret, with dignity. "Do you like it, — the train?"

"That's a train?"

"Yes," said Margaret, standing up and glancing over her left shoulder at the soft folds of maroon-colored stuff which, with a mysterious feminine movement of the foot, she caused to untwist itself and flow out gracefully behind her. There was really something very pretty in the hesitating lines of the tall, slender figure, as she leaned back that way. Certain unsuspected points emphasized themselves so cunningly.

"I never saw anything finer," declared Richard. "It was worth waiting for."

"But you should n't have waited," said Margaret, with a gratified flush, settling herself into the chair again. "It was understood that you were never to let me interfere with your work."

"You see you have, by being twenty minutes late. I've finished that acorn border for Stevens' capitals, and there's nothing more to do for the yard. I am going to make something for myself, and I want you to lend me a hand."

"How can I help you, Richard?" Margaret asked, promptly stopping the needle in the hem.

"I need a paper-weight to keep my sketches from being blown about, and I wish you literally to lend me a hand, — a hand to take a cast of."

"Really?"

"I think that little white claw would make a very neat paper-weight," said Richard.

Margaret gravely rolled up her sleeve to the elbow, and contemplated the hand and wrist critically.

"It is like a claw, is n't it. I think

you can find something better than that."

"No; that is what I want, and nothing else. That, or no paper-weight for me."

"Very well, just as you choose. It will be a fright."

"The other hand, please."

"I gave you the left because I've a ring on this one."

"You can take off the ring, I suppose."

"Of course I can take it off."

"Well, then, do."

"Richard," said Margaret severely, "I hope you are not a fidget."

"A what?"

"A fuss, then, — a person who always wants everything some other way, and makes just twice as much trouble as anybody else."

"No, Margaret, I am not that. I prefer your right hand because the left is next to the heart, and the evaporation of the water in the plaster turns it as cold as snow. Your arm will be chilled to the shoulder. We don't want to do anything to hurt the good little heart, you know."

"Certainly not," said Margaret. "There!" and she rested her right arm on the table, while Richard placed the hand in the desired position on a fresh napkin which he had folded for the purpose.

"Let your hand lie flexible, please. Hold it naturally. Why do you stiffen the fingers so?"

"I don't; they stiffen themselves, Richard. They know they are going to have their photograph taken, and can't look natural. Who ever does?"

After a minute the fingers relaxed, and settled of their own accord into an easy pose. Richard laid his hand softly on her wrist.

"Don't move now."

"I'll be as quiet as a mouse," said Margaret, giving a sudden queer little glance at his face.

Richard emptied a paper of white powder into a great yellow bowl half filled with water, and fell to stirring it vigorously, like a pastry-cook beating eggs. When the plaster was of the proper consistency he began building it up around the hand, pouring on a spoonful at a time, here and there, carefully. In a minute or two the inert white fingers were completely buried. Margaret made a comical grimace.

"Is it cold?"

"Ice," said Margaret, shutting her eyes involuntarily.

"If it is too disagreeable we can give it up," suggested Richard.

"No, don't touch it!" she cried, waving him back with her free arm. "I don't mind; but it's as cold as so much snow. How curious! What does it?"

"I suppose a scientific fellow could explain the matter to you easily enough. When the water evaporates a kind of congealing process sets in, — a sort of atmospherical change, don't you know? The sudden precipitation of the — the" —

"You're as good as Tyndall on Heat," said Margaret demurely.

"Oh, Tyndall is well enough in his way," returned Richard, "but of course he does n't go into things so deeply as I do."

"The idea of telling me that 'a congealing process sets in,' when I am nearly frozen to death!" cried Margaret, bowing her head over the imprisoned arm.

"Your unseemly levity, Margaret, makes it necessary for me to defer my remarks on natural phenomena until some more fitting occasion."

"Oh, Richard, don't let an atmospherical change come over you!"

"When you knocked at my door, months ago," said Richard, "I did n't dream you were such a satirical little piece, or may be you would n't have got in. You stood there as meek as Moses, with your frock reaching only to the

tops of your boots. You were a deception, Margaret."

"I was dreadfully afraid of you, Richard."

"You are not afraid of me now-days."

"Not a bit."

"You are showing your true colors. That long dress, too! I believe the train has turned your head."

"But just now you said you admired it."

"So I did, and do. It makes you look quite like a woman, though."

"I want to be a woman. I would like to be as old—as old as Mrs. Methuselah. Was there a Mrs. Methuselah?"

"I really forget," replied Richard, considering. "But there must have been. The old gentleman had time enough to have several. I believe, however, that history is rather silent about his domestic affairs."

"Well, then," said Margaret, after thinking it over, "I would like to be as old as the youngest Mrs. Methuselah."

"That was probably the last one," remarked Richard, with great profundity. "She was probably some giddy young thing of seventy or eighty. Those old widowers never take a wife of their own age. I should n't want you to be seventy, Margaret,—or even eighty."

"On the whole, perhaps I should n't fancy it myself. Do you approve of persons marrying twice?"

"N—o, not at the same time."

"Of course I did n't mean that," said Margaret, with asperity. "How provoking you can be!"

"But they used to,—in the olden time, don't you know?"

"No, I don't."

Richard burst out laughing. "Imagine him," he cried,—"imagine Methuselah in his eight or nine hundredth year, dressed in his customary bridal suit, with

a sprig of century-plant stuck in his button-hole!"

"Richard," said Margaret solemnly, "you should n't speak jestingly of a scriptural character."

At this Richard broke out again. "But gracious me!" he exclaimed, suddenly checking himself. "I am forgetting you all this while!"

Richard hurriedly reversed the mass of plaster on the table, and released Margaret's half-petrified fingers. They were shriveled and colorless with the cold.

"There is n't any feeling in it whatever," said Margaret, holding up her hand helplessly, like a wounded wing.

Richard took the fingers between his palms, and chafed them smartly for a moment or two to restore the suspended circulation.

"There, that will do," said Margaret, withdrawing her hand.

"Are you all right now?"

"Yes, thanks;" and then she added, smiling, "I suppose a scientific fellow could explain why my fingers seem to be full of hot pins and needles shooting in every direction."

"Tyndall's your man—Tyndall on Heat," answered Richard, with a laugh, turning to examine the result of his work. "The mold is perfect, Margaret. You were a good girl to keep so still."

Richard then proceeded to make the cast, which was soon placed on the window ledge to harden in the sun. When the plaster was set, he cautiously chipped off the shell with a chisel, Margaret leaning over his shoulder to watch the operation,—and there was the little white claw, which ever after took such dainty care of his papers, and ultimately became so precious to him as a part of Margaret's very self that he would not have exchanged it for the Venus of Milo.

But as yet Richard was far enough from all that.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE EXAMINATION SYSTEM IN EDUCATION.

WHILE it is true that the recent great increase in the number and in the thoroughness of written examinations in our schools and colleges has had good effect in increasing the total work of students, and in raising the minimum qualifications for graduation, it may also be true that bad results have followed which are capable of correction, and which may be readily seen in the mental characteristics of many of our students. The intellectual indifference of the students and recent graduates of the foremost English and American universities has become too noteworthy to be longer passed by, and this indifference seems to be greatest where the examination system has been most developed. In the schools, colleges, and universities of the highest reputation in England and America, the scholar, from entrance until graduation, sees before him an examination paper, and to pass this the competition of his teachers drives him to the utmost. In the foremost preparatory schools of America he is scarcely taught to appreciate the significance of his studies, save in view of the coming examination for college, and for independent work he has neither time nor encouragement. His final struggle for entrance to college, and especially to Harvard or Yale, is a weary, distasteful trial of multitudes of examination papers, in order to obtain the speed and knack in answering which are necessary to success. If he has entered a small college from a school in which there has been no such mechanical drill, in independent growth and love of study he is probably in advance of his contemporary who has entered Harvard from a high-pressure fitting school. At Oxford the entrance examinations are comparatively less difficult than in Harvard, the student in the sixth form in Rugby being obliged

to return to his former studies when brushing up for the university, and during his first term at the latter his studies are decidedly more elementary than in his last year at Rugby. There is therefore less machine work at the best preparatory schools in England than in America, and from this it can be readily seen that a high entrance examination for colleges is an evil for preparatory schools, since in that case the teachers have no time to take the scholar through a broad and thorough course of training, as the severe entrance examination for college forces them to train the scholar only that he may pass examination papers.

We will suppose now that the preparatory school has been left behind, and that the student is in Oxford or Harvard. In the former university the majority of students give the main portion of their time to athletic sports and society, considering the taking of a degree as a necessary evil, which is to be undergone for the benefit of parents, and which is to be attained with as little trouble as possible. Of the remaining minority nearly all are ambitious workers, but such is the severity of the examinations that they also, like the majority, work only to pass, but with honors. One blessing is that with the fewness of the examinations some independent work naturally comes in; but even that is slight, and the athletes come out comparatively better than the honor men, as the struggle to conform themselves to the rigid requirements of the training for the examinations has been less severe in their case, and their minds, having been more at liberty to follow their inclination in independent thought and research, are more buoyant and progressive. Mr. Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln's College, Oxford, in an article

on the examination system at Oxford, writes in the *January Mind*, in 1876, "The process of training for the race is felt the commanding interest. Training, be it observed, not in intellectual discipline, not training in investigation, in research, in scientific procedure, but in the art of producing a clever answer to a question on a subject of which you have no real knowledge. . . . I have never, in the capacity of examiner, analyzed the papers which are handed in the examination rooms without astonishment at the combination of scholarship, varied knowledge, command of topic, and scientific vocabulary which the candidates can bring to bear on the questions. I have felt a thrill of awe at standing in the presence of rich, matured intellectual development detected in young men scarcely out of their teens. The thought has been involuntarily forced upon me, If these minds are already arrived at this stage at twenty-one, where will they be at forty? A nearer acquaintance, however, with the whole result of the system dispels the illusion. Memory is almost the only faculty called into play. Were they facts with which the memory is thus charged, the inadequacy of the system would be apparent at once. But in the preparation of this examination, instead of facts, the memory is charged with generalized formulas, with expressions and solutions which are derived ready-made from the tutor. Out of this training some few stronger natures may emerge unscathed. A still smaller number of the most vigorous may even be braced by reaction against the oppression to which their minds have been subjected. But in the average Oxford prize-man we too plainly recognize the symptoms which indicate that he has suffered from the forcing house: mental pallor, moral indifferentism, the cynical sneer at other's efforts, the absence in himself of any high ideal. He knows of everything, and truly knows nothing. For him intellectual enjoyment has

passed away. The taste for reading which he has brought to college he has left there; he has lost reverence without acquiring insight; he remains an intellectual *roué*, having surfeited the native instinct of curiosity, of which, as Aristotle says, philosophy was born."

This criticism applies also to Harvard and Yale, though in a far less degree, as there the system of examinations and the science of passing them are far less developed than at Oxford; but the great number and frequency of examinations at Harvard and Yale will soon place these colleges in the line with Oxford in this respect. At Harvard there are long annual and mid-year examinations in each subject, while shorter ones occur frequently. The course is hard, requiring rather more work than at Oxford for a moderate standing. But this work is mainly in view of coming examinations, and is exerted to pass only, or to attain high rank, according to the ambition of the student; and if a man of ability works for himself alone, and is careless of rank, he is looked upon by his fellow students as rather eccentric. To succeed well in the numerous examinations the student must cultivate excessive docility and receptivity of intellect, and bend himself to the whim of the instructor. For years his study has been one struggle to please examiners, to adapt his nature to passing examinations, and the consequence is the development mainly of memory and ability in mechanical working in examinations. The examination papers are usually made so long that the student must write at his utmost speed to answer all the questions, and a very slow writer can seldom obtain high rank. In an examination, for example, in philosophy, the questions are so numerous, that the student has no time to reason long about them; and in truth he has little need of so reasoning, as these same questions have been answered by the professor in his lectures, and the student

has only to thrust into his examination book an epitome of what the professor has before given. In mathematics, to be sure, there is more room for original work, but in the classics and in most studies the examinations are like those in philosophy, and here memory, the ability to express another's thoughts in your own words, rapid penmanship, and physical energy are the principal desiderata for success. No professor would think of subjecting himself to such a trial, and it is doubtful if there is a single professor above the middle age, in Harvard or Yale, who, in a very long examination on such a subject as history or philosophy, where much writing is required, could do as well as the first scholar of the class he teaches. It matters not how well the professor knows the subject, he will lack speed in writing, and the ability, acquired only after long practice, of turning off, under high pressure, page after page of answers. As success in the majority of examinations does not require that the student should be an original or broad thinker, it is not surprising that the majority of recent graduates of Harvard lack on graduation that training in independent thought which is so necessary to true culture. As all have been placed under the same pressure, intellectual individuality has been crushed in most cases, and nearly all come out the same in pattern. There would be no objection to this sameness if the model were excellent, but on the contrary the model is that of an intellect which for years has been endeavoring to mold itself into a form in which its best powers are not demanded, rather than endeavoring to acquire strength. There is naturally, from this training, an indisposition among the majority of students to engage deeply on broad general questions of the day, whence comes the well-known phrase, "Harvard indifference." The creative era of the college is not the present; there is far less original work done by her students

and younger instructors than a stranger would naturally expect, and with the growing system of examinations our first American college is rapidly becoming a great mill for grinding out young men who understand how to work up for and pass examinations, but who lack intellectual substance. This evil is well recognized by many minds of the university, and even the college papers compare the rough force and ambition of the graduates of smaller colleges with the refined indifference of the Harvard man. But this evil is not the especial characteristic of Harvard more than of Oxford, or of any university where the system of written examinations has been highly developed. Harvard has been dwelt upon at length only because she is the most advanced of American colleges in this system; but Yale is advancing close upon, if indeed she is not already up to, Harvard in the development of the system, and this age, which worships organization for its own sake, without considering its ultimate tendency, is driving our smaller colleges also in the same direction.

Three changes would greatly improve this condition: fewer examinations in school and college, and these as far as possible in original work performed at the student's leisure; greater freedom for students, both as regards their choice of study and attendance at recitations; and a different method of appointing college instructors. Education should be a training to promote insight, power of thought, and facility in acquiring knowledge. Perception, not memory, should be cultivated, and as the student can advance only by his own endeavors, he should be led through such a course of labor and original thought that he may come out an independent thinker, as well as a thorough scholar, in such branches of education as he has inclination for. To obtain such a training examinations should be means, not ends. For example, instead of the student in

political economy, history, philosophy, or mathematics being obliged to work, as now, with an examination, perhaps of catch questions, ever in view, the examination might consist in original essays in the first three subjects, and the performance of a paper of great severity in the last, all being done at the student's leisure and with such assistance as he can get from books. Here is a training similar to that in actual life; the best qualities in mind are brought out, while recitations can furnish the students with practice in answering questions, and the instructor with opportunity of guiding the students and correcting their errors. The same principle should be extended as far as possible in all studies, and also in preparatory schools. It has recently been tried at Harvard with signal success in the examinations for second-year honors in mathematics, while in political economy and history there is a tendency in the same direction. The adoption, also, in the Harvard Law School of the "case system," which is based on the principle of letting the student do his own thinking in law, has caused independent thought to be more necessary than research for success in recitations; has infused extraordinary vigor into the school, and made its recitation training unsurpassed.

It may be objected that by such a system as I have proposed a prize would be placed on deception. Even if some obtain illegitimate assistance, it is not pertinent to the real issue, which is, What is the best method for those who wish to improve? Natural shirkers will not receive much improvement by any method. Forcing a man to work does not improve him, as with the removal of the pressure he will return to his old condition. What we want is not to lift young men up to a height and hold them there, but to enable them to rise by their own exertions. Again, the shirkers will be themselves the losers, and it is well that they should find their level as soon as possible.

There is so much need for the instructor's time on the many who want improvement that it is wasteful for him to spend it on those who do not desire it. Again, the system of examinations now in use takes little account of the peculiar qualities of each student, but passes all through the same drill. Now, the best progress would seem to be made in allowing each student to develop those powers in whose exercise he has most pleasure,—that is, those powers which he has in the highest degree; and the examinations which I have proposed, as they are mainly on original work, will cause such a development. Such work will also be far more interesting than that under the present system, and consequently greater industry will exist among the students.

The adoption of such a system in our preparatory schools is incompatible with the present entrance examinations for colleges. One possible change would be to accept graduates of schools of recognized merit without an examination, thus allowing those schools to look to the proper training and improvement of the pupil. It is the complaint of parents whose sons are not destined for college that they can find no school where a thorough general education is given, as the course of instruction is planned to fit scholars for college; and even in public schools the fitting encroaches too much on the master's time. A second method is to allow entrance without examination, as at Dartmouth; requiring of the student within a certain time such quantity and quality of work as will show his fitness to remain.

Closely allied with this change is that demanding greater freedom for the student. At Oxford the non-honor men have no choice in what their course shall be, and they are compelled to attend lectures. The honor men can indeed choose their general course, but must hear such lectures within that course as their tutors command. It is, however,

an indication of the weakness of the system that during a student's last six months he is usually excused from lectures, on the plea that he wishes to work. In American colleges both the course of study and the attendance are generally compulsory, though there are a few exceptions, like Johns Hopkins University and Harvard. In the latter university, though perfect freedom does not yet exist, great advances have recently been made, and to the success of the elective system Harvard owes much of what independent work her students now perform. But in the German university the student has the utmost freedom; his only restrictions being those of good order and a demand that he shall aggregate an attendance of three years at some university or universities before trying for his degree. Coming from the rigid control of the gymnasium, he naturally devotes his first one or two university semesters to the relaxation necessarily precedent to his acquiring the ability to work for himself alone. But at the end of this time he generally settles down to study, and is henceforth a worker, not with the rank list in view, not under immediate pressure, but at his own desire. The American and English argument is that without the pressure which is now exercised on the student he would accomplish little work. But this is not true in the case of the German university, and in our professional schools voluntary attendance has worked with marked success. Again, compulsion deprives the student of that training in self-dependence which is necessary to his best work; and though I do not undervalue that sturdy training in industry which compulsion involves, still if the compulsion were made less immediate, the prudence of the student would act in place of the daily pressure which is now placed upon him.

The appointment of instructors in English and American universities depends at present on their success in

passing examinations. In England the Fellows (whence the tutors are chosen) are selected by competitive examination, and in America it is generally useless for a graduate to expect a tutorship who has not, in college, achieved high rank. Those, therefore, get positions who have subjected themselves to the highest pressure of the examination system, and though some of these instructors are men who possess, besides the ability to pass a good examination, other qualities which cause them to be able teachers, it may also happen that some possess little besides ability in passing examinations. Moreover, when a position is once obtained, the lack of competition and the want of proportion between work and remuneration tend to cause them to sit in the traces and be dragged on by the impulse given to the machinery by their predecessors. The lack of ambition, the small amount of original work, and the morbid terror of criticism which prevents writing for publication, shown by our younger English and American tutors, are too well known for comment. How different from the enthusiasm and vigor shown among the younger instructors of German universities! There any graduate who takes the doctor's degree may, on showing his fitness, lecture in the university, receiving his pay from the price of the lectures paid by the students. If he succeeds as a lecturer and draws hearers, he is sure of a professorship; but failure in this trial means failure in appointment. Every professor, therefore, has won his position by his ability and success as a lecturer, against all competitors; he is spurred on as well by the zeal of the young lecturers, or *privat-docents* as they are called, and if he relaxes his efforts he loses his hearers, on whose number his salary greatly depends. There is no more ambitious life in Germany than that of the professor, who must possess qualities capable of influencing men, as well as mere intel-

lectual acquirements. Could this system be introduced in our English and American universities, real ability and success could be best tried before appointment, competition would act as a spur, while the qualities which give success in outer life would be more demanded in instructors. If it is feared that the standard of lectures will deteriorate on account of the desire of lecturers to have a large number of students, there may, as in Germany, be an examining committee in each department, who will require a high order of original work from students, so that the latter will of their own accord attend the ablest lecturers.

It must never be forgotten that college training is a training for life. Our professors may sneer at the shallow arguments of our sturdy politicians, but what matters it if they neither possess nor help students to acquire our politicians' rough strength? In England and America the best thinkers on education favor this reform; at Harvard, recently, a powerful but ineffectual attempt was made in the faculty to induce a vote in its favor; and the attention now given in this country and England to the principles of education must before long bring about changes similar to those which I have indicated.

Willard Brown.

WANTS.

WE women want so many things;
 And first we call for happiness,—
 The careless boon the hour brings,
 The smile, the song, and the caress.

And when the fancy fades, we cry,
 Nay, give us one on whom to spend
 Our heart's desire! When Love goes by
 With folded wings, we seek a friend.

And then our children come, to prove
 Our hearts but slumbered, and can wake;
 And when they go, we're fain to love
 Some other woman's for their sake.

But when both love and friendship fail,
 We cry for duty, work to do;
 Some end to gain beyond the pale
 Of self, some height to journey to.

And then, before our task is done,
 With sudden weariness oppressed,
 We leave the shining goal unwon,
 And only ask for rest.

McINTYRE'S FALSE FACE.

I.

SAMUEL MCINTYRE, a rough young fellow, who meant no great harm, brought over from the main-land what he spoke of chiefly as a "false face." It was a mask of the ordinary grotesque kind, with prodigious nose, goggle eyes, and rubicund complexion. The first, probably, that had ever been introduced on Little Box Island, it had for a short time a distinguished success. Boisterous guffaws issuing from the store at the wharf, the evening of its arrival, drew in an unusual attendance to that always popular resort. "Them things had n't ought to be allowed," said one member of the company, recovering with difficulty from the fright that had been put upon him with it as he entered the door. "What in time be they for?" inquired a younger member, with genuine scientific interest; and the goings-on with them in cities in the carnival season were explained to him by traveled associates.

But now McIntyre, desirous to extend the field of his triumphs, slipped slyly out, to call with his false face at the Skeltons'. Skelton boarded the quarry hands, when there were any, — it was a quarry of much less importance than that on Great Box Island, — and his daughter was considered "the greatest case to carry on" in the settlement. The fun at Skelton's was certain to be fast and furious.

McIntyre knocked at the door of the large kitchen which was also the sitting-room, and at once entered. He was surprised to find but a single figure present, and that the one of all his circle with whom he was the least acquainted. It was the quiet, delicate-looking young wife of Amos Cooley. She sat there expectantly, with a shawl over her head

and a tin pail in her hand, as if having run over on an errand for milk. Amos had brought his wife from a still smaller island of the archipelago, inhabited by but one other family besides her own. She started up wildly when she saw McIntyre in his false face. She gasped, put her hand to her side, screamed horribly, — all before he had a chance to snatch off the absurd imposition and reassure her, — and fell to the floor in convulsions.

She was out of her mind for a month after this, and within two years she died, never having recovered, it was said, from the shock. Amos Cooley, her husband, took to drink and general good-for-nothingness, and did not long survive. In the first fury of his rage and grief at the occurrence, he struck at McIntyre with an axe.

"I did n't go to do it, Amos!" cried the luckless masquerader, deprecatingly.

But only the interposition of friends, who hurried him at once into his boat and off to the main, saved him from ruthless slaughter. Amos even took down his gun and hunted him later, with remorseless purpose, on the main; so that he was obliged to take refuge somewhere indefinitely known as "out south," where he was supposed to have permanently settled. This was the last that was heard of McIntyre, and is the whole of his personal adventure; but the grimace of his trumpery mask went on, smiling a fixed and baleful influence down into the lives of future generations.

II.

Amos Cooley's wife left behind her two sons, one born not long after her fright, the other a year later. There were found, or invented, for them the

names Albon and Alrick, in deference to the taste in euphony of a locality where there were found a Uno and a Una, a Cöello and Cöella, a Martecia, a Violena, and a Leonorena. Albon was confessedly imbecile; nothing was adduced against Alrick but a sullen temper, which might have been justified by the many mortifications he endured on his brother's account, and his situation in general. Albon was a standing resource of the island for amusement in every idle hour. He grew large of his age, spare and loose-jointed, and ran about in a shambling way, with his head much bent forward. He had little forehead to speak of. His appetite was represented as something tremendous. Sometimes he turned at his persecutors and cried, "You dog, you!" — likening them to that which he himself pathetically most resembled.

The children were grudgingly maintained, till the elder was towards his twelfth year, by an uncle on their father's side. He was said to put Albon to sleep in the cellar, and to beat Alrick cruelly for slight cause. He made affidavit, finally, that he was no longer able to continue his benevolent care, and threw them on the public for support.

A peculiar case arose. Little Box Island, under the laws of the sovereign State of which it made a part (as a community having insufficient inhabitants to become a township), was organized with a primitive government as a Plantation. There was no copy of the revised statutes on the island, and a case of pauperism had not before arisen; but it was the recollection of the most eminent jurists in Maxon's store that, while a Plantation was obliged to make its own roads and school its own children, if it had any paupers it sent them to the nearest town to be taken care of. The chief official therefore conveyed Albon and Alrick to the nearest town, — Great Box Island, about the same distance out to sea, and twelve miles to the east-

ward, — and there happily got rid of them.

But in less than a week, on a day when the government of Little Box Island was in session on general affairs, over came the constable of Great Box, and strode into the midst. He carried Albon and Alrick by the collars of their jackets, one in each hand, and set them down on the floor with a thump for emphasis.

"There they be, and don't you send 'em over our way no more. We've got enough of our own to tend to. Ef I'd a ben down to the poor-farm, to Baker's Neck, the day they come, they would n't a ben left there, you bet. Where paupers is born and brung up is where it belongs fur 'em to be took care of. We don't bundle none of ourn over to you, and ask you to shell out for their grub."

The magnates of Little Box reiterated in alarm their legal theory of the case. The constable of Great Box was severely caustic throughout. "That don't hardly jibe," he said; "that won't wash, don't ye see? Go to lor about it, — go on! Take it up to some boss tribunal. Take it to Wash'nton, — or to Payris or Genevy, for what I care. Mebbe it 'll cost ye's much 's though ye'd tended to the young 'uns to home, 'fore ye git through."

The Little Box people appeared, in fact, impressed by this consideration, and disposed themselves to make some new provision. But before it was completed one half their embarrassment was suddenly removed. A farmer of Great Box, one Bowker, who happened at the island that day, also heard of the case, and declaring that he wanted a boy went up and took Alrick away with him. "I have got a house full of girls," he said, "and there ought to be some boy somewhere. You could go along o' me and tend sheep, and do chores, and go to school some, between times, could n't ye, think?"

Alrick gave him a furtive look, — there

was a touch of obliquity in his bright eyes in moments of agitation, — then a nod of his mop-like head. A small sum upon this was voted to Albon, who went back to the guardianship of his relative, and, sustained somehow by his wonderful appetite, slept regularly in the cellar for many a long year thereafter.

Alrick came with his new patron to a large old farm-house, with which numerous out-buildings combined to make up a pleasing mass, all silver gray with the weather. He slept here in the attic on a comfortable cot, spread with horse blankets and a quilt patched of calico blocks. About it were bags of meal and seed corn, festoons of dried apples, an old horse-hair trunk with broken lid, the best harness and whip, used only on state occasions, and the farmer's boots and oil-skin suit for rainy weather. He was warm and contented. He did not mind the scampering mice. He liked the bar of sunlight that came into the dusky place and traced the squares of the window on the floor. Of mornings in summer the scratching of branches against the panes and the cackle of the barnyard awoke him. In spring he smelled lilacs and cherry blossoms. How pure and sweet the dew was! A procession of white schooners paraded along on the blue belt of sea. He went down and followed the cows to pasture, munching lazily a mouthful here and there by the way as they passed. He turned the crank of the churn, brought in fire-wood, gee-hawed the oxen, followed the mowers with his rake, topped turnips, lent the farmer a hand in putting up a new length of fence or mending a stone-wall, and between times got such schooling — for which, in truth, he had no great fancy — as he could.

He was perverse and sullen to begin with. The farmer's wife kept a stick for him in the fire-place, and often took it down "to break his temper."

"We don't want no boys round here that won't mind!" she said. "Our boys

allers had to mind" (they were dead or married off and absent now), "and you will." It was predicted by the neighbors that he would run away. The Bowkers had had a boy before, one Fred, who did that, going off to join a circus, and taking stolen property with him, and why should not this one follow his example?

But Alrick did not run away. On the contrary, he came, through humane treatment, to be an entirely tractable and reliable person. He was a playmate of the children and a member of the family quite on equal terms. He played with Marietta, he played with Caroline, and he played with Idella, whom he particularly liked. Up to fifteen he was swift and agile. He came out of the hobbledohoy period with a rustic heaviness which remained with him, though at no time was he a bad-looking fellow.

III.

The quarry on Great Box Island, having been prosperous once, "failed up" in time, and owed its employees, storekeepers, and others. It came, under a legal claim, into the hands of a building firm of New York. Pending some complications about the title, the firm sent a young man, a nephew of the senior partner, to keep an eye out in a general way, and see that none of the movable property was disturbed.

This young man, Francis Fosdick by name, found on his arrival a straggling hamlet of poor wooden houses, catching such a foot-hold as it could on a hillside full of granite boulders. There were no noticeable trees. The midsummer aspect was almost as dreary as midwinter elsewhere. His quarry was on the hill to the right. Rust-colored water stood deep in its pits. The blocks taken from them, some for sills and doorsteps, others to roar as Belgian pavement in the traffic of a great city, lay forlornly

about. Here was a broken derrick; there a great pair of rusted wheels; again a forge, with scraps of mildewed leather within; by it a tool-house, with pad-locked door and a portentous air of mystery.

"Kinder dull, like, around," said a denizen of the place, picking his way past, as the new-comer sat meditating above his charge.

Fosdick admitted that it was dull, and listened to the denizen's account of what it used to be, — how there had been more than fifty fellers at work; how they used to be down to the wharf every night, and used to hold neck-tie parties and other festivities in the hall, — and then continued his meditations. The gist of them perhaps was that such a banishment seemed rather hard lines for a person of his age, twenty-four, who had been a club man and attained to a dog-cart and confidently aspired — if only the issue of the great C. Q. & K. venture had been different — to a four-in-hand. But then he recalled to himself that he was the same person who *had* made the C. Q. & K. venture, lured into it, to the loss of his own and most of a too yielding relative's substance, by the wiles of a man in whose employ he was to learn the business of banking and brokerage. It had been decidedly harder lines recently, when he had been going around with no occupation at all, acceding humbly to the views of those who doubted whether he should ever make a figure of any kind in the world. The facing of the disagreeable, he had been informed and believed, was a condition of success, and the prospect here was surely disagreeable enough to be full of hope, — except, on the other hand, that it might not endure more than a couple of months.

He faced the situation, therefore, somewhat resolutely. He read some books he had brought with him, went out in a dory to fish in the Reach, and cultivated the store-keepers. There was one whom

he complimented as a "drawist," who scrawled rude diagrams of yachts on sheets of wrapping paper, and ornamented his walls with them. "Sho!" said the drawist, with affected modesty. "I drawr 'em off jess 's they come. I never learned to drawr 'em by rule." The young daughter of his landlord dressed up in the evening and played the melodeon, but there was in her a hopeless commonplaceness of view and lack of imagination he thought, that kept her from being of the slightest use as a resource.

He took to exploring the island, and found it nicer within than near the landing. He recalled some fragments of botany and geology he had once learned, and tried to develop bucolic tastes. On the first day of August, in the neighborhood of the south shore, where the view of the ocean was broad and the bluffs were high and crested at times with dense little groves of spruce, fir, and cedar, he came to a large farm-house with numerous shingled out-buildings around it, all as gray as the granite bowlders cropping out in the sheep pastures. Fosdick rendered account of it to himself as somewhat "the kind of thing you read about." He desired to see the interior, and went up to an open door from which he saw faces peering out at him as he advanced, and made the conventional demand for a glass of milk. An old woman in a faded gown of red and black, with the end of a coil of rusty hair falling over one ear, and a young girl of pale complexion were engaged in domestic duties.

"'Pears to be a close day for travelin'," said the old woman. "Walk into the settin'-room and set down. Marietta, you fetch some milk inter the settin'-room."

The kitchen, with its large fire-place, and a wool-wheel, evidently in use, in the sitting-room, were sufficiently in keeping with the interesting exterior. "But is there *never*," he mused impatiently, as he

sipped his milk in the presence of the pale Marietta, "in the whole country, a person of the feminine sex who attracts you to look at her a second time?" In the very moment of this aspiration a door opened to admit another young girl, who entered saunteringly and went and sat down in a small wooden rocking-chair, with an indifferent air, as though the fact of somebody's being there had nothing whatever to do with it. Fosdick felt his question charmingly answered. The sterile region did not produce much that was attractive, he thought, but when it did it made a very complete job of it. An ascetic elegance, a piquancy of effect in a gingham frock with barely a single frill (and really not completely buttoned down the back), enhanced here a type that justified whatever eulogists had ever taken occasion to say of rural comeliness. Her lightish hair was cut square across her forehead. Her nose pointed, in just the slightest degree, upward. The blue of her eyes seemed of an opaque kind, and was visible across the room, so that he connected it with the blue of the sea and the mountains on the main which showed through the open doors. She folded her arms across a slender figure, and rocked a little in the chair. The motion showed small slippers which thin elastics, crossing the instep, retained in place. Marietta addressed her as *Idella*.

The young man who was thus pleased with Miss Idella was of much better looks and manners than their usual visitors, and she on her side was wondering, through her assumed indifference, who he might be. He was certainly neither cabinet-organ, sewing-machine, reaper, nor lightning-rod agent. Nor with more reason could he be taken for the most plausible of the men who tried to sell at high prices good-for-nothing silks and velvets purporting to have been smuggled. Fosdick was loath to go away, and he made as much talk as possible. He told them the old story of

the city person who resented the untidiness of being served with milk with a greasy yellow scum on it in the country; but it was not old there, and was well received.

"Which way was you from?" inquired the housewife, beginning to manifest an interest in him. He was not sorry to establish himself in their respect, and told them of New York and his purpose in the island. The pretty sister, who had been offish before, addressed him more attention, also, upon this. It was of an aggressive sort, but this might have been only a form of her coquetry.

"I don't like New Yorkers," she said. "You can't trust them."

"I've noticed that myself in a few; but I've always thought it might be due to association at some time with some Great Box I—"

"Don't be afraid to say Great Box Islanders, if you want to. It's going a pretty good ways for a reason, but I'm sure"—

Sudden laughing shrieks without interrupted the exchange of repartee at this point.

A third young girl, followed close by a stout young farm-hand, burst into the kitchen in a tumult; but seeing a stranger present, they retreated through opposite doors almost as precipitately.

"Ca'line Bowker, what *is* the matter?" called the mother. There was a sound of hasty ablutions in a tin basin. Then the pursued girl returned, rather breathless still, and, sending a demure, speaking glance at the visitor from nice dark eyes, said, —

"Alick jumped out and chased me just as I was goin' to blow the horn for supper, and rubbed blackberries in my face."

"He is the *roughest* boy. I guess I'd make him stop," said Idella.

The pursuer, somewhat later, having made a toilette by soddening down his stiff hair with water and bringing it in

wisps forward of his ears, came and leaned a stalwart shoulder against the door-jamb.

"Has the calves been fed, Alrick?" Mrs. Bowker asked.

"Yes 'm. I give 'm all the feed there was. That there chunky-built one is the fearfulest eater, 'most, I ever see."

"Ca'line, you come and see what there is to make some more mash of," said Mrs. Bowker.

"Ca-a'line," mimicked Idella, with impatient emphasis, momentarily left alone with the visitor. "I wish she would say Carrie or Cad, but she won't."

"You're all right, though," he ventured, — whether it was his real opinion is not relevant; "you've got a nice name."

"I don't like my last one."

"Oh, you'll get rid of that easily enough."

"No, I guess *not*," with a deprecating rising inflection; but she gave him an approving glance.

Alrick gave him (a person who came there perpetrating that novel and wishy-washy kind of talk) one quite the reverse.

When he had gone away he was the subject of discussion at the supper-table. Alrick leveled coarse sarcasms at him, taking the polish of manners, to which he was unaccustomed, for a foppish "putting on of frills." But the girls defended him, particularly Idella, who found herself once so considerably in advance of the rest that she came to a sudden halt.

"Look a' Dell blush," said Etta.

"Shut up!" cried Dell. "I guess I ain't."

But the fact is that she was, a little.

Fosdick carried a pleasing image in his mind that day, as he pursued his way back through the wood and over the considerable stretch of road between him and the forlorn quarries. In the prevailing dreariness any touch of grace

had an extreme value, and perhaps he exaggerated what he had found. It was not beauty, but a piquant comeliness of a purely Yankee type, which, before he had seen France, would have coincided with his notion of the ideally French. The other sisters too, though rustic more in the regular way, were not uninteresting. Caroline was almost pretty, and Marietta of a certain activity of mind; besides that, they were all extremely sprightly.

He made the pretext of desiring to find a vein of copper, said to exist somewhere in the neighborhood, to stop at the farm-house soon again.

"I want to know ef they set any store by that yet," said Mrs. Bowker, stopping her rolling-pin. "There ain't nothin' of it but fools' gold. My son from Californy told 'em so years ago, when he was on."

"Oh, mother says Californy," said Marietta, giving the old woman, hopeless of elegant embellishments, an apologetic hug.

"Well, 't is Californy, hain't it? San Francisco?"

Idella donned a large straw hat, and went as far as the gate, to give Fosdick his bearings. He complimented the farm-house and the scenery. She was highly indifferent to the views, and said of the house, "Yes, it 'll look a little better when it gets some paint on it. Father is going to paint in the spring."

"Don't ever let him put a brush on it; it will spoil it." But this was a kind of banter beyond her, and she kept silence. A man of thirty or so, with a sandy beard, drove by in a wagon, and she exchanged salutations with him.

"It's the mail boy, or man, or whatever he is," she explained, when he had passed along. "He's always asking me to ride with him. He says, 'You're gettin' to be a regular old maid. Why don't you ever stir out anywheres?' He's got two nice horses and a farm. I guess I'll have to 'go for' him," and

she laughed. Fosdick thought it a very nice sort of laugh.

"Oh, do 'go for' me," he appealed.

"May be I will;" and she laughed again.

He had said he would stop and let them know what he found, on his return. Marietta and Caroline were still in calico then, but Idella had put on more careful raiment. Was it for his benefit? This new costume, — he came to know it because he saw it often, — of modest dark brown, comprised a kind of plaited jacket, with a white ruffle at the top, belted around a slender, little-developed figure. It seemed of an eminent simplicity and adaptation to the circumstances, yet at the same time of an undeniable *air*. Hers was surely one of those cases of a natural distinction in the midst of unpropitious conditions worthy of so much credit.

He brought the talk around to these new acquaintances with the literal Miss Emeline, his landlord's daughter. Some sort of a feud between them appeared, and her accounts were not the most favorable.

She considered them, among other things, very much "stuck up."

"What about?"

"That's more than *I* know, unless it is on account of their visitin' in Boston. They've got a sister married there. Dell's been there most o' the time the past two years. She only seems to come home for a kind of vacation in the summer."

Mr. Fosdick pursed up his lips for a whistle. "Oh ho!" he began, "you mean to say, then" — But he continued, "And the brother, is he stuck up too?"

"There ain't no brother. Oh, you mean Alrick Cooley." Then she gave him the history of Alrick, including, of course, that of Albon. Alrick, Miss Emeline said, had left the Bowkers when he was twenty-one, and gone into various occupations, — sailing in vessels, working in the quarries, and so on; but he

continually turned up there again. He was always hanging round after Idella.

"I thought it was the other one he seemed to be fond of."

"No, Della. My! if I was as airified as she sets up to be, I would n't have no poor-house trash round me."

So then it was sophistication, and not a phenomenal rustic grace. It was the married sister in the city, the latest supplement of modes, an emanation from the show-windows and pavements of a metropolis, to whose subtle influence he had yielded. That barely a single frill on the gingham frock had been artfully planned; that simple belted jacket had as likely as not been copied on Beacon Street.

IV.

These disclosures, however, by no means put an end to our young quarry superintendent's need of distractions. He returned to the farm-house again and again. For the pleasure of being with Idella he drew the farmer into long narrations, to which he did not thereafter always pay the closest attention.

"I had a step-mother, and was licked around from pillar to post, when I was a boy," the browned and baked old farmer, sitting in his shirt-sleeves and a waistcoat of faded check, would say. "I run away from her when I was ten, and never see home again till I was twenty-one, and then I'd been most all over the world and was master of a vessel. I s'pose I've caught more fish than any other man in the United States. I've sailed sixty odd trips in a Grand Banker. I was nigh gettin' into the slave-trade once. A man from these parts persuaded me. He was one o' the smartest there was. They sailed out o' Salem then, — yes, God-and-morality Massachusetts, that's it, that's it. An old don in Cuby worth his millions got him into it. He made loads o' money, but it took most of it to get pardoned out

so's he could come back here. Sumner done it for him, when Andrew Johnson was president."

The farmer had sailed out of New Bedford, too, in a clipper ship half as long as from where he sat to tell the tale to the school-house at the cross-roads. He had been on Alexander Selkirk's island and on Easter Island and in New Holland, where the natives could track a deserter from a ship over solid rock by scent alone.

Fosdick could amplify a detail here and there from his reading. It was not certain that he added much to his general standing in this way, but he certainly did to the growing jealousy of Alrick, who put in a remark, of little pertinence, occasionally, to show that he was not wholly crowded out of the talk. "Well, we ain't had time to do much readin' here," said the mother of the family. "We've always had to *work*. What we know is mostly what we've see. I was 'fraid the girls would get in a kind of readin', idlin' way down to Boston, but I dunno's they have. Dell, you ain't readin' novils and such like when you're down to Georgiana's, be you?"

"Why, do you s'pose I would?" returned Idella; but she smiled slyly at Fosdick at the same time.

"Land! I dunno, I dunno; there's so much goin's on beyond me these times."

Alrick had a confidante in the matter of his regard for Idella. It was Mrs. Wixon, a sort of nurse and general utility woman in the neighborhood. She sustained, on stray copies of the weekly story-papers, an amiable sentimentalism rare in the practical community, and took the interest of a school-girl in any affair of the heart. She encouraged the young folks of the humbler sort to come to her cottage, and they held many a fine merry-making there of evenings. But Alrick had got in a way of sober and serious conferences with her at quiet moments. In return for his confidence

she always predicted the most hopeful things. He came now to complain in alarm of the aggressive intimacy of Fosdick. "I am as good as him, any day," he concluded, indignantly. She agreed with him in this, and assured him indeed that he was much better. He was to keep cool, and be certain that everything would come out all right in due time.

"They're an empty, flighty set, these city fellers," she said. "They don't amount to a row o' pins. I know 'em of old. You see, this one will get tired and go off pretty quick, and besides, Dell 'll be sick of *him* before that."

In the Bowker family "father" was held in severe respect, and the girls waited before the carrying out of some of their lively plans till he was down the road in his wagon, or off at sea in his boat, while with "mother" a certain reliance was placed upon wheedling. One of their projects, set for an afternoon when father should be securely out of the way, was for a visit to Baker's Neck. At Baker's Neck, in a rude cabin, lived an old couple, half-Indian it was said, and Mrs. Baker, the woman, told fortunes with a tea-cup. "Ask Em to come, too," they suggested. But Fosdick's landlord's daughter, who had so little imagination, declined.

"There ain't no Indian about 'em, as I know of," she said. "They've always lived that way, cookin' their vittles over a few sticks, and shootin' and fishin' round a little, because they'd rather do that than work. They ain't folks I should care to associate much with. The town poor are kept there, to their house, when there is any. They get so much for takin' care of 'em. They used to have a woman pauper with teeth much 's two inches long. I dunno but she's dead, though, by this time. I did hear, the other day, that there was talk of puttin' Albon Cooley there again. Everybody on Little Box is tired of him and willin' to pay for his keep. Alrick hain't ever wanted him round where *he*

was, though, so I don't know how they 'll manage it."

Baker's Neck was best reached by water, after crossing some fields. The expedition was a merry one. Fosdick was considerate enough to keep Alrick in good temper by leaving Idella to him some part of the way. He spoke, when he rejoined her, of what he had heard of the possibility of the unfortunate Albon's being found at the place. "Oh, I do hope it is n't so," she said; "Alrick's so worried by him." While in the boat, a fog of a light consistency prevailing there, almost dry as it seemed, and holding the sunshine in suspense, like a silver powder, drifted momentarily over them, and they splashed and splattered to all points of the compass, pretending to have lost their way. Alrick spoke contemptuously of the fortune-telling nonsense, and taking a pail strolled off to pick berries while they were occupied with it. The rest, from a high bowlder, where Della left them to wait while she stole down to prepare Mrs. Baker, who was often surly, she said, reconnoitred the cabin, and then followed in response to her signal.

There were no visible paupers but three tow-headed little children, who cowered against the wall and drew the open door back so as to cover their rustic confusion; but it was learned that Albon was in fact present on the island. The "preparation" of Mrs. Baker had not been very effectual. She took little notice of their presence more than to inquire of one of the girls, "How's your mar, deary?" and went on imperturbably with some culinary operation at the fire, which she replenished from a pile of brushwood occupying a considerable space of the floor. In the shadow, by a ladder which mounted to a loft, was discerned the old man, who sat with a crutch across his lap, and made a remark about his "rheumatiz."

"Heavens!" said Fosdick, "to think of a fortune-teller surviving at this time

of day who smokes a short, black pipe, wears a red handkerchief on her head, and says 'deary'!"

Della was obliged to renew her solicitations.

"I can't, deary, I can't," Mrs. Baker replied, in a monotonous, harsh croak. "It's all lies I tell ye, any way. 'Sides, I got to git supper. Some other time, gals, — some other time."

Against this it was urged that this visitor would not then be there. Without changing at all her indifferent demeanor, and as if it were some casual part of the occupation in which she was engaged, she brought, upon this, a cup containing a little water and grounds of tea, and handed it to Fosdick. She told him to turn it around and spill the water out, at the same time framing a wish. The fortune was construed, it appeared, from the appearance of the particles of tea stranded on the sides of the cup.

"You 'll get your wish" (it was a no more important one, perhaps, than for a kiss from the pretty Idella). "You 'll have a letter 'fore long. You're thinkin' of writin' a letter. You're goin' to have some trouble with a dark man. 'Pears as though you'd come through all right. Yes, you 'll come through all right. You're goin' to cross water afore long. You want to look out sharp for that dark man. Here's a light woman and a dark woman, but I can't exac'ly see now how you stan' towards 'em. You've see some un sence you come on this island that you think a mighty good deal on."

"Why, didn't we tell you he was a married man?" cried the girls. They had agreed upon this little fiction, in order to test the old woman's occult art to the utmost.

"I don't care; he's see somebody on this island he loves more'n he does himself. No, he *hain't married*," she pronounced boldly, the next moment, interpreting one of the amused glances passing between them.

To Della she said, "You'll get your wish, too. You'll meet a man with a hat brim a foot wide. Your husband'll be wuth 'bout fifty thousand dollars. He'll take you away to the city. It's a big city. There 't is, plain 's can be," and she pointed with a bony, leathern finger to a considerable number of the tea particles collected in a mass.

To the other girls she prophesied lovers, handsome husbands, money and happiness in unstinted supply. Marietta was to have a lawyer, Caroline a doctor, each worth one hundred thousand *in gold*.

"Oh, Mrs. Baker," complained Della, "it's too mean of you to give them more than me."

"I can't help it, child, can I, ef it reads that way? But — 'pears as though, lookin' at yours ag'in, there *was* suthin' comin' to you, by will or some such way." And thus the good-natured sorceress deftly equalized the fates.

The company romped back, in the gayest spirits, to the shore, where Alrick awaited them. Fosdick and Della trimmed each other's straw hats with flowers and the small, short-stemmed cranberries growing out of dry moss on the very tops of the rocks. Then they put them on their heads. "You know what the forfeit is when a lady wears a gentleman's hat," he said, as they exchanged back. He made a gentlemanly feint of claiming his privilege, which she easily evaded.

"You shan't kiss my sister," said Caroline, bristling a little at sight of it.

"I did n't," he said, with an assumed air of injury; "she would n't let me;" and then they all laughed.

As they two loitered behind, the others got first into the boat, and pretended to row away and abandon them. They sat down comfortably on the shore. "Are you a phrenologist?" said Della. "Can you tell people's characters?"

"Let me try," he said. She bared her pretty head saucily to the fragrant

summer air. He touched it lightly here and there. "This, now, I should say," he began, with an imitation of the professional manner, "was a person who had a married sister in Boston, and visited there a great deal" —

"Stuff!" she said, twisting suddenly away. "You *knew* that. How did you find out?" They talked about Boston. She gave him, diffidently, an address, if he should ever come there, and care to call on her. She seemed to have something else on her mind at the same time, but did not speak it out.

She hated the island, she said, and thought the folks on it horrid. She hated housekeeping, and she hated the country. She did not know so much of the flowers and shrubs, even, as he did. She could not tell him hackmatack from cedar, nor wheat from oats, but knew the cereals all alike as "grain." She boasted that she could not spin. Perhaps she fancied she should commend herself to the young man by assuming an exclusive interest in a more luxurious order of things than that to which she had been used. If so, it was a great mistake. He desired to look at her from the bucolic point of view. If he wanted to sentimentalize about her, it was as a nymph of the woods and pastures, — that sort of thing, — who might become, if it were certain that he was not ordained by destiny for dog-carts and four-in-hands, the head of a very superior order of modest rural establishment.

"Oh, you *ought* to like housekeeping and the country, you know," he said.

Another time he reprimanded her for wearing afield the thin slippers which were disclosed by the accident of getting into a piece of marshy ground. He got but pert answers, however, when he took this tone.

But for this delay on the bank the excursion would have been without an apparent flaw. While the small boat was still a few rods distant, the ungainly figure of Albon Cooley shambled

down the hill and came up to the couple. He peered into their faces with evident pleasure, and would have taken hold of Della. She shrank away in disgust. Fosdick put himself between, and enabled her to embark unmolested; but then he was detained with an elfish pertinacity himself.

"Alrick, *you* 'll have to get him away," appealed Etta to the young farm hand, who sat in the boat, an agonized witness of this humiliating scene. He had not suspected the presence of Albon on the island, or he would not have come. How could he hold up his head again to the city chap when he was thus shamed before them all!

He leaped from the boat and strode to his brother, with a black and savage face. He freed Fosdick from his grasp, and, when Albon would have fastened on him in turn, thrust him off with such a brutal violence that he fell heavily among the rocks. He had been a sympathizer and protector at other times, but now he could have blasted the hateful presence from existence.

The imbecile gathered himself up, and sent feeble missiles with an uncertain aim after the retreating boat. During all of the homeward journey, though the rest tried to draw him out, but a bare monosyllable or two escaped Alrick's parched and contracted lips.

V.

Mrs. Bowker regarded so much of this "gallivanting 'round" as a graceless waste of time, and was not deterred — of a day when Fosdick came by appointment to join a rowing party — by any considerations of the awkwardness of the thing from saying so. The daughters, assembled in the sitting-room with this polished visitor, upon whom they were desirous to make the best impression, exchanged glances and frowns of consternation without avail.

"Dell, you ain't a-goin' out on the water again!" the shrill voice of Mrs. Bowker exclaimed from the kitchen. "There's the fog comin' up so thick *now* you can't see High Head. You 'll catch your deaths. Gracious sakes! there's more work in this house! Who's goin' to fetch the cows, I'd like to know? Who's goin' to do the milkin'? Alrick, he's away, — gone down to see 'bout gittin' Moseley's mowin'-machine, — and your pa, he's away. Nett, you come along and wash up these dishes that's been stannin' ever sence mornin'. Dell, you've got to git the cows, or Ca'line, — one. Land sakes!"

"I'll get the cows," volunteered Fosdick, and restored the spirits of the embarrassed circle by his charming way of taking it.

"You don't know where to find them. But you can come with Cad and me, if you want to," said Dell. It was a long stretch they made, up and down the rocky pastures. Caroline scampered over the fences unaided. Idella paused in dainty perplexity on the tops, and permitted considerable assistance to be extended to her.

It was a bond of intimacy between them, in the fancy of Fosdick, that her mother had scolded them together, — a woman in a faded gown, who said "Californy" and "settin'-room," had scolded him, the ex-club man. They lighted upon a spring running into a moss-grown tub, and Idella gave him a drink from an original birch-bark dipper, found in a cleft of the rock; Cad stampeded the cows, which broke through the bushes, whisking their tails and throwing out their legs sideways in awkward fashion; they thought they saw a man in the edge of the woods; they were caught in a piece of soft ground (this was the episode of the slippers): and these were all of their petty adventures.

In three days after, Fosdick came to bid them good-by. Ancient Mrs. Baker's fortune was coming true. He *had*

received a letter. It recalled him from the island, and he must leave by the Canisteo the next morning. He stayed to tea this last evening. They gave him, with other viands, a strip of the sun-dried salt-fish, a favorite article of food there, which they instructed him was "the dream-line." Whoever ate it was likely to be visited at night by a vision of his future wife, who would offer him water to quench his thirst. By a natural association of ideas he dreamed that night, in fact, of Della, and received again at her hand the draught from the birch-bark dipper at the spring.

But he was not suffered to depart with a formal leave-taking. It was a charming mild night of summer, with light, milky clouds drifting across the moon, and his new-found friends would escort him on part of his journey. They went all arm in arm at first, singing, but by degrees he was left in the rear with Idella. Whatever matters, light or ponderous, they may have begun with, he was found saying after a while, —

"It was pretty unprincipled of you to refuse to pay the penalty, that day, for wearing my hat. Do you not think so?"

"No, I do *not* think so."

"It is the custom of the country, and I should suppose you would want to stand by it. I should n't wonder if it came over in the Mayflower, and had its origin in the most ancient times."

"It came over in the Canisteo, I guess."

"You are very hard-hearted."

"It would n't do you any good." There was certainly relenting in this.

"Oh, yes, it would, dear. I am going away. It is the last time; I shall carry such a sweet remembrance." He bent down, and for a brief, charming instant her head was suffered to rest against his shoulder and her lips to meet his, with but the faintest shade of resistance demanded by self-respect.

Then he went on alone. All at once he halted in the midst of the lights

and shadows of the wood, where they stained the road in sharp blots in front and melted palely together down the vistas of the interior, and said to himself, "What do I mean by it all, now that it is over?" Then he moved on in a profoundly pensive mood. He spoke again out of this. "Well, *she* has amused *herself*, too, I suppose. She does not have persons of my quality to play off her little points on every day." Then, the recollection of these little points in detail and in mass coming over him, he concluded, "It's particularly lucky that I'm getting away from here."

In the morning who should be at the boat, again, but Idella. Alas, poor mail boy! had she accepted your invitation to-day, and aroused in your honest breast delusive hopes that your merits were at last beginning to be recognized as they should, only for this, — to be given a final interview with the favored rival? She made to Fosdick the pretext of having brought in a little package, a few unimportant trifles that he had left at the farm-house. Another coquettish new costume to-day, of dark blue. What with the effect of it and his recollections of the evening and the night, he made her much warmer speeches of farewell than he intended or approved to his conscience.

"Ninety-seven Mackintosh Street," he said at the last, as if making an appointment at the address she had given him in Boston.

"Ninety-six; but — if you don't find me there, you will at Gay & Talbot's. I 'tend there." She had had this on her mind to tell him for a long time.

With this he got on board. She *tended* there? She came very well indeed by her civilized appearance if she were one of the stylish young women behind Gay & Talbot's counters. It was a very choice order of goods they sold there, and to handle them so freely must be almost as good as owning them; but he liked the idea of her better as the girl

of the woods and waters and unpainted old farm-house. Fosdick smoked his cigar on the upper deck of the Canis-
teo, vanishing away among blue islands with which mirages played continual tricks, and felt particularly wicked and uncomfortable. He thought more vigorously than before how lucky it was for him to be getting away from there.

No sooner was he gone than Alrick Cooley, seizing the most unpropitious time imaginable to speak his mind to Idella, said to her, —

"I want you to marry me, Dell. You've know'd it all along."

"I have n't known anything of the kind."

"Well, you know it now."

"I don't want to know it."

"That city feller's turned your head. He'll make another Jen Belden of you, ef you take up with him; that's what he'll do."

The case of Jenny Belden, well known in the place, was that of an island girl who had married a city man and been abandoned by him, under particularly distressing circumstances.

"Alrick Cooley, I *won't listen* to no such talk!" and she started to go, in dudgeon.

"I did n't mean nothin', Dell," he said, taking a humble tone, and she turned back. "I've got quite a little pile o' money saved up, for these parts, and I know how I kin make more. Your father's gittin' old, and wants summun round he kin depend on. You understan' farmin' business, too. We should callate to take the farm and keep it right along, when the old folks is done with it." He paused, but she did not speak. "There ain't no kind of a livin' for girls in them stores. So I've heard say by them that knows." Another pause without a response. "I suppose Albon's got somethin' to do with it; but I could n't help that, could I? That might happen to anybody."

"He has n't, either."

"Your father was a poor boy himself, once. He come up from nothin', too. You've often heerd him say so."

"Well, I did n't, and I don't calculate to go down to it, either."

"Look out you don't!" cried Alrick savagely, and picked up his rake and walked off.

But he put it down in the barn instead of going to the fields, and resigned his place that day. He took service first in the mackerel fleet, and then was heard of in coasters, and as making the dangerous winter voyages from Gloucester to George's Banks. His confidante, Mrs. Wixon, watched over his poor interests as she could during his absence. Towards spring she felt it incumbent on her to address him the gossip of the island and by letter, somewhat as follows: —

FREND ALRICK, — Dallas Munson's Engaigment is Broke off. Eudora herd something about him after they was published and the Wedding all reddy. He was so set in his Way he don't clear up nothing, sayin he guess he could stan it if she can. Otis Watson's wife carrid off the Prize at spinning-match down to Judson's Cove last week. Nobody seposposed she was so Spry. Same week the folks was up to our House one nite, high goins on Wisht you had been Along. Emeline Benson was down to Boston and she stop in to see Idella Bowker at her store, thinkin she would. Whoshd she meet comin out but that city fellow, the same one, F. Fosdick. Idella she blusht Up and denied it. Likely he goes a Great eel. So if I was you Id give it up and not wate enny more on Idella Bowker. There Is plenty more jesst as good and mighty site better, the wether is cold. So no more at Present from your true Friend,

CATHERIN AGNES WIXON.

To which, in course of time, Alrick responded: —

DEER FREN D MISSES WIXON,— Its no Use I kant help Thinkin of Her thow other Gurls may bee just as good as you Say. I pass by her stor. Bein to Boston one day but dont go In not bein stile enough to her taist (So I seppose) I hav ben wreck down Block Isl and way sense I seen you. We left Swamscot wind bein fresh at the time S. E. bein thick and Foggy. Run till the skipper judge himself as up with the Isl and, header her off S. E. with his jib Haul to the Winderd, made Breakers ahed, tried her for stays she would not come roun. went ashore stern forrard, a total Lost. Cargo bein Lime took fire but no lifes lost. If one Was, you no who, some folks woodnt a cared much. So no more at Presant from your tru frend, ALRICK COOLEY.

VI.

Having escaped from his entanglement before, as it seemed, any serious harm was done, Mr. Fosdick, now under guidance of what he was pleased to call his better judgment, was disposed to guard himself carefully against a renewal of it. This was the easier every day, as new impressions and interests, including most likely new sentimental attachments as well, obliterated the old in a memory never too keenly retentive. He advanced to higher grades in the service of the building firm, and began to take a more favorable view of his prospects. Idella was as good as forgotten. Once only, happening in Boston, he half yielded, of an idle moment, to an enticement in her direction. While standing on the steps of his hotel, a walking advertisement thrust into his hand a bill describing the bargains of Gay & Talbot. Gay & Talbot were selling off, it appeared, dress patterns, Balbriggan and Lisle thread hosiery, silk and embroidered handkerchiefs, articles of bronze, gilt, ivory, and Russia

leather, at prices exquisitely adjusted to the times. The store was not far distant. He stepped down the street and entered; but no sooner was he fairly in the heavy, patchouli-scented air and the loitering crowd than a strong sense of the folly of what he was going to do overcame him, and he turned on his heel and departed. It was this peculiar visit in which he was observed, as it happened, by Emeline Benson, and which served as the foundation for her statements in the island, reported by Mrs. Wixon to Alrick Cooley.

The following summer Fosdick was stationed again for a while at the quarry, — now out of its legal difficulties and beginning to be worked. He hoped to be able to finish before Idella arrived for her summer vacation. Her sisters were absent now, as well as herself. How strangely uninteresting their house and its remaining inmates were! He went to Baker's Neck again, and saw there Albon whittling a stick. He was told by Mrs. Baker another fortune, of a light lady and a dark lady and a letter and a journey, quite different from the first. He talked with the "drawist," still papering his store with the brown paper yachts produced without rule, and he went out in the Reach in his dory to fish more than ever.

At this time Alrick Cooley, returning by degrees towards the scene of his discomfiture, made part of the crew of the Eleanor Jane, a coaster plying with miscellaneous freight between the several considerable towns on the main, and frequently passing within sight of Great Box Island.

One day the Eleanor Jane came down the Reach before a fresh breeze, with Alrick at the wheel. Brooding moodily over the place whose every stock and stone he knew so well, he lost a couple of points in his steering. The variation would bring the vessel unpleasantly close to a small boat containing a man, lying off Barlow's Point.

Alrick would have brought down his helm to remedy the error, but suddenly he recognized the inmate of the boat, and with a fierce exclamation put it up several points instead.

The man in the boat got up his anchor in a panic, lost one of his oars, and attempted to paddle out of danger with the other. The brig was made to follow all his slight evasions with unerring aim. The shadow of the great black hull was almost over the man. The helmsman gloated in anticipation on the slight scratching of the skiff as it should pass, crushed like an egg-shell, under his keel. By what chance was it that the skipper came on deck that moment, rubbing his eyes from his nap? He had not time even for an oath. He rushed upon the man, threw him away from the wheel, and gave it a great wrench to starboard. The brig fell off with a sudden yaw. The small boat danced frightfully in its wash for an instant, but was safe. The skipper turned then to his seaman, who affected stupidity, and cursed him roundly.

This account was given Mrs. Wixon by Alrick himself. Sometimes, he said, he trembled and awoke nights with horror at the thought of what he had so nearly done; and again he blamed himself bitterly for his failure to rid the earth of his enemy. This was a point in sentimentalism far beyond the simple Mrs. Wixon. She was secretly much alarmed at his wild and moody temper, and inclined to curtail their confidences thereafter, in which she was soon aided by circumstances.

The Great Box Island quarry delivered on the main a quantity of building stone which was rejected. Fosdick heard of a purchaser for it in a city to the eastward, shipped it on board the Eleanor Jane, which as it happened lay in port open to engagement, and, as the prevailing winds promised a short run, sailed in her himself at the same time. The skipper, three men, and a boy com-

posed the crew of the Eleanor Jane. Fosdick was considerably surprised to observe Alrick as a part of it. He spoke pleasantly to him, but his advances were rebuffed with short and surly answers. There proved to be little "heft," as the skipper had it, in the breeze, and instead of passing Great Box in the night they were only abreast of it—some ten miles out to sea—towards noon of the next day. Fosdick, discoursing with the captain at this time, told of his recent narrow escape from being run down in his dory while fishing.

"Was *you* the one?" cried the captain. "Why, this was the vessel. If I had n't grabbed the wheel, you'd a been a drowned man now. Cooley," he said,—he was in a good humor, and it pleased him to assume a facetious tone with Alrick, who stood at the rail splicing ropes,— "here's the party you nigh run down in Great Box Reach. He's a-comin' here to pitch you overboard to pay for it."

"I wish I *had* sent him to hell." There was no responsive humor in this. Alrick scowled darkly, and did not change his position.

"I'll have no such talk out o' you," said the skipper.

"You'll have what you kin git."

The skipper started towards him in a fury, catching up a belaying-pin to strike. Fosdick put himself between them. The intense bitterness of the man towards him, the sense of injury under which he must long have labored, flashed upon him in a quick illumination. With it came the keenest regret that his flippant and purposeless conduct could have been allowed to arouse such a feeling.

"Let it go this time!" he appealed to the skipper. "It was an accident, and he doesn't like to be found fault with. It's all right. It's all right. *I* have no fault to find."

"Oh, *you* don't find no fault!—*you* don't! Much obliged! D—n *you*!"

And with that the sailor knocked Fosdick senseless with an iron bar that furnished a convenient weapon. He paralyzed with it next the hand of the captain, that had drawn a revolver, and possessed himself of this.

The rest would have seized him, but his strength in the struggle was prodigious. He shot one of them in the thigh and drove the others in terror into the rigging, where one at a time he bound them. The captain escaped to his cabin, and when besieged fired through the keyhole from a single-barreled pistol which he found there.

Alrick ranged a while in an untamable Berserker rage, complete master of the vessel. He fired a shot in passing into the prostrate body of his enemy, and spurned it with his foot. Finally, preparing for his escape, he smashed the steering apparatus, cut the sails and every important hoist-rope, staved in all the boats but one, and in that — while the paralyzed sailors worked themselves loose and released the captain, to come on deck and find his craft in this cruel plight, and attend to the wounded — made off for land.

VII.

The assassin reached land at evening, turned his boat adrift, threw the revolver into the bushes, climbed the cliffs, and spent the night in the woods. A fog settled down upon the place. Through his cold and fitful slumbers the blowing-buoy, rocking in the surf of the Cup and Saucer reef, cried to him, *Wo! Wo!* and broad, level rays from the light-house on the hill circled round and round upon the fog above the wood, as if searching restlessly for the wretched figure cowering below there in the darkness.

At the break of day, when Mrs. Bowker opened the farm-house door, this figure presented itself before her. He

had some ready story to account for his pitiable plight. His bruises and tatters were the result of a fall among the rocks; he dared to say nothing of the wound in his side, which carried the bullet from the captain's pistol and trickled warm blood. He wanted only warmth and rest for the day, till he could get taken off by some fishing-boat going back to the main.

Idella was at home. When she came down to breakfast, with her hair not very carefully combed, this figure was lying on three chairs by the kitchen stove. "Goin' to shake hands, I s'pose, Dell, ain't ye?" he said, putting out his own.

She had intended to, but when she approached an unconquerable repugnance came upon her. She diverted her course to the pantry, and kept away till the farmer brought word towards evening that a chance offered to go to the main.

"Like enough you could come back and give us a lift for a spell ag'in, Alrick, 'fore ye go aboard for another trip anywhere," said the farmer.

"Like enough I could," and the man groaned, overcome with his wounds, a sense of his unhappy life, and the destiny before him. It was the gallows that awaited him, and not a season of healthful toil in the hay-field, with the pretty Idella near by at the peaceful farm-house. He had foreseen it even in his fury, but he had said then, with a desperate improvidence, a kind of glory, "It is the price I will pay."

They saw no more of him till they saw him in the court of justice in the city of nearest jurisdiction. They looked across at him with a startled fascination. It was incredible that a friend and inmate of their household had done that. They believed almost in some chemical change affecting every atom of his frame, which had made him a totally different being.

The hurts of Fosdick, though slow of

cure, were not permanently disabling. And it was not by him, but the friends of the sailor, whose wound gangrened and proved mortal, that the criminal was most fiercely pursued.

Fosdick saw Idella during the trial. She was the neatest figure in all the court; yet somehow his crack on the head — if it were that — had made him amazingly callous. To his new fastidiousness all her solecisms were apparent, and her family and neighbors, taken away from their island, were without such small interest as he had found in them there. She said, “*I seen it*” and “*I done it*,” and at the hotel table she ate with her knife, — daintily, it is true, but still with her knife. He could not get himself to feel in need of further repentance now. He thought it peculiarly arbitrary, in fact, and out of all proportion to the offense, that so tremendous a retribution should have come down upon him a year after he had resolutely broken off the flirtation and harbored no intention of renewing it.

At the same time he was easier in his mind to learn, in a little explanation

they had, that she should never in the world have thought of Alrick Cooley, whether she had seen him, Fosdick, or not; and easier still when he learned, within another year, that she had married the mail boy, who had been appointed light-house keeper, and promised to make her an excellent husband.

As to Alrick, in his second trial, which the ingenuity of a persistent counsel was able to procure for him, the plea of unsound mind finally prevailed, and it was to an asylum instead of a prison that he was committed. From this in due time he was released, and went to parts unknown.

The feeble and deformed brother who had been his protégé and his disgrace became in this dark strait his efficient protector. Albon was produced in court, and all the circumstances of the birth and early life of the brothers were rehearsed. In the opinion of a jury, which was locked up no more than forty-eight hours before reaching the decision, the manifestation of irregularity in Alrick's case, as in Albon's, was to be ascribed entirely to McIntyre's false face.

W. H. Bishop.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

I.

On the high-road traveling steady,
 Sure, alert, and ever ready;
 Prompt to seize all fit occasion,
 Courting power and wealth and station;
 One clear aim before him keeping,
 One smooth field forever reaping;
 Prizing most the ephemeral flower
 Blooming for a brilliant hour;
 With self-conscious action moving,
 Well-known truths intent on proving;
 Radiant in his day and season
 With the world's reflected reason;
 Noting times, effects, and causes,
 Phaon wins the crowd's applauses.

II.

Winged like an eagle o'er mountains and meadows,
 Lit by their splendors, or hid by their shadows;
 Borne by a power supernal, resistless,
 Dreaming through trances abstracted and listless;
 Swooping capricious to faults and to errors,
 Redeemed by a virtue unconscious of terrors;
 Linking with ease his result and endeavor,
 Opening through chaos fresh pathways forever;
 Gilding the world with his thoughts and his fancies,
 Scornful of fashions and heedless of chances;
 Yet in obscurity living and dying,
 Hylas—a voice in the wilderness crying—
 Only is heard when no hand can restore him;
 Only is known when the grave closes o'er him.

Christopher P. Cranch.

TEN DAYS IN THE REBEL ARMY.

My term of service with Hood's army, in the battles about Atlanta, was a short one; but it was a dreadfully earnest one. I doubt if many Southerners experienced as much in years as I did in the ten days and the ten nights I was under the stars and bars.

The way of it was this: I had been a resident of the South nearly a year. Seven months of this time I had spent at the capital of Virginia, where the Confederate Congress was sitting. I was not in Congress, however, but in Libby Prison.

Once Kilpatrick's cavalry came very close to Richmond. The rebels became frightened, and removed us all, about six or seven hundred officers whom they had had cooped up in Libby for months, to Macon, in Georgia. Here we were put in a big stockade, or pen, and left in the broiling sun, and it was here that I determined to become a volunteer in the rebel army.

The stockade in which we were kept was twelve feet high, with a platform near the top, on which the guards paced constantly. Ten feet inside the stock-

ade was the dead-line, indicated only by a little stake here and there. To cross this, to approach it even, was sufficient to insure being instantly shot. There was but one gate, or door, and it was kept constantly closed and guarded by a sentinel, who stood, gun in hand, immediately above it, while a corporal stood watch below. Once a day, a few guards and officers entered this door, closed it behind them, and formed us into lines for counting. I had studied a small map of the country for days, and by dint of trading tobacco, etc., with an occasional guard who was dying for the weed, I acquired piece by piece a pretty decent rebel uniform, which I had kept buried in the sand where I slept. July 15, 1864, came round. My term of enlistment expired that day. I had been in the Union army three years; was it not a good time to give the rebels a trial? There were a few old sheds not far from the gate, and in one of these I waited with a friend one morning, about nine o'clock, and saw the sergeants and the guards come in to count the prisoners. I had resurrected my rebel uni-

form, and had quietly slipped it on. It fitted amazingly. My friend was lingering there simply to see what would become of me. He has often declared since then that he expected me to be shot the moment I should approach the dead-line. The prisoners were some way off, in rows, being counted, as I stepped from under cover and quickly walked up to and over the dead-line by the gate. The guard above brought his gun from his shoulder, halted, and looked at me. I paid no attention, but knocked, when the door opened, and the corporal stepped in the opening and asked what I wanted. "The lieutenant misses a roll-list, and I must run out and bring it from head-quarters," I answered, pushing by him hurriedly. There was no time for questions, and the corporal, before getting over his surprise, had passed me out as a rebel sergeant. I quickly turned the corner, passed a number of Johnnies sitting on the grass drinking coffee, and went straight up to the commandant's tent, near the edge of the wood, but did not go in. I had not looked behind me once, but expected every moment to hear a bullet whizzing after me. I passed behind the tent, walked slowly into the wood, and then ran my best for an hour.

I was outside of prison. How free, how green, how beautiful, all things seemed! I had the joy of years in a few minutes. Of course I was missed at the roll-call directly, and the bloodhounds were soon upon my track. I avoided them, however, by different manœuvres. I changed my course shortly, repassed the prison pen on the opposite side, and went back and up into the city of Macon. After wandering through its streets for an hour, I again took to the woods. That night I slept in a swamp of the Ocmulgee River. What bedfellows I had! — frogs, lizards, bats, and alligators. But it was better than the inside of a Southern prison. All the next day I lay in a

blackberry patch, fearing to move, but feasting on the luscious ripe berries. What a contrast it was to my previous starving! Never in this world shall I enjoy food so again.

Near to me was a watering-station for the railway to Atlanta. As I lay in the bushes, I heard trains halting all the day. With night came a glorious moon. Such a flood of heaven's own light I had never seen before. By ten at night a long, empty train halted, and in two minutes I had sprung from the bushes and was inside of an empty freight car. In ten minutes more I stood in the door of the car watching the fair farms and the hamlets of Georgia sleeping under the glorious moonlight, while I was being hurled along Heaven knows where.

That was the strangest ride of my life. The conductor came along when we were near Atlanta, swinging his lantern into the cars, and found a strange passenger. He threatened all sorts of things if my fare were not paid (of course I had no money); but I put myself on my dignity, told him I was a convalescent soldier coming back from furlough, and dared him or any other civilian to put me off the train. That ended the colloquy, and just before daylight the whistle screamed for Atlanta, and I was inside the lines of Hood's army.

I left the train, and in a few moments was tucked away in the haymow of a barn near the station. So far, good; but daylight brought a squad of rebel cavalry into the barn, who, to my dismay, soon commenced climbing up to the mow for hay for their horses. My presence of mind was about leaving me utterly, when I happened to notice an empty sugar hogshead in the corner of the mow. Before the rebels were up I was in it, and there I sat and perspired for six mortal hours. Those hours were days, every one of them. All of this time Sherman's army, then besieging

Atlanta, was throwing shells into our neighborhood. At last, *at last*, the rebels saddled their horses and rode out of the barn-yard.

I was not long in changing my headquarters. For three days I walked up and down Atlanta, among the troops, to the troops, away from the troops; always moving, always *just going* to my regiment, the Ninth Alabama, to which I had attached myself as ordnance sergeant. I was very careful, however, to keep far from that particular regiment. I knew its position, its chief officers, — knew, in fact, the position of every brigade in Hood's army. It was to my interest, under the circumstances, to know them well; for I was continually halted with such exclamations as, "Hallo! which way? Where's your regiment? and what you doing away over here?" A hundred times I was on the point of being arrested and carried to my alleged command. For every man I met I had a different tale to suit the circumstance. At night I slept where I could, — under a tree, behind a dry-goods box, anywhere; it made little difference, as my lying down on the ground, hungry, pillowless, and blanketless, and fearing every moment to be arrested, could not be called sleeping. The life was growing monotonous at last; the more so as, aside from an occasional apple, I had nothing at all to eat.

About the fifth day, I overheard an old Irishman, hoeing among his potatoes, bitterly reviling the war to his wife. I made his acquaintance, and discovered our sentiments as to the rebellion to be very nearly identical. Under the most tremendous of oaths as to secrecy, I told him who I was, and that I was absolutely starving. If he would help me, I knew how to save his property when Sherman's army should enter. That it *would* enter, and that Atlanta would be razed to the ground and every human being's throat cut, he had not a doubt. Still, if detected in secreting or feeding

me, he would be hung from his own door-post. There was no doubting that, either.

However, that night I slept in his cellar, and was fed with more than the crumbs from his table. It was arranged that I should wander about the army day-times, and come to his cellar — unknown to him, of course — about ten every night, when his family were likely to be in bed. The outside door was to be left unlocked for me. Prisoners did not carry time-pieces in the South. Mine disappeared with my pistols on the battle field of Chattanooga, and, as an unfortunate result, I went to my den in the cellar an hour too early, one evening. None of my protector's family seemed to be aware of the guest in the cellar. I was sitting quietly in the corner of the dark, damp place, when the trap-door opened above, and a young lady, bearing a lamp, descended, and seemed to be searching for something. It was a romantic situation, — destined to be more so. Groping about the cellar, the young lady approached me. I moved along the wall to avoid her. She unluckily followed. I moved farther, again. She followed, cornered me, screamed at the top of her voice, dropped the lamp, and fainted. In half a minute three soldiers, who had happened to be lurching up-stairs, the old lady, and my friend her husband rushed down the steps, armed and with lights. The old gentleman recognized me, and was in despair. I think I too was in despair; but, rightfully or wrongfully, I took to my heels, and escaped through the door at which I had entered, leaving the fainting girl, the despairing father, and the astonished soldiers to arrange matters as they might. The girl recovered, I learned years afterwards, and her father's house was one of the few that escaped the flames when Sherman started to the sea.

From that night on, I slept again at the roadsides, and as for rations, I might

say I did not have any. The weather was terribly hot, but I spent my days wandering from regiment to regiment and from fort to fort, inspecting the positions under the works. I knew that if I did get through, all this would be equal to an army corps for Sherman.

Once I crept into a little deserted frame house, and happening to find an old white palmetto hat there I changed it for my own, on account of the heat. I then laid my rebel jacket and cap under the boards, and, fastening my pantaloons up with a piece of broad red calico that happened to be with the hat, sallied out, seeing what I could see. I very soon saw more than I had calculated on. I had wandered well off to the right of the army, and was quietly looking about, when a squad of cavalry dashed in, shouting, "The Yankees are on us!" There was a regiment of infantry close by, which sprang to its feet, and every man in sight was ordered to seize a gun and hurry to the front. I, too, was picked up, and before I had time to explain that I was just going over to my division a gun was in my hands, and I was pushed into the line. The whole force ran for a quarter of an hour into the woods, firing as they ran, and shouting. Suddenly, as a few shots were fired into us, we stopped, and formed line of battle. The rebels near me were much excited, but not so much so as to leave the new recruit unnoticed. I knew I was watched, but was determined not to be suspected.

"Fire!" the captain shouted; and how we all fired! I was used to, the gun in my hands. My own regiment had been armed with this same kind of rifle. How I loaded and banged! I was a picturesque sight, too, among the trim, uniformed company, — gray breeches, shirt sleeves unbuttoned and flowing to the elbows, red calico waistband, and a white palmetto hat! John Burns at Gettysburg was nothing compared to me in appearance. I was a

prominent target. What a wonder some Yankee did not pick me off!

"Go it, Alabama! Give 'em h——! Bully for you!" met my ears, as I rammed down the cartridges and blazed away. I aimed high, however, and unless Sherman's army were roosting in the tree-tops my hands are free from Northern blood.

The skirmish was soon over. Some cavalry had flanked the Yanks and brought them in, and while their pockets were being gone through with by my fellow-soldiers I slipped to the rear, and was glad to get back into my own cap and jacket.

I lay in the little empty house that night. Sherman's army had been banging at the city fearfully, and setting houses on fire, all the night. It was a little revenge, I presume, for the losses in the skirmish, in which I had taken so picturesque a part. These shelled houses had emptied their occupants into the street, and a little after daylight I noticed a family, with its worldly baggage piled on a one-mule wagon, stop in front of my residence. "Here's a house out of range of bullets. Why not move in?" I heard a manly voice call to the women and children following with the traps. "Move in," I thought to myself. "Well, they can stand it if I can." The house consisted of but one large room, unceiled and reaching to the rafters, with the exception of a small compartment, finished off and ceiled, in one corner. On top of this little compartment were my head-quarters.

In they moved, bag and baggage, and the women folks soon commenced preparing a meal outside, and under the shadow of the front door. This half-finished room had been used as a butcher shop in the past, it seemed, and the meat hooks in the corner had served me as a ladder to mount to my perch on the ceiling. "Now, Johnny," chirped the wife, "do you run up town and buy some red and white muslin. We will

make a Union flag, and when Sherman gits in, as he's bound to, we're jest as good Union folks as he is. You know I'm dyin' for real coffee. I'm tired of chicory and injun bread, and I don't keer if Sherman's folks is in to-morrow. We'll draw government rations, and be Union."

These good people were probably "poor trash" of the South, not *keering* much which way the war went, provided they could get rations. Their general talk, however, was of the real rebel character, and it was an unsafe place for me to stop in. In an hour the banquet before the front door was prepared, and all hands went out to partake. Soon they were joined by a rebel soldier, who seemed to be on a half-hour's furlough to visit the young lady of the party, whom I took to be his sweetheart. Sherman's army, I was sorry to learn from this soldier, was being simply "mowed out of existence." "All the woods above Atlanta was as a *reeking corpse*." "Sherman himself was in flight northwards."

By looking more closely through a chink in the weather-boarding of my villa, I discovered that he was reading all this dreadful information from a copperhead newspaper, and then I felt easier. Again, there was the talk about money purses made of Yankees' scalps, and finger rings from Yankee bones; and, during the dinner, I was no little astonished to see this valiant Southerner exhibit to his eager listeners a veritable ring, rough and yellow, made, as he said, from the bones of one of Sherman's cavalrymen. This was not the only time, however, that I heard such talk from Southern soldiers. My ears became accustomed to it during the wanderings in disguise about the army there. I recall having heard, one day, the most diabolical and dastardly statement ever made by a civilized man. I was standing at the roadside, watching some Federal prisoners march by who had just been captured.

"Where will they take them to?" I innocently inquired of a well-dressed man standing near me, who, like myself, was watching the unfortunate men pass.

"I suppose to Andersonville," was the answer.

After some little conversation on the subject of prisoners in general, I added, "It is all stuff, of course, what the Northerners say about the Yankees dying off so at Andersonville."

"Stuff! No," he interrupted; "they do die like rats, and it's a good thing. If the North won't exchange them, why not kill them?" Seeing that I was interested, he went on: "I tell you how it is. I was down there the other day. The commander is a relative of mine, and I was visiting him. The whole thing is easily done. The trenches, etc., of the guards are usually above the stockade, and the filth and corruption that flow down the dirty brook, from which the Yankees drink, would kill all the abolitionists in the world. And then there are other ways. If the Yankees don't want their slum, we certainly can't afford, and it is the intention *not* to afford, to feed them. If they starve, let them starve,—the more the better. Andersonville is the best general we've got, and does more good than any army at the front." This was the deliberate utterance of a well-dressed, intelligent Atlanta merchant. To the everlasting credit of the rebels in arms, he wore no uniform; but it was to what he supposed to be a Confederate soldier that these dastardly sentiments were uttered. Of course, when Sherman's army entered he probably drew rations as a good Unionist.

But I am getting away from my story. The banquet of cucumbers, chicory, and *injun* bread was about terminating. My soldier with the ring had used up his furlough, and was gone. The house was still empty, and it was now or never if I proposed getting down from my

perch without an alarm. My plan was silently to climb down the meat hooks which I had ascended, and to slip out at the still open back door of the house. On peeping over the edge of the ceiling, however, what was my amazement to see a bull-dog of immense proportions tied to one of my hooks!

Here was a "situation"! He was sound asleep, but had an amiable countenance. I dropped a bit of plaster on his nose. He looked up amazed, and smiled. Then I smiled, and then he smiled again; and then I carefully crept down, patted him on the head, said good-by in a whisper, and in a twinkling was out at the back door. My gratitude to this dog is boundless.

I had found it unsafe now to be about houses, and again I took my lodgings in the field. Again I was busy, just going to my division, but never getting there. My pocket was full of passes, prepared before leaving prison, taking me anywhere, almost, on all kinds of business connected with supplying Loring's division with ordnance. Once, near the sacred quarters of a brigadier, the guard arrested me. I protested, and our loud talk brought the brigadier to the rescue. I explained how I was just going to my regiment, and how my pass had been lost, and the necessity of my going on at once. The brigadier took in the situation at a glance, and with a pencil wrote me a pass, good for that day. Fighting was going on about Atlanta constantly, but with so many apparent reverses to our arms that I feared I should never get away.

The memorable 22d of July came, and with it the most terrific fighting on Hood's right, and in fact all round the semicircle about the city. Loring's division, with my Alabama regiment, entered the battle on Hood's right wing, and I followed, at a safe distance, as an ordnance sergeant. Everybody was too busy and excited to ask me questions, and in the hope that Hood would be

defeated, and an opportunity for getting through be at last presented, I was feeling well. Hundreds, thousands possibly, of wounded men fell back by me, but all shouting, "The Yankees are beaten, and McPherson is killed!"

It was too true! McPherson had fallen, and, if reports were correct, Sherman's army had met with an awful disaster. For me, there was nothing left but to get back to the rear, and try another direction. I knew that Sherman's advance was at the ford, at Sandtown, on the Chattahoochee River, at our left. Could I only get there, I might still be saved. I had now been seen among the rebel forts and troops so much that there was the greatest danger of my being recaptured, and shot as a spy. On the night of the 22d I lay under a hedge, near to a field hospital.

No food and no sleep for days was killing me.

Still, there was no rest; for all the night long I heard the groans of the poor fellows whose arms and legs were being chopped off by the surgeons. The whole night was simply horrible. I might have died there, myself, — I wonder that I did not. The hope of escape only was keeping me alive. I had not eaten a pound of food in days.

Daylight of the 23d came. It was my birthday. Auspicious day, I thought, and again my hopes gave me strength and courage to work my way past lines of infantry and cavalry.

All day, till nearly sunset, I had crept around in the woods, avoiding sentinels, and now I was almost in sight of the longed-for goal. It was not a mile to the ford. When dark set in, I should swim the river, and be a free man. More, I had news that would help Sherman's army to capture Atlanta. A thousand pictures of home, of freedom, peace, were painting themselves in my mind. One hour more, and all would be well. Hark! a shot, and then a call to halt and hold up my arms. I was surround-

ed in a moment by fifty cavalymen who had been secreted in the bushes, — how or where I know not. We were in sight of the river, and the Union flag was just beyond. It was no use here to talk about being a Confederate. I was arrested as a spy, and the great danger was of being shot then and there, without a hearing. I was partly stripped, searched thoroughly, and then marched between two cavalymen to General Ross, of Texas, who, with his staff, was also at a hidden point in the woods. General Ross treated me kindly, and gave me lunch and a blanket to rest on. It was his duty, however, to send me to the division head-quarters, to be tried. I was again marched till nine at night, when I was turned over to General Hume. He was sitting by a fire, in the wood, roasting potatoes and reviling the Yankees. As I was arrested as a spy, and to be tried, I deemed it best to say nothing. "Try to escape from me, to-night," shouted General Hume, as if he were commanding an army corps, "and I'll put you where there's no more escaping!" Through the whole night a soldier sat at my head, with a cocked pistol; but, for the first time in days, I slept soundly. Why not? The worst had happened. By daylight a guard marched me up to the city, where Hood had head-quarters in the yard of a private residence.

On the way there my guard was communicative, and I persuaded him to show me the paper that was being sent around with me, from one head-quarter to another. I read it. Sure enough, I was considered a spy, and was being forwarded for trial. The paper gave the hour and place of my capture, with the statement that one of those capturing me had seen me inspecting a fort on the previous Sunday.

When we reached Hood's tents, I was turned over to a new guard, and the document brought with me was carelessly thrown into an open pigeon-hole by a

clerk who seemed too much disturbed about other matters to ask where the guard came from, or what I was accused of. I, at least, noticed where that paper was put. There was the most tremendous excitement at head-quarters. Orderlies and officers were dashing everywhere at once. Fighting was constantly going on, and an immediate retreat seemed to be determined. I was left that night with a few other prisoners, against whom there were no charges, in a tent almost joining the one where the clerk had deposited my paper. Our guard was very accommodating, or very negligent, for he allowed different persons to go in and out from our tent at all hours during the night. Daylight brought the provost-marshal general to the tent, to dispose of the prisoners. The name of each was called, and all but myself were taken out, heard, and sent off.

"And who are you?" he said pleasantly enough to me. I stepped forward; the clerk was asked for the paper, but it was gone. "It certainly had been misplaced," said the clerk, in embarrassment. He had put it in that particular pigeon-hole. I testified to that, myself, and added that "it was of little consequence, as it was from an officer, I did not know whom, who had simply picked me up as an escaped prisoner." The provost-marshal took me aside, and asked me if I had been about the works or the troops any. I told him my name, that I was really an escaped prisoner, and that I had just walked up from Macon and had hoped to get away. "You have had a hard time of it," he said, "and I almost wish you had got away. I hope you will soon be free," he added, "and that the cruel war is almost over."

It was his duty, though, to return me to prison, and I was sent to Charleston, and with many others was placed under range of our own guns, as a weak effort to stop the Federal fire on that doomed city. Months afterward I did get away

and when Sherman's army entered the city of Columbia I was one of the escaped prisoners who welcomed it.

The kind provost will smile if he ever reads this narrative, and will forgive me,

I know, for the stories I told him. They were necessities. I hope, too, that that young clerk was not punished for the loss of that paper. I know that he was not to blame.

S. H. M. Byers.

A NEGLECTED POET.

WE have done with Crabbe. His tales have failed to interest us. Burke and his friends, as we all know, held a different opinion from ours; and their praise is not likely to have been ill founded. The cultivated taste of Holland House, thirty years later, is also against our decision. Through two generations of markedly different literary temper Crabbe pleased the men best worth pleasing. Indeed, we owe him to Burke's approval; for when Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Thurlow had neglected his entreaties for recognition and aid, and had left him to write, pawn, and go hungry, Burke saved him from the debtor's prison, took him into his friendship, welcomed him to his home, and gave him to literature.

Yet the verses which won this recognition from Burke, and gained for Crabbe, besides, praise from Johnson and talk with Fox and idle mornings in Reynolds's studio, were only his fledgeling flights. It was not until after more than twenty years of silence, spent in the obscurity of a country clergyman's life, that he showed the richness and abundance of his vein. Then Burke and his friends had given place to those younger men, in whose lives a new age was dawning; but as warm a welcome awaited Crabbe among them as he had ever met with in Burke's club. With them he passed his old age, pleased with Byron's praise, and with the friendliness of Moore and Rogers, and with Scott's kindly regard and correspondence. They liked to

see him, with his beautiful white hair, his formal, old-fashioned garb and old-school manners, the last of that long line of poets through whom the Queen Anne taste had tyrannized for a century in English verse, sitting familiarly among themselves, who were preparing the way for the next generation to ignore the traditions which Burke and Johnson had fixed in his poetic faith. Especially did Sir Walter honor him; like Fox, he chose Crabbe's poems to be read to him just before he died.

Without reckoning the approval of others, what was the strong attraction in Crabbe's work for Scott and Fox? Their judgment was not so worthless that it can be disregarded with the complacent assurance with which the decisions of Gifford and Jeffrey are set aside; on the contrary, Scott had such health and Fox such refinement that their judgment ought to raise a doubt whether our generation is not making a mistake and missing pleasure through its neglect of Crabbe.

Crabbe is a story-teller. He describes the life he saw, — common, homely life, sometimes wretched, not infrequently criminal; the life of the country poor, with occasional light and shadow from the life of the gentlefolk above them. He had been born into it, in a village on the Suffolk coast, amid stern and cheerless natural scenes: landward, the bramble-overgrown heath encompassing crowded and mean houses; eastward,

"Stakes and sea-weed withering on the mud."

Here he had passed his boyhood, in the midst of human life equally barren and stricken with the ugliness of poverty, among surly and sordid fishers given to hard labor and rough brawl, —

"A joyless, wild, amphibious race,

With sullen woe displayed in every face," —

and the sight had been a burden to him. The desire to throw off this twofold oppression of mean nature and humanity must have counted for much in determining him on that long-remembered December day, when, as the bleak twilight came down, darkening the marshy pool on the heath where he stood, he took his resolve to go up to London and seek poetical fame; and glad at heart he must have been, that morning of early spring, when he left all this ugliness behind him, ignorant of the struggle and distress he was to meet where he was going.

In that early poem which Johnson praised he described this village life with the vigor of a youth who had escaped out of its dreary imprisonment, and without a touch of that tenderness for early associations which softened Goldsmith's retrospect of the scenes of his early days. Crabbe told of exhausting labor leading on to prematurely useless and neglected age; of storms sweeping away the shelter of the poor; of smugglers, poachers, wreckers, tavern debauchery, and, worst of all, the poor-house, — a terrible picture, perhaps the best known of all his drawing, — with its deserted inmates cut off from all human care except that of the heedless physician and the heartless parson; a miserable tale, but too much of it only what his own eyes had seen. We do not know the contents of those piles of manuscripts which he wrote during his twenty years of silence, and — not much to the world's loss, some think — made bonfires of to amuse his children; but his first poem after that long interval was the same story, the experience of those whose names appeared in the year's parish register of births, mar-

riages, and deaths, and was a sorrowful survey of seduction, desertion, crime, discontent, and folly. In his later tales he dealt less in unrelieved gloom and bitter misery, and at times made a trial at humor. There are glimpses of pleasant English life and character, but these are only glimpses; the ground of his painting is shadow, — the shadow that rested on the life of the English poor in his generation.

I do not know where else one would turn for an adequate description of that life, or would gain so direct an insight into the social sources and conditions of the Methodist revival or into the motives and convictions of reformers like Mary Wollstonecraft; or where one would obtain so keen a sense of the vast change which has taken place in the conditions of humble human life within this century. Leslie Stephen, in that essay which is so good-humored but so unsuccessful an attempt to appreciate Crabbe, mentions the few illustrations in modern literature of the life Crabbe described; it is seen in Charlotte Brontë's *Yorkshiremen*, and George Eliot's *millers*, and in a few other characters, "but," he says, "to get a realistic picture of country life as Crabbe saw it, we must go back to Squire Western, or to some of the roughly-hewn masses of flesh who sat to Hogarth." The setting of Crabbe's tales has this special historic interest. The schools, houses, books, habits, occupations, and all the external characteristics of the tales belong to the time: the press-gang comes to carry off the lover just before his wedding-day, and leaves the bride to nurse an unfathered child, to receive the courtship of a canting and carnal preacher, and to find a refuge from him, and from the father who favors him, in suicide; orphan boys are bound over to brutal task-masters; pictures of the sects (from the pen of a respectable clergyman of the established church, it is true) recall the beginnings of Methodism with a vividness only to

be equaled by the books and pamphlets of the early converts' own writing. This historic value of the tales, however, great as it is to the student of manners, is secondary to their poetic value, which lies in the sentiment, feeling, and pathos with which the experience of life embodied in them, the workings of simple human nature, in however debased surroundings, is set forth. It is an experience which results usually from the interplay of low and selfish motives, and of ignoble or weak passions; it is, too often, the course of brutal appetite, thoughtless or heartless folly, avarice, sensuality, and vice, relieved too seldom by amiable character, sympathy, charity, self-sacrifice, or even by the charm of natural beauty. Yet if all the seventy tales be taken into account, they contain nearly all varieties of character and circumstance among the country poor; and, though the darker side may seem to be more frequently insisted upon, it is because the nature of his subject made it necessary, because he let his light, as Moore said,

"Through life's low, dark interior fall,
Opening the whole, severely bright,"

rather than because he had any lack of cheerfulness of temper.

Crabbe does not, in a true sense, give expression to the life of the poor; he merely narrates it. There are here and there, throughout the poems, episodes written out of his own life; but usually he is concerned with the experience of other men, which he had observed, rather than with what his own heart had felt. A description of life is of course vastly inferior to an utterance of it, such as was given to us by Burns, who dealt with the life of the poor so much more powerfully than Crabbe; and a realistic description has less poetic value than an imaginative one, such as was given to us by Wordsworth when at his best. Crabbe's description is perhaps the most nakedly realistic of any in English poetry; but it is an uncom-

monly good one. Realism has a narrow compass, and Crabbe's powers were confined strictly within it; but he had the best virtues of a realist. His physical vision — his sight of what presents itself to the eye — was almost perfect; he saw every object, and saw it as it was. Perhaps the minuteness with which he saw was not altogether an advantage, for he does not seem to have taken in the landscape as a whole, but only as a mosaic of separate objects. He never gives general effects of beauty or grandeur; indeed, he seldom saw the beauty of a single object; he did little more than catalogue the things before him, and employ in writing poetry the same faculty in the same way as in pursuing his favorite studies of botany and entomology. Yet, with these limitations, what realist in painting could exceed in truthfulness and carefulness of detail this picture of a fall morning? —

"It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met th' admiring eye;
The wet and heavy grass where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deep'ning
 rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quick'ning
 mill;
Long yellow leaves, from osiers strewed around,
Choked the small stream and hushed the feeble
 sound."

Or this sketch of light in a decayed warehouse turned into a tenement for the poor? —

"That window view! oiled paper and old glass
Stain the strong rays, which, though impeded,
 pass,
And give a dusty warmth to that huge room,
The conquered sunshine's melancholy gloom;
When all those western rays, without so bright,
Within become a ghastly glimmering light,
As pale and faint upon the floor they fall,
Or feebly gleam on the opposing wall."

Nor is this carefulness of detail a trick, such as is sometimes employed, to give the appearance of reality to unreal human life. Crabbe's mental vision, his sight into the workings of the passions and the feelings, although not so perfect as his physical vision, was yet at its best very keen and clear; the sentiments,

moods, reflections, and actions of his characters are seldom out of nature. In respect to this sort of perception it would be difficult to show a finer delineation than his description of the meeting of two long-parted brothers. As Richard approaches his brother's hall, he reflects, —

"How shall I now my unknown way explore, —
He proud and rich, I very proud and poor?
Perhaps my friend a dubious speech mistook,
And George may meet me with a stranger's look.
How stands the case? My brother's friend and mine

Met at an inn, and set them down to dine;
When, having settled all their own affairs,
And kindly canvassed such as were not theirs,
Just as my friend was going to retire,

"Stay! you will see the brother of our squire,"
Said his companion; "be his friend, and tell
The captain that his brother loves him well,
And when he has no better thing in view
Will be rejoiced to see him. Now, adieu!"

"Well, here I am; and, brother, take you heed,
I am not come to flatter you and feed.
You shall no soother, fawner, hearer, find;
I will not brush your coat, nor smooth your mind;

I will not hear your tales the whole day long,
Nor swear you're right, if I believe you wrong;
I will not earn my dinner when I dine
By taking all your sentiments for mine;
Nor watch the guiding motions of your eye
Before I venture question or reply.

Yet, son of that dear mother could I meet —
But lo! the mansion, — 't is a fine old seat!"

"The brothers met, with both too much at heart
To be observant of each other's part.

'Brother, I'm glad!' was all that George could say,

Then stretched his hand, and turned his head away;

Richard, meantime, made some attempt to speak,
Strong in his purpose, in his trial weak.

At length, affection, like a risen tide,
Stood still, and then seemed slowly to subside;
Each on the other's looks had power to dwell,
And brother brother greeted passing well."

These qualities of fine, true physical and mental vision are the essential qualities for valuable realistic work; if there be room for regret in Crabbe's share of them, it is because their range is contracted. I have mentioned the limitations of his physical vision; in respect to his mental vision Crabbe saw only a few and comparatively simple operations of human nature, — the workings of

country-bred minds, not finely or complexly organized, but slow-metioned, and perplexed, if perplexed at all, not from the difficulty of the problem, but from their own dullness. Yet within these limits his characters are often pathetic, sometimes tragic, or even terrible, in their energy of evil passion or remorse.

One other quality, without which clear mental and physical vision would be ineffective, is essential to realism like Crabbe's, — transparency, the quality by virtue of which life is seen through another plainly and without distortion; and this is the quality which Crabbe possessed in most perfection. He not only saw the object as it was; he presented it as it was. He neither added nor took away; he did not unconsciously darken or heighten color, soften or harden line.

Whatever was before his mind — the conversation of a gossip, the brutality of a ruffian, the cant of a convert — he reproduced truthfully; whatever was the character of his story, mean or tragic, trivial or pathetic, he did not modify it. There was no veil of fancy, no glamour of amiable deception or dimness of charitable tears, to obscure his view: if he found nudity and dirt, they reappeared in his work mere nudity and dirt still; if he found courage and patience, he dealt the same even-handed justice. His distinction is that he told a true story.

It was because he was thus able to present accurately and faithfully the human life which he saw so clearly, I have no doubt, that he won such admiration from Scott; for Scott had the welcome of genius for any new glimpse of humanity, and he knew how rare, and consequently how valuable, is the gift of simple and direct narration of what one sees. I am not so sure of Fox's discrimination; but Fox had great sensibility and tenderness of heart, and Crabbe presented the lot of the poor so vividly, so lucidly, so immediately, that he stirred in Fox the same feelings with which a better poet would have so charged his

verses that natures not so finely endowed as Fox would have been compelled to feel them too. Scott and Fox knew what a valuable acquisition this realistic sketch of humble life in their generation was, so faithful, minute, and trustworthy; they felt that their experience was enlarged, that real humanity had been brought home to them, and in the sway of those emotions, which Crabbe did not infuse into his work, but which his work quickens in sympathetic hearts, they could forgive him his tediousness, his frequent commonplace, his not unusual absurdity of phrase, his low level of flight with its occasional feebleness of wing.

In their minds, too, his style must have had more influence than we are apt to think, — the style of the great school which died with him, the form and versification which they had been taught to believe almost essential to the best poetry, and from a traditional respect for which they could hardly free their minds as easily as ourselves. Crabbe used the old heroic rhymed couplet, that simplest form of English verse music, which could rise, nevertheless, to the almost lyric loftiness of the last lines of the *Dunciad*; so supple and flexible; made for easy simile and compact metaphor; lending itself so perfectly to the sudden flash of wit or turn of humor; the natural shell of an epigram; compelling the poet to practice all the virtues of brevity; checking the wandering fancy, and repressing the secondary thought; requiring in a masterly use of it the employment of more mental powers than any other metrical form; despised and neglected now because the literature which is embodied in it is despised and neglected, yet the best verse form which intelligence, as distinct from poetical feeling, can employ. Crabbe did not handle it in any masterly way; he was careless, and sometimes slipshod; but when he chose he could employ it well, and should have credit for it. To take

one more example from his poems, how excellently he uses it in this passage! —

“Where is that virtue which the generous boy
Felt, and resolved that nothing should destroy;
He who with noble indignation glowed
When vice had triumph; who his tear bestowed
On injured merit? He who would possess
Power, but to aid the children of distress!
Who has such joy in generous actions shown,
And so sincere they might be called his own;
Knight, hero, patriot, martyr! on whose tongue
And potent arm a nation's welfare hung, —
Where now this virtue's fervor, spirit, zeal?
Who felt so warmly, has he ceased to feel?
Or are these feelings varied? Has the knight,
Virtue's own champion, now refused to fight?
Is the deliverer turned th' oppressor now?
Has the reformer dropt the dangerous vow?
Or has the patriot's bosom lost its heat,
And forced him, shivering, to a snug retreat?
Is such the grievous lapse of human pride!
Is such the victory of the worth untried!”

Scott felt an attraction in such poetic form which we have perhaps ceased to feel; and Fox, had he lived to read it, would equally have acknowledged its power.

But Wordsworth said Crabbe was unpoetical; he condemned him for “his unpoetical mode of considering human nature and society;” and, after all, the world has agreed with Wordsworth, and disagreed with Scott and Fox. Wordsworth told Scott an anecdote in illustration of his meaning. Sir George Beaumont, sitting with himself and Crabbe one day, blew out the candle which he had used in sealing a letter. Sir George and Wordsworth, with proper taste, sat watching the smoke rise from the wick in beautiful curves; but Crabbe seeing — or rather smelling — the object, and not seeing the beauty of it, put on the extinguisher. Therefore, said Wordsworth, Crabbe is unpoetical, — as fine a bit of æsthetic priggishness as is often met with. Scott's opinion was not much affected by the anecdote, and Wordsworth was on the wrong track. It is true, however, that Crabbe was unpoetical in Wordsworth's sense. Crabbe had no imaginative vision, — no such vision as is shown in that stormy landscape of Shelley's, in the opening of *Laon and*

Cythna, which lacks the truth of actuality, but possesses the higher imaginative truth, like Turner's painting, or as is shown in that other storm in *Pippa Passes*. Crabbe saw sword-grass and saltwort and fen, but he had no secret of the imagination by which he could mingle them into harmonious beauty; there is loveliness in a salt marsh, but Crabbe could not present it, nor even see it for himself. The couplet of Arnold,

"Say, has some wet, bird-haunted English lawn
Lent it the music of its trees at dawn?"

has more poetical feeling in it than the whole description of the fall morning which has been quoted, and in the concluding lines of *Sohrab and Rustum* there is such imaginative vision as is worth all Crabbe's natural scenes. As in landscape, so in life: Goldsmith was untrue to the actual Auburn, but he was faithful to a far more precious truth, the truth of remembered childhood, and he revealed with the utmost beauty the effect of the subtlest working of the spirit of man on practical fact; it is his fidelity to this psychological and spiritual truth which makes Auburn the "loveliest village of the plain." Crabbe exhibited nothing of this imaginative transformation of the familiar and the commonplace, perhaps saw nothing of it; he described the fishing village of Aldborough as any one with good powers of perception, who took the trouble, might see it. Through these defects of his powers he loses in poetic value; his poetry is, as he called it, poetry without an atmosphere; it is a reflection, almost mirror-like, of plain fact.

Men go to poetry too often with a preconceived notion of what the poet ought to give, instead of with open minds for whatever he has to give. Too much

is not to be expected from Crabbe. He was only a simple country clergyman, half educated, with no burning ideals, or beautiful reveries, or passionate dreams; his mind did not rise out of the capabilities and virtues of respectability. His life was as little poetical, in Wordsworth's sense, as his poetry. Yet his gift was not an empty one. Moore, Scott, and Byron were story-tellers who were poetical, in Wordsworth's sense; but is Crabbe's true description of humble life less valuable than Scott's romantic tradition, or Moore's melting, sensuous Oriental dream, or Byron's sentimental, falsely-heroic adventure, or even, in our own day, than Morris's indolent, smooth-flowing lotus-land fable? It is far more valuable, because there is more of the human heart in it; because it contains actual suffering and joy of fellow-men; because it is humanity, and calls for hospitality in our sympathies and charities. Unpoetical? Yes; but it is something to have real life brought home to our tears and laughter, although it be presented barely, and the poet has trusted to the rightness and tenderness of our hearts for those feelings the absence of which in his verse led Wordsworth to call these tales unpoetical. Yet, it must be confessed, all of Crabbe is not to be read; it is only when he is at his best that his verse has this extraordinary power over the heart; but he is often at his best. Would that in this revival of the eighteenth century, when so much of its driftweed and wreck seems flooding back to burden life a generation longer, some one who knows Crabbe well would gather up the best of his work, and so save it from an otherwise inevitable forgetfulness, and give our generation knowledge of a pleasure it is missing!

G. E. Woodberry.

RECORDS OF W. M. HUNT.

II.

HORSES were to be depended on until they ran away once, Mr. Hunt said; "and then they were like the man who jumped up and down in his back yard, with his mouth wide open, while his house was burning, thinking he was crying fire."

During the long evenings of early winter he was very cheerful and happy, full of fun and stories. One evening he told us of his big, balky horse that he had tried to cure by electricity. I wish that I dared attempt his description of the astonishment of the horse, and his sudden increase in size, when the current of electricity first struck him; the remedy did not prove a curative.

He told us a story of a monkey in Düsseldorf. The monkey was a very intelligent one, and greatly petted by his master, a professor in the art school. He was in the habit of giving the monkey daily some lumps of sugar in a small covered box. The little fellow was fond of opening and closing the box, and of helping himself to the sugar. As a matter of sport, the professor substituted for the sugar-box, one day, a box of exactly the same size and appearance, but which contained, instead of sugar, a horrid image that sprang out the moment the cover was raised. The unsuspecting monkey opened the box as usual for his sugar, the jack jumped out, and the monkey, dropping it, rushed to the farthest corner of his cage, and there he remained trembling all day; no coaxing could get him near the awful box, and it was finally removed from the cage. The next day the genuine box of sugar was put into the cage, but the cautious monkey was not to be caught again. He remained in his corner, and looked distrustfully at the peace-offering. It

might be the same terrible box; who could tell? After a while, however, his desire for sugar led him to venture a little nearer the box, and so, keeping himself at a prudent distance, he went round and round it, trying to make up his mind whether any reasonably safe attempt on the contents of the box were possible. He got nearer, and gave the box a little punch; then another; then he knocked it about his cage smartly, and no harm came of it. He took it up and carefully inspected it on all sides, and found it apparently quite satisfactory. Then, putting it down, the momentous question of opening the box was quickly decided; he made a rush at the cover, removing it and jumping suddenly back, but no terrible jack appeared. He went cautiously up and looked in; there were his harmless little lumps of sugar, — nothing more.

Never was a monkey happier. He chattered and played all the day long, evidently regarding his fearful experience as an ugly dream, or as the result of a diseased imagination. But his happiness was short-lived; the next day the jack-in-the-box was put in the cage, and again the monkey was frightened and perplexed, and the box had to be removed from the cage as before. Then, in due time, the jack was put back in place of the sugar; and so the poor animal was kept in anxious uncertainty, until he grew thin and nervous, and lost his appetite and sickened, and the experiment was given up. After a time he recovered his health and spirits, and then, just for once, his master thought he would put the jack into the cage, instead of the sugar, to see if the monkey minded it as formerly. The confiding little fellow opened the box, the jack leaped out, and the monkey fell back dead.

At one of his visits about this time Mr. Hunt informed us of his having been invited by a committee to lecture, some Sunday afternoon, in the Horticultural Hall course. We advised him by all means to accept, and he thought perhaps he might. He would take for a subject the connection between religion and art, and he ran on and told us what he proposed to say, talking steadily nearly an hour. After finishing, he said, "There! if some one could have taken down what I have been saying, it would be just what I want for the lecture." I offered to write out in the morning all I could remember, and he gladly accepted the proposal. A week later he had given up all notion of lecturing. The notes that I prepared for him have since been mislaid, much to my regret.

During the spring of 1877 he came often to the house, one evening marching into the study playing *Home Sweet Home* on a little mouth-organ. We always could tell how things were going with him by the frequency of his visits. When he was happy he came often. If dispirited or anxious over a difficult portrait, or from some other cause, his visits were less frequent. He said to us frankly that he would not come and be a bore, never realizing for a moment that he *could* not be a bore, whatever his mood. Sometimes he would come when he was not feeling in good spirits, and then we could see that he was exerting himself to be merry. On such occasions he would be more gentle and tender than usual, but there would be lapses in his gaiety, and he would sit silent, biting his finger-nails, his thoughts away in his studio or elsewhere.

He was singularly afraid of boring people, and when about to confer the greatest possible boon, namely, the taking of us to his studio, he would beat about the bush, and almost never put the proposition in direct terms: "I've got two or three little things over at the studio that I'm going to show you some

time; would you mind going over to-night, or some other night? I'm sorry it's so cold, but I rather want you to see the things right off, now; I can't wait very well." Sometimes, after sitting for a half hour or more, he would say, "Well, I came in to-night to ask you to go over to the studio, but, really, I think it an imposition, you are so comfortable here; but I should like you to see a head I've just been working on." This was not an affectation of manner; it was ever and under all circumstances the same. He always considered that we were doing him a favor to go with him to his studio, and that our acceptance of his invitation was possibly a matter of doubt, as if it were not the greatest possible pleasure to go to his studio and discuss his pictures with him; we would have gone twenty times often-er if asked. But to the very last his invitations were apologetic or timid, and when he got us before his pictures, in the enjoyment of our admiration and enthusiasm, he would sometimes confess that he came to us a few evenings before for the express purpose of inviting us to his studio; but after all, he did not know that we should like the pictures, and he feared he might be dragging us out too often, and so he said nothing about it.

One evening in May he got upon the subject of pigments. I had started him off by telling him that I had some Veronese green so thin that I could find no effect from it. It resulted in nothing on the canvas.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Hunt, "I know that kind of green; the more you put on, the less color you have. It vanishes. It's too thin to run up-hill. I tell you, if the Frenchmen had to paint with our pigments, you wouldn't hear much about their pictures." "After all," he went on to say, "the nearest thing to nature is a black-and-white drawing. Harmony is the great thing to strive for, and one is surer of this in black and

white. In nearly all paintings there is a certain lack of harmony, and therefore a good drawing is more satisfactory. Suggestion of color is better than color itself. What green is to landscape red is to flesh. All landscape painting is too green; the green should be felt beneath the neutral tint in landscape, just as the red should be felt beneath the gray tones in flesh painting. Both Millet and Correggio paint brown, and then contrast it with a blue that appears blue, but which is really a green. Their pictures do not strike one as brown."

The last time he was in Paris, Millet told him that he would paint a blonde so that he could put pure white for the highest lights of the face. "If the effect is harmonious, it makes no difference what key we paint on, high or low; but, as in music, one must begin and end on the same key. Painting is vulgar by the side of a fine charcoal drawing. Imagination and suggestion are everything in art. Color is vulgar, because it is in the direction of imitation. It is prose instead of poetry. The less imitation the more suggestion, and hence the more imagination and poetry. Drawing as compared with painting is more refined, and therefore truer art."

During this month we spent a day and night as guests with him at North Easton. With all his endeavors, he was not quite at his best there, being anxious lest our eating and sleeping should not be exactly what he wished; he had brought out from Boston some bananas and other fruits for a supplementary course at dinner. In the evening, on coming in, he asked for a bit of charcoal, to give the effect of a view he had just seen on the river. No charcoal was to be found, so he took a bit of cork, and holding it over the light manufactured his coal, and then drew on a bit of paper a heavy mass of trees against a bright sunset sky, reflecting them in the water below. A brother artist who was with him when he saw the sunset re-

marked afterwards that Mr. Hunt had got the effect on his bit of paper, and that he had a marvelous facility for remembering and reproducing an impression with a few simple touches.

One evening, this month, Mr. Hunt came to tea, and went with us to a concert, which he heartily enjoyed. Miss Cary was the principal singer, and her appearance and manner on the stage impressed him strongly. After the concert he was full of talk about her breadth of style, her repose, dignity, large impression, and her grand and noble person. She was dressed in white, and looked very large to him. He would like to paint her. She would weigh more than a hundred and eighty, and he would have his painting weigh as much as she. It would take fifteen hundred tubes of white paint. "Her singing is fine and satisfactory. It has variety of color and tint. Like painting, music requires this."

It was about this time that Mr. Hunt concluded that bread and milk was the only proper diet for him. When asked if he thought he should ever drink tea or coffee again, he said that he knew he should n't. At another time he would drink tea and cold water, no wine. Cold water, he argued, was the natural drink for mankind. He never felt so well as when drinking water, and plenty of it. Sometimes, for a month or so, he would not smoke, no matter how mild or how good the cigar offered him. Nothing could shake his resolution in these matters. He would listen patiently to your arguments in favor of moderation; with the greatest gravity, he would even help you to put them in the most plausible form; but no practical results followed. In due time he ate and drank and smoked again as other men. At one time he was fond of smoking a very low-priced, mild cigar. For the time being he argued that it was foolish for a man to give more than five cents for a cigar, and he related with great satisfaction how he went into the

Parker House, where several persons were about the bar smoking their fine Havanas, and called out in a loud voice, "Give me a five-cent cigar." Soon after this we noticed in his studio a box of choice Havanas, so fine that each cigar was provided with its individual bracelet. Putting on his very funniest expression, the artist showed us how he was withdrawing a fine cigar now and then from beneath, and putting its bracelet on to a five cent one, and then slyly filling up the hole with it. In this way, as he explained, he kept his box full of nice cigars.

A lady was describing to him an artist with whom he was unacquainted. "He is," she began, "light complexioned, freckled,"— "Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Mr. Hunt, "and he always wears brown clothes." "How did you know? Have you seen him?" "No, I've never seen him, but that kind of fellow always wears brown clothes."

Mr. Hunt was not, in the ordinary sense, a reader; I am sure, at least, that he read few books during the five years of his life that we knew him intimately. His conversation at times pointed to a considerable familiarity with certain parts of the Bible which he had read and discussed with Millet many years earlier, with parts of Shakespeare and with the literature of art. He liked to refer to Hazlitt's art criticisms and to the poetry of Robert Browning, accrediting the latter with far more correct ideas on art than most of the other poets. He liked also the writings of Taine, and asked us to read what Fromentin said of Rembrandt's work at the time it appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Considering that he read so seldom, it was rather surprising that his want of book knowledge did not make itself more felt; but he remembered everything that he read as well as everything that he heard, and, besides, what he had of his own to say was better than anything in books. He was no reflected

light. His talk was more generally the result of his personal experience or observation. Never a gossip, he talked of trivialities only as they afforded him scope for his ever-present love for grotesque narrative. He rarely spoke on current topics such as are discussed in the newspapers, and one seldom got from his conversation the slightest hint of his newspaper reading. It is said that he skimmed a daily paper quite regularly, generally tossing it down after a moment or two, with the remark that "it is strange people can read such stuff." He seldom discussed politics, and never voted, so far as I know, after the close of the war. During the war period he was deeply stirred and very loyal. At that time he was a strong republican, but later appeared to have no party preferences whatever, condemning both parties in good round terms. He once spoke favorably of Bristow as a presidential candidate; but he had lately been in bathing with him at the beach, and the latter's fine, robust figure, which he liked, had, we thought, something to do with his preference.

Mr. Hunt had two long interviews with John Brown, and was greatly impressed by him. He was a marvelous person; a great hero, like one of the old prophets, he said. He made arrangements to paint his portrait, but meantime Brown went suddenly to his death in Virginia.

Mr. Hunt was very tenacious of cherished opinions, yet never egotistic or overbearing; always ready to listen to dissenting views, and desirous of modifying or changing his own whenever shown that he was wrong. His opinions in art matters were so well considered, so thoroughly sound, that it was not easy for any one to show him weak points in them. He never seemed to expect anybody to believe a thing because he said it, but was prepared with an abundance of argument and illustration to prove it true. It gave him usually little effort to

vanquish an opponent in a discussion on the principles or practice of art, and so deftly would it be done that his adversary's sense of discomfiture was rather pleasurable and satisfactory than otherwise. Once vanquished, however, one felt that he was to remain vanquished. There were many things in art that Mr. Hunt was not sure about, and these he always spoke of as points that he could not pretend to decide.

He had, as I have said, a remarkable memory. Nothing great or small could escape it. He would recall trivial remarks months and years old. Social engagements, however, he found great difficulty in remembering; but those who knew him well knew exactly which ones he would remember and which forget. "Don't let's name any particular hour. I have n't got any watch now," or, "My watch does n't keep any sort of time," or, "Yes, yes, I'll try and come round. What time did you say?" All this meant that he would forget; but if he looked at one earnestly, and said "Yes" to an invitation, without any beating about the bush, it meant yes, and we so understood it. Engagements, he said, were like a millstone about his neck; they were like a cold buckwheat cake. Other than unimportant social engagements he kept to the very letter, and required others to keep. As a man of business he was exact, and more methodical than is generally supposed.

One evening in the winter of 1877, he came in to spend the evening, and finally got to talking about the Art School at the Museum. It was all very well that the school should not give perfect satisfaction. It would not do to be too easily satisfied. He kept clear of the whole thing as much as possible. "They make too much fuss over the students. If two per cent. or one per cent. make anything of artists, it is as much as one should expect. Grundemann is painstaking, and perhaps well enough as a teacher; possibly not broad enough; but

let him go on five years at least before judging of his qualifications. They think over there that the school, if good enough, must make artists. There never was a greater mistake. Why don't they set up a school to make poets? All that a teacher can do is to teach. If the stuff is in a pupil he may make a painter. It was the mackerel out of the school that fattened Daniel Webster." He was quite merry over his answer to some of the committee who asked his views of the proper limits as to the age of pupils to be admitted to the art instruction. He replied that none should be admitted under four years of age, and none above eighty.

Looking at a large landscape in the room, he said, "As a rule, vertical lines darker, horizontal lines lighter; but one can't paint by rule; circumstances may require the horizontal lines to be darkest. There is a good effect of light in this sky. Light in the sky or elsewhere is not so well produced by putting dark against it as by a gradation of tone from the dark towards it. Light radiates, and one must try to produce the appearance of radiation to get the highest effect. No matter if the picture be on a low key. Neither, if the gradation is finely done, need the dark be very dark nor the light very light. Atmosphere and light are the great things to work for in landscape painting."

On another occasion, being asked if a certain landscape painting were not too green, he answered, "Too green? No, not too green if you felt like painting green. If one feels like painting green, it's best to paint green. Under such circumstances it's of no use to try to paint any other color. If you feel like painting brown or gray, paint those colors."

In a conversation about the photographing of his pictures, he was asked, in consideration of the fact that yellow came out black, and purple white, in a photograph, why one should not paint

with a view to photography, so that the lights and darks would represent the intentions of the artist. "Because one should not paint with a view to anything but to paint his picture. If you have views of anything beyond that, you do poor, mechanical work."

Mr. Hunt was especially lenient towards earnest work of *young* artists. He was severe on pretension and conceit only. Of a portrait he said there was "no inside to it. It looked like a bug that another bug had eaten up all except the shell."

There was never a question as to how Mr. Hunt should be entertained, for he entertained himself as well as those about him. No subject was too great for him to discuss, and none too small. He interested himself at one time greatly in our Manx cats, discovering that it was difficult to determine their centre of gravity; that their whole anatomy and movements differed entirely from those of cats with tails. He studied our family of Manx kittens, and finding their nest not sufficiently sumptuous sent one morning, with his compliments, a handsome cat basket, for their use.

Afterwards he was amused to learn that the old cat had found his elegant basket an unsafe repository for her family, and had lugged them off, while her unregenerate, grown-up, fighting son, of fringed ears and bruised aspect, had taken possession of it uninvited, spending his entire days in it and such nights as his professional engagements would permit of.

Mr. Hunt was ready to take part in whatever was going on in the house. One evening his hostess was doing some fancy patchwork, and immediately he became absorbed in its condition and development, requesting the liberty of sewing in a square, which he did on the spot with stitches so neat as to excite extravagant admiration. The delicacy and dexterity of his manipulations were sometimes astonishing. Once, in speak-

ing of his ability to do fine work with the brush, if he chose, he asked for a pencil, and taking a bit of note paper wrote one of our names, made up of seven letters, one of them a capital, so fine that I found a magnifying-glass indispensable for reading it. The space taken up by the seven letters was just one eighth of an inch in length, every letter being firm and distinctly legible. On putting down the pencil he remarked, "That is n't nearly as fine as I can write sometimes. I could do much better with a fine-pointed pencil. Still, this is n't easy to do; just try it." And we all tried it, and found it impossible. One cold evening a lady complained of a crack on the end of her forefinger that would not heal and was very sore. "Let me fix it," said Mr. Hunt. He took out his pen-knife, sharpened it on his boot, and proceeded to pare the skin down thin at the edges of the crack, not an easy thing to do at the end of the finger, and a task requiring considerable confidence in both patient and operator; but he did it neatly, and, advising a poultice for the night, promised that it should be a cure in thirty-six hours; and it was.

I have known him to paint an hour or more on a cow less than an inch and a half in length, supposed to be already finished. He first scraped off the surface of the paint with a knife, giving it a speckled look, and, remarking that he guessed he would make a tortoise-shell cow of it, worked continuously and deliberately with fine sable brushes until he had what he called "a finished cow."

For a month or more, at one time, when taking wine in the evening with us, he was in the habit of resting his empty wine-glass on the top of his head. There he would sit on the sofa nodding his head in conversation, but never permitting the glass to fall. The top of his head was very smooth, and we were apprehensive, and this gave great zest to his performance. After a while we became used to this habit, but one

evening the wine-glass slid from his head and broke on the carpet. This ended the performance forever; he could not be persuaded to try it again.

A few evenings later he amused us and himself by substituting for the wine-glass a smooth paper-weight, which he balanced on his head as before; to vary the entertainment he would now and then put a sheet of paper under the weight, and then snatch it quickly away, leaving the paper-weight undisturbed on his head.

He is said to have practiced putting his soup plate on top of his head at the restaurants, for the convenience of the waiters; but he did nothing of the kind on the evening when he invited us all to dine with him at a little place behind the Public Library. As usual when entertaining guests, he was over-anxious lest everything should not pass off exactly as he wished, and so behaved more like other people. Still, the occasion seemed to afford him great satisfaction, for when he came to us, a few evenings afterward, he said as he left the door, holding up the fingers of one hand, "There are only about so many of us in Boston, you know; we ought to meet in that way oftener." Who the other three were I never knew with certainty; I could only be sure that one was Mr. Thomas Robinson, for whom he had the tenderest possible friendship. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the talent of his friend, also. Of the head of a bull by Robinson in our possession, he said, "I don't believe there is a man living at the present time who could paint this subject as well as Tom has done it in that picture."

January 18, 1878. Mr. Hunt came in rather late, but seemed desirous that we should go over to his studio and see an unfinished sunset that he was at work on. It promised to be very fine, but for some reason or other it was never completed. He took out from a large depository several other new paintings, notably the two views, almost exactly

alike, of Gloucester Harbor. They were of the same tone and on the same key; but the first was, technically speaking, somewhat smoother, while the second had a little more light in it. The latter was painted with almost inconceivable rapidity, within three hours, and never touched afterwards. I remember also a large landscape, more than twice the size of these, that Mr. Hunt told me was one of *two pictures* that he had painted in one day. I recall the more important fact that the landscape in question was one of his best and one of the finest I know, exquisitely gray and silvery in tone and masterly in handling, reminding one of Daubigny in composition, but larger in style, and even more vigorous.

He said once, "I was in a hurry, and wiped my brushes on my pocket handkerchief, and threw it into a pail of water, where it has been for a week."

He had at this time in his studio a keg of wine made in New York State from native grapes. This he dispensed to us in large goblets, calling it a kind of sweet cider; it was as harmless as water, he said; you could drink as much as you pleased of it. We found it delicious, of a flavor more tempting than any cider we had ever known, and so we drank a goblet or two of it with great relish. Presently we made the discovery, to Mr. Hunt's great merriment, that it was a kind of drink that ought to be served in a wine-glass, and as the studio was getting a little warm we started home across the Common, Mr. Hunt accompanying us, ostensibly for the purpose of explaining away the effects of his sweet cider.

A favorite phrase of his in describing or praising a picture was that "it sings its song." Not only should every picture sing its song, but usually he required that it should be a cheerful one.

Regarding a fine Dupré, uninteresting in subject and gloomy, he said, "I admit that it is strong and masterly; I

think I recognize all its merits; but if that is the outcome and end of painting, then I don't wish to paint any more." Like other great painters before him, Mr. Hunt sometimes held singular views about pictures not in his mood. At such times he allowed comparatively little weight to masterly conception, color, or technique. His cultivated judgment was put aside, and his like and dislike took its place. The intensity of his feeling not only influenced his judgment but for the time being dominated his power of perception, so that red was not red, subtle qualities of color escaped his attention, and he saw no virtue that he was not specially in search of. These characteristics are more or less common to the intense artistic temperament; indeed almost the only conspicuous examples among the great painters of calm, judicial, unbiased opinions upon contemporary work are seen in Rubens and Velasquez. Reynolds is a noteworthy example of the opposite kind.

One evening, Mr. Hunt sat with a cheerful little Dupré in his lap for half an hour, praising it without stint, and the next day shut himself in his studio and painted a brown picture that strikingly recalled the Dupré in color and composition. When I first saw his brown painting, some weeks afterwards, I exclaimed at once, "There you have a Dupré picture!" But the artist made no response, nor did we learn until some time later that it had been painted under the circumstances above stated. Being shown a spring landscape, he studied it over some time, and then exclaimed, "I'm going to paint a spring picture!" This was near the first of May, and in a few days we were invited to see his new picture, which proved to be the painting that he named Spring Chickens, the original charcoal drawing of which he presented us, possibly as an acknowledgment of our claim for the motive of the new picture.

Being shown a small painting by

Kühl, a Munich artist, representing a drunken man holding a half-filled glass of wine in each hand, he remarked, "It is very skillfully done, but what is the use of doing it? Why choose such a subject, when pleasant ones are all around us? The subject is n't worthy of the painter."

Of the landscapes of a number of the students of the Munich school in New York he said, "They show the result of good schooling; yes, they have a neat little recipe for skies." He was very intolerant of everything in painting that savored of a school or established method, and vastly pleased over anything that exhibited evidence of earnest, independent work, no matter how crude. Amateur paintings attracted his attention at once if they happened to have some merit. Now and then we used to put such a picture over the table in the study, in a good light. If there was the least bit of good in it, Mr. Hunt noticed it immediately on entering the room. He would say from across the room, "Ah, a new picture! When did you do that? I like it," or, "You've got a good sky; there's light in it," or, "That's amusing; you've got a fuller color than usual in your trees." If the picture pleased him still better, he would go to it, look it over closely to see how it had been done, and then say, "I like it," simply, or perhaps add, "You might have saved yourself these strokes of the brush here in the foreground; they don't count for anything." If, however, the picture put over the table for him to see was too poor, he never appeared to see it. Under such circumstances he would sit over against it all the evening, and never be caught looking at it once. I remember such an occasion, when, having put a little *chef d'œuvre*, as I half feared and hoped, in its proper place, the coming of Mr. Hunt was impatiently awaited. When at last he came, to our surprise no notice was taken of the new picture. Lest

this should be mere accident or oversight, I took great pains during the evening, not to obstruct his sight by getting between him and the cherished object. It was all to no purpose. There was red, white, and blue in the picture, but he did n't see it.

It is remarkable, considering the provocation to which he was subjected, that he should never have criticised one of these pictures adversely. Occasionally he made suggestions in a quiet, confidential kind of way. For instance, in a picture where, in the middle distance, there were some slim young walnut-trees put against the highest light of the sky, he said, "I think, perhaps, there is a little too much color in those trees. Against that bright sky I doubt if one would see much color; they would be more neutral in tone. Still, I'm not sure about it. I'd think it over before doing anything; but my impression is now that if the color were taken out of the trees it would be truer to nature, and help the picture otherwise. But don't do it until you think it over; it's possible it may be better as it is."

Being asked if he liked personally a certain young artist, of affected manner and foppish appearance, he replied, "I don't know him. I know his clothes. I've always known his clothes, but I don't know *him*. I can have nothing to do with such a man when I meet him; I look right through and beyond and around him."

Starting out, one morning, from his Tremont Street studio for his breakfast, he encountered an old woman on the stairs carrying down a big box of ashes. He at once insisted on lending a hand, and taking half the burden upon himself they landed it on the sidewalk together. "I did n't dare to look up," he said, "but I could feel the eyes of people boring into my back."

June, 1878. Mr. Hunt wrote us from Niagara Falls that he had definitely accepted the contract for painting two

large pictures on the walls of the Assembly Chamber at Albany. He had accepted the offer with great hesitation. On one occasion he said he was almost sorry that he had entertained the project at all. It was an immense job. The risk of failure was too great; he had never done anything of the kind. He should feel happier if they would just withdraw their proposal; it would take a load off his mind.

Two weeks later he came home from Niagara, and was enthusiastic over the grandeur of the falls and the artistic beauties of the neighborhood, talking of this subject and the projected Albany pictures the entire evening. He wished one of the Albany paintings to be a large view of Niagara, which he thought he could make attractive for the position, and which would be very appropriate as representing a magnificent bit of scenery within the limits of the State. But the authorities preferred *The Discoverer* as a companion picture for the *Anahita*.

His last visit to us before leaving for Albany was on the evening of October 9th. He had been working hard over the large sketches and the separate figures, and was of course anxious as to the success of his great venture and impatient to get at the work in Albany, the beginning of which had been delayed owing to tardiness of some sort there, and which, nevertheless, must be finished by the first of January, so that the chamber should be in order for the meeting of the legislature. He appeared tired, this evening, but was very gentle and kind, and left us the impression that he was already a little homesick in anticipation of his enforced stay at Albany. His mirth seemed forced, and when he left he was quite unnaturally jolly, declaring that it was n't worth while to say good-by, that he should be back again in Boston in no time, that the time would pass very quickly, and so on.

On October 30th he sent us photographs of the condition of his work at that time, accompanied by the following characteristic letter:—

ALBANY, October 28, 1878.

MY DEAR —: I think I must send you a photograph of the walls as a record of the work thus far. One week at work, and the outlines are about completed, and painting begins, I hope, tomorrow.

I can tell you, it is like sailing a seventy-four, or riding eight horses in a circus. It fills one's lungs to breathe in front of such spaces. The figure of Columbus, or the Discoverer, is eleven feet from his crown to the boat where his shins disappear. His hand is broader than this page is long. The scaffolding is spacious, and the bridge connecting the two is about seven feet wide and seventy feet long; so you see everything is in proportion, and it is delightful to work forty feet from the floor.

It will be a great mortification if we don't succeed. Just think of a twin mortification forty-five by sixteen!

Yours truly, W. M. HUNT.

P. S. It is lucky that I am growing far-sighted and require large print at a distance. Remember me kindly to all.

Soon after the receipt of this letter we heard that he was working very hard, — a part of the night by calcium light, as well as during the whole day, — and we wrote expressing fear for his health, and advising him not to work by night and to take plenty of sleep. This was his answer:—

ALBANY, Sunday, November 24, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I received your note of warning not to paint all night, and I follow your advice to the letter, for I paint all day, and should be only too thankful (I think) to have a light of any kind these dark days. As you may imagine, a scaffold ten feet wide throws

quite a shadow, when there is light enough to throw anything. We have been obliged for the last week to use torches when we want to see our work clearly, and we begin about nine o'clock, A. M., and come away about six o'clock, P. M. Lunch on board.

Now you need n't pity us a bit, and this apparent whining is merely a form of brag, or something that we are rather proud of, and something for an excuse to sing about if the things look ill when the staging comes down.

It is good, steady, long-winded work, and enough of it, — that's just what it is; immensely instructive, I can tell you; and I can conceive now more readily why those old fellows were not idiots or niggers in their business, after they had passed a life in front of walls and painted over every large room they had ever lived in.

We have every encouragement here, and our employers are pleased with the work thus far. All the stone-cutters take great interest in it, and that is very encouraging.

We have every advantage here, except that we have had thus far no art critics. I suppose that if we had been assisted by their presence and advice we should have already finished our work.

Oh, it is a luxury to work unsurrounded by whiners!

We can paint horses sky blue if we choose, and nobody begs us to desist.

If the work looks well when it is done, I shall insist on your coming up; if not — when we meet we'll act as though nothing had happened.

Yours truly, W. M. HUNT.

P. S. Have you heard anything of the body in Boston?

P. P. S. Have there been any traces in Boston?

P. SSS. If you hear anything of the "body," please inform.

The several postscripts related to the search for the stolen body of Stewart, in

which, it appears, he had a very active interest.

November 29, 1878. Mr. Hunt spent a long evening with us. He had arrived in town the day before, and had intended to pass his first evening at our house, but on calling and finding us out, he had enjoined silence upon the servant, and, trusting to luck that we should hear nothing of him about town, he managed to take us entirely by surprise. He walked in upon us unannounced, and was as happy and light-hearted all the evening as we had ever seen him. The talk naturally turned to his all-absorbing work at Albany, and although he spoke of it as if there were still a possibility of failure, his manner and his happiness told of assured success.

We visited him at Albany on December 24th. He was very cordial and light-hearted, and appeared well satisfied with his work, though a little apprehensive of the critics. After finishing his pictures he took a short vacation in the country, and returned to Boston. He seemed very tired, mentally and physically, at this time, and although cheerful it was not the sunny, wayward cheerfulness of old times. The swollen knee, to which it had been necessary to apply a surgical bandage during the last days of his fatiguing work at Albany, was still a cause of anxiety. Nevertheless, although, as he expressed it, he felt played out, he thought he might begin on some portraits in the course of a week or two. When told that he should not touch a brush for at least two months, and could not possibly get rested sooner, he would not believe it. In about three weeks he began painting, but was forced

to stop again and take more rest; he soon resumed work, and did, as is well known, some of the best painting of his life. The Gardner portrait, for example, seems to be in important respects, his best. As a painting it is probably as fine as anything that has been done in America, and takes rank with the best of all time.

He was not well during this winter and spring, and was apt to relapse into an irritable mood and scold the critics in an excitable way. His visits to us were rather infrequent. During the two evenings that he spent with us in March, it was remarked that he had lost his old gayety of manner. He seemed to be conscious of this change himself, and endeavored to make up for it by greater kindness and gentleness. His last evening at our house, and the last time we saw him, was on the 7th of April, 1879. He was never more cordial than on this occasion, but all he said and did appeared the result of effort. He said he was very tired, and being offered wine put his hand in his pocket and took out some malt, saying that this was the only wine he allowed himself now. Soon after nine o'clock he said he must go home, so as to get to bed early, and presently, his companion not being quite ready to go, he took her gently by the ear and led her out into the hall, saying, "*I must go*," an expression that we had never heard him use before with earnestness. As he passed out of the door with a ringing "Good-night," one of us said, "We shall never see him again;" the other, "Oh, yes; he has a splendid constitution. A summer's rest will bring him all right again."

Henry C. Angell.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

XV.

THE office sisters went in-doors to make some change in their dress for the meeting; Elihu and Joseph walked away together; Egeria had shrunk from the tearful embrace of Sister Frances, and she now slowly followed with her father, who continued in strenuous appeal to her, till they reached the door of the family house, and entered with the group awaiting them there. A dull look was in her eyes when they came into the hall, and she sank absent-mindedly into her usual place in one of the back rows of sisters, away from the light of the kerosene lamps burning in brackets against the wall. Her father, for reasons of his own, chose to sit apart from the men, and he now retired to one of the corners, where he remained with his head dropped on his hand during the greater part of the service.

Brother Humphrey did not join the rest till the meeting was nearly over. He had stayed to close up the office for the night, and to wait for the return of Brother Laban, who was away on business, and he was about to lock one of the front doors, when he found himself confronted at the threshold by two men, one of whom asked if he could oblige them with a night's lodging.

"We do not keep a house of entertainment," said Humphrey, willing to evade, but unwilling to deny.

"Oh, I'm perfectly aware of that," said the stranger, who wore a wide straw hat, and had a neat leather bag slung at his side by a strap passed over his shoulder, "but I suppose you don't turn people away. I was given to understand at the village, back here, that you sometimes took pity on wayfarers."

"Yee, we do," said Humphrey, still holding the door ajar.

"Then take pity on us, my dear friend, and on our horse," said the stranger, not otherwise indicating the vehicle he had left at the gate, "and we'll pay you what you like for your compassion." He pushed in, and Humphrey mechanically setting the door wider his companion followed. "We can sleep in a double-bedded room, if you can't give us two single ones."

"Nay," said Humphrey, "you can have two single rooms. Sit down," he added, showing them into the office parlor.

"Ah, you double nothing, I suppose," said the stranger. "Thanks!" He dropped into a rocking-chair, but when Humphrey went out, to see that the rooms were quite ready, he sprang actively to his feet again and went peering about the room with the lamp which Humphrey had left on the table. He stooped down and examined the legs of this piece of furniture. "No! Evidently the Shaker conscience is against the claw-foot. Probably they regard it as but one remove from the cloven-foot. And I don't suppose there's such a thing as a brass-mounting of any sort in the building. But really, this bare wall with the flat finish is n't so bad; it's expressive of the bare walls and flat finish of Shakerism; an instance of what the Swedenborgians call correspondence. Look here, my dear fellow! Here is something very original — *ab*-original — in rugs. That's a good bit of color." He seized upon one of the braided rugs on the floor and partly lifted it. "Look at this!"

"Oh, let it alone," said the other, with a yawn. He looked not very well, and he glanced at his feet with the weariness that despairs of ever getting to bed with such an obstacle as boots in the way.

"But you don't understand," persisted the first, clinging to the rug. "This

must be home-dyed. These yellows and reds — I was admiring your rug," he explained to Humphrey, who now re-appeared. "It's something uncommon in color."

"Yee," said the Shaker; "we don't generally like our things so gay. Your rooms are ready."

"Ah, then we won't detain you," said the stranger; but he caught sight of the long clock at the lower end of the hall, into which they issued, and turned from going up-stairs to look closer at it, with his hand lamp. "This is good! Very good! A genuine Marm Storrs. A family heir-loom, I fancy?"

"Nay, I don't know," said the Shaker, stopping half-way up the stairs; "it came here before I did. I don't know who brought it."

"You don't care for colonial bric-a-brac? But you should. It's the only thing we can justly aspire to, this side of the water. You could pick up some nice things in the country. Have you a spinning-wheel?"

"Yee. But we don't use it. It's cheaper to buy our linen."

"Of course. But you've no idea how much character it would give that pleasant parlor of yours."

Humphrey answered neither yea nor nay. The other stranger, who had stalked up-stairs past him, asked from the upper hall, "Which room is mine?" And when Humphrey pointed it out he entered and shut the door behind him.

"What singing is that?" asked his companion, as he paused again at the open window near the top of the stairs.

"It is our family meeting," answered Humphrey.

"Family meeting!" repeated the stranger briskly. "Would it be possible — could you allow a secular person like myself to look in a moment?"

"Nay," said the Shaker, composedly, without vouchsafing any explanation.

The stranger looked at him as if puzzled. "I could n't go?"

"Nay," repeated Humphrey, as before.

"But really, I've heard of people attending your meetings, have n't I?"

"Yee."

"Then why can't I go?"

"This is a family meeting."

"Oh! Is this my room?"

"Yee. Good-night," he said, while the stranger was still hesitating at his door-way, and turned away; the latter then answered his good-night, and went in, and Humphrey descended to his room below, where, after he had put up the strangers' horse, he busied himself restlessly in working at his accounts, till Laban raised the latch of the door.

"Laban," said Humphrey, "there are two strangers — young men — in the house, that I've just give rooms to. One of us has got to stay away from the meetin', I presume. It won't do to have 'em alone here, these times."

"Nay," said Laban, taking off his hat, and hanging it on its appointed peg before he sat down. "I will stay."

"I d' know 's I'd ought to let ye," rejoined Humphrey. "It's a meetin' of uncommon interest; quite excitin', as you may say."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, Friend Boynton and Egery are goin' to give what they call a test see-aunts, I suppose. Mahters have come to a head, all at once, — I don't rightly know how. But Elihu and Friend Boynton, they got into consid'able of a dispute, just now; and Friend Boynton was tol'ble bitter, and spoke revilin's that seemed to kind o' edge Elihu on, and first we know they'd cooked it up between 'em that the' wa'n't any time like the present to prove whether spiritualism was better than Shakerism. I don't believe 't she more 'n half liked it, the way she looked."

"I don't seem to care anything about goin'," said Laban. "I'll stay."

"Why, thank ye, Laban!" cried Hum-

phrey, rising with an eagerness which betrayed itself, now that he had satisfied the scruples of conscience by setting forth the meeting in the most attractive colors, and giving Laban a free choice whether to go or stay.

When he came into the meeting Brother Elihu was on his feet speaking. Humphrey softly crept to the place left vacant for him, beside Elihu, and sat down.

"I want," Elihu was saying, "that all the brethren and sisters here present should wish well to Friend Boynton in his experiment. He claims that it is necessary to his success that there should be no feeling of enmity or suspicion towards him, and if any of us have such feelings I hope they will try to put them aside. I shall try to do so, for my part, with all my heart. Hard words have just passed between Friend Boynton and me, and I am willing to own that I was hasty and wrong in much that I said. I shall truly rejoice in all the success that he hopes for to-night."

He sat down, and a little stir passed through the rows of listeners. One of them began a hymn, and they sang it through, while Dr. Boynton waited with a face of haughty offense. When the singing ceased, he came forward from his corner, and stood between the rows of brothers and sisters.

"I thank Elihu," he said, without looking at him, "for his good intentions towards myself, and I freely acquit him for what he has said. I have myself nothing to withdraw and nothing to regret. Nor do I ask, in what I shall do to-night, any mood of especial assent or sympathy in you, or even of neutrality. I am not here to try an experiment. I am here to exhibit certain facts of psychological science, as thoroughly ascertained as the transmission of the electric current that bears your messages from Maine to California." He seemed to gather defiance from his rotund phraseology; he rang the syllables of the last

word through the hall with a clarion hardness. "When I last stood here," he continued, "and addressed you upon this subject, I had to ask your patience. My daughter had fallen sick with a fever, of which no one could forecast the event. She lived, and made a recovery which, though painfully slow, is complete; and she is once more fully *en rapport* with my purposes and wishes. We shall begin with some simple experiments in biology, or, as it was originally called, mesmerism; and we shall gradually proceed to a combination of this science with spiritism, in a union which it has been the end and aim of all my inquiries to effect, — which I have foreseen from the beginning as the only true development of perfect mediumship. All that I shall ask of *you*," said Dr. Boynton, with a certain emphasis on the last word, turning on his heel, so as to include all present in his glance of somewhat contemptuous demand, "is your strict attention and your perfect silence. Stay! I shall ask one of you to oblige me by setting a chair here, where all can see, and by lending me a handkerchief." His voice had fallen to the colloquial tone, and it touched something of its old suavity. But when Humphrey had set the chair, and Diantha had given him a folded handkerchief, he shook out the linen with a flirt, and called, with a sternness that startled all, "Come forward, Egeria!"

The girl rose from her place beside Sister Frances, and slowly advanced, with the Shakeress beside her.

"Come forward alone!" commanded her father, and Frances shrank back into her seat again, while Egeria continued to advance, and took her place in the chair as he directed with a wave of his hand. Those who were nearest saw that she was very pale, and they spoke afterwards of a peculiar look in her face, "as if," they said, "the life had gone out of it." She was also thought to tremble, and she let her arms fall into

her lap, with a long, patient sigh that was heard all over the room, and that brought tears to the eyes of some.

Her father stood drawing the handkerchief through his hand. "We will begin, as I said, with some of the most elementary phases of mesmerism, and we will work up through these to its ultimatum in clairvoyance, at which point of junction we will invoke the aid of spiritism, the science into which it merges, and we will then continue our inquiries in a dark séance. For the present the lights can remain as they are."

He came round in front of his daughter, and steadily regarded her. "Fix your eyes on mine," he said, as if addressing a stranger.

She obeyed, lifting her eyes with an effect of mute appeal, while the corners of her mouth drooped.

"When I count three," continued her father, "your eyes will close. One, two, three."

Her eyelids fell, and she remained as if in a quiet sleep. Her father approached, and with a series of downward passes assumed to deepen the spell.

"Now," he said, "turning to the intent spectators, 'we will exhibit some well-known phenomena of this condition. The subject is in a complete mesmeric trance, and is entirely under my control. I can will her to remain in that chair, and she will have no power to rise. If I were simply in my own mind, without the utterance of a word, to will her to go to the house-top and fling herself down, she would instantly do so. If I willed her to put her hand in the flame of that lamp, she could not refuse; neither would she feel any pain, if I forbade her to feel pain. She sees, hears, tastes, feels, whatever I will. She has no being except in my volition, and I have not a doubt that, terrible as it may seem, if I were to will her death, she would cease to breathe.'"

His hearers had listened with interest that deepened at each successive asser-

tion; at the last a sort of moan ran through the ranks of the sisters. The brothers remained hardly less impressively silent.

"You can now easily understand," resumed Boynton, "what a tremendous engine, what a superhuman agency, such a power as that I exert must be in the development of a spirit medium. It is to this end that I have chiefly exerted it in the case of my daughter. My theory has been that the medium's obsession by spirits is often so thorough that mind and body alike succumb to their influence, and that the medium is thus so obscured as to be able to transmit no intelligible result. It is at this point that the mesmeric power, sterile in itself, and hitherto useless, comes to her rescue. It stays and supports her; it enables another to reinforce her will, and she receives a distinct and ineffaceable impression from the other world. I ask you to consider but for a moment the vast consequences to flow from such a development. I ask you to do this, not in your behalf or mine; for we *know*, by our converse with spirits, that we shall live hereafter, — that another world lies beyond this, in which we shall abide forever. But you who dwell here, in the security, the sunshine, of this faith, have little conception of the doubt and darkness in which the whole Christian world is now involved. In and out of the church, it is honey-combed with skepticism. Priests in the pulpit and before the altar proclaim a creed which they hope it will be good for their hearers to believe, and the people envy the faith that can so confidently preach that creed; but neither priests nor people believe. As yet, this devastating doubt has not made itself felt in morals; for those who doubt were bred in the morality of those who believed. But how shall it be with the new generation, with the children of those who feel that it may be better to eat, drink, and make merry, for to-morrow they die forever?"

Will they be restrained by the morality which, ceasing to be a guest of the mind in us, remains master of the nerves? Will they not eat, drink, and make merriment at their pleasure, set free as they are, or outlawed as they are, by the spirit of inquiry, by the spirit of science, which has beaten down the defenses and razed the citadel of the old faith? I shudder to contemplate the picture. In view of this calamitous future, I, as a spiritualist, cannot refrain from *doing*; and I appeal to you, as spiritualists, to shake off this drowse of prosperity, this popped slumber of love and peace, and buckle on the armor of action. What right have you, I ask, — what right have you Shakers to remain simply a refuge for the world's lame and halt and blind? This dream of perfect purity, of affectionate union, of heavenly life on earth, is very sweet; and I too have been fascinated by it. I too have asked myself why there should not be some provision in Protestantism, as there is in Romanism, for those who would retire from the world and dedicate themselves to humble industry, to meek communion with the skies, to brotherly love. But I tell you that this is all a delusion and a snare. On your purity rests the guilt of the world's foulness; on your union the blame of the world's discord; on your heavenly peace the responsibility of the world's hellish unrest. To you was first given, in this latter time, the renewed gospel of immortality, the evidence of spiritual life, the truth that matter and spirit may converse for the salvation of mankind. What have you done with this priceless gift? Have you cherished it, kept alight the precious jewel, to shine before the eyes of men; or have you flung it into the world to be trampled under foot by the swinish herd of sorcerers, who will yet turn again and rend you, unless you fulfill your duty? Every one of you here should become a messenger of the truth, and devote himself and herself to its promulgation. Go forth into the world, though it leave

your home desolate, and serve the truth! Or, better still, break up this outworn brotherhood, this barren union in which you dwell, a company of aging men and women, childless, hopeless, with whom their heritage must perish, and form with me on its ruins a new Shakerism, — a Shakerism which shall be devoted to the development of spiritistic science; which shall — which shall —

He paused for the word, and Brother Elihu suddenly rose. "I would remind Friend Boynton," he said, "that we are waiting to witness the mesmeric phenomena which he has promised us."

The brethren and sisters, who had been unawares drawn upward and forward by Boynton's eloquence, sank back into their seats, but some of the latter turned a reproachful glance at Elihu, in wonder that he could have the heart to interrupt the heroic strain. Then all eyes reverted to Egeria, who in the general forgetfulness had sat with her head drooping and her person dejected in a weary lassitude.

The doctor stopped, stared at Elihu, and caught his breath. He could not collect his thoughts at once, or master his overstrung nerves; but when he regained his voice he said dryly, "If you will do me the favor to look at your watch, I will show you the least of these phenomena."

Brother Elihu promptly took out his watch and held it in his hand.

"Egeria," said the doctor, "tell me the time by Elihu's watch."

The girl lifted herself like one peering forward, but her eyes were still closed. "The case is shut," she answered.

"That is true," Elihu declared. "I had shut it." He opened it.

"Look now, Egeria."

She remained in the same posture for some time. "I can't tell," she said at last. "I can't see."

The doctor smiled triumphantly. "Oh, I had forgotten to bandage your eyes. You can't see, of course, unless your

eyes are bandaged." He bound the handkerchief, which he had continued to draw through his hand, over her eyes. "Now look."

"I can't see," repeated the girl.

Dr. Boynton laughed. "Really," he said, "I must apologize for having forgotten some essential conditions of these simpler phenomena. We had advanced so far beyond them that I did n't recur to them at once in all their details. I can't, of course, will the subject to know what I don't know myself. If I were to guess at the time, she must necessarily repeat my guess." He went quickly to Elihu, and glanced at the watch; then returning to his place beside Egeria's chair, he looked off at a distant point and said, with a tone of easy indifference, "Well, Egeria, what time is it?"

The girl fell back into her chair, and putting up her hands took the bandage from her eyes, which she fixed upon her father's face in a passion of pity and despair.

"Let it go, Friend Boynton," said Elihu kindly. "There is no haste. Another time will do as well. Perhaps Egeria has not quite recovered."

"Yee," repeated one and another of the brethren and sisters, "another time will do as well."

"No," said Dr. Boynton, "another time will *not* do as well." He was strongly moved, but he made a successful effort to command his voice. "My daughter has been so habitually under my influence that I had not thought it worth while to go through the preliminaries we use with a fresh subject. But as a great interruption has taken place during her fever, perhaps this has become necessary." While he spoke, he was searching in his different pockets. He continued bitterly: "I was once the possessor of a silver piece which I used in producing the mesmeric trance, but it would not be strange if I had parted with it in the distress which threw

me upon your charity. If any of you happens to have a silver coin of any sort"—

Few of these simple communists often had money about them; and in those days of paper currency even the business men of the family knew very well that there was no silver in their pockets. If a silver coin was the indispensable condition of the mesmeric slumber, evidently Boynton stood on safe ground.

But with a quick "Ah!" he came upon the piece he was seeking in his pocket-book. He pressed it between his palms, keeping his eyes fixed upon his daughter's. Then he put it in her open hand, and bade her look at it without winking, till her eyelids fell. As they closed he softly removed the piece, and made a number of downward passes over her face. There was a pause, during which Boynton was about to say something to his audience, when Egeria opened her eyes and rose from her chair.

"I can't, I can't!" she cried, pitifully. "I've tried, but indeed, indeed, I can't." She stood before him, wringing her hands, and longing to cast her arms about his neck; but the sternness of his reproachful face forbade her. He opened his lips to speak, but no sound came from them. One of the brothers nearest him thought that he tottered, and half rose, with outstretched hands, to support him. Sister Frances was already at Egeria's side; she drew her head down upon her shoulder with a motherly instinct, while a murmur of sympathy went through the house.

Boynton repelled the friendly hand extended towards him. "Let me alone," he said; "I can take care of myself." He turned about, and lifting his voice bravely addressed the meeting: "We have failed,—totally and completely failed, upon as fair a trial as I could have wished. I do not attempt to account for the result, and I cannot dis-

pute any conclusions which you may draw from it in regard to ourselves."

Elihu stood up. "Friend Boynton, we believe you are an honest man."

"Yee, we do!" was repeated from bench to bench.

"I thank you," replied Boynton, in a breaking voice. "Then I can ask you to let me say that our failure is a profound mystery to me, and belies all our past experience. I do not ask you to believe this; I ask you to let me say it, and to let it remain with you as my last word. For myself, I cannot lose faith in the past and keep my sanity. But somehow I see that the power has passed from us. In any case our destiny is accomplished among you. We must go out from you self-condemned. Before we go, I wish to acknowledge all your kindness, and to ask your forgiveness for such words of mine as have wronged you. Come, Egeria."

The girl came forward to where her father stood, and he took her hand and passed it through his arm.

"You must n't leave us, Friend Boynton," said Elihu. "We wish you to stay. We wish you to stay," he repeated, at a dazed look of inquiry from the doctor, "and take all the time that you want for your investigations."

"Yee, that is so," assented all the voices in the room successively. Brother Humphrey alone continued silent, and he was ordinarily so undemonstrative that his tacit dissent would hardly have been noticed, but for his saying, before Boynton could collect himself for reply, "There ain't nothin' agin Friend Boynton but what he can clear up with a word to the elders, and I jine with ye all in askin' of him to stay."

"What do you mean?" demanded the doctor, turning fiercely upon him. "If you know anything against me, I wish you to speak out."

Brother Humphrey, who could scarcely have meant to intimate any mental reservation, hastened to answer in alarm,

"I ha'n't got any doubts of ye, Friend Boynton. I think just as the rest do. We'd believe *you*."

"Believe me about what? I insist that you speak out."

Humphrey looked at the faces near him for help, but there was only pity and surprise in them. "It ain't no time or place," he began.

"It is the very time and the very place," retorted Boynton. "There can be no other like it. I wish you to say what you mean before the whole family. There is nothing in my life which I wish secretly examined into. I absolve you from all your scruples, and I wish, I demand, I require, that you speak out."

Humphrey rose with a sort of groan. "I think," he said, "as much as any on ye that there ought to be forgivin' and forgettin', and I ain't one to bear resentment for revilin's that's been passed on Shakerism here to-night. But what I thought, if Friend Boynton was goin' to stay amongst us, he'd ought to have a chance to clear himself. We all know what's been flyin' about the neighborhood here, and it ain't fair to us, and it ain't fair to him, to let it go without a word. I don't want he should feel that we're tryin' on him, but I want him to know what's said, for all I don't believe in breakin' a bruised reed."

The doctor's haughtiness returned. "As I said before, if you have heard anything to my disadvantage, I wish you to speak out, — I demand that you shall speak out."

"I'm goin' to speak out, now," returned Humphrey more steadily, "and it ain't for anything that Friend Harris said, although I think ye'd ought to know what he did say."

"Who is Harris?" asked Boynton.

"He's the landlord of the Elm Tavern."

"What does he say?"

"Well," said Humphrey, with reluctance, "I think ye'd ought to know. He says you wa'n't sober that mornin' at

his house, and he could n't hardly git ye out." Humphrey turned very red, as if ashamed, and wiped his forehead with his napkin; Elihu and the brothers near him looked down, and a painful hush prevailed.

Boynton did not deign to notice this accusation. "And what does your friend Harris say of the occurrences attending our departure?" he demanded, contemptuously.

"He ain't no friend of our'n, except in the scriptural sense," replied Humphrey, doggedly. "But he says the' wa'n't no occurrences. Just a flash of tol'ble sharp lightnin', and that's all. The' wa'n't no raps, nor no liftin' o' table-tops, accordin' to his say."

"I am glad to have you so explicit," said the doctor, "and I think now I begin to understand the value of your family's generosity towards myself. Did your friend Harris say anything in aspersion of my daughter?"

"Nay," replied Humphrey.

"Then she probably remains as before in your estimation, and you would take her word against Harris's, highly as you value his testimony?"

"Nay, we don't value his testimony," interposed Elihu. "Your word is better than his. We believe you against him."

Boynton waved scornful rejection with his hand. "Oh, spare your flatteries, sir. I know what you think of *me*. But you would believe my daughter?"

"Yee, we would," answered the whole audience.

The doctor regarded them with a curling lip. "Egeria," he said quietly, "state to these people what occurred. Tell the truth." The girl was silent. "Speak!" cried her father.

"Father!" she gasped in agony, "I don't know. I have heard you say. But I was asleep and dreaming till that clap of thunder came."

"Then you remember nothing?"

"Oh, I can just remember our going

into that house, and our coming out of it. I forgot everything, — I was beginning to be crazy with the fever. But don't mind, — oh, don't mind, father! They believe you, — they said they did. Oh, you *do* believe him, don't you?" she implored of all those faces that swam on her tears.

Boynton reeled, and again the compassionate brother started up to save him from a fall. "Don't touch me!" he cried harshly. "Is there anything else?" he demanded, turning to Humphrey.

Elihu rose with an air of authority. "This must stop now. It has been a painful season; but no one here thinks that these friends have done anything wrong, or said anything false. We believe them, and we welcome them, if they choose, to stay with us."

"Yee, we do!" The assenting voices included Humphrey's.

"You welcome us to stay amongst you!" cried the doctor, with intense disdain. "Do you think that after what has just passed here any earthly consideration could induce me to remain another day, another hour, under your roof?" He had his daughter's hand in his arm, and he proudly pressed it as he spoke, drawing himself to his full height. "So much for ourselves! As for the experiments in which we have so ignominiously failed, I have no personal regrets. It would have been a pitiful triumph at best, if we had succeeded before you, and I cannot believe that the principle, the truth, involved can suffer by our defeat. We are simply proved unfit means for its development, — nothing more. Were it otherwise, were I persuaded that our humiliation was destined to arrest, or more than slightly retard, the progress of this science in men's minds, then I should indeed regard this night as the blackest of my life, and should be ready to lay down that life in despair. But, no! It is not given to any one weak instrument, mysteriously breaking in the presence of a few ob-

scure and sordid intelligences, to obstruct the divine intention. In this ineradicable conviction, I bid you a final farewell."

He strode toward the door with his daughter on his arm. One of the elders said, meekly and sadly, "The meeting is dismissed," and the brethren and sisters dispersed to their different houses. Those of the office found themselves following Dr. Boynton thither. They apprehensively entered after him, dreading some fresh explosion, or some show of preparation for instant departure. But the rhetoric of his spectacular adieu had sufficed him for the present. He merely said, "Egeria, go to bed. You must be quite worn out. As for me, I can't sleep, yet. I will go out for a walk. Would you oblige me with a glass of water?" he added politely, turning to Sister Frances. When she brought it, "Thanks," he said, and handed back the empty goblet with a bow.

"Do you think you'd better walk far?" tremulously asked Egeria.

The touch of opposition restored him to his sense of wrong and resentment.

"Go to bed, Egeria," he said severely, "and don't any one sit up for me. I can let myself in at the side door when I wish to return."

He started away, but the girl put herself in his path to the door. "Oh, father! You won't go to see that man at the tavern, will you? Tell me you won't, or I can't let you go."

"Don't be ridiculous!" cried her father. "I have no idea of going to meet that ruffian. In due time I shall call him to account."

"Don't ye think, Friend Boynton," said Humphrey, with awkward kindness, "that you'd better try to get some rest?"

In the swift evanescence and recurrence of his moods under the strong excitement, Boynton was like a drunken man. After publishing his resolution not to accept the hospitality of the Shak-

ers for an hour more, he had walked passively to the office with them, and had bidden Egeria go to bed there, as if nothing had happened. At Humphrey's words, all his indignation was rekindled.

"Rest! No, sir! I will *not* try to get some rest. After what has passed, every offer of kindness from you is a fresh offense. You, Egeria, if you can close your eyes here, you are welcome. Doubtless you can. Your apathy, your total want of sympathetic response to my feelings and my will, may enable you to do so. But till some other roof shall cover us, I want no shelter."

No one sought to detain him, now, and going quickly from the door he left them huddled in a blank and purposeless group together.

"Poor thing!" said Sister Frances, first breaking the silence, as she turned to Egeria. "Oh, poor child!" She tried to take the girl in her arms; but with a pathetic "Don't!" Egeria prevented her, and averted her quivering face. She went out of the room and upstairs without a word or sound; but Frances creeping softly after, to listen at her door, heard her sobbing within the room.

XVI.

The hot weather, with here and there a blazing day in June, flamed into whole weeks of unbroken heat before the middle of July. The business streets were observably quieter, and the fashionable quarters were solitudes. At the club windows a few elderly men sat in arm-chairs, with glasses of iced Apollinaris water at their elbows, and stared out on the Common; some young men, with their hats on (if they perished for it), stalked spectrally from room to room behind them. The imported *bonnes* with their charges no longer frequented the Public Garden; it was thronged with the children and the superannuated of the poor, and with groups of tourists

from the South and West, who were finding Boston what so many natives boast it in winter, the most comfortable summer resort on the coast.

It was not Ford's habit to go out of town at all; for in his hatred of the narrow and importunate conditions of the village life which he had left behind him with his earlier youth, he had become an impassioned cockney.

"If you are so bitter against the country," said Phillips, who was urging an invitation to the sea-side upon him, "why don't you try really to be of the town as well as in it? Why don't you try to be one of us? Why don't you make an effort to fit in?"

"I don't like fitting in; I like elbow-room," answered Ford. "Do you suppose I should be fond of the town if I were of it? I should have to be one of a set, and a set is a village. If I am in the town, but not of it, I have freedom and seclusion. Besides, no man of simple social traditions like mine fits into a complex society without a loss of self-respect. He must hold aloof, or commit insincerities, — be a snob. I prefer to hold aloof. It is n't hard."

"And you don't think you do it to make yourself interesting?" inquired Phillips.

"I think not," said Ford.

"People would as lief be pleasant to you as not. But it ends there. They're not anxious about you," suggested the other.

"I believe I understand that." Ford was sitting at his window in his deep easy-chair; and he had his coat off. "That's what galls my peasant-pride. Suppose I went with you to this lady's house" — he touched with the stem of his pipe a letter which lay open on the table pulled near him — "and visited among your friends, the nobility and gentry: I should be reminded by a thousand things every day that I was a sham and a pretender. That kind of people always take it for granted that you feel and

think with them; and I don't. You can't keep telling them so, however. And suppose I tried to conform: I should be an amateur among professionals. They have the habit of breeding and of elegance, and they understand it. I may have a loftier ideal, but I have n't discipline; I can't realize my ideal; and they do realize theirs, — poor souls! That makes me their inferior; that makes me hate them." Ford took up his pipe.

"Oh," said Phillips, "you can put an ironical face on it, but I suspect what you say is really your mind."

"Of course it is. At heart I am a prince in disguise; but your friends won't know it if I sit with my coat off. That would vex me." He took up the letter from the table, and holding it at arm's-length admired it. "Such a hand alone is enough; the smallest letters half an inch high, and all of them shrugging their shoulders. I can't come up to that. If I went to this lady's house, to be like her other friends and acquaintance I should have to be just arrived from Europe, or just going; my talk should be of London and Paris and Rome, of the *Saturday Review* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of English politics and society; my own country should exist for me on sufferance through a compassionate curiosity, half repulsion; I ought to have recently dined at Newport with poor Lord and Lady Scamperton, who are finding the climate so terrible; and I should be expected to speak of persons of the highest social distinction by their first names, or the first syllables of their first names. You see, that's quite beyond me. 'And do bring your friend, Mr. Ford,' he read from the letter mincingly, and laughed. 'I leave it to your fertile invention to excuse me, Phillips.'"

He kindled his pipe, and Phillips presently went away. It was part of his routine not to fix himself in any summer resort, but to keep accessible to the invitations which did not fail him. He

found his account in this socially, and it did not remain unsaid that he also gratified a passion for economy in it; but the people who said this continued among his hosts. Late in the summer, or almost when the leaves began to turn, he went away to the hills for a fortnight or three weeks, providing himself with quarters in some small hotel, and making a point of returning to the simplicity of nature. In the performance of this rite he wore a straw hat with a wide brim, and a flannel shirt, and he took walks in the woods with the youngest young ladies among the boarders.

The intervals between his visits he spent in town, where he was very comfortable. When he went to the places that desired him, he explained that he had been in Boston trying to get Ford away. "Oh, yes! Your odd friend," said the ladies driving him home from the station in their phaetons. Phillips must have known that they did not care either for his odd friend or for his own oddity in having him, and yet he rather prized this eccentricity in himself.

The people in Ford's boarding-house went their different ways. Mrs. Perham remained latest, for Mr. Perham's health had not yet allowed his removal. He had had two great passions in life: making money and driving horses. By the time he had made his money he had a touch of paralysis, and could no longer drive horses. This separated him much from his wife, who liked almost as well as he to ride after a good horse (as it is expressed by people who like it), and whom, since she had been forced so much to books for amusement, he could not join. She read the newspapers to him, and she went with him to the theatres; but there they ceased to sympathize in their tastes, for she was not fond of swearing, and it was this resource which remained to Mr. Perham after the papers and the play.

The house filled up for the summer with those people from the West and

South who found the summer in Boston so pleasant, and with other transients; but many of the rooms and many of the places at the table remained vacant, and Mrs. Perham and Ford looked at each other across long distances, empty, or populated only by strange faces. At last Mr. Perham was able to bear removal; his wife seized the occasion and hurried him away to the country. That left Ford alone with the strangers, and he rather missed the woman's hungry curiosity, her cheerfulness, and her indomitable patience under what a more sympathetic witness might have felt to be the hard conditions of her life. He clung to the town throughout July and far into August, with a growing restlessness. He did not care for the heat, and he amused himself well enough when he found time to be amused. He made a point of studying the pleasures of all the different excursions in the harbor and beyond it; he studied also the entertainments offered at the theatres, where the variety combinations inculcated to small audiences a morality as relaxed as their systems.

One Sunday he went to the spiritualist meeting in the grove by Walden Pond. Most of the spiritualists were at a camp-meeting of their sect further up the road, and the people whom he met seemed, like himself, vaguely curious. They were nearly all country-folk: the young men had come with their sweethearts for pleasure; there were middle-aged husbands and wives who had brought their children for a day in the woods beside the pretty lake. Their horses were tied to the young pines and oaks; they sat in their buggies and carryalls, which were pushed into cool and breezy spots. The scene brought back to Ford the Sunday-school picnics of his childhood, but here was a profaner flavor: scraps of newspaper that had wrapped lunches blew about the grounds; at one place a man had swung a hammock, and lay in it reading, in his

shirt-sleeves; on the pond was a fleet of gay row-boats, which, however, the railroad company would not allow to be hired on Sunday. Ford found the keeper of the floating bath-houses and got a bath. When he came out the man, with American splendor, refused to take any money; he said that they did not let the baths on Sunday, but when he saw a gentleman he liked to treat him as one. "I hope you're not mistaken in my case," said Ford sadly; and the bath-man laughed, and said he would chance it. Another of the people in charge complained of the dullness of the place. "What you want is a band. You want a dance-hall in the middle of the pond, here; and you want a band." They pointed out the auditorium in a hollow of the hills across the railroad track, where at the hour fixed for service he found the sparse company assembled. A score of listeners were scattered over the seats in the middle of the pavilion; outside, two young fellows who had come by the train leaned against the columns and smoked, with their hats on; a young girl in blue, with her lover, conspicuously occupied one of the seats under the trees that scaled the amphitheatre, worn grassless and brown by drought and the feet of many picnics; there were certain ladies in artificial teeth and long linen dusters whom Ford fixed upon as spiritualists, though he had no reason to do so. A trance-speaker was announced for the Invocation; he came forward, where the fiddlers sat when there was dancing, and, supporting himself by one hand on the music-stand, closed his eyes and passed into a trance of wandering rhetoric, returning to himself in a dribble of verse which bade the hearer, at the close of each stanza,

"Come, then, come to Spirit-Land."

The address was given by another speaker, who declaimed against the injustice of the world towards spiritualism and boasted of the importance of its unfoldments. He sketched its rise and

progress, and found an analogy between the "first lisping of the tinny rap at Rochester" and the advent of Christ, whom he described as the "infant Reformer in the man-ger," and again as our "humble elder brother." The people listened decently, and but for the young fellows with their cigars were as respectful as most country congregations to what was much duller than most country preaching. Ford came away before the end, and climbing the side of the amphitheatre encountered Mr. Eccles, who was also about to go. He shook hands with Ford, and on his present inquiry said that nothing had been heard of the Boyntons since the spring. He expressed a faded interest in them. He asked Ford if he had seen the experiments in self-expansion and compression of the new medium Mrs. Sims. He viewed these experiments as the ultimatum of certain moral fluctuations in the spiritual world, for if there was a steady movement either outward or inward in that world, Mrs. Sims might expand or might condense herself, but it stood to reason that she could not do both.

Ford came home with a headache; when he woke, the next morning, the long window danced round the room before it settled to its proper place. He was not in the habit of being sick, and he suffered some days with this dizziness before he saw a doctor. Then he asked advice, because the sickness interfered with his work.

"Go away, somewhere," said the doctor. "It's indigestion. Get a change of air."

"Do you mean the sea-side?" asked Ford.

"I don't call that a change of air from Boston. Go to the hills."

Ford reflected a moment in disgust. He could have endured the sea-side. "Any particular direction?"

"No, go anywhere. Go to the White Mountains. Take a tramp through them."

"I'd rather take medicine," said Ford. "Give me some medicine."

"Oh, I'll give you all the *medicine* you want," said the doctor; and he wrote him a prescription.

Ford went home, and took his medicine with the same skepticism, and tried to keep about his work. The lectures which he had been attending were over long ago; but he had found a chance to do some study with a practical chemist which he was loath to forego; and he had his pot-boiling for the press. But his mind feebly relaxed from the demands upon it, and at last it refused to respond at all. He lingered a week longer in town before he would suffer himself to act upon the doctor's advice, and when at last he forced himself to submission it was the end of the month. As regarded such matters he was a man of small invention, and he was at a loss how to go, when he had made up his mind to it. He would have been glad of Phillips's determining counsel, but the time had now come for Phillips's annual return to nature, and he would be far from Boston and the North Shore. On his way to buy a Guide, Ford saw in the window of a railroad agency the advertisement of a route to the White Mountains, and he advised with the ticket-agent, who took no more interest in the matter than Ford himself, about getting a ticket over his line. It led first to Portland, and then, as the agent indifferently pointed out on the map, went straight to the mountains, with a bold, broad sweep, while rival routes, in spidery crooks, zigzagged thither with a preposterous, almost wanton, indirectness. Ford stood sadly amusing himself, first with the immense advantage of this line over all competitors, and then with the names of the towns near Gorham in New Hampshire, and in the adjoining region of Maine: Milan, Berlin, Success, Byron, Madrid, Avon, New Vineyard, Peru, Norway, Sweden, Industry, Paris, Carthage,—names con-

jecturably given at hap-hazard, or in despair, or out of humorous recklessness, as names are given to dogs and horses. He suddenly wondered whether Dr. Boynton came from Byron or Carthage, or perhaps a little farther off, from Cornville or Solon; and whether it were possible for anything self-respectful or sound of mind to come out of localities so outraged by vulgar or grotesque or poverty-stricken imaginations. Then he was aware of a sort of soreness at heart. If the opportunity had offered he would have chosen to make some further explanation to Boynton,—to own frankly, perhaps, that being urged by no strong sense of duty he was wrong to meddle in his business. As many of us do in like case, he imagined a convenient interview, in which, with a few words, he arranged the affair amicably with Boynton. He stood so long before the map that the agent lost his patience, and turned to his books; and Ford came away at last without buying a ticket.

At home he found a visitor whom his sick and dazzled eyes identified after a while as Phillips. "Hallo!" he said. "I thought you were somewhere in the country."

"Theoretically I am in the country," Phillips admitted, "but practically 'I am here,'—as Ruy Blas says." He neatly imitated the accent of the late Charles Fechter in pronouncing the words. "It occurred to me, before committing myself to the country irretrievably, that I would stop in Boston and try to commit you with me."

"Who told you I was sick?" asked Ford, with displeasure.

"Nobody. If I knew it, I divined it. If you are sick, so much the better. My plan is just the thing for you. I am going to drive in a buggy to Brattleboro', where I underwent the water cure—for my first passion. It was a great while ago. I want you to come, too."

Ford shook his head stupidly. "The doctor said the White Mountains."

"Yes, White Mountains, Green Mountains; it's all one. It's air that you're after. All you want is change of air. This journey will make another man of you. It's to be a journey for the sake of going and coming; and we will loiter or hurry on the way, just as we like. Come! I've planned it all out. It's to be an affair of weeks. I propose to make it an exploration,—a voyage of discovery. I wish to form the acquaintance of my native State, and of those men and brethren, her children, who have never left the domestic hearth. You had better come. It will be literary material to you, and money in your pocket. I thought of striking for Egerton, and looking in on the Perhams there, first; but we ought to stop on our way at Sudbury to see the Wayside Inn; and I must deflect a little to show you Concord, and the local history and philosophy; there are Shakers and all sorts of novelties at Vardley and Harshire; beyond Egerton is Princeton, with its Wachuset Mountain; and after that there is anything northwestwardly that you like; I have n't the map by me. My mare is pining on the second floor of her stable, and would ask nothing better than to form a third in our party."

"Oh, I'll go with you," said Ford listlessly.

"Good!" cried Phillips. "This is the fire of youth. If we get sick of it, we can send the mare back from any given point, and take to the rails. That is one of the advantages of having rails. It makes travel by the country roads a luxury, and not a necessary. I fancy we shall feel almost wicked in the pursuit of our journey,—it will be such unalloyed pleasure."

Phillips's mare was the remains of an establishment which he had set up some years before. It had included a man and a coupé, and he had relinquished these because of their expensiveness.

The man, especially, had been unable to combine the advantages of outside man and inside man; he made Phillips's lodgings smell of the mare, and he made the stable smell of Phillips's wine. The man was paid off and sent away, and the coupé was sold at auction; but with a conservative unthrift that curiously combined with his frugal instincts, Phillips had suffered the mare to linger on his hands. Sometimes he took her out, for exercise from the club stable, where he had lodged her; but he had intervals of forgetfulness, in which the club-groom found it his duty to warn him that the mare's legs were swelling. She was consequently boarded out of town a good deal, and Phillips awoke to her possession only when the farmers' bills came in. At these times he said he should sell that mare.

Like men who are rarely out of sorts, Ford was eager to be well at once, and he chafed under Phillips's delays in getting off. But the latter, having secured Ford's company, began to arrange the details of their journey with minuteness, and it was several days before they started. Their progress had then even more than the promised slowness. Phillips was not only intent upon the pleasure of the journey, but also upon the search for colonial bricabrac, and this began as soon as they struck the real country beyond the suburban villages. All that was colonial was to his purpose, from tall standing clocks to the coarsest cracked blue delft: spinning-wheels, andirons, shovels and tongs, claw-footed furniture, battered pewter plates, door-latches and door-knockers, tin lanterns, fiddle-back chairs—his craze generously embraced them all. He did not buy much, but he talked as long over what he left as what he took. He was not the first connoisseur who had visited these farm-houses; the people sometimes knew the worth of their wares; in certain cases, he traced the earlier presence of rival collectors whom he knew.

Ford had nothing to do but to note the growth of the bargaining passion in the wary farm-wives. There were some who would sell nothing, and some had nothing they would not sell, and they asked too much or too little with the same simplicity. What most struck him was the entire rusticity of their thought and life. Off the lines of railroad, and out of the localities frequented by summer boarders, the people were as rural, within fifteen or twenty miles of Boston, as they would have been among the Vermont or New Hampshire hills. But the country was itself occasionally very wild, especially as they got southward in Sudbury, among overflowed meadows and long stretches of solitary pine woods. The sparse farm-houses and the lonesome villages afflicted him with the remembrance of his own youth; whatever his life had been since, it had not been embittered with the sense of hopeless endeavor, with the galled pride, with the angry ambition, which had once made it a torment in such places. But when they chanced upon some bit of absolute wilderness his heart relented towards the country; his jealous spirit found no more intrusion there than in the town; and he liked the wild odors, the tangle of vegetation, the life of the sylvan things. A hawk winging to covert under the avenging pursuit of small birds, a woodchuck lumpishly skurrying across an open field, the chase of chipmunks and squirrels along the walls, were sights that touched a remote and deep tenderness in his breast. As they drew near the old inn, which was the first monument Phillips had proposed to inspect, it was late in the afternoon, and the landscape grew more consolingly savage. No other house was near enough to be seen, and they approached the storied mansion through a long stretch of pine and sand, by a road which must be lonelier now than it was a hundred years ago. They dismounted under the elm before the vast yellow hostelry, and

explored its rambling chambers: they saw Lafayette's room and Washington's room; the attic for the slaves and common folk; the quaint ball-room; the bar; the parlor where Longfellow and his friends used to sit before the fire that forever warms the rhyme celebrating the Wayside Inn. They found it not an inn any more, though it appeared from the assent of the tenant that they might command an elusive hospitality for the night. The back-door opened upon the fading memories of a garden, and the damp of late rains struck from it into the sad old house.

"It would be delightful," Phillips said, "to stay, but I think we must push on to Sudbury for the night." He lingered over an old chest of drawers in the dining-room; not claw-footed, certainly, but with a bulging front, and with some fragmentary relics of its former brasses. But, "It has carried antiquity to the point where it ceases to be a virtue," he sighed at last. "It might be re-created; it couldn't be restored."

At Sudbury Village they found that there was no inn; though provision was occasionally made for wayfarers at the outlying farm-houses. They could be lodged in that way, or they could return for the night to the tavern in Wayland where they had dined. It was now twilight. "I think it will give an agreeable flavor of hardship to our adventure if we push on to Concord," said Phillips, and Ford willingly consented. They were no better assorted than ever in their strange companionship; but they had a good deal of talk. Phillips, looking planter-like, and looking also irregularly clerical, under his wide-brimmed hat, and armed against the dust in canvas shoes, as if it were a pedestrian excursion, was volubly philosophical; and Ford, under the stimulus of the novelty, was more than commonly responsive, and pointed his comment, as was very unusual in him, with bits of his own

history and observation. But the next day, after looking over Concord together, and making their start upon an early dinner, they had almost as little to say to each other as the tramps whom they met on the road, who had the air of not wishing to be disturbed in their meditations upon burglary and arson. They gave up their plan of stopping over night with the Harshire Shakers, and pushed on as far as Vardley instead, where they trusted to finding shelter in the community. They could spend the next morning there, Phillips said, and dine at Egerton; and Ford assented to anything.

XVII.

Boynton had passed the night wandering up and down the roads, and trying to puzzle out the causes of his discomfiture. Towards morning he had gone as far as the Elm Tavern and walked to and fro before it a long time, debating whether he should go in and confront the landlord with his lie. The house was brilliantly lighted upon one side, where there seemed to be a hall running its whole length, and a sound of clattering feet and laughing voices, mingled with the half-suppressed squeak of a fiddle, came out of the open windows. It was the landlord who was fiddling; Boynton recognized his tones in the harsh voice that called out the figures of the dance. From time to time a panting couple came to the door for breath. Several women came together, presently, and catching sight of Boynton, as he lurked in the shadow of the elms, one of them called out, "Lord, girls, there's a ghost!" and they all fled in-doors again with hysterical cries and laughter. The word thrilled him with hope: what he had declared in regard to the phenomena there must be matter of general belief in the neighborhood. He stole away, borne forward as if on air by the tumult of cogitation that inflated

his brain. He found himself, he knew not how, again on the long street of the Shaker village. The day was breaking, when he sat down near the granite bowl, still struggling hopefully for a clew to the mystery of his failure. His waking dreams began to mix with those of sleep, and an hour later Ford and Phillips, roused by a common foreboding of early breakfast, and strolling down the road a little for a glimpse of the village and a breath of the fresh morning air, halted at sight of this strange figure, clothed in Shaker habiliments, and with the broad-brimmed Shaker hat on the grass at its feet; the eyes were closed, and the head rested against the trunk of one of the willows. A chilly horror crept over Ford, who whispered, "Is he dead?" but Phillips had no emotion save utter astonishment.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "It's Dr. Boynton!"

At the sound of his name Boynton opened his eyes with a start, and sprang to his feet. He recognized them instantly, but he took no heed of Phillips as he launched himself upon Ford.

"You here! You here! You here!" he screamed. "Now I understand! Now I see! Where were you last night? Were you in this place, this neighborhood, this region? I see it! I know why we failed,—why we were put to shame, destroyed, annihilated, in the very hour of our triumph! I might have thought of it! I might have known you were here! Did you hunt us up? Did you follow us? You have ruined me! You have blasted my life!"

With whatever wild impulse, he caught at Ford's throat, and clung to his collar, while the young man's iron clutch tightened upon either of his wrists.

"Let go, you maniac! If you don't let go, I'll"—

Boynton flung up his hands, and reeling several steps backward fell. He struck heavily against the sharp rim of the stone bowl, and seemed about to fall

into the water, but dropped at the base, motionless.

"My God, you've killed him!" shouted Phillips, as he stepped out from behind one of the trees.

"Go and get help!" answered Ford. He fell on his knees beside Boynton, and searched his breast with a trembling hand for the beating of his heart; he put his ear to his mouth, and heard him breathe before he dipped his hand in the bowl, and dashed Boynton's face with the water. He was kneeling beside him, and lifting his head upon his arm, when he looked up and saw the anxious visages of those whom Phillips's clamors had summoned about them. Then Egeria had made her way through the circle. She pushed Ford away with an awful look and stooping over her father caught up his head in her arms, and now swiftly scanned his face, and now swiftly pressed it against her breast, in those shuddering impulses with which a mother will see and will not see if her child be hurt.

The Shakers pushed a wagon down to the place where Boynton lay, and Ford afterward remembered helping to lift him into it.

"I'm glad you didn't strike him; I thought at first you had," said Phillips, as they followed the wagon back to the village.

"So did I," said Ford, mentally struggling to realize what had happened.

"What are they going to do, I wonder?" resumed Phillips, looking about him. "They ought to send for a doctor."

"Yee," said a Shaker at his elbow, whom neither of them had noticed, "we have sent."

The doctor came quickly; and Boynton, whom they had got into the infirmary upon the bed where Egeria had lain sick, began to show signs of consciousness soon. From time to time after he arrived, scraps of hopeful report were passed through the group outside to

Ford and Phillips on its skirts. When the doctor reappeared at last from within the infirmary, the brothers and sisters by twos and threes waylaid him in the yard and the street with anxious demand. The young men walking apart ambushed him farther down the road.

"It's a faint—I can't tell what it's complicated with. He received some contusions in his fall—about the head. He's an elderly man. He's stout."

"Do you mean that he's in danger?" Ford asked.

"Well, these apoplectic seizures are serious things for any one after thirty. Still it's a slight attack—comparatively. The contusions—I'm obliged to leave him for another patient just now. I shall be back again directly. Which of you is Mr. Ford?"

"My name is Ford."

"He wanted to know where you were. You a friend of his?"

"No. I met him in Boston this spring."

"Know his friends?"

"I don't."

"Get up!" said the doctor to his horse.

"If we knew any of his people," said Phillips, "I suppose we ought to telegraph."

"Yes," assented Ford.

"But, as we don't know them," continued Phillips, "what are we going to do?"

"I can't say." When they reached the office on their walk back, Ford went in, and left Phillips to get their horse put to. In a little while he came out again, and said abruptly, "I'm going to stay here. I can't say that I am responsible for the misfortunes of this man, but somehow I am entangled with him, and I can't break away without playing the brute. I've been talking with these people about Boynton. He's been trying some of his experiments here, and has failed. The thing happened last night, and I suppose that when he saw me.

this morning, his mind recurred to his old delusion that I had something to do with his failure."

"I imagined as much," said Phillips, "from a remark that he made."

Ford frowned at the levity, and continued. "That's all. I've explained to their head man, here, as well as I could, what relation he fancied I had to him, and they understood it better than I could have expected; they've seen enough of him to understand that his superstition about me would account for the assault. I'm not bound to respect his mania, but I don't see how I can leave till I know how it goes with him." Phillips shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. "The Shakers tell me that I can be lodged at a house of theirs down the road here. I must stay, and be of what use I can, though I don't *know* what. I'll come away when I can do so decently."

"Oh, if you're going in for decency," said Phillips, "I've nothing to say. But that sort of thing can be carried too far, you know. Do you really mean it?"

"Yes."

"Then there's nothing for me to say. But what do you expect me to do?" he asked, glancing at the horse, which was now brought up.

"I expect you to go on. There's no reason why you should stay."

"No, I can't see how I'm involved. And it's a brisk drive yet to Egerton, — and breakfast. There's no prospect of breakfast here, I suppose," he said, looking wistfully at the office windows. "Well; if you've made up your mind, I shall be off at once. I'm sorry for our excursion."

"Yes, it's a pity for that," said Ford.

"It promised everything. Perhaps you could join me at Egerton, to-morrow?"

"Yes; if I can."

"I'll give you a day's grace. Then I shall push on to Brattleboro', and per-

haps drop down this way with the falling leaf. I wish you'd write to me at Brattleboro', and let me know how the doctor gets on."

They shook hands. Ford pulled his bag out of the back of the wagon; and as Phillips drove off, he set out under the guidance of one of the brothers, to find his quarters in the house of which he had spoken. It had been the dwelling of a family of Shakers, which in the decay of their numbers was absorbed into the other branches of the community, and it stood half a mile away from the office, quite empty, but kept in perfect neatness and repair. He was given his choice of its many dormitories, but he preferred to have his bed set up in the meeting-room, which opened by folding-doors into an ante-room as large, and thus extended the whole length of the building. It was low ceiled, but cool currents of air swept through it from the windows at either end, and it was a still haven of refuge from the heat by night and by day. Hardly a fly sang in its expanse, dimmed by the shade of the elms before it; and it was indescribably remote from noise. The passing even of an ox-cart on the street before it was hushed by the thick bed of sand that silenced the roadway; and the heavy voice of the driver in hawing and geeing came like some lulling sound of animal life. A tenant of the Shakers lived in a farm-house across the way, and his wife had agreed to give Ford his meals and bestow what care his room needed; but these people were childless, and except for the plaintive lament of their broods of young turkeys pursuing the grasshoppers through the ranks of sweet-corn, their presence involved hardly an interruption of the quiet.

Ford hung up some clothes in a closet, and after a hurried breakfast went again to the office. He found Boynton's doctor there with Humphrey and the sisters, and presently Egeria came in from another room with a slip of paper in her

hand; her eyes were swollen with weeping, but she said in a low, steady voice, "This is grandfather's address."

"I don't want you to feel," said the doctor, "that the case is immediately alarming. There is no necessity for your grandfather's coming" —

"Oh, no! But if he knew that father was sick or in trouble, I know that he would like to be told." She gave the slip of paper to Humphrey, and without looking at Ford went out at the door, and he saw her cross the street to the infirmary. There was some talk as to how this dispatch should be sent, and Ford said he was going over to the village, and would carry it to the operator at the station. Outside, the doctor beckoned to him from his buggy, and said, "He has asked again if you were here. If he wishes to see you, you had better let him. Humphrey has told me what you explained to him. You can humor a sick man's whims, I suppose."

Ford really had another errand at Vardley; he wanted some ink and paper; for if he were to remain he must set to work as soon as possible. It was noon before he returned. With the lapse of time, that working mind, of which the operations are so obscure and incalculable, had unconsciously arranged its material in him, and when he sat down in his strange lodging he was able to put it all on paper, in spite of the remote, dull ache of anxiety which accompanied his writing.

His tea was ready by the time the work was done, but with the revival of his restlessness, upon the conclusion of his task and the release of the faculties devoted to it, he slighted the meal, and hastily started with his copy to the post-office.

He was met there by the telegraph operator, who asked him to carry back to the Shakers the reply to the telegram he had sent. He saw that he must be already identified with the Boyntons in the village gossip; but he did not observe

the kindly interest expressed in some words dropped by the operator, as he put the dispatch into his pocket, and walked away with it.

There was a light in Humphrey's room at the office when he returned, and he carried the telegram in to him, and waited while the Shaker brought his lamp to bear upon the sheet. Humphrey remained reading it as if it were a long, closely-written letter.

"You don't know what it says?" he asked at last, looking up over his spectacles.

"Why, no," said Ford. "I had no authority to open it."

"I thought may be the telegrapher might told ye. It appears as if Friend Boynton's father-in-law had been dead two months."

The dispatch, which Humphrey handed to Ford, was signed by "Rev. Frederick Armstrong," who promised that he "would write."

"I suppose," said Humphrey, "it's the minister."

"I suppose so," Ford admitted absently. He came to himself to ask, "What's to be done?"

Humphrey scratched his head. "I d' know as I'm rightly prepared to say. You don't know nothin' about Friend Boynton's other folks, do ye?"

"No," said Ford.

Another silence followed. "Seems to come kind o' hard, right on top of the other Providence," mused Humphrey, aloud. "Would it be your judgment to tell 'em?"

"Really, I don't know," said Ford, quite unable to shake off his sterile dismay.

"You don't feel," suggested Humphrey, "as if you'd like to break the news to 'em?"

"I doubt," answered Ford, glad to be able to lay hold of any idea, "whether Dr. Boynton is in a condition to know even that we've telegraphed, much less what the answer is."

"Yee," assented Humphrey, "that is so. Then it comes to tellin' Egery. If you was an old friend of the family" —

"I'm not," said Ford. "I told you that I saw them for the first time in Boston, this spring. Why need you say anything at all?"

"Why," returned Humphrey, with a gleam of hope, "I s'pose, if she asks, we'll have to."

"She may not ask at once. Don't speak till she does."

"That's so," mused Humphrey. "It could be done that way. I d' know as anybody could say they was deceived, either."

"Certainly not."

Humphrey put the telegram into a drawer and turned the key upon it. "She can have it when she asks for it," he said doggedly, like a man who has

made up his mind to accept the consequences of his transgression.

Ford drew a long breath; a little time had been gained, at any rate. "Can I be of any use over there to-night?" he asked, nodding his head in the direction of the infirmary. "Have you watchers?"

"Yee: Laban's settin' up with him, to-night; and Frances is there with Egery."

"If he asks for me," said Ford, "I should like you to call me at any hour."

He went out, and walked down the dark, silent road to his strange domicile.

Hearing him approach, the farmer came across the road, and opened the door for him, and gave him matches to light his lamp. Ford found his way to his vast chamber; but after he had blown out his light, it was long before he slept.

W. D. Howells.

BLUEBIRD'S GREETING.

OVER the mossy walls,
Above the slumbering fields
Where yet the ground no fruitage yields,
Save as the windy sunlight falls
And lies in a dream of harvest-yellow,
What voice remembered calls, —
So bubbling fresh, so soft and mellow?
It is the bluebird, whose faint carol shields
The prophecy we dare not else repeat.
A darting, azure-feathered arrow
From some lithe sapling's bow-curve, fleet
He rises, strong and light and narrow,
And sings in flight, with gurglings sweet:

"Out of the South I wing,
Blown on the breath of Spring:
The little faltering song
That in my beak I bring
Some maiden shall catch and sing,
Filling it with the longing
And the blithe, unfettered thringing
Of her spirit's blossoming.

“ Warbling along
In the sunny weather,
Float, my notes,
Through the sunny motes,
Falling light as a feather!
Flit, flit, o'er the fertile land
'Mid hovering insects' hums;
Fall into the sower's hand,
And when his harvest comes
The seed and the song shall have flowered together.

“ From the Coosa and Altamaha,
With a thought of the dim blue Gulf;
From the Roanoake and Kanawha;
From the musical Southern rivers,
O'er the land where the gray war-wolf
Lies slain and buried in flowers;
I come to your chill, sad hours
And the woods where the sunlight shivers.
I come like an echo: 'Awake!'
I answer the sky and the lake
And the clear, cool color that quivers
In all your azure rills.
I come to your wan, bleak hills
For a greeting that rises dearer,
To homely hearts draws me nearer
Than the warmth of the rice-fields or wealth of the ranches.

“ I will charm away your sorrow,
For I sing of the dewy morrow:
My melody sways like the branches
My light feet set astir:
I bring to the old, as I hover,
The days and the joys that were,
And hope to the waiting lover!
Then, take my note and sing,
Filling it with the longing
And the blithe, unfettered thronging
Of your spirits' blossoming!”

Not long that music lingers:
Like the breath of forgotten singers
It flies, — or like the March-cloud's shadow
That sweeps with its wing the faded meadow.
Not long, not long! But thy fleeting
And tender, flute-toned greeting,
O bluebird, wakes an answer that remains
The purest chord in all the year's refrains.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

THE democrats have appointed their national convention upon a date three weeks later than that chosen by the republicans, with the idea of taking advantage of any mistake their adversaries may make, and of selecting a presidential candidate peculiarly fitted to contend successfully with his antagonist. Their purpose is, therefore, to leave open the question of who shall be their nominee until after the republican convention does its work, thinking that their own course may be dictated by considerations of expediency, which can be clearly apprehended only when they shall have measured the strength and weakness of the Chicago candidate. Thus, they say, if Grant should be nominated, it may be wise for them to run a military man against him, to make sure that he would not stampede the democratic soldier vote; whereas, if Blaine, or Sherman, or some other civilian, should be selected, they could safely push aside the soldier candidates, for whom they have no particular liking, and pick out a statesman to head their ticket. This is all very well in theory, and has an appearance of shrewdness and foresight which commends it to the ordinary politician's understanding; but practically the plan cannot be carried out, because there is one democratic aspirant who is a candidate of his own motion, who has large influence with the party, and who does not propose to wait and see what the republicans will do, but is steadily organizing his resources to carry off the nomination at Cincinnati. I refer, of course, to Samuel J. Tilden. This remarkable man is, by all odds, the ablest political manager in the democratic party. Everybody concedes his superiority in working the mechanism of his party so as to produce the results he desires in conventions and elections. He believes himself entitled

to the nomination, because he won a victory, as he thinks, for his party in 1876, and was kept out of the presidency by the failure of the party leaders in Congress effectually to assert and enforce his rights. Now the only amends the party can make is to give him another chance. Therefore, he has no hesitation in putting himself forward, because he is not asking for a favor, but simply claiming his due.

The democrats have tried hard to escape from Mr. Tilden's candidacy; but whichever way they may turn he confronts them with his demand for the nomination. When they selected him as their leader in 1876, he had a reputation as a reformer which he had gained in the governorship of New York. He seemed to represent the best elements in the party. A great many people of the independent-voter class looked upon him as a type of the upright, Spartan style of statesman, which is, unhappily, exceedingly rare in all parties. All the fine halo of superior purity which hung about him then vanished long since. The income tax suits and the exposure of the cipher dispatches dispelled it, and left him completely bare of the imaginary merits that had been attributed to him. He now appears in his real character of an unusually astute, practical politician and a very rich gentleman, with no use for his surplus wealth save to promote his political ambition. His personal popularity vanished with his reputation for lofty statesmanship, so that to-day he is probably the least liked of all the aspirants for the democratic nomination. In fact, there cannot be said to be any element in any State that feels the slightest disposition to hurrah at the mention of his name. And yet he so far leads all his competitors in the race that it is impossible to distinguish any one

among them whom he has reason to fear as a dangerous rival.

To find the secret of what the newspapers call Mr. Tilden's grip upon his party, we must look at the composition of the party and its situation in the approaching contest. It cannot plan a battle for the whole country, laying down a few general issues on which it differs with its rival, and placing its standard in the hand of its most popular leader. It must accept the fact that its main and only reliable strength is in the South, and must shape its course accordingly. The South is solidly upon its side, because it opposed the war, resisted emancipation, and fought all the measures for giving the blacks suffrage and citizenship. The attitude of the South has the effect of inclining the whole North strongly towards the republican party. The democrats count with certainty upon but one State in the North, and that is Indiana, and they are probably reckoning with too great confidence upon that State; but its action in 1876, and since, seems to warrant them in claiming it. Now, they must add to the electoral vote of the solid South that of Indiana, and also that of New York, or of a group of States equal in power to New York, if they are to succeed. The closeness of recent elections in New York, the fact that it went for Tilden in 1876 and for Seymour in 1868, makes it better policy to play the game with a view to securing its big vote than to endeavor to carry three or four other States, where the chances are not as good. Therefore, the first point to be considered on the democratic programme is, Who has the best prospect of carrying New York?

When John Kelly and the Tammany organization rebelled against Tilden's leadership, last fall, and drew off over seventy thousand votes from the party, thus defeating Governor Robinson for reelection and enabling Mr. Cornell to succeed by a bare plurality, it looked as if Tilden's presidential chances were

ruined. Everybody saw that if the split were continued until the meeting of the national convention he must abandon his only valid and recognized claim upon the nomination, that of ability to secure the electoral vote of New York. But Mr. Tilden was not dismayed. His plan was to fight the rebels first, and conciliate them afterwards. He showed them, at the November election, that after all their efforts he still had the masses of the party under his complete control. Then he waited for their common sense to get the better of their anger, and early in the spring he set on foot a movement towards a reconciliation. Up to this time the peace negotiations have not been successful. Mr. Kelly holds out, and intends to have a state convention of his own and send a contesting delegation to Cincinnati, but Mr. Tilden's friends are confident that the admission of a portion of the Tammany delegates to the national convention will take the edge off Mr. Kelly's weapons and bind him and his followers to support the ticket. They believe he will not dare fight the nominee of the convention, whatever he may say now. A democrat who should try to throw away the best chance his party has had to elect a president since 1856 would find himself in a very uncomfortable position.

Many of the democratic leaders outside New York have serious doubts of Mr. Tilden's ability to carry that State this year, and believe that a military man like Hancock, or a semi-military man like Palmer, or a popular statesman like Randolph, or a dark horse, would have a much better chance; but they are at the same time convinced that nobody would have any chance at all if Tilden should make the refusal of the convention to nominate him a personal grievance, and should decline to give his help in the New York canvass. Herein is one of Mr. Tilden's strong points. He is not merely an aspirant for the

nomination, — he is a claimant. He demands the place as his right, and the party is afraid to repulse him. Prudent democrats say, "Perhaps we could do better in New York with some one else, but what should we do there if Tilden should set about giving the State away; or even if he should only take his hands off the organization he has built up, and tell us to run it ourselves? We should be ruined."

Many efforts have been made to plan a victory without the electoral vote of New York, but no one has been able to figure out a promising result. If General Ewing had carried Ohio last year, a Western and Southern combination might have been effected, and the battle-ground of 1880 shifted from New York to Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin. But Ewing was beaten, and the whole West, except Indiana, where no general election was held, reaffirmed in a very positive manner its adhesion to the republican party. At the same time, the New York election, while it resulted in an apparent republican victory, showed that the democrats had cast more votes for their two gubernatorial candidates than the republicans had cast for Mr. Cornell. The abandonment of all projects for a Western campaign followed as an inevitable sequence, and New York again became the key of the position.

If by the time the Cincinnati convention meets the democratic leaders should become convinced that Mr. Tilden is not an available candidate, and their fears of his ill-will should diminish, they may succeed, by a heroic effort, in shaking him off. In that case, a number of candidates who are now in the background would come to the front. A list of possible nominees, stretched to include everybody who has been much talked about in the newspapers in connection with the presidency, would include Hancock, Randall, Field, English, Seymour, Thurman, Bayard, Hendricks,

McClellan, Randolph, Palmer, Jewett, and David Davis. General Hancock would probably have the best chance, because he has no enemies among politicians, and because the motives leading to the setting aside of Tilden would be likely to incline the convention towards a military man. Besides, the South has a cordial liking for Hancock, on account of his friendly expressions and conduct while he was in command at New Orleans. His prominence as a candidate arises from the fact that he is the only democrat in high position in the army. If the democrats want a soldier conspicuously identified with the suppression of the rebellion to run against General Grant, they are limited to Hancock. His war record is as glorious as that of any corps commander, and there is a conservatism and solidity about his character which would inspire confidence among people who look with distrust upon the ordinary run of democratic politicians. His weakness as a candidate before the convention lies in the fact that his native State of Pennsylvania, of which he is nominally a resident, has in Speaker Randall a man who stands very near to Mr. Tilden, and would be likely to be the legatee of the transferable part of his effects, in case he should be forced to withdraw. Mr. Randall can secure delegates from Pennsylvania to the Cincinnati convention, and General Hancock cannot, unless Senator Wallace, who is Randall's rival for the leadership of the Keystone democracy, should espouse his cause. A candidate who lacks the support of his own State has a poor chance in a national convention. It is possible, however, that the cordiality felt throughout the South towards Hancock may offset the lukewarmness of Pennsylvania. If nominated, he would undoubtedly prove a very formidable candidate. The republicans are more afraid of him than of any other man upon the democratic slate.

Mr. Randall's strength, as I have said

above, consists mainly of the votes which Mr. Tilden might transfer to him in the convention. His personal following would be limited to a portion of the Pennsylvania delegation and a few scattering votes from the South. He is a man of more than ordinary ability and force of character, as is shown by his vitality as a politician; but with all the opportunities of the speaker's chair, he has not succeeded in building up a power of his own, as Blaine did while he occupied the place. One cause for his failure in this direction is his rugged, uncompromising nature, and another is the distrust in which Pennsylvania politicians of both parties are held in other States. For a long time it has seemed as if no good thing in the way of a statesman could come out of Pennsylvania. The politicians of that State go about in strait-jackets put upon them by the provincialism of their constituents, and often owe their places more to powerful rings and corporations than to the public favor.

Judge Stephen J. Field, whom Lincoln put upon the supreme bench because he wanted a justice versed in the land laws and old Spanish grants of the Pacific coast, is also a warm friend of Mr. Tilden, and political gossips are divided on the question of whether he or Speaker Randall is the preferred heir of Tilden's political power. The judge has been a democrat for some years past, — how many I would not venture to say, — and his action upon the bench, in cases where political questions are involved, is in harmony with the views of his party. He was a member of the electoral commission of 1877, and was credited at the time with laying down the main line of argument on which the minority of seven members took their stand in voting to reject the returns from South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. A Pacific coast candidate would be a novelty in a presidential contest, but it is hard to see what elements of popularity Judge Field

has to draw upon to serve him in a close struggle. He is a retiring man, personally known to but few, and his sympathies have been on the side of the great California corporations rather than on that of the masses.

If the respect of both parties were the best qualification for a democratic candidate, Senator Bayard would have a good chance to obtain the Cincinnati nomination. Republicans as well as democrats admire him for his consistent course upon all public questions, his breadth of view, his freedom from narrow partisan and personal influences, and the purity and elevation of his character. The Southern democrats would prefer him to any other candidate if they thought he could be elected, and a majority of the Eastern democrats strongly incline towards him on account of his steadfast adhesion to the specie-basis side of the currency question. Doubts as to his availability are likely, however, to counterbalance the high regard felt for him as a representative of the best type of statesmen the democratic party has produced in its later days. He comes from the southern side of Mason and Dixon's line. The war has not entirely wiped out that once famous political boundary. As a senator from one of the old slave States, he is identified in the Northern mind with the South. He did not side with the rebellion, it is true, but he opposed the coercion of the seceded States in a speech made in 1861, which has just been resurrected, much to the detriment of his candidacy. If nominated, he would be fought by the republicans as a Southern man, personifying the Bourbonism of that section, and a mass of material would be raked up from his senatorial record to prove that he still sustains the state-rights heresy which cost the country four years of civil war, and has never given in his adhesion to the doctrine of full national supremacy. His nomination would thus bring up the very questions upon which

the democrats do not want to go to the people this year, — the questions which they foolishly raised in the extra session of 1879, and which they are now trying hard to have the North forget. While admitting, therefore, that Mr. Bayard would make an excellent president, and wishing that he might be elected, most practical democratic politicians think it would be unsafe to put him on the Cincinnati ticket.

The chances of Mr. Thurman are not as good as they appeared to be two years ago, before he abandoned the position upon the money question which he had steadfastly held in spite of all the vagaries of his party in Ohio and the West. He stood firmly by the old democratic traditions of hard money until 1878, never once wavering in the struggles of twelve years in Congress over the questions growing out of the currency and the public debt. None of the schemes for paying off the government bonds with greenback notes and for making money out of paper by the fiat of the government received any countenance from him. But in 1878, when his party at home had gone wholly astray after soft-money idols, he had a moment of weakness. Fearing, no doubt, that the leadership of the Ohio democracy, and with it all chance for the presidential nomination in 1880, would be lost to him, he compromised with the theories he had before so courageously and consistently antagonized. He did not go to the extent of embracing the fiat-money heresy, but in a speech upon the stump, at the opening of the Ohio campaign, he declared in favor of substituting greenbacks for national bank-notes, and opposed resumption on the first of the ensuing January, the date fixed by the law he had helped to make. This was a fatal concession. The soft-money element was not satisfied with his half-way conversion, and still preferred its former leaders, and the hard-money faction was profoundly chagrined at the defection

of one of its chief champions. Mr. Thurman thus forfeited the respect of both factions without gaining any new strength, and he lost at once the character he had always borne of being a man who held to his convictions, no matter what might be the drift of the popular current. The Eastern democracy, with whom he had been a favorite presidential candidate, dropped him incontinently, and the Western democracy gave no signs of displacing in his favor the original chiefs of the anti-bank and irredeemable greenback movement. Mr. Thurman's principal strength is now in the South, where the democrats care much less for the money question than for states rights. A Virginian by birth, and a steady adherent of the Southern side of all issues affecting the relations of the States and the nation, it is not surprising that he should have many friends in that section. His nomination at Cincinnati hardly looks possible. It could come about only by the union of an almost solid Southern vote with Ohio and three or four other Western States, and such a combination can be regarded only as a very remote contingency.

Mr. Hendricks is another candidate who has waned of late. He was an aspirant for the presidency in 1876, and took the second place on the St. Louis ticket with a good deal of reluctance, rightly thinking that it was hardly consistent for the convention to ask one who had led the democratic party in the United States senate to subordinate himself to a New York State politician who had never held a national office. After the election he felt himself under no obligation longer to play the part of lieutenant to Mr. Tilden, and his friends almost immediately placed his name upon the list of expectant candidates for 1880. At one time, when a contest between the Eastern and Western democrats over the currency question seemed inevitable, it looked as though Mr. Hendricks would be made the standard-bear-

er of the Western men and would carry off the nomination by the aid of the South. That time has gone by, however, and with it Mr. Hendricks' prominence as a candidate. He is too colorless a man in his opinions to attract the attention of the public. His habit of avoiding pronounced expressions upon the questions of the day has got for him the epithet of "fence-straddler." This ability to balance himself in the middle of questions which divide his party might, however, make him an available candidate if the convention should have to cast about for a Western man who would meet the requirements of expediency.

Indiana has another candidate—one of the dark horse kind—in William H. English, a wealthy banker, who was in Congress before the war, and became prominent as the author of compromise measures. It is nearly twenty years since he left public life. If he should be brought back by the Cincinnati convention, it would more likely be as a candidate for vice-president, on a ticket with Mr. Tilden, than as the head of the ticket. His chances for the first place are too remote to be worth discussing.

Senator David Davis was supposed at one time to have a fair prospect of being adopted as the democratic leader. That was when it was thought probable that the party would be drawn, by fear of defeat, to nominate a man not identified with its past, in the hope of securing the independent, non-partisan vote. Davis used to be a sturdy republican. He was the law partner and intimate friend of Lincoln, who placed him upon the supreme bench. He made the mistake of leaving an eminent judicial position, for which he was well fitted, to enter the arena of politics, where he has shown no special ability. A combination of democrats and independent republicans in the Illinois legislature sent him to the senate, and his election under such circumstances naturally design-

nated him as an available presidential candidate, in case the democrats should think it necessary to take a man sitting across the party line. They manifest no disposition now to resort to such an expedient; consequently, the candidacy of Judge Davis is scarcely hypothetical.

General John M. Palmer, of Illinois, has some newspaper prominence as a possible candidate. He was a successful volunteer general, and after the war was elected governor of his State by the republicans. He joined the liberal movement in 1872, and after the defeat of Greeley went over to the democracy with Trumbull, Julian, Farnsworth, and other eminent Western republicans. As a distinguished volunteer soldier and a politician who had no connection with the democratic party during the time when it sympathized with slavery and rebellion, he has strong points of availability, but he seems to have no positive support outside of Illinois.

The opponents of Mr. Tilden, in casting about for some other eminent democrat in whose behalf a claim to peculiar strength in New York could be urged, have made more than one effort to draw Horatio Seymour from the retirement of his farm into a position of either active or passive candidacy. He has constantly refused, however, to lend himself to their purpose: perhaps from a sincere aversion to reënter the arena of political struggle; perhaps because he is wiser than his officious friends, and knows that he has no hold on the machinery of his party, and could not, if he tried, displace the men who now manipulate the levers and wires. If Mr. Seymour could be nominated, he would be a strong candidate with his party, which entertains a feeling akin to reverence for him, awakened by his high personal character, his age, the association of his name with the better days of the party, and his freedom from all connection with the factional quarrels that have distracted it of late years. But there would be

no attraction in his candidacy to draw to him the element that lies between the two parties, and not the least ability to cut into the republican vote.

Judge Sanford E. Church has a small circle of ardent admirers among the New York democratic politicians, who think no man in the country has equal qualifications for the presidency; but his following is hardly considerable enough to entitle him to a place on the list of candidates.

Two New Jersey names are usually mentioned as bare possibilities in connection with the Cincinnati nomination, — those of General McClellan and Senator Randolph. McClellan has no perceptible following outside of his own State. His election as governor has not given him fresh national prominence. With most people he is only a faded recollection of the war, and of the democratic campaign against Lincoln in 1864. Randolph would be a much more available candidate, and if Tilden were out of the way might have a chance of rallying a strong Eastern following; but it is doubtful whether so unimportant a State as New Jersey would in any case be called upon to furnish the nominee.

There remains but a single possible candidate to mention. Hugh J. Jewett, a wealthy and prominent railroad manager, formerly of Zanesville, Ohio, and now of New York, has had some commendation of late in quarters where it is thought that success in business ought to be the best passport to political preferment. Mr. Jewett was once elected to Congress, but resigned in the midst of his term, feeling more interest in his own affairs than in those of the nation. Thus far no showing of real political strength has been made for him. The statement that the railroad magnates are ready to support him with moral and material aid will hardly commend him to a party which is fond of assailing these modern potentates.

If the situation as described in the

foregoing pages is not materially changed before the meeting of the Cincinnati convention, the result which we have most reason to expect from the action of that body is obviously the nomination of Mr. Tilden. Second in the order of probability is the choice of General Hancock, to give the ticket the appearance of unionism and loyalty and the decorative adjuncts of sword and epaulets. If neither Tilden nor Hancock is selected, we may look for the nomination of some close friend of Tilden, like Randall or Field, or for the success of a dark-horse candidate, — perhaps some man not even included in the ample list here presented.

It is scarcely germane to the purpose of this article to go into a discussion of the prospects of the democrats for succeeding in the presidential campaign of the present year. Such a discussion would be premature at this time. It is easy to see, though, that much will depend upon the course of the republicans. In fact, the democrats have more to hope from the errors of their adversaries than from their own strength and sagacity. They are at a great disadvantage from the want of a plain and important national issue upon which they can all agree, and upon which they can go before the public with an air of earnestness, sincerity, and patriotism. Their one foundation principle is that of the limitation of the powers of the general government and the maintenance of the rights of the States. It is a very respectable, statesman-like principle, and might well enlist in its defense the efforts of a large portion of the people, had it not been so stained with treason and blood by the rebellion. The attempt to reassert it, last summer, by repealing the federal election laws, was so badly managed, and had so much the appearance of revolution, that it brought renewed opposition upon the democratic party, and lost it the fall elections in every Northern State. It will not be prudent, therefore, to say

much about state rights in the Cincinnati platform. The bank issue would be popular in the West, but the Eastern democracy would not accept it, because they do not believe in an exclusive green-back currency. Just so with the tariff issue, — the Eastern wing of the party refuses to join in an assault on protective duties. The errors of Grant's administration, out of which the democrats were enabled to make so much capital in the campaign of 1876, have not been repeated by President Hayes, and no issue can be made out of his management of the government. A national canvass cannot well be conducted by any party without some issue, real or imaginary, and the democrats, in their embarrassment, are hoping that the republicans will furnish them with one by nominating General Grant. They would be relieved at once of their trouble if the third-term scheme should succeed at the Chicago convention. They would take the offensive in the campaign, accuse their opponents of imperialistic tendencies, of violating the sacred tradition and unwritten law of two terms only, of placing Grant above Washington, and of intending to make him president for life; and they would claim for themselves the credit of resisting an attempt to undermine our free institutions. They would pay no attention to the counter attacks upon them for their revolutionary performances in Congress last summer, but would hammer away on the single point, "No third term, — no perpetual pres-

ident, — no Cæsar!" That they would be able to carry with them the independent vote which constitutes the balance of power in the close States I think no one can question who has not an overweening faith in the popularity of General Grant. When it is remembered that the State of New York, which will, beyond any reasonable doubt, elect the candidate for whom it votes this year, gave a majority — divided and ineffectual, it is true, but still a majority — against Mr. Cornell last fall for no other apparent cause than his identification with Grantism, it will be seen how strong will be the democratic chances of success this year if they have General Grant to fight. If Grant steps aside, or is beaten in the Chicago convention, they will be obliged to choose between making the most of Mr. Tilden, his grievance, and his fraud cry, rendered ridiculous by the exposure of the cipher dispatches, and trusting, with some other candidate, to the readiness of the people to seek a change in administration, after twenty years of unbroken republican supremacy, without presenting them with any special reasons for such a change. At the worst, however, the democratic case cannot be said to be desperate. A party that controls the electoral vote of every Southern State, no matter what principles it may propound or what course it may pursue, and that consequently only needs to carry New York and one other Northern State to win, is not beaten in advance.

BRITISH AMERICANISMS.

I HAVE heretofore had occasion to show — and have shown — that British writers are over-ready to pronounce, each not only for himself but for all, any word or phrase which has not a fa-

miliar sound to him an Americanism, and that, moreover, in so doing they put the American stamp upon speech fabric which is not only of their own home-make, but which is in every-day

use in their workaday life, the very homespun linsey-woolsey of their garb of thought, the household words of the humblest and the highest of their own people. Fact and reason seem to set no limit to this blundering. I do not quite despair of seeing "am and heggs" declared to be an Americanism. Among my memorandums of words erroneously thus stigmatized is the following paragraph from a London newspaper, the name of which I have unfortunately lost, but that is of little importance to our present purpose:—

"America is more anxious to hear about Stanley and Livingstone than is England. Mr. Stanley has accepted an engagement to deliver in the United States a series of lectures upon his explorations in Africa and his discovery of the great father of all explorers, the Marco Polo of the unknown continent. The terms of his contract are, to use an American word, *lucrative*. The number of lectures is specified, the time is limited."

And first I shall say that I think that every American reader will find the close of the first sentence jar upon his ear. It is a very obtrusive example of a construction which, although not absolutely new, is new in its common use in ordinary prose writing, and which has come greatly into favor of late years among British writers not of the first class, who use it to avoid what they regard as the "inelegance" of closing a sentence with a monosyllable. This seems to me a miserable affectation, and the result a very poor sort of English prose. The putting of the verb before its subject in such bald and simple prose as this is wholly at variance with the spirit of English speech. No English-speaking man, not even this writer, I am sure, would say, if he were talking, "America is more anxious than is England," but "than England is." Why, then, when he is writing such very level and every-day prose as this is, should he

make such a violent and striking inversion? This fashion has been adopted here to a certain degree; but it is very much more prevalent among British prose writers than it is among our own, although it is rarely found on the pages of those of the highest rank. I do not remember having met with it in Macaulay, or in George Eliot, or in Matthew Arnold, or in Cardinal Newman. Perhaps, however, I am condemning what is offensive merely to my own personal taste; in which case I can only plead that all criticism which is not scientific is necessarily more or less an expression of the personal taste of the critic.

As to the charge of Americanism in this paragraph, that, it need hardly be said, is a matter not of taste, but of fact; and of the fact in this case the writer was grossly and unpardonably ignorant. A mere reference to Johnson's dictionary would have shown him that *lucrative* is a well-established English word, and that it was used by an English writer so eminent as Bacon at a time when modern English was at its best, and when there could not have been such a thing as an Americanism in language or in anything else:—

"And it is to be noted that the trade of Merchandize, being the most *lucrative*, may bear usury at a good rate: other contracts not so." (Essays: Of Usurie.)

The word also is found in Cotgrave's French-English dictionary, 1611.

It may be of interest to the general reader to remark that *lucrative* is one of a class of words which are not formed upon their apparent stem or base. By no system of English development can you make *lucrative* from *lucre*. It is a mere English form of the Latin *lucratus*, which is formed from a verb *lucror*, which is in turn formed upon the Latin noun *lucrum*, whence comes our *lucre*. This is a roundabout way for English-speaking folk to get a word for their daily speech. And indeed *lucrative* is

a poor, pretentious superfluity to people who have so good a word as *gainful*, from which it has not a shade of difference in meaning. I wish that it were an Americanism, for then it would not be English.

It seems that the very word which I remarked upon, in the article upon English in England, as being the only one that I met with there which was entirely new to me, *singlet*, is one that might have been, and may yet be, stamped as an Americanism! For, as I then said, it is in no English dictionary; I found people even in Lancashire who had never heard it, and did not know what it meant, and yet I am informed by a correspondent that it is in use in Pennsylvania, and that he has seen it there in a newspaper report of a baptizing according to the practice of the Baptists. The immersion took place in winter through the ice; and it was announced that a woman who was baptized "wore nothing but a flannel *singlet*." This is interesting; but of its value as evidence I have doubts. Not doubts, I hasten to say, that my correspondent saw the word thus used, but doubts that this single case of use was a sign of an American usage. That case, and others in the same quarter, might be accounted for by the presence in the neighborhood of a few emigrants from Lancashire, or even of a reporter born and bred in Lancashire; for English reporters of all nativities are scattered pretty freely through the country. What is needed to show the so-called Americanism of the word is evidence that *singlet*, meaning a single garment, is in colloquial use among people whose grandfathers were born in America.

The word is one of some interest. I have found it in Tim Bobbin's *Lancashire Glossary*. It appears also in Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's valuable *Archaic and Provincial Dictionary*, where it is assigned to Derby, and where it has this gloss: "An unlined waistcoat. When double or lined it is called a

doublet." I mentioned before that its sufficiently obvious connection (*e converso*) with *doublet* occurred to me, and enabled me to understand it when I saw it for the first time on my printed washing-bill in Liverpool. I find that in the great and matchless Etymological Dictionary of the English language by the Reverend Walter Skeat, now in course of publication, *doublet* is defined as "an inner garment," — a definition which I read with some surprise. For all through the time when doublets were worn the word *doublet* is used to mean unmistakably an outer garment, — the outer garment of a man, that which had the place now taken by the waistcoat and the coat; unless, perhaps, the waistcoat has the place of the doublet, and the coat that of the short cloak. Minshew, in his Spanish-English lexicon, 1599, gives *jubón* as the Spanish for *doublet*; and *jupon*, the same word, is defined by Cotgrave, in his French-English lexicon, 1611, as meaning "a short cassokke." When Hamlet came in "with his doublet all unbraced," was it an inner garment that Ophelia saw open? When Falstaff was "eight times thrust through the doublet" (on Shrewsbury field, and by Shrewsbury computation), was it his inner garment that suffered? When Rosalind, on hearing that Orlando was in the forest, exclaimed, "What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" it surely was the outermost of all her garments, that which could be seen by everybody, as to which she was in perplexity. And Thurio, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says, "My jerkin is a doublet." But more than two hundred and fifty years before Shakespeare wrote these passages, Chaucer had shown the place of the doublet:—

"This knight tho in armes twaine
This lady took, and gan her saine
'Alas, my birth; wo worth my life!'
And even with that he drew a knife
And through gowne, *doublet* and sherte
He made the blood come from his herte."
(Chaucer's *Dream*, l. 1713.)

The doublet was the close-fitting outer garment next above the shirt, and over which, in full dress, there was worn a gown or cloak. The painful research of Mr. Halliwell deserves all praise, and Mr. Skeat's position as *facile princeps* of all English scholars makes it almost presumption for a man of inferior acquirements to differ from him. But let us consider this little question of costume, adding to the light that has already been thrown upon it that of the illustrative dramatic passage to which I made allusion two months ago, and which I have since looked up. It is in Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*, Act II. Scene 1. Bianca speaks of herself as going "thus singly" from her chamber, and directly afterward she speaks of her garment as "this robe of shame." From all this evidence I infer that a person clad singly had on but one garment, which was therefore called a singlet, and that the doublet was so called, not because it was double, or was lined, but because it doubled the clothing of the wearer, and thus was not an inner but an outer garment.

And now let us look at a few more of these alleged Americanisms, which, we are told, are so numerous as to fill a great octavo volume. We shall find that the study will advantage us in one respect, at least: it will teach us — English.

Mad, in the sense inflamed with anger, very angry, vexed, is, we are told, perhaps an English vulgarism, but quite unrecognized by good writers or speakers. The word is frequently found in this sense in Pepys's Diary. For example, under date of September 6, 1666: —

"To the office, where the falseness and impertinencies of Sir W. Pen would make a man *mad* to think of."

Again, it occurs in this delicious picture of household life and feminine account-keeping, in which respect it will be seen that Mrs. Pepys was a very singular woman: —

"Coming home to-night, I did go to examine my wife's accounts, and finding things that seemed somewhat doubtful, I was *angry*, though she did make it pretty plain, but confessed that when she do misse a sum she do add something to other things to make it, and upon my being *very angry*, she do protest that she will here lay up something herself to buy her a necklace with, which *madd*ed me, and do still trouble me, for I fear she will forget by degrees the way of living cheap and under a sense of want." (September 29, 1664.)

The famous diary furnishes at least a dozen such examples. A writer contemporary with Pepys, but of a different school, uses it in the same sense: —

— "to see them all so desperately *madd*ed with the fear of being accounted holy." (Ellis, *The Gentile Sinner*, 1672, page 187.)

So much as to the past. As to the present day, it is used commonly enough by good English writers in the same sense, of which here are instances: —

"What should be said to the thousands of men who live well and make money by professing to make peace between the Omnipotent and All-Wise God and the beings which hé, knowing what he was about, I suppose created? It makes me *mad* to think of it." (Earl of Pembroke, *South Sea Bubbles*, chapter iv.)

"At length it [a festival] came off, and, for one happy invited guest, made a hundred *mad* who were not invited." (*Life in the Nineteenth Century*, Temple Bar, June, 1873.)

Mahogany. Under what possible pretense is this word foisted into a collection of words "usually regarded as peculiar to the United States?" What human creature on the outside of a lunatic asylum ever so regarded it? Were it the name of something peculiar to the United States, it would have no proper place here; but it is not even that. *Mahogany* is a product of South and Cen-

tral America, and was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards, who took possession of those countries. Hence it was known in England as Spanish mahogany before the time when there could have been any Americanisms, and that name has adhered to it until the present day. In the bagman's story in the *Pickwick Papers*, the queer arm-chair, asserting its dignity and claiming attention, says, "Come, come, Tom, that's not the way to address solid Spanish mahogany."

It is remarkable, by the bye, that the *h* difficulty produces an effect upon the lower-class pronunciation of this word. Although the *h* comes in the interior of the word, yet as the syllable in which it appears is accented, the *h* is not sounded, and the result is not simply *mahogany* without the *h*, but *may'ogany*. I have known of intelligent English artisans who, having lived in this country thirty years, still said *may'ogany*.

The presence of *maize* in a dictionary of Americanisms is no more defensible than the presence of *mahogany* is. Maize, like mahogany, was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards; and its name, a Carib word, was introduced with it by the Spaniards, and was brought from Europe to the colonies which are now the United States. More than this: as Mr. Bartlett most naively remarks, "the word is never used in common language in the United States. Indeed, few would understand it." Verily, a very wonderful Americanism!

And with what reason have we *manosay*, which is the Indian name, we are told, for "clam No. 2," or the soft clam? — a very second-class clam indeed. And in like manner we have *manioc*, and *manitou*, and *muskelonge*, and *big medicine*, and *mesa*, and *mesilla*, and *metate*, and *mesquit*, and *mingo*, and *mobel*, and *moccasin*, and *monte*, and *mulada*, and *musquash*, which are either aboriginal "Indian" words or Spanish words. What have we to do with them?

We are not Indians or Spaniards; nor is their language our language. These words would be less understood than Mr. Bartlett admits that *maize* would be. They have no rightful place in his dictionary, nor is there any semblance of reason for their being there, other than a desire to make it an *omnium gatherum* of words connected in any way with anything on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. This causes also the introduction of such words as *manatee* for the sea-cow, which comes from South America, and *mangosteen* for the jujube, which belongs to the island of Barbadoes! And yet a very considerable part of this so-called Dictionary of Americanisms is made up of words of this sort.

A perfect and characteristic specimen of the true Americanism is the word *mail*, with its derivatives and compounds, *mailable* and *mail-rider*. As Mr. Bartlett rightly says, *mail* properly means the bag in which letters are carried from one post-office to another. The common perversion of *mail* to mean (1) *post*, as to mail a letter instead of to post it, or to send by mail instead of by post, and (2) to mean the letters and papers which are received from the post-office or sent to it, as, "He was looking over his morning's mail," is a true Americanism in language. It is an application, peculiar to this country, of an English word to other than its proper English use. The only other sort of Americanism is the use of a word unknown to the English language proper to designate a thing or an act for which there is already a recognized English word.

To make one's manners, meaning to make a bow or a courtesy, may possibly be a phrase peculiar to New England; but although I am not prepared to deny that it is so, I very much doubt it. In the first place, it is a thoroughly English form of expression, and one of a sort that could hardly fail to have come into use; and this is the more probable for the second reason of doubt, — that the

phrase "make an honor," meaning make a bow or courtesy, is common in English literature down to the middle of the last century. And yet, by the bye, this meaning of *honor*, an obeisance, is given in no English dictionary that I have examined; nor, indeed, has any English dictionary that I have examined the word *manners* as distinct from *manner*, although the two words are used by the best English writers with sharp discrimination. These are examples of neglect of essential things by the dictionary makers, while the unessential, and indeed more than unnecessary, compounds of nouns and adjectives, and verbs compounded with *un* and *dis*, crowd their pages by the hundred. Joseph's brothers' sheaves "made obeisance" to his sheaf, and Gulliver says, "I made my reverence to my master's guest." To make manners and to make an honor, to make obeisance and to make a reverence, are phrases so alike that it seems improbable that a people who have used one have not used the other.

Likewise, to *make one's mark* is so thoroughly English an expression that I cannot believe that it is peculiar to this country. In any case, it is not properly an Americanism; for it is composed of English words used in their recognized English sense, and put together in a perfectly English order, so that if the phrase were used to-morrow for the first time every English person who heard it would understand it at once. A word or a phrase of which all this is true is good English upon its first utterance, and wherever it is spoken. A man who demands "authority" for the use of such a word does not deserve a serious answer.

Marm, we are told, is a corruption of the word *mamma*, which is frequently used in the interior of New England for mother! *Marm* is a corruption not of *mamma*, but of *madam*. The first step is the common *ma'am* (pronounced *mahm*), and that once taken, *marm* is inevitable

for slovenly speakers: the *r* is as sure to come as day is to follow night. *Marm* is as common in the interior of Old England as it is in that of New England. It could not be otherwise. The application of it may vary somewhat in the two countries. But the New England people who use it for *mother*—very few, I believe, and the worst speakers—have never heard *mamma* in use. They are accustomed only to *mother*, to *mammy*, and, the more elegant of them, to *ma* (pronounced *mah*), for which *marm* may be a substitute, but of which it is not a corruption.

Mass meeting is not an Americanism. It is a perfectly good English name for the thing to which it is applied. That thing was first known in America; but the name of it is not an Americanism any more than *mocking-bird* or *humming-bird* is an Americanism because *mocking-birds* and *humming-birds* are known in America, but not in England. If the simple words in either of these compound names were used in a sense different from that in which they are used in England, then the compounds would be Americanisms. But they are used in their received English sense. When meetings of the mass of the people began to be held in England, the name was adopted with them, and it now is almost as commonly used there as here.

"Mr. Bernal Osborne is announced by the Independent Society as another candidate, and was to address a *mass meeting* in the great market-place yesterday evening." (London Times, April 28, 1866.)

To *merchandise*. It is amazing to be told of this word that "in the West they say that a man is merchandising when he is in trade," etc. Why, the word has been in common English use for certainly six hundred years. It was used by Robert of Gloucester about A. D. 1300, in the following passage, a few words of which I shall modernize for the benefit of the general reader; for it is remarkable as an illustration of the free way in which

nouns have always been used as verbs in English:—

"For ye are men better taught to shovel and to
spade,
To cart-staff and to plow-staff, and a fishing to wade,
To hammer and to needle, and to *merchandise*
also,
Than with sword or hauberk any battle to do." ¹

And Bacon, in his essay on usury, cited above, also uses it no less than four times. To quote one instance is enough:—

"For were it not for this lazie trade of usury, money would not be still, but would in great part be employed upon *merchandising*; which is the *vena porta* of wealth to a state."

Truly it would seem that to the saying of what is not English a knowledge of what is English is very requisite. Nor is a knowledge of the perversions in common use in England superfluous, as, for example, that *merchant* is there "applied to any dealer in merchandise," as it is here, which I had occasion to remark upon in the article on English in England.

The introduction of such words as *metaphenomena* (meaning the primordial facts of our being) and *metaphenomenal* into a dictionary of Americanisms has not a semblance of justification. They are technical scientific terms, belonging to no language; and the fact that they were first given to science by a distinguished American metaphysician no more makes them Americanisms than the introduction of the term "positive philosophy" by Comte makes that term a Gallicism. Such words are of no country; they form a part of the peculiar speech of no people.

For a reason directly the converse of this, such a word as *middling*, applied to a condition of health, cannot, in the nature of things, be an Americanism. By the untrained speakers of English everywhere it will inevitably be thus used. Consequently, we find it among Halli-

¹ For 3e ben men beter ytagt to schoule and to
spade
To cartestaf and to plowstaf and a fischyng to wade,

well's English provincialisms as meaning "not in good health," which is exactly the meaning of a rustic New England speaker when he tells you that his wife is "pretty middling, thank ye." Halliwell credits it to Worcestershire, and Brackett to the North of England; the fact being that it is generally provincial in Old England, just as it is generally provincial in New England. Its position in both countries is exactly the same. It is in no way "peculiar to the United States."

Just such a word is *mighty* in the hyperbolical sense of very; and it would only be necessary to remark that it is and has been for centuries rather more commonly so used in England than here, were it not that Mr. Bartlett himself cites instances of its use by Pepys, by Dickens, and other British writers. What, then, does *he* mean by setting it forth as in any way an Americanism? Is he blind to the fact that by so doing he impairs—may we not say utterly destroys?—the value of his laborious compilation as an authority upon its subject, and that he makes it in its totality a libel on the language of his country?

But perhaps the most extraordinary and unaccountable of all the misrepresentations of Mr. Bartlett's book (I use the word, I need hardly say, with no suggestion of intentional misrepresentation) is that which gives us *mile* "often in the singular with a numeral, instead of the plural *miles*," as one of the words "peculiar to the United States." Now the truth is that for once that *mile* has been thus used in the United States it has been used ten hundred thousand times in England. Thus to use *mile*, and *foot*, and *pound*, and *ton*, and a few other words of the same sort, has been the custom in England from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It was the usage not only of the common people, but

To hamer and to nedle, and to marchandise al so
pan with sword or hauberk eny batail to do.

(Ed. Hearne, 1810, page 99.)

of the best speakers and writers. English literature is full of it, from the time of Wycliff and Chaucer, and earlier, to that of Pope and Addison, and later. This fact is so well known to every person who reads anything but the newspapers and the novels of the day that I shall quote nothing in illustration of it. It were as needful to cite passages in illustration of the use of *deer*, *fish*, and *sheep* in the plural. But this is not the whole of the case, for the fact remains that the plural forms of *mile*, *foot*, *pound*, *ton*, etc., are very largely more in use in America than they are in England. Americans of middling condition and education are far more "grammatical," and somewhat less free and idiomatic, in their use of language than English people of corresponding condition are; and for one American who at the present day says five mile, ten foot, twenty pound, forty ton, there are probably more than five hundred Englishmen who do the same. And yet this usage, which in England goes back before the Conquest, and which now is almost distinctively British, is recorded in our Dictionary of Americanisms! Would it not be well to take Johnson's Dictionary, or Mrs. Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare, or Cruden's Concordance to the Bible, add a few exquisite extracts from our "American humorists," and publish the collection as a "Dictionary of words and phrases peculiar to America," and have done with it?

It should seem so; for here we have *mind* in the senses to recollect, to remember, to remind, and to notice, set forth as an Americanism and a Scotticism. The real state of the case in regard to this word is that before and during the Elizabethan period, that is, from about 1575 to 1625, its use as a verb was very rare. Shakespeare, using the word more than four hundred times, has it,

even colloquially, in a verb sense only three or four times. After the time of the Commonwealth, the verb use increased gradually, and during the last half century this use has become very common, *but it is most common in England*. It may be met with, of course, among speakers and writers in the United States and in Scotland and in Australia, because those countries are inhabited by English-speaking peoples, who are in constant communication by speech and by writing; but the use of *mind* in all possible verb senses is so general in England as to be almost a distinctive trait of the British English of to-day. I remarked upon this in English in England.

With a like disregard of fact, we are told that "many American writers, following Scottish models, make use of *mean* instead of *means* in the singular." Now, the truth is, as any reader may see by simply turning to Johnson's dictionary, that those American writers who do use *mean* in the manner here indicated follow, not Scottish models, but English models of the Elizabethan period. Whether in this they do well is another question; but as to the perfect Englishness and high rank of their models, there can be no dispute. Next, although the preponderance of usage since the Queen Anne period has been largely in favor of *means* in the singular, as "by this means," that has not been the "established practice" "from the time of Addison." Indeed, Addison himself uses the singular form *mean*, and since his day usage as to this word has been divided, although far from equally, in England, just as it has been in America.¹ Very few writers here use the singular form, as "by this *mean*," — very few indeed. There is in their sparsely distributed affectation nothing "peculiar to the United States." Not to weary my

¹ I have somewhere a collection of passages by British writers, beginning with Addison, in which the singular form *mean* is used. Unfortunately I

cannot now put my hand upon it; but I shall be able to produce it hereafter.

readers with a frequent repetition of the same objection, I gather together the following words under the letter M, in addition to those already mentioned, as to which it need only be said that they are common in England, and in some cases more common there than here: *mitt*, a fingerless glove; *monstrous*, for very, great, exceedingly; *mopusses*, money; *mortal*, very; *mought for might*; *much*, as "not much of a man;" *mull*, to dispirit; *musicianer*. I cannot forbear remarking that Mr. Bartlett says, and rightly says, of *mopusses* that it is an English slang term, and then adds that it is "not often heard among us." In the name of the Sphinx, then, *que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*

Milon for *melon* is worthy of a passing word on the score of pronunciation. It is a mere mispronunciation, which is heard in England as well as in America. Halliwell gives it as *millon*, on the authority of Palsgrave. It is a rare example in English of what is known to French grammarians as the *l mouillé* or softened *l*, which appears in all the Romance tongues. *Melon* became *mil-lon*, and *millon* *million*, through the same phonetic influence as that which, for example, causes the Spanish *pillon*, (a cushion behind a saddle for woman's use) to be sounded *pillion*, which word, that is, sound, with its appropriate spelling, was transferred to the English language. It would be an Americanism if it were peculiar to America; but we have seen that it is not so.

More, most. We are told that "the comparative endings *er* and *est* are very commonly discarded both by speakers and writers, even from monosyllabic adjectives, and their places supplied by *more* and *most*;" of which grievous "American" fault "more full" from Worcester's dictionary and "more fond" from a writer in Harper's Magazine are given as examples. I add a few more from an "American" writer of some note, named William Shakespeare:—

- "Wishing me like to one *more rich* in hope."
(Son. xxix.)
"But you shall shine *more bright* in these contents."
(Son. Iv.)
"This thou perceivest, which makes thy love *more strong*."
(Son. lxxiii.)
"My love is strengthened, though *more weak* in seeming."
(Son. cii.)
"Like as, to make our appetites *more keen*."
(Son. cxviii.)
"Sets you *most rich* in youth before my sight."
(Son. xv.)
"If it were filled with your *most high* deserts."
(Son. xvii.)
"Yet be *most proud* of that which I compile."
(Son. lxxviii.)
"My *most true* mind thus makes mine eye untrue."
(Son. cxliii.)
"My *most full* flame should afterwards burn clearer."
(Son. cxv.)

It thus appears that this exemplar of the American style of writing did not hesitate to discard the comparative endings *er* and *est* even from monosyllabic adjectives in the most reckless and "ungrammatical" way. Seriously, does not Mr. Bartlett know that this use of *more* and *most* is as English, and as common, as the national oath?

Muss. As to this Americanism, we are told that it is "a corruption of *mess*, a state of confusion, a squabble, a row," and that "this vulgarism is very common in New York;" to which it is added that "there is also an old English word *muss*, meaning a scramble, but it has apparently no connection with the above." This is quite correct, with two exceptions. *Muss* is not a corruption of *mess*, which does not mean (except in slang) a state of confusion; and the old English word *muss*, meaning a scramble, has so direct a connection with "the above" that it is the word itself. *Muss* is a scramble, when any small objects are thrown down to be taken by those who can seize them. (See Nares's Glossary.) Gargantua played at "the musse" (Rabelais, Book I. ch. xxi.); and we are also told by the same writer that "the game of the muss is honest, healthful, ancient, and lawful. . . . Such as play and sport at the muss are excusable in

and by law. . . . And at the very same time was Master Tielman Piquet one of the players at that game of muss. There is nothing I do better remember, for he laughed heartily when his fellow-members of the aforesaid chamber *spoiled their caps in swingeing of his shoulders*. He nevertheless did even then say unto them that the *banging* and *flapping of him* to the waste and havoc of their caps," etc. (Book III. ch. cc.) Verily, this Gargantuan game seems strangely like a muss in the Bowery. The French original here is "*jeu de la mousche*;" and Cotgrave, in his French-English dictionary, 1611, has, "*Mousche*, a fly; also the play called musse." Finally, we have these passages by English writers of some note:—

"When I cried, ho!
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth
And cry, Your will."

(Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Scene 2.)

"*Costardmonger*. Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine!

[Nightingale sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his basket.

Cokes. Gods so! a musse, a musse, a musse, a musse!

[Cokes falls a scrambling."

(Ben Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, Act IV. Scene 1.)

"The monies rattle not, nor are they thrown

To make a *muss* yet 'mongst the gamesome suitors."

(The same, Magnetick Lady, Act IV. Scene 1.)

"*Fd*. Was 't not well managed, yon necessary mischiefs? did the plot want either life or art?

Maw. 'T was so well, captain, I would you could make such another *muss*, at all adventures."

(Middleton, A Mad World, my Masters, Act III. Scene 3.)

"Bawble and cap no sooner are thrown down,

But there 's a *muss* of more than half the town."

(Dryden, Prologue to Shadwell's True Widow.)

So much for this American vulgarity, common in New York. The Bowery boys, a mob of Monsieur Jourdain, seem to have been speaking very good English all their lives without knowing it.

Richard Grant White.

RECENT NOVELS.

THE writing of novels has come to be so definite a department of industry that idle people have begun to ask if there might not be some school or formal system by which young men and women of lively sensibilities could be trained as novelists. If any one wishes to be a painter or sculptor, it is argued, he enters a school of art, or places himself under the tuition of some master who will guide his talent and give him practical instruction in the laws of his art; why should not a novelist go to work in the same way, instead of blundering by himself and producing what any skillful master in the business could have shown him was untrue and offensive to the canons of literary art? One could easily fancy a school of novel-writing, where

the pupils would be set to work constructing tales upon certain points furnished to the class, as plaster casts are given to beginners in drawing; and were there such a school we think that Miss Fothergill would be recognized as one of the brightest and aptest scholars. Probation¹ is a capital novel, well planned and well constructed, yet the incidents which make its crises are stock incidents which have been used again and again. A workman thrashes a rich man's son for insulting a young woman; the rich man gives a ball on his daughter's birthday, when he is on the eve of bankruptcy, and the festivities are arrested by the catastrophe; the favored lover overhears some words between his rival and the woman they love which he instantly

¹ Probation. A Novel. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL, Author of The First Violin. New York:

Henry Holt & Co. 1879. (Leisure Hour Series, No. 108.)

misconstrues, and thereby spends two or three years in wretchedness; a young lady suddenly loses her property and station, and becomes a governess, to be accidentally discovered by her lover, — these are certainly not new inventions in novel-writing, and the plain catalogue of them here might easily persuade the reader that *Probation*, built upon such foundations, could hardly be more than a commonplace and conventional story. Conventional it may be called, but not commonplace, and it seems to us a singularly apt illustration of the truth that the inventive part of a story is really the least considerable part. It is like the underpinning of a house, — essential to the structure, but not very characteristic. A mature reader who takes up the *Arabian Nights*, for example, will very likely be surprised at what he might call the poverty of invention and the simplicity of the expedients resorted to. A great number of modern stories are substantially the same in their groundwork; they use the common facts of the life they represent, and when a story is placed, as *Probation* is, in an English manufacturing town, one may look confidently for just such incidents as we have intimated, growing out of the relations between workmen and their employers.

Miss Fothergill has used her opportunities well. She has made the story move chiefly in the period of the Lancashire distress, coincident with our war, and has given an admirable background to the typical figures of the young manufacturer, who combines radical principles with conservative manners; the sturdy workman, whose native stubbornness and independence have been reinforced by half-communistic views; the restless young lady of fortune, the self-contained, self-respecting young lady without fortune, and the minor characters, all of whom are cleanly sketched. There is no violence done to the proprieties; the young workman does not

finally marry the lady who rejects the workman's employer until he has won for himself an independent position; and no lucky turn of fortune resolves the difficulties into which the characters fall. The author has a clear conception of what she intends, and depends for her results upon the law which governs in human life, the action and reaction of character and circumstance. There is positive pleasure in reading so sane a novel, and in following the lead of a writer who thinks so dispassionately and is possessed of so strong a human sympathy. The distress and trouble of the Lancashire spinners are used legitimately, not to intensify our interest in the characters by the introduction of a bit of realism, but because characters and scenes all seem equally a part of history. There is little abstract discussion of the relations of master and workman; the reader is treated to something better in the relation of real persons to one another; but out of the whole story one may gather some sensible reflections upon one phase of modern society.

By an odd coincidence an American novel of factory life¹ comes before us at the same time with *Probation*. There are even some curious repetitions in the two novels, which could not possibly have affected one the other. The boy who rises from the ranks to a controlling place appears in *Hope Mills*; Sylvie is in several respects a counterpart of Adrienne; the benevolent young people of the story organize schools among the factory hands in one book as in the other; another young lady of fortune loses her money suddenly; and a time of prosperity is followed by a time of depression. Nor are the differences between the two stories as great as they might be in consideration of the difference in scene. Miss Douglas has apparently had opportunities for studying

¹ *Hope Mills*; or, *Between Friend and Sweetheart*. By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

factory life in this country, but we should guess that she was indebted for some of her material to English novels. At any rate, we never get very far away from conventionalism in the story, although there are some minor scenes which appear to be transcripts of actual occurrences. Yerbury, the scene of the story, may be judged to be a village near New York, which has broken out in all the half-civilization of a factory town, and the characters are such as seem to be accepted as types of the life: a dignified and honorable mill owner, Mr. Lawrence, whose son grows up a gentleman, and whose daughters are haughty young women of society; a manly mechanic's son, Jack Darcy, who represents the sturdy thinking young republican, bound, as the reader foresees, to change places with the aristocratic young Lawrence, and finally to subjugate the haughty Irene Lawrence, while Lawrence himself passes through the several phases of rich man's son, idle gentleman with latent powers, and at length, plunged into poverty, the redeemed worker who wins also the girl who refused him when he had money and laziness.

Miss Douglas seems to have had a double purpose in her story, and to have intended it most seriously as a contribution to the doctrine of coöperation. A writer in such a case has us a little at a disadvantage. We may concede all the truth of the theory, but what we need most to be convinced of is the actual test by experiment; and when the author triumphantly produces her facts and figures we feel bound to remind her that she is telling a story, and of course has complete control of the facts and figures. She can manipulate the returns and send her heroes to Congress, if she so chooses. The history of the coöperative experiment is told with due regard for the probable difficulties that are finally surmounted, but after all we are compelled to fall back upon the book as a story, and wait for the real narrative of any

such mills as may have stood as models for Miss Douglas's Hope Mills.

We can hardly assure the reader that Miss Douglas has graduated from the school of novelists in the same class or with the same diploma as Miss Fothergill. There is the difference between a skilled and an unskilled writer, between one who husbands her resources, selects her incidents, and concentrates the interest, and one who introduces a character whenever she wants a new scene, supplies the reader with a great deal more material than is necessary for the perception of character, busies herself about endless detail, which is unessential to a story however much it may be of service in a coöperative tract, and washes the narrative down with copious draughts of thin sentiment. That the particles of this story do not touch one another is capable of proof by the ease with which the narrative may be compressed. For all that, the evident honesty of the writer and her interest in the subject of the book redeem it often from unworthiness, and if one will take the story lightly and concentrate his attention upon the development of the socialistic problems he may close the book with an honest respect for the writer, and a sense of not having wasted his time in reading it.

Readers of *The Atlantic* who have already followed the career of Irene the Missionary will readily concede the claims of that embarrassed young lady to continued existence between the covers of a book.¹ We suspect that the story had and will have a twofold surprise; for it is neither a record of the spiritual struggles of a young missionary assailed by a worldly temptation, nor a cover for a disingenuous attack upon missions. Not until the story is fairly ended does the reader wake to the discovery that the entertainment is of the most rational sort, and then he perceives

¹ *Irene the Missionary*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

how cleverly the author has managed to give novelty and originality to a very simple and familiar love-story by taking for his characters persons unused to figure in novels and laying the scenes in almost equally virgin soil. It really would not be difficult for one to invest the story with an important function in its dispelling a popular delusion respecting the character of missionaries and missionary life. It seems that they are, after all, people, and by his quiet and entirely sensible description of their life and relations to one another the author has at once naturalized them in our minds, and given novel-readers a real and enjoyable sensation. Those who thought there were no unexplored regions of Christendom for the novelist must have been amused at finding one so simple and homely and accessible. We suggest, *en passant*, another in the lives of Roman Catholic priests in this country. Here is a class of educated men, who figure only as a part of the mechanism of religious or theological novels, but who will undertake to make them real to us in their human and every-day relations?

To return to Irene, it will be admitted that the author has done a difficult thing well, when he has undertaken to move freely among the missionary articles without damaging anything or rudely knocking over any religious idol. The secret is in his unfeigned respect for the people and their work. Such a character as that of Payson is entirely intelligible and respectable; possibly, the unworldliness is insisted on a little too much, as if the author were over-anxious to show his honest admiration of the man. The touches by which Mr. Pelton is described are equally truthful, and in the characters of Irene herself and Dr. Macklin the author has admirably disclosed the genuineness of missionary life which makes possible such a union

of nature and grace. Indeed, we are disposed to think the portrait of Dr. Macklin the most successful in the book, as the man himself is the one who interests us most. The humor of his inconsistencies is delicious, and more subtle than the fun which twinkles in Mr. Porter Brasse, Miss Biffles, Mr. Wormley, and the Branns. These last, nevertheless, are clever foils to the higher characters of the book, and again we are reminded how felicitous the choice of subject was, since the necessary circumstances supply at once contrasts which ordinarily would have to be laboriously constructed. The author has wisely attempted but one thing, and has not undertaken to show the interior life of a mission any further than it would be perceived by such a man as DeVries. He has used well the opportunity given for pictures of Syrian life and landscape, and has found excellent material at hand in the religious strifes of Druses and Maronites to heighten the dramatic effect. The story certainly deserves praise for what it does not attempt as well as for what it accomplishes.

The many readers who have grown up with grateful recollections of John Halifax, Gentleman, and other early novels by the same writer, will turn with expectation of pleasure to Young Mrs. Jardine,¹ the latest of her stories. We cannot say that they will be quite as well pleased. The plot of the story is so slight that in its expansion there is too much room for that flow of sentiment which has always been a snare to this author. A young Scotsman, of good family and of fair expectations as the only son, receives a small bequest from a distant kinswoman, coupled with a commendation to his kindness of certain still more distant relations of whom he had never heard, supposed to be living in Switzerland. He has finished his collegiate business, and is dallying with life,

¹ *Young Mrs. Jardine*. A Novel. By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman, etc. With Il-

lustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

and being of a romantic and somewhat quixotic disposition conceives the scheme of taking a jaunt to Switzerland to hunt up his relations. A cousin of his father and of the just deceased kinswoman had gone, years before, to Switzerland, and married there. He had entered the Swiss church, and was a *pasteur*; but all connection between the families had long since ceased, and no one knew whether he was living, or, if dead, whether he had left any family. Roderick Jardine, armed with a letter to a Neuchâtel *pasteur*, appeared on the scene, and in the orthodox method fell in love at first sight with a young girl whom he saw by the lake side, and a few hours afterward, upon presenting his letter, discovered to be Silence Jardine, the only daughter of the missing relation, who had died and left a widow and daughter in poverty. The poverty was the graceful, self-respecting poverty of the Swiss Protestant community, and the picture of Silence is drawn with affectionate eagerness, as presenting a not unknown type of Puritan loveliness. Roderick was enchanted with the village refinement of life into which he was suddenly thrust, and was fast moving toward the declaration point, when two events occurred to arrest him. He had written frankly to his mother, telling her of his intention, when he received a dispatch, — “*Your mother is not well. Come home immediately;*” and at the same time Silence’s mother dies suddenly. Duty and love have a little struggle, in which Silence decides for him, and he goes back to Scotland without any actual betrothal. There he discovers that his mother, annoyed at what she considered his boyish folly, had used a stratagem to get him back. She was in most excellent health, and very resolutely set against his scheme of marrying Silence. The mother and son had a hard Scotch tussle of will, and it ended in Roderick’s going back to Neuchâtel in the face of his mother’s obstinate threats, and mar-

rying Silence, whom he brought to Scotland, settling with her finally in the country house which had been bequeathed to him and constituted almost his only property. His mother refused to see her son or to acknowledge his wife in any way, and the rest of the book, before the inevitable reconciliation which the reader anticipates as his rightful reward for reading, is occupied with the petty trials of the young couple and the slow adjustment of their characters to the situation.

Mrs. Craik employs the opportunity to read the lesson of marital confidence and patience, and succeeds, at the risk of being tedious, in making the reader uncomfortable over the inside view which he gets. Roderick needed all the lesson he had, undoubtedly, but somehow the discourse is more edifying than agreeable. We suspect that part of our irritation arises from being invited to witness the difficulties of people who are standing on the false bottom of British social order. While the conventionalities of life were very serious things to the young Jardines, they have not the same power to affect readers, and the queer mixture of high principle and low convention makes the sentiment of the book rather oppressive. The reconciliation comes through the birth of a child, and this truly feminine book ends in tears of joy.

We shall not betray the plot of *Figs and Thistles*,¹ for it is the expectation of some startling *dénoûment* which induces the reader to finish the book. There is, however, a certain rude strength shown in the marshaling of the characters, and some scenes are effective, although the writer falls easily into a half-melodramatic or extravagant manner. The scene, for example, between Curtis and Morey is neither funny nor necessary. The reader who happens to have

¹ *Figs and Thistles. A Western Story.* By ALBION W. TOURGEE. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. [1880.]

read a powerful story which appeared in *The Atlantic*, several years ago, called *Lost*, by P. Deming, will be struck by the coincidence between a scene in that and in *Figs and Thistles*, where the neighbors come to the house of the missing boy and ominously prepare to search, calling to account the father in one case, the grandfather in the other. Mr. Tourgee has helped out his story with some dashing pictures of political and military life; the scenes are coincident with the development of the plot, but do not always have a very direct relation to it. We may fairly expect to see the days of the war entering the best of our fictitious literature, and a vast treasury of material is in store for future novelists, poets, and romancers; but the interest which readers have in this material will not release a writer from his duty to use it artistically. Mr. Tourgee has in one or two instances made spirited and skillful use of it, as in the lively scene where Churr returns after the battle of Bull Run, and in the account of the same young man's excitement on the Sunday when the Sumter affair was announced. Many isolated passages appear, so good in themselves as almost to excuse their lack of cohesion in the story. Here is one which will call up lively remembrances:—

"The drill sergeant was the hero of the hour. Judges, lawyers, professors, authors, editors,—all were trash beside him. Brains, influence, riches, integrity,—all were nothing to a trick of fence or power to mar the carcass of an imaginary foe with scientific lunge and thrust of bayonet. He who could aim and fire in the manner prescribed in the manual of arms was to be envied; he who could load in the times, in the positions, and with the motions ordained was a marvel; while he who could make four muskets stand together without extraneous support was fit for the table of the gods!

"Markham Churr was not usually im-

pulsive, but he had forgotten all of his past which lay beyond the reading of the yesterday morning's extra. He had never made two lines jingle in his life before; but there is something so suggestive of marshaled numbers in marshaling men that something akin to the divine afflatus seized him then, and he wrote some crude lines upon a scrap of paper, on the steps of the court-house, while an unknown orator was haranguing the unwearied crowd. When this latter individual had yelled himself into indistinguishable hoarseness, and ceased speaking from necessity, Markham sprang up, and shrieked out his lines to the shouting mass. Despite its crudeness, his verse was a success. Jingle, patriotism, unspeakable devotion, and unflinching boastfulness suited the strange mood of these staid citizens of two days before. Gray-haired men of sense and taste cheered the halting lines. Again and again he was called upon to repeat them. A frantic editor offered fifty, a hundred, dollars for them, and having succeeded in obtaining them proudly announced that this wonderful poem would appear in his paper the next day. No wonder Markham thought himself a poet. Thousands of clods became heroes, that day, in very truth. It was an exaltation which can come but once in a life-time. If his head was among the stars, it was not from mean and selfish aspirations, but because he was lifted out of his own individuality by an unselfish and noble devotion. The day was drawing to a close as he stood and looked at that frenzied crowd. Could it be that he was one of them a moment before?"

If one is content with an exciting story, and will take, by the way, a good deal of thinly veiled description of public life, and not look too closely for literary excellence, *Figs and Thistles* may be commended to him. It is a pity, however, that so much vigor and rough-and-ready faculty had not been more

carefully trained to the special business of writing novels.

Theuriet is sometimes instanced as a French novelist who has fallen under English influence, and accepts a moral foundation for his art; we should rather name him as one who has conceived a certain artistic value in virtue, and uses it complacently as an aid in producing original effects. To one who finds it difficult to take just that attitude the chief impression is of insincerity, as if the novelist did not care a straw for his virtuous character, and built him up laboriously from hints which he had obtained, not so much by observation as by the study of models. Angèle's Fortune,¹ to be sure, comes to us in English dress under slightly suspicious conditions. "Adapted" is a word which may save the translator, but confuses the reader's effort to do impartial justice. A clerk in a lawyer's office in a provincial town of France has a pretty daughter, who chafes under the restraint of her life and cherishes a secret ambition to go on the stage. One of the younger clerks, René des Armoises, a light-headed and selfish young aspirant for poetic fame, has become her ideal, and when he goes to Paris to seek his reputation her heart goes with him. Meanwhile, her father brings home as a lodger another clerk, Joseph Toussaint, a country youth, who is the virtue of the little Morality. He is captivated by the girl, but overpowered by his modesty. The mother of Angèle is an ignorant, shrewd woman, who easily falls a prey to the representations of a Bohemian traveler that she is principal heir to the undivided estate of an East Indian nabob to whom she is related, and has visions of great wealth, which makes her connive at Angèle's plan of going to Paris and entering the dramatic profession. Angèle's secret departure brings a stroke of apoplexy upon her father, the old clerk, and the

mother shortly follows the daughter to the city, and makes her home with her. The girl has already fallen in with her love, René, and her lover, the moral Joseph, presently appears. The relations begun in Bay continue in the new scene. René receives Angèle's affections as a tribute to his poetic sensibilities, and honest Joseph is the true friend who does all the good deeds for which René gets credit. The attempt to go on the stage is a failure, the promised fortune vanishes in smoke, and the selfish poet, after having gone as far as he cared to in pleasure, offers to make the gigantic sacrifice of poverty and discomfort in witness of his noble character. The girl abruptly leaves him and her other friends, in order to give him liberty, and finally comes back in wretchedness to Paris, at the opening of the siege. René has meanwhile made a prudent and uncomfortable marriage, and has taken himself out of the country for safety. Joseph is the noble volunteer, and after the war marries Angèle and adopts her child as his own.

There are no singularly novel features in all this, and we should hardly think it worth while to notice the book except for its disagreeable homage to virtue. Joseph, whose name appears to be a part of his moral make-up, is a mere scarecrow of an upright man, and the unhappy effects of an unholy love are used chiefly to heighten the constancy of the lover. Theuriet seems to be off his bearings when moving amongst perfectly pure scenes, and he picks his way there as carefully as some writers tread in the neighborhood of vice. For the rest, while there are bits of pretty provincial scenes now and then, there are many false starts in the story, incidents which offer to be important and result in nothing, and half-sketched pictures which make one wonder sometimes whether they may not have been "adapted" from

¹ *Angèle's Fortune*. A Story of Real Life. By ANDRÉ THEURIET. Translated and adapted from

the French by MARY NEAL SHERWOOD. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. [1880.]

the French. It is a weak book, and will not give one confidence that Theuriet is to make his mark any more significantly than he has hitherto.

Miss Jewett has already begun to appropriate an audience, and may, if she choose, whisper to herself of her readers as a clergyman openly speaks of his people. The womanly kindness which pervades her writings gives her readers a warmer interest in them than the mere weight of their literary quality might command. Yet we shall not be hasty to separate these elements of her work, but accept the pleasure which it gives, and, confessing her claim upon our regard, compare her latest book¹ with her previous one, rather than with an absolute standard.

Deephaven, as our readers will easily remember, was a series of sketches, in which there was no development of plot, but a rambling description of life in a New England fishing-village, caught together by the simple device of bringing into the village two city girls of refinement, who occupy an old mansion, and sally forth from it on their voyages of discovery. The charm lay chiefly in the sympathetic delineation of character, and in the pictures of homely life seen from the side of this fresh, unspoiled, and reverent girlhood. The two young summer visitors at Deephaven won upon the fishermen and their families in the real life of their visit, as they do upon readers in the scarcely less real life of the book; and while they call upon us to look on this simple seaside picture they are not conscious that it is they who have most of our thoughts. Nothing could be purer than the relation between young and old which Deephaven disclosed.

In *Old Friends and New* the same charm reappears. The book is a collection of seven stories, some of which first saw the light in the pages of this maga-

zine. We name the titles that our readers may recall those familiar to them: *A Lost Lover*, *A Sorrowful Guest*, *A Late Supper*, *Mr. Bruce*, *Miss Sydney's Flowers*, *Lady Ferry*, *A Bit of Shore Life*. One of them, at least, *Mr. Bruce*, appeared before the *Deephaven* sketches and is a lively piece of girlish fun, refined and agreeable, but immature, and hardly worthy a place in the volume. The stories, written and published at different times, have a singular and apparently unintended agreement in one theme. As in *Deephaven*, so in these disconnected stories, there are two *foci* about which the circle of events are described, the young maid and the old maid. Here, as there, it is the life of the old as seen by young eyes which is delineated, and in nothing is the sweet reverence of youth, as portrayed in Miss Jewett's writings, more profoundly shown than in the frequent and touching pictures of old and lonely age. Miss *Horatia Dane* in *A Lost Lover*, Miss *Catherine Spring* in *A Late Supper*, Miss *Sydney* in *Miss Sydney's Flowers*, *Lady Ferry* in the story of that name, old *Mrs. Wallis* in *A Bit of Shore Life*, — all these are portraits in Miss Jewett's *Dream of Old Women*, and with womanly chivalry she has taken under her special protection those whom the irreverence of youth has most flouted. Her old maids, moreover, are not pieces of faded sentimentalism; she has shown them in their dignity and homely truthfulness, but she lets us smile quietly with her at their quaintness.

The motive of love as a passion between the young is almost wholly absent from these stories, and as excursions among other emotions and principles they have a certain originality, due in part to this abstemiousness. Yet since no strong motive of any kind is called in, the stories remain chiefly sketches, studies, episodes. We shall not quarrel with Miss Jewett for not doing something else than what she has done; she has acquired

¹ *Old Friends and New*. By SARAH O. JEWETT. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

already a greater firmness of touch in these pencil sketches, and the skill with which the pretty story of *A Late Supper* is worked up indicates that she may yet succeed in the more difficult art of making her characters act for themselves. At present they cling to her skirts, and she leads them about with her. Cranford is often mentioned in comparison with *Deephaven*, and there are points of likeness: in some respects *Deephaven* comes closer to nature, but perhaps that is because it is nearer home; yet Cranford has what *Deephaven* lacks, an individuality apart from the author. The figures are projected more boldly, because drawn by the hand of one who was primarily a novelist. In *Deephaven*

and in these later sketches, the author has not yet felt the confidence which would enable her to withdraw her direct support from her characters. She cautiously holds, for the most part, to the form of the story which permits her to be present during most of the action. We suggest, as a practical experiment in story-telling, that she avail herself of the method which is sometimes used in Mr. James's stories, where one of the characters, not identified with the storyteller, is charged with this duty. It might gradually strengthen her in an ability to conceive of a story which had its own beginning, middle, and end, and was not taken as a desultory chapter of personal experience.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK.¹

IN the natural disgust of a creative mind for the following that vulgarizes and cheapens its work, Mr. Tennyson spoke in parable concerning his verse:

"Most can raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed.
And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed."

But this bad effect is to the final loss of the rash critic rather than the poet, who necessarily survives imitation, and appeals to posterity as singly as if nobody had tried to ape him; while those who rejected him, along with his copyists, have meantime thrown away a great pleasure. Just at present some of us are in danger of doing ourselves a like damage. "Thieves from over the wall" have got the seed of a certain drollery, which sprouts and flourishes plentifully in every newspaper, until the thought

of American Humor is becoming terrible; and sober-minded people are beginning to have serious question whether we are not in danger of degenerating into a nation of wits. But we ought to take courage from observing, as we may, that this plentiful crop of humor is not racy of the original soil; that in short the thieves from over the wall were not also able to steal Mr. Clemens's garden-plot. His humor springs from a certain intensity of common sense, a passionate love of justice, and a generous scorn of what is petty and mean; and it is these qualities which his "school" have not been able to convey. They have never been more conspicuous than in this last book of his, to which they may be said to give its sole coherence. It may be claiming more than a humorist could wish to assert that he is always in earnest; but this strikes us as the paradoxical charm of Mr. Clemens's best humor. Its wildest extravagance is the break and fling from a deep feeling, a wrath with some

¹ *A Tramp Abroad*. By MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS). Sold by subscription only. Hartford: American Publishing Company. 1880.

folly which disquiets him worse than other men, a personal hatred for some humbug or pretension that embitters him beyond anything but laughter. It must be because he is intolerably weary of the twaddle of pedestrianizing that he conceives the notion of a tramp through Europe, which he operates by means of express trains, steamboats, and private carriages, with the help of an agent and a courier; it is because he has a real loathing, otherwise inexpressible, for Alp-climbing, that he imagines an ascent of the Riffelberg, with "half a mile of men and mules" tied together by rope. One sees that affectations do not first strike him as ludicrous, merely, but as detestable. He laughs, certainly, at an abuse, at ill manners, at conceit, at cruelty, and you must laugh with him; but if you enter into the very spirit of his humor, you feel that if he could set these things right there would be very little laughing. At the bottom of his heart he has often the grimness of a reformer; his wit is turned by preference not upon human nature, not upon droll situations and things abstractly ludicrous, but upon matters that are out of joint, that are unfair or unnecessarily ignoble, and cry out to his love of justice for discipline. Much of the fun is at his own cost where he boldly attempts to grapple with some hoary abuse, and gets worsted by it, as in his verbal contest with the girl at the medicinal springs in Baden, who returns "that beggar's answer" of half Europe, "What you please," to his ten-times-repeated demand of "How much?" and gets the last word. But it is plain that if he had his way there would be a fixed price for those waters very suddenly, and without regard to the public amusement, or regret for lost opportunities of humorous writing.

It is not Mr. Clemens's business in Europe to find fault, or to contrast things there with things here, to the perpetual disadvantage of that continent; but sometimes he lets homesickness and

his disillusion speak. This book has not the fresh frolicsomeness of the *Innocents Abroad*; it is Europe revisited, and seen through eyes saddened by much experience of *tables d'hôte*, old masters, and traveling Americans,—whom, by the way, Mr. Clemens advises not to travel too long at a time in Europe, lest they lose national feeling and become traveled Americans. Nevertheless, if we have been saying anything about the book, or about the sources of Mr. Clemens's humor, to lead the reader to suppose that it is not immensely amusing, we have done it a great wrong. It is delicious, whether you open it at the sojourn in Heidelberg, or the voyage down the Neckar on a raft, or the mountaineering in Switzerland, or the excursion beyond Alps into Italy. The method is that discursive method which Mark Twain has led us to expect of him. The story of a man who had a claim against the United States government is not impertinent to the bridge across the river Reuss; the remembered tricks played upon a printer's devil in Missouri are the natural concomitants of a walk to Oppenau. The writer has always the unexpected at his command, in small things as well as great: the story of the raft journey on the Neckar is full of these surprises; it is wholly charming. If there is too much of anything, it is that ponderous and multitudinous ascent of the Riffelberg; there is probably too much of that, and we would rather have another appendix in its place. The appendices are all admirable; especially those on the German language and the German newspapers, which get no more sarcasm than they deserve.

One should not rely upon all statements of the narrative, but its spirit is the truth, and it honestly breathes American travel in Europe as a large minority of our forty millions know it. The material is inexhaustible in the mere Americans themselves, and they are rightful prey. Their effect upon Mr. Clemens

has been to make him like them best at home; and no doubt most of them will agree with him that "to be condemned to live as the average European family lives would make life a pretty heavy burden to the average American family." This is the sober conclusion which he reaches at last, and it is unquestionable, like the vastly greater part of the conclusions at which he arrives throughout. His opinions are no longer the opinions of the Western American newly amused and disgusted at the European difference, but the Western American's impressions on being a second time confronted with things he has had time to think over. This is the serious undercurrent of the book, to which we find ourselves reverting from its obvious comicality. We have, indeed, so great an interest in Mr. Clemens's likes and dis-

likes, and so great respect for his preferences generally, that we are loath to let the book go to our readers without again wishing them to share these feelings. There is no danger that they will not laugh enough over it; that is an affair which will take care of itself; but there is a possibility that they may not think enough over it. Every account of European travel, or European life, by a writer who is worth reading for any reason, is something for our reflection and possible instruction; and in this delightful work of a man of most original and characteristic genius "the average American" will find much to enlighten as well as amuse him, much to comfort and stay him in such Americanism as is worth having, and nothing to flatter him in a mistaken national vanity or a stupid national prejudice.

FARRAGUT.¹

WITH dutiful modesty and with admirable taste the biographer of our great admiral has intruded neither himself nor any attempt at fine writing between the public and his distinguished father. He has depended as far as possible for his narrative upon Farragut's journal and letters and official reports, and upon sketches of toils and battles made by actors and eye-witnesses. The result is a volume which is not so much history as materials for history. So much the better. One could not wish it otherwise with the first life of such a man. The simplicity of the monument is suited to the massive and noble simplicity of the hero.

The life of Farragut may be roughly divided into a brief childhood, fifty years of preparation for the emergencies of

destiny, less than three years of glorious action, and seven years of tranquil honor. He was a midshipman at nine, acted as prize-master at twelve, fought his first battle in the same year, served as acting lieutenant at eighteen, and obtained his first ship at twenty-two. He always considered it a great advantage to his character that he had obtained command young, "having observed, as a general thing, that persons who come into authority late in life shrink from responsibility, and often break down under its weight." But (so slow is promotion in peace) he was forty before he became commander, fifty-four before he became captain, and sixty-one when he received charge of a fleet and began his career of triumphs. At the age of sixty-nine he died, the first admiral of the United

¹ *The Life of David Glasgow Farragut, First Admiral of the United States Navy, embodying*

his Journal and Letters. By his Son, LOYALL FARRAGUT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

States, and so distinctly the greatest sailor in the world that he absolutely had no competitor. No other such man has plowed the sea since Nelson; perhaps one may also say, no other such man before Nelson; they are, almost without doubt, the two mightiest vikings of all time.

His successes were not the result of accident; the germs of his victories lay in his character. There never was a braver man physically or morally; there never was a combatant who more thoroughly meant to win. The child, covered with blood, who wept with humiliation and grief over the surrender of the Essex was a sure premonition of the commander who sailed into black and flaming mouths of hell on the Mississippi and in Mobile Bay. He uttered no more than his life-long conviction and principle when he wrote, "A man *must* do his work, particularly when that work is *fighting*." To alarming rumors of the hostile power he responded, "I mean to be whipped, or to whip my enemy, and not to be scared to death." In the same magnificent spirit he wrote to his wife, "As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest." To appreciate fully his enterprise and audacity it must be remembered that in his conflicts he had to face not only personal perils and immense responsibilities, but also formidable novelties. To take a fleet of sea-going ships up a swift and narrow river, covered by booms and fire-rafts, and fight there against forts of masonry and earth-works, supported by gun-boats, rams, iron-clads, and boarding transports, was something new in naval warfare. There had been no previous experience of the kind to guide him; he sailed not only into battle, but into the unknown. The rush up the dim Mississippi, swarming with every

form of careering death, reminds one of the fabulous charges of Orlando or Rinaldo into the domains of magicians, where every danger was a surprise and every foe a prodigy. At the best and simplest, it was a challenge of wood against stone, earth, water, iron, and fire. But there is no sign in Farragut's reports or letters that he looked forward to the unimaginable struggle with any doubt of success, or any emotion but impatience. One is half inclined to believe that he must have been descended from the enchanted Ferraguto of Berni and Ariosto, whom no weapon could pierce and no adversary could daunt.

Fully equal to his courage was his zeal of preparation. All his life he both toiled conscientiously in his profession and studied it enthusiastically, seeking not only to do perfectly the duty of the moment, but also to fit himself for every supposable emergency. A witness of the French bombardment of San Juan d'Ulloa (1838), he observed and recorded the improvements in the French navy and the effect of its guns on the ramparts, even to measuring the penetration of every shell. "I made it a rule of my life," he writes, "to note these things, with a view to the possible future." His general orders for battle surveyed all contingencies, suggested extraordinary safeguards for his ships and men, and laid out the plan of attack with a lucid minuteness which overlooked no chance. Before pushing on to attack Fort Jackson he awaited a cessation of the northerly wind, in order to secure a diminution of the current. For sailing into Mobile Bay he chose a day of westerly wind, so that the smoke of the enemy's cannon might be driven in upon the gunners and blind their aim. Even in the rage of action his oversight was as prompt and adroit as it was intrepid. Finding shot of no avail against the iron-bound Tennessee, he resorted to the audacious expedient of ramming her mailed sides with his wooden ships, and

dashed at her in a vessel which was already cut down to the water's edge. Once fairly in battle, indeed, his chief stratagem was fierce battling. "The surest way to prevent injury from an enemy," he declared, "is to strike hard yourself." Heroes never had a more inspiring example than the heroes who fought under this sublime commander. "You know my creed," he wrote to his wife, after the passage of Port Hudson. "I never send others in advance when there is a doubt; and, being one on whom the country has bestowed its greatest honors, I thought I ought to take the risks which belong to them; so I took the lead." Another germ of success in the man was his passionate eagerness to be doing. His letters are full of plans and longings for action, and of grief over failure or enforced quiescence. How little inaction he had, and how zealously he kept to the post of danger, appears in the fact that the Hartford received two hundred and forty shot in nineteen months of service.

He had no jealousy. He wanted the best men around him, and wanted rivals in glory honored. "The triumph of the Kearsarge was grand," he exults; "I go for Winslow's promotion." On the other hand, he would not spare short-comings, especially in the matter of zeal and daring. "Some are bitter against me, no doubt," he writes, "because I tell them when I think they don't do their duty." There was no greed in him for anything but honor and the welfare of his country. "As for prize money, I never count upon it. If any comes, well and good. But I am not so anxious to make money as I am to put an end to this horrid war." When a business company offered him a directorship, coupled with a gift of stock representing one hundred thousand dollars, he replied, "I have come to the conclusion that no pecuniary reward should be an inducement for the risk of reputation. . . . I have therefore determined to decline entering into

any business which I have neither the time nor perhaps ability to attend to." Equally chivalrous was his indifference to every prize or place outside of his profession. When a nomination to the highest office in the republic was suggested to him, he answered, "I have never for one moment entertained the idea of entering political life, even were I *certain* of receiving the election to the presidency. . . . I am *fixed* in my determination not to serve, under any conditions or circumstances." Again, referring to other urgencies of the sort, he wrote, "I am greatly obliged to my friends, but am thankful that I have no ambition for anything but what I am, an admiral. Of course, I desire a good name as such. I have worked hard for three years; have been in eleven fights, and am willing to fight eleven more, if necessary; but when I go home I desire peace and comfort."

Home and the company of his wife and child were what Farragut wanted when he was not battling for his country. His private life seems to have been as beautiful as his public life was noble. Of the seventeen years of his first marriage sixteen were passed, as far as possible, in caring for a suffering invalid with such assiduity and tenderness as to draw from a lady of Norfolk the exclamation that he ought to have a monument made by every wife in the city contributing a stone to it. The short and hurried but earnest letters which came from his vigils under the enemy's guns are those of a most affectionate husband and father. "With such a mother you could not fail to have proper sentiments of religion and virtue," he writes to his son. "Take care of your mother if I should go, and may God bless and preserve you both." On the eve of the battle of Mobile Bay he concludes a letter to his wife with this touching farewell: "God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me; and may

his blessing also rest upon your dear mother, and all your sisters, and their children. Your devoted and affectionate husband, who never for one moment forgot his love, duty, or fidelity to you, his devoted and best of wives." His strong religious feeling appears in the same letter: "I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope he is, and in him I place my trust. If he thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to his will, in that as in other things." All this earnestness of soul did not prevent him from being one of the most genial of men. His conversation sparkled with animal spirits and with cordiality, and his manners were singularly frank, kindly, courteous, and winning. Neither in

his letters as to his victories, nor in the journal of his almost triumphal tour around Europe, is there any revelation of arrogance or vanity. His lack of egotism and his republican simplicity of feeling appear incidentally in the indifference with which he treated the subject of his descent from the historic Ferraguts of Aragon. "I am not under particular obligations," he humorously observed, "to any of my ancestors for my good fortune." Take him all in all, no man ever better deserved the eulogium upon Sir Lancelot, the flower of Christian chivalry: "Thou wert the meekest man that ever sat in hall amongst ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put lance in rest."

METTERNICH.

For many years no historical work has been heralded with half the noise that has preceded the publication of the first installment of the Metternich memoirs. Of the four great statesmen of the century, Bismarck is our contemporary; Cavour is personally uninteresting; Talleyrand, though his memoirs are still unpublished, has had so much light thrown upon him from other sources that we feel thoroughly acquainted with his history and his opinions. But with Metternich it is different. Partly because of our vague notions of the empire which he so long ruled, partly on account of the peculiar nature of his political influence, the mention of his name excites a high degree of curiosity and interest, — feelings shared by thousands of readers, whose knowledge of him is limited to the fact that he was the all-powerful minister of Austria for

more than a generation, and that he used his power to stifle every form of intellectual and political liberty. When, therefore, the reading portion of three great nations read, months before the event, that the memoirs of Metternich were to appear, simultaneously, in their respective languages, they prepared themselves to receive a detailed and carefully-prepared account of what took place in the thirty years of peace preceding 1848, — a narration of all that he saw and did, by the astute and dignified spider who surveyed from the centre every line and curve of the intricate web of European diplomacy.

But the Metternich of the work¹ before us by no means corresponds to the common conception of his character and labors. We have reason to be grateful for the fragment of autobiography in which he describes his career down to

¹ *Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1773-1815.*
 Edited by PRINCE RICHARD METTERNICH.

Translated by MRS. ALEXANDER NAPIER. New
 York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

1815; but this occupies but two thirds of one volume, the remainder being filled with official reports and letters, — matter usually relegated to the end, and printed only in the character of Notes and Illustrations. But if the period ending with 1815 is not that in which Metternich most conspicuously figures, he was none the less, during its latter years, a highly important person. We fancy, too, that he felt real enjoyment in describing this portion of his life, while the remainder of the autobiography must be chiefly devoted to attempts to put a good face upon very bad actions. In the continuation of the memoirs he will be forced to take the tone either of apology or of cynicism; but thus far the simplicity of the narration is not vitiated by the consciousness, on the part of the writer, of having ever to defend himself. Professional interest is here never seen in conflict with that higher law which should govern the conduct alike of statesmen and of meaner mortals, and the hero of the tale always appears modest and upright, as well as clear-sighted and shrewd.

We will not follow the familiar details of Metternich's life further than is necessary to give an idea of the work before us. Unlike most memoir writers, he does not linger with fondness over the days of his youth, and the first event mentioned is his appearance at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, in 1790, as one of the representatives of the corporate body of counts of the district of Westphalia. This, at least, is the position which Metternich says he held, and we suppose it is as well to follow the original text as it would be to adopt the ornate English of the translator, who tells us that his constituency consisted of "the imperial courts of the Westphalian bench." Though the elder Metternich was in the imperial service, he was not an Austrian subject, and his son, at this time, had never been in any of the patrimonial territories of the Habs-

burg family, — those widely-extended provinces which, in German political nomenclature, enjoy exclusively the designation of *Erbländer* (hereditary lands). In the judgment of the translator, a knowledge of this nomenclature is quite superfluous, and she contents herself with the statement that "I had never been in Austria. The only spot of hereditary property on which I had set my foot was the estate of Königswart," etc. The years following the young count spent in study, in serving his father, and in a journey to England in the train of an imperial mission, during which expedition he was appointed envoy to the Dutch republic. A French army, however, prevented his going thither, and soon after this, father and son proceeded to Vienna, where, being now two and twenty, he married the granddaughter of Kaunitz. At this time he had a strong distaste for public business, greatly preferring the study of physical science and of art. "I must also acquaint my readers with other causes which kept me aloof from public affairs. . . . Inaccessible to prejudice, and seeking only the truth in everything, my modesty did not allow me to find fault with persons in power if I was not satisfied with what I saw; on the contrary, I ascribed to the weakness of my own understanding and to my inexperience the feeling which forced me to disapprove of the course they had taken. . . . Was there anything in such a situation to summon me to exchange my peaceful life for a life of activity, constrained to move within limits conflicting with my spirit of independence and cramping my conscience? These feelings of mine might easily give the impression that my temper had become morose. But that would be a mistake. I was preserved from this weakness by my love for grave studies. I never shut myself up from the world; my life was that of a man who sought exclusively good society. . . . I frequented those *salons* by preference in which I was

sure to find pleasant conversation, convinced that such conversation serves to sharpen the intellect, correct the judgment, and is a source of instruction to those who know how to keep it from degenerating into mere babbling." The emperor, meanwhile, never saw him without reproaching him for his idleness, and in 1801 he consented to enter the government's service, becoming envoy, first at Dresden, then at Berlin, where he stayed till 1805. He was next appointed ambassador at St. Petersburg, but before going thither his destination was changed, at the request of the French government, to Paris. Metternich's account of his residence in the French capital, and extracts from letters written there, are by far the most interesting parts of the papers now printed. His judgments, characterizations of the eminent men with whom he came in contact, are all admirable; his judgment of Bonaparte, whom, as he well says, he had better opportunity for knowing than any other person not a Frenchman, is not only sound, but also sharp and clear. The war of 1809 put an end to the ambassador's stay in Paris, but his wife remained, and her letters to her husband, printed in the second volume, have both historical and literary value. To them we are indebted for our knowledge of the singular fact that the negotiations for the hand of Marie Louise were opened by Josephine herself in a long conversation with the Countess of Metternich. But the account here given of

the preliminaries of the marriage is untrustworthy, for the writer ignores the well-known fact of Josephine's ecclesiastical marriage before her coronation.

The remainder of the memoir contains little of general interest except the account of the author's interview with Bonaparte before the battle of Leipzig; and this is not new. In these last pages, too, the reader begins to feel an antipathy for Metternich, which the following volumes can but strengthen. So long as he was contending with the incendiary principles of the French Revolution and the vain projects of the empire, he had a claim upon the reader's sympathy; but here, in the persons of Stein and Arndt, he comes in contact with those feelings of patriotism and moral enthusiasm which he comprehended only enough to hate them with all his soul, and which his later life was to be spent in combating.

To the translation can be given the unusual praise that the book reads as if it had been composed in English, though the English of a very careless writer. But the translator seems to be as ignorant of the history of the period as she is of the geography of the regions mentioned. We have no space here for a list of errata, and must allow two examples to illustrate the whole. The French prince who became Charles X. is called the Count *von* Artois, and the German province of Lausitz, distant five hundred miles from the French border, is described as "Haute and Basse Lusace."

ZOLA'S LAST NOVEL.

IF M. Emile Zola had ever shown a decorous dread of criticism, one would be tempted to think that he had written his too famous, his infamous, *Nana* with the design of giving to the world so dis-

tasteful a book that no right-minded critic could even mention it without being unclean until the even, as Carlyle said of some of Diderot's light-hearted fiction. But a novelist who sells forty

thousand copies of a book before publication can afford to laugh at the critic; and to denounce so popular a writer is something like denouncing the east wind; at least, it is no more efficacious, even if there be no further resemblance. The only critic who has ever, so to speak, drawn blood from Zola is Sainte-Beuve, and he performed this eminently sanitary operation in a letter published in his *Correspondance* (vol. ii., p. 314), which is a beautiful example of the union of severe comment and sugary language. Zola prudently took his revenge only last year, in the criticism of a book that dealt with the manifold improprieties of Sainte-Beuve's life. In this criticism, which appeared in the *Voltaire*, a somewhat ribald sheet in which Nana came out, Zola said that it was always the loose liver who wrote the proper books, while the man whose life was above reproach made up for it by writing novels, or what not, that shocked the prudish rake. This valuable statement of course throws a flood of light on the viciousness of, say, Sir Walter Scott, and, accepting these views as true, we must acknowledge Zola to be a man of more than monastic asceticism.

With his private life we have nothing to do; whatever that may be, his books, and notably his latest one, are more shameless and disgusting than anything in modern literature. Doubtless, M. Zola and his most ardent admirers would agree to this. He knows very well that he secures his readers by covering his pages with so complete an assortment of indecencies that there is almost nothing left for those who come after him. There are, to be sure, plenty of rivals. Two of them, for instance, have joined forces, and under the taking title of *Vices Parisiens* — as if most French novelists wrote only about Parisian virtues — have composed some scenes of fairly vivid nastiness; but they are far from equaling their master; the reader yawns over their labored productions,

as if he were studying a time-table. If, however, any one could beat Zola on his own ground, we should hear very little more about the brood of the Rougon-Macquarts, the Jukes family of France. He knows that he has made a tolerably clean sweep of the gutters, and that he has left nothing for future *chiffonniers*. His position, then, may be held to be secured. He can glow with the infinite satisfaction of knowing that he has disgusted more readers than any man living.

Naturally, the reader will be curious to know what this detestable volume contains. Nothing is so good an advertisement of a book as a warning against its impropriety. The novel takes up Nana, the daughter of Gervaise, the heroine of *L'Assommoir*, and describes her career of vice. The aim of the book, or at least the avowed aim, is to portray the immoralities of the second empire, when, according to Zola, sin was brought into the world, and consequently the time is set at the period of the French Exposition of 1867. Nana herself, it will be remembered, appeared like a rank exhalation in the corruption of *L'Assommoir*, and here she justifies her education. She had already grown tolerably familiar with vicious courses; now she is full-fledged, and is meant for a fair representative of the class to which she belongs. The volume opens with an account of her appearance on the stage, in one of the burlesques that were common at that time, when Offenbach was looked upon as a great musical composer. She cannot sing a note; she knows nothing of acting, but her beauty wins the day, and she is at once successful. Men of fashion go crazy over her, and forthwith she has a much better chance for distinguishing herself than she had before this time, when she was living, so to say, from hand to mouth.

Her first protector is a rich banker, but to follow her in her whole career, through numberless intrigues, at one

time living in luxury and at another flying from the policemen, would be an unsavory task. One of the more striking things depicted in the book is the infatuation of a Count Muffat for her, and this middle-aged and previously venerable person's degradation after he fell into her power, his futile remorse, the sufferings of his powerless pride, are put before the reader with great vividness. The same is true of the fate of the other men: the precocious boy who kills himself because she will not marry him; his brother who robs the military chest to procure money for her ever-hungry purse; the man of good family who walks deliberately to his ruin; the snob who enjoys being mentioned in the papers as one of her victims, — they all appear in the so-called novel, and make at times a really distinct impression. Yet they are but a part of those on Zola's black list: actors, actresses, hair-dressers, servants, the Prince of *Scotland*, as a certain eminent character is called, journalists, — there is no limit to their number. From the first page to the last, there is one perpetual clatter of people: the reader is now in the theatre, gazing at a play, then behind the scenes, or watching a race, or listening to half a dozen people talking; the impression is often vivid, though perhaps more often confused. But these things are all secondary to the heroine herself, with her generous outfit of vices, her always empty purse, her vulgar self-will, her absolute ignorance of anything but her own wants. One sees her squabbles with other women; her ceaseless rapacity, only equaled by her ceaseless extravagance; her contempt for the retinue of men who surround her; and so cleverly is it all done that the reader feels as if the air of the room he sits in were thick with the noxious fumes of sin. What the air of the book is there can be no doubt. A book more redolent of corruption it would be difficult to find; it reeks with every kind of beastly sin.

The hideous mien of vice, too, was never better photographed, — for Zola's art is more like photography than any of the other methods of copying scenes.

Zola's method is a singular one. There is hardly an expression of his own opinion in the whole book. He has no asides for the reader. He expresses no views about the matter before him; he simply takes down the side of the house, — a disorderly house, — and lets the reader see and hear what is going on under its roof. This copying of things is no easier of execution with a pen than with a pencil. There have been some books written that purported to be genuine transcripts of the excesses that gave birth to this novel. The autobiography of our countrywoman, Fanny Lear, was a book of this sort, but no one who read it — and a good many people read it — will remember much about it, except that it was an incoherent mass of bad writing that seemed the work of an author in the New York Ledger, inspired by any one of the spirits who are accustomed to contribute to mundane publications. In fiction, Defoe and Swift are possibly the only other men who have been able to be as circumstantial in their invention; but Defoe leaves between the lines the impression that he was an honest man; Swift alone seems to have thoroughly despised and distrusted human nature. Yet his *sæva indignatio* is something very unlike Zola's delight in what he thinks is a new literary form. The curious residuum of the writer's character, which leaves an impression that we cannot account for by anything he puts down in black and white, is something that we feel with every book, and in the case of Zola it is not of a flattering kind. All laws of art are as dear to him as a synagogue was to a crusader; one can hardly call a man who defiles his readers and besmirches their memory with his obscenities a moralist; and one cannot help feeling that Zola lacks, more than

anything, gentlemanliness. That is the trouble with him; he is irredeemably vulgar.

Of course, according to certain definitions of what constitutes a gentleman, Zola would have had no showing a long time ago. And to define it more precisely would be as hard, to use the old instance, as to define light. The subject he has chosen does not destroy his claim to the title. Swift alone cared to destroy whatever there was tender in human nature, and besides him Zola is the only writer of distinction who deliberately devotes himself to this nauseous task. It is not a figure of speech to call his books nauseous, for they really arouse physical repulsion. Deliberately to close one's eyes to the redeeming side of human nature, while gloating over its acknowledged infirmities, is as inexact as it would be to mistake the verses of a gilded valentine for an adequate and complete picture of life. Yet this is what Zola does. In his eyes, men and women are beasts. There are, of course, frivolity and sensuality in the world, but there are other things, too, though some of them seem to have eluded his observation. He has chosen to devote his great powers to recording the vicious gossip of a corrupt period. His *Nana* he is said to have copied from life; his *Steiner*, the rich Jew banker, is reported to be a once famous man; and doubtless persons familiar with Paris could give the real names of a number of the characters. But is there not something ignoble in his morbid tattle? What are we forced to think of a man who sees nothing else in Paris but certain sins? Do we approve of a man who knows nothing but the scandalous chit-chat of a great city? And such scandal!

He has no scorn for what he describes; he draws his picture with all its revolting details, and lets it make its own impression. So far from having scorn, we feel sure that if he could only get hold of some new lust he would welcome it

as a chance to study a rare disease. Indeed, he calls his novels physiological novels, — pathological would be a better name, — and he boasts that he is striking out in the path that literature must henceforth follow. According to him and to many others, science has come into being, and literature must adapt itself to the new conditions of things. In fact, the recent increased attention that has been devoted to scientific study has proved very confusing to literary men. They did not wish to be left behind composing Pindaric odes, while readers should be studying the forms of water, or ruining their clothes with acids in order to make blue things turn yellow and yellow things turn blue.

Zola may be taken as a specimen of the most advanced type of the pseudo-scientific literary man. Art is to him as obsolete as the notion that the world is flat; what he means to do is to beat the scientific man with his own weapons. For the accomplishment of this purpose, he has composed the history of the depraved Rougon-Macquart family, introducing the last notions on heredity, with pleasing volumes on each separate form of vice, and some promised volumes on the genius of the family: in the *Assommoir* he wrote about alcoholism; in *Nana* he takes up another method of sinning. But, on the whole, he makes a poor showing for literature, or, at least, for its professors. In the first place, he exhibits most unscientific inexactness by overlooking, as I have said, whatever is honorable in human nature; and, in the second place, his grossness, his unflinching prurience, remind one not of those genuine men of science, who examine coldly but thoroughly all the dark shadows of disease, vice, and misery, as unattracted by their charm as they are unrepelled by prejudice, — no, we are not reminded of those, but of men who keep what they call museums of anatomy, sinks of nastiness, which the police suppress as public nuisances. A scientific man, say, a physi-

cian, who should in season and out of season harp on all the horrors he had discovered would certainly not be honored; why it is better for a literary man to be perpetually fingering indelicacy it is hard to see. It is this willful preference of depravity that stamps Zola with the mark of vulgarity.

Of course, many other things have contributed to make Zola what he is. Since what he saw burned itself upon his memory, he early conceived a genuine loathing for the sort of nineteenth-century fairy-land in which most French novelists laid the scene of their stories. The wife, the lover, and the husband, to name them in the order of their relative importance, had long been the only subjects of the novel-writer's art. They lived in a conventional civilization, as artificial, as unlike anything known to man, as, say, Rhodes or Cyprus in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. And, as in those plays, the wife would dress as a page, and go about, and travel by rail, walk all over town, without attracting any more attention than if she had forgotten her parasol. Every one must feel the lack of reality in these French novels. They are often as clever as possible, but they are no more copies of life than are Watteau's pictures. Good taste and classical traditions, between them, crushed a great deal of life out of French literature.

Zola's revolt is but natural, and in certain ways commendable. The exaggerations and pitiable elegance of the romantic writers he brushes away with a sweep of his hand, and he joins with Flaubert in desiring to copy life. Balzac aimed at doing for the second quarter of the century what Zola is doing for the time of the second empire, but the older writer frequently mingled fantastic visions with the results of his observation. Take the little volume, for instance, that contains the *Femme de Trente Ans* and a few short stories, and his faults become apparent. In the

first-named novel, the lover, Lord Grenville, is recalled to a sense of the proprieties of life by the action of the woman he is pursuing, who leads him rather theatrically to the cradle in which her child is lying; immediately the husband returns, Lord Grenville is shuffled into the dressing-room, and she shuts the door upon his aristocratic fingers while getting rid of her husband. She discovers this unfortunate accident only when she again opens the door; she utters a cry; her husband from the next room asks what is the matter; she answers, "Nothing. I've just scratched my hand with a pin." Her husband comes in again; she once more shuts the door, and since Lord Grenville had neglected to pull his hand away, for a second time his fingers are caught. This is a trifling matter, but Zola is unlikely to trip in this way. And as for the episode which describes the way in which this daughter, who had done such good service in the cradle, when she is grown up, falls in love with a red-handed murderer merely on looking at him, and goes off with him at five minutes' notice, one might as well include gnomes among objects to be studied by a class in natural history as take these things for the dimmest reflection of possible facts. Zola writes no such fantastic parodies of life, though he is not above making mistakes, as a writer in the *Nouvelle Revue* has clearly shown in a witty article.

Zola is not without a precedent in French literature. In the last century, at a time when most writers were as far removed from the direct observation of life as any novelist of to-day, Restif de la Bretonne poured forth countless stories, one hundred and forty volumes in all, which are invaluable as documents concerning the way in which people talked, dressed, thought, sinned, repented, in a word, lived, at that time. Just as Zola, as Edmondo de Amicis tells us in his *Notes on Paris*, prepared himself for *Nana* by attending plays at the first

night of their performance in order to write his early chapters, then went to many races, to describe the scene at the race towards the end of the book, and incorporated in it many anecdotes of Parisian life, so Restif used to collect facts for the base of his stories. Indeed, he went so far in the way of realism as to write about living people, a species of liberty for which he was prosecuted more than once. After all, this is only what Zola has done. Barring Restif's insanity, there is a great likeness between the two writers, who have photographed vice at intervals of a hundred years. Restif knew nothing of the modern scientific treatment of whole families; that is unmistakably Zola's contribution to the delight of readers, but he was one of the very first to record simply what he knew about vice, and his experience was large. He spoke absolutely without reserve, and he maintained that all his work was in the interest of virtue; but this seems to have been one of the wildest of his many delusions. Odious as was much that he wrote, he is invaluable as a chronicler of the last century. He did for it, only less ostentatiously, just what Zola is doing for the present day.

Zola, then, did not invent this naturalism of which he talks so much, nor, indeed, did Restif; for realism, which is the same thing without the indecency, is the very main-stay of the English novel. Compare any novel of Trollope's, for example, with Zola's *Une Page d'Amour*, wherein the young daughter catches cold by opening the window on a rainy day, while her mother has gone out to meet her lover. This is not a simple statement of facts that Zola gives us, but a melodramatic touch that he had already employed in *Madeleine Férat*, and one of a kind that he is always ready to blame in any one else. Trollope's stories run on like a succession of rainy days in a country house, but even Trollope cannot be a thorough-going realist. At some

time or other, the writer has to make a choice, to select one of two or more incidents, and thereby he ceases to be an absolute realist. Where Zola differs from other writers is in being frank where they are accustomed to display reserve. As to his selection of subjects and incidents, he is entitled to all the credit he asks. Most writers have more intelligence and knowledge of the world than to suppose it is wholly made up of nastiness, and they avoid or touch lightly the subjects in which Zola revels. Moreover, a number of them would hesitate to traffic on the morbid curiosity of the world about vice, and would be ashamed to pander to lickerish inquisitiveness. Zola has no such hesitation; he laughs at it, as the big boy laughs at the little boy who is averse to swearing, and he brands his opponents as milksops, the evident inference being that he is the only manly writer living.

That the novel does more than undertake to satisfy a low curiosity it would be hard to affirm. In construction it is confused and awkward; an enormous amount of the book is devoted to the account of the performance at the theatre, and of the races, which Zola actually saw, as the world has been informed, and a great deal of space is given to spreading scandal about eminent persons. In his pains to introduce a resemblance to life into his novels, Zola quite leaves the once-dreaded interviewer far behind. He employs similar methods with much more successful result, and he makes no more of reporting vile scandal about living people than he does of referring to unmentionable vices. He thereby prepares himself for giving that last answer of the unsuccessful novelist, "You may not like my novel, but that is your fault, because every word of it is true." M. Zola's collection of facts may be complete and exact, but the way he has put them together is clumsy in the extreme, and the facts themselves are such as no one

really cares for. The book is a tolerably perfect succession of curious incidents, but it hangs fire, so to speak, terribly. There is no trace of wit or humor in the whole book. The writer is exceedingly long-winded; when all is told, one has but a confused memory of the abundant store of iniquity that has been unveiled, and when Zola's recollections of the theatre and the race-course come to an end the heroine takes sick and dies, not in squalor, as some old-fashioned moralists would have ended the book, — supposing, that is, that they had ever begun it, — but in a twelve-franc room at the Grand Hotel. Still, Zola does make a slight concession to the methods of the rest of the world, inasmuch as her death takes place as the crowd is marching by shouting out the cry, "To Berlin!" at the beginning of the last war.

In fact, Zola does well to adopt this new style, — well for himself, that is. When he writes a novel that is something like the conventional story, such as *Une*

Page d'Amour, he is no better than any one else; he simply shows himself worthy of nothing but a very second-rate place among a great many skillful writers; he exhibits no marked virtues, nor yet any marked faults; he is simply a mediocre writer of a wearisome kind of novel. He makes up for this in his other books by cramming his pages with scandal, and calls himself the founder of a new school. But exaggeration and dullness cannot triumph long, although it is very possible that the ultimate effect of his novels on French fiction may be a good one, by making writers study life instead of fantastic problems and fantastic people. But without doubt the true method will be found a good deal this side of his coarseness. That a man, to write transcripts of life, must necessarily be gross will be judged as great an error as to suppose that a man cannot be impressive in his speech without profanity. Imagination and decency are two things that will probably survive even M. Zola's prolonged and repeated attacks.

Thomas Sergeant Perry,

HECTOR BERLIOZ.¹

As announced in the preface to his *Hector Berlioz*, Mr. Apthorp's aim has been "to show what the man was, rather than what he did." The work is practically divided into three parts: first, a Biographical Sketch by the author, principally based upon Berlioz's Autobiography; then follow ten letters written by the master for publication during his professional tour through Germany in 1841-1842; and finally a faithful translation of selections from his three highly original volumes, entitled respectively, *Les Soirées d'Orchestre*,

Les Grotesques de la Musique, and *A Travers Chants*.

Mr. Apthorp has skillfully drawn from a somewhat abundant material only that which shall lend color and form to the characterization of his subject. The book is not a mere conglomeration of odds and ends, having no definite purpose in view, but a finely composed mosaic, each part being carefully fitted to its neighbor, and its separate value and identity made to subserve the general effect, in the excellent portrait of the master thus wrought from the original

¹ *Hector Berlioz*. Selections from his Letters, and *Æsthetic, Humorous, and Satirical Writings*. Translated, and preceded by a Biographical Sketch

of the Author, by WM. F. APTHORP. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

material prepared by his own hands. For this reason the author has preferred to make "some apparently trivial selections," rather than others that might have been considered of "more serious value to the art of music." But the careful reader will be amply repaid by the keen realization thus afforded of a character so uncommon that no one will dispute his biographer's estimate, thus tersely given: "Take him all in all, he was a man; one so genuine through and through that it may be doubted whether he could even form a conception of what a sham really was. And surely history can show us few figures in which utter veracity of character exhibits itself in so explosive and drastic a shape."

The ten letters from Germany, forming the second division of the volume, give "a vivid picture of certain phases of the composer's professional life;" they are "extremely familiar in form," and afford the reader welcome opportunities for becoming acquainted with musicians of all grades and shades of eccentricity, from Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer down to the little man belonging to the big drum, as our hero meets them while he journeys from place to place superintending the production of his own compositions. Nothing escapes his attention that is of interest to musicians, and his notes by the way are full of value. His vigorous sentences carry us over the road, through a dozen German cities and back to Paris, before we are sensible of a touch of weariness, or conscious of the weight of our newly acquired information.

Concerning the spirit in which the translations have been made, Mr. Apthorp says, "Berlioz's style is peculiarly colloquial, often slangy, for a Frenchman. . . . In this I have followed him closely. I have also been more anxious to preserve what I could of the characteristic cut of French phraseology than to make a translation which could lay claim to distinct literary merit from an

English point of view." That he has succeeded admirably in this respect is apparent, especially in the third and last division of the work before mentioned. Berlioz's whimsical wit and extravagant fancy are here given full liberty, and one must be dexterous indeed to capture the volatile conceits and transfuse them through our obstinate English.

The volume concludes with appendices containing the Funeral Discourse over the body of Hector Berlioz, delivered by M. Guillaume, president of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and a Catalogue of Berlioz's published works.

An opportunity for becoming personally acquainted with so remarkable a man as Berlioz should be welcomed by all, and musical people who have hitherto known him only through his compositions will be glad of the close companionship which Mr. Apthorp's volume affords. A biography too often means but a lifeless portraiture, where the features stare at one veraciously enough, but warmth of feeling and the charm of a magnetic individuality are wholly lacking. Mr. Apthorp affords the reader a keen and thorough appreciation of his subject's personality.

Whatever Berlioz undertook received the full measure of his energy and strength. We find him hurrying from Rome toward Paris in the summer of 1830, a disappointed and frenzied lover, armed to the teeth, and bent upon the destruction of the false one, her mother, her newly acquired husband, and, to complete the massacre — himself. Luckily, the road was a long one, so that his fury had time to abate, and his common sense, of which he had a plenty, reasserted itself. At the age of nineteen he writes a mass, the first imperfect performance of which reveals defects that he diligently labors to remedy; he spends three months in the mere copying of the parts, being unable to pay professional copyists. By dint of persistence he at last succeeds in obtaining the twelve hundred francs

necessary for a second production, from "an enthusiastic young friend," and then, "after the performance, becoming convinced of the worthlessness of the work, he burned it, together with the scene from *Beverly*, the opera of *Estelle*, and a Latin oratorio, *The Passage through the Red Sea*, which he had just finished."

Refined and sensitive souls ordinarily shrink from exposing their innermost recesses to the vulgar gaze, and at first thought the spectacle of our hero "wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at" creates the suspicion that his expressed determination "to avow everything" may be the unblushing frankness of insensibility. But we finally conclude that it is but another evidence of a strong emotional nature scorning hypocrisy, and seeking the only possible relief in tempestuous avowals. His religious opinions may be indicated by the incident he relates concerning Mendelssohn: "One evening we were exploring the bath of Caracalla together, debating the question of the merit and demerit of human actions and their reward in this life. As I was answering his wholly religious and orthodox expressions of opinion by I forget what enormity, his foot slipped, and down he rolled, with many bruises and scratches, down the ruins of a very steep staircase. 'Admire the divine justice,' said I, while helping him up: 'I blaspheme, and you fall.'"

It is, perhaps, as a master of instrumentation that Berlioz receives the most homage among musicians. His *Traité d'Instrumentation* is widely known, being published in French, English, German, and Italian. His perfect command of the resources of the orchestra entitle his opinions to great weight. It is somewhat remarkable that he should have acquired the reputation of being noisy. The writer remembers to have overheard a discussion, a few years since, among several well-informed amateur musicians, at the Central Park Garden in New York, immediately after a fine per-

formance of his version of the *Rákóczy March*, wherein Berlioz was declared by universal consent to be "too fond of the trombone and cymbals." In his autobiography he says, "I am reproached with an excess of noise, a predilection for the big drum, which I have used only in a small number of my compositions where its use is perfectly natural, and I alone, among all critics, have for twenty years protested against the revolting abuse of noise, — against the insensate use of the big drum, trombones, etc."

In his forcible style, he inveighs against many foibles common amongst popular singers; so true and so common that we sigh, as we smile, at his characteristic denunciation: "If a woman has for her only possession an exceptional compass of voice; if she can give pertinently or not a low G or F more like a death-rattle than a musical tone, or else a high F that is quite as pleasant to the ear as the squeal of a little dog when you step on his tail, that is enough to make the whole house resound with acclamations." "No sooner does she shoot forth her squibs and sky-rockets at the rate of sixteen sixteenth notes per bar; no sooner does her infernal trill drill into your tympanum with ferocious persistency for a whole minute without stopping to take breath, than you are sure to see," etc.

Orchestral leaders who take unwarrantable liberties in "improving original scores" receive unmerciful and merited flagellation at his hands. Valuable hints concerning the management of large choruses are entitled to especial notice; the drilling of the several parts separately, before uniting in a general rehearsal, is strongly recommended. How an artistic composition may be utterly lost in a large theatre is scientifically explained, and the universal custom of permitting the orchestra to drown the miserable singer in a sea of tumult, or force him to shout his protest, is described in a sufficiently harrowing manner.

Apart from other interests which may attach to this entertaining volume, the pungent satire, sparkling wit, and comical absurdities with which it abounds, especially in the chapters entitled *Evenings with the Orchestra*, *Musical Grotesques*, and *A Travers Chants*, entitle it to a place beside the best productions of modern humorists. In the experience of the man whose personality is

here so vividly presented, we find tragedy, comedy, and farce strangely commingled, as indeed they must needs be in the truthful history of every human life that glows with such intensity. It is only when the brave heart, self-consumed, is about to crumble in ashes that we find the sad words, "Let us try to think no more of art. . . . I can now die without bitterness and without anger."

MADAME LE BRUN.¹

THE *Souvenirs* of Madame Vigée le Brun (*née* Elisabeth Louise Vigée), though shorn somewhat of their original proportions, and sufficiently ill translated, form an important and acceptable addition to the literary treasures we already possess in the form of French memoirs. Her life of eighty-seven years, extending from April, 1755, to May, 1842, comprised the most tremendous epoch of modern, perhaps of all, history; and she lived constantly in the forefront of the great world, at the focal centre of all the most thrilling interests and events of her era. A glance at the table of contents, even of this abridged edition of her memoirs, will suffice to show the extreme distinction, yet almost endless variety, of the company which she saw. All the literary and artistic society of Paris in the consummate pre-revolutionary period, all the royal family of France in the reigns of Louis XVI. and his two brothers, the Duke and Duchess of Choiseul, Turgot and Talleyrand, the Rohans, the Broglies, and the Neckers, the royal family of Naples, Angelica Kauffmann, Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Joseph II. of Austria, Kaunitz and Esterhazy, three sovereigns of Russia, Catherine the

Great, Paul I., and Alexander I., Stroganoff, Schouvaloff, Prince Joseph Poniatowsky, the king of Sweden, Count Axel de Fersen, and the incomparable Prince de Ligne; and later, in England, beside royal personages too numerous to mention, Herschel, West, Reynolds, and the Duchesses of Devonshire and Dorset, — all these were, so to speak, upon her visiting list. It was of course in her professional capacity of portrait-painter that she first made the acquaintance of this illustrious crowd; but she was so charming in her own person, her social tact was so exquisite, and the blending in her of deference and independence so preëminently graceful that official intercourse, in very many cases, passed insensibly into a cordial personal intimacy, where there was no more any question or remembrance of relative social rank. Her naïve and confidential book is, in fact, a manual of behavior toward social superiors; but in order rightly to profit by it, one must first acknowledge the existence of social superiors, which too many of her American readers will not be ready to do. Like all honorable and thoroughly accomplished courtiers, she was far above the clumsy necessity of lying. "How do you think I sing, Madame le Brun?" inquired of her the vain and vulgar Count of Provence, aft-

¹ *Souvenirs of Madame Vigée le Brun*. New York: R. Worthington. 1879.

erwards Louis XVIII., during a sitting, when he had voluntarily favored her with a performance. "Like a prince, monseigneur," was her perfect reply. Her ultimate rank as an artist has perhaps not yet been exactly assigned, and need not be discussed here. Her place is not among the greatest, but it is far more than respectable, and we owe it to her indefatigable brush that the look of very many of the most commanding and memorable characters of the last century has not faded, and is not likely to fade, from the memory of men. Especially are we indebted to her for a perfectly clear and altogether captivating vision of the supreme loveliness, in her prime, of Marie Antoinette, whom she painted many times: now in white satin and crown diamonds; now in a white muslin gown, so simply made that the brutish and snarling populace of Paris called it a *chemise*; now in a daring orange costume, seated at a table arranging brilliant flowers; and repeatedly with her elder children. There is also a pen-and-ink portrait of the hapless queen on page 40 of the present volume, which is as vivid as word-painting can be. Of course she described people the more graphically for her long professional studies of personal appearance; but also, no doubt, she owed something of her success in catching a likeness with the pencil to that subtle and sympathetic quality of her nature which enabled her so readily to divine and adapt herself to a great variety of characters. So her different gifts reacted upon and enhanced one another. She could make an interesting and pleasing picture of almost any subject, and did this repeatedly in her own case; notably in the study of herself and her daughter clasped in each other's arms, which is familiar to us all from photographs. This visible image of herself is curiously identical with the character photograph presented in her memoirs. The two women are precisely the same; utterly graceful,

because utterly natural, simple and yet romantic, tender and animated, picturesque and unconscious. In her entire absence of affectation, she freely reveals the weaknesses and frivolities of her nature, and sometimes—for all the original and indeed perpetual kindness of her heart—she shocks us by a certain apathy and levity in view of the unprecedented convulsions and catastrophes it was her lot to witness. She floated along, waywardly, airily, as a bit of thistle-down might float over a lava torrent, and dropped lightly upon the desolated shore when the descent of scorching tragedy was stayed. It is not from such a one as this that we look for profound reflections upon great events; yet now and then her quick intelligence seizes upon a remarkable point of view, as where she acutely says of those, the high-bred women in particular, who suffered in the Terror, "I am convinced that had the victims of that awful time not died so courageously the Terror would have ceased much sooner. Men whose intellects are not fully developed have too little imagination to feel touched by internal suffering, and the pity of the populace is more easily aroused than its admiration."

Again, in the case of Madame le Brun, as in that of so many of the distinguished women of the past, we are impressed to note how prompt and gracious and generous is the welcome which society, when let alone, accords to the rare woman with a preëminent gift a distinct and indisputable vocation. Even Elisabeth Louise Vigée might never have made painting a profession if the clever father who taught her to draw and mix color, himself a member of the Academy of St. Luke, had not died poor, and left a wife largely dependent upon her daughter's exertions. But the career thus indicated was ardently accepted and most loyally followed. Had it not been so, the distractions of that very seduc-

tive society, which began straightway to flatter and invite the beautiful and engaging young artist, would surely have engrossed her time and spoiled the worth of her performance.

"I cannot speak much of the great dinners," she says, in one of the most entertaining of her earlier chapters, "seeing that, shortly after the time of which I write, I ceased to dine in Paris at all. The daylight [people dined by daylight then] was really too precious for me to give its hours to society, and an accident which happened to me decided me to go out only in the evening. I had accepted a dinner with the Princess de Rohan-Rochefort; I was dressed and ready to step into a carriage, when I thought I would go and see a portrait which I had begun that morning. I wore a white satin dress, which I had put on for the first time, and I sat down on a chair which was opposite to my easel, without noticing that my palette was placed upon it. You may judge that I made my dress in such a mess that I was obliged to remain at home, and from that day I formed a resolution only to accept suppers."

A calling embraced in this simple and disinterested fashion offers no detriment to the most delicate womanhood, and is likely to be facilitated and en-

couraged, as was Mademoiselle Vigée's, in a manner far transcending her own modest dreams. But callings of this high and authentic nature are not sought out and peremptorily or peevishly demanded. Rather they await, or go themselves to seek, the elect who are to practice them.

The first half, or more properly the first third, of the present volume is by far the most fascinating portion. It consists of letters to a beloved Russian friend, the Princess Dolgo Kourakin, at whose earnest entreaty it was that Madame le Brun undertook to write out her memoirs. So long as this lady lived and the reminiscences were addressed to her, they have a warmth and spontaneity and informality which fail somewhat when, after the death of the princess, they are continued, with no affectionate motive. We have called the translation bad, but it is not very bad. The language is, for the most part, a tolerably transparent medium for the story. But if the anonymous translator ever undertakes another work of the kind, it might be well for him to remember that a sentence like this, "My mother was compelled to *remarry*, and espoused a rich jeweler, *who* we had never suspected of being avaricious," is neither French nor English.

SYMONDS'S GREEK POETS.¹

MR. SYMONDS'S volumes are are vision of two books, entitled respectively *Studies of the Greek Poets* and *Studies of the Greek Poets* (Second Series), published in London; the first in 1873, and the second in 1876. These studies had, many of them, first appeared in *The North British Review*, a periodical which

lived only for a few years, though the articles in its few numbers are noted. In preparing the American edition, Mr. Symonds, in spite of the other investigations which now claim him, and in spite of the exile forced upon him by ill health, has still found time to make certain welcome additions. Also, the si-

¹ *Studies of the Greek Poets*. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, Author of *Sketches and Stud-*

ies of Southern Europe, etc. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

multaneous publication of all the essays has made it easy to change the arrangement of topics, which was somewhat perplexing in the English publications. The chapters now come in the natural order, which Mr. Symonds suggested to his readers in his preface to the second series. Of course, this rearrangement does not make the work a connected whole, and no one should expect to find here a continuous account of the rise and development of Greek poetry. From one point of view, this is a defect, but there are corresponding advantages. No connected account of Greek poetry within the compass of these two volumes could afford so long a chapter to the Greek Anthology as is here given. The same is true of the two chapters on the dramatic fragments; and yet it is in these very chapters, and others like them, that Mr. Symonds makes accessible to English readers a whole range of exquisite Greek poetry, which has belonged till now to special students only. Though this work cannot profitably be used as a text-book, yet experience has shown that the merest beginners can be helped to a living sympathy with the beauties of Greek poetry by reading a chapter in it from time to time. Mr. Symonds's object has been¹ "to bring Greek literature home to the general reader, and to apply to the Greek poets the same sort of criticism as that which modern classics receive." Here we have what the editors of Greek text-books but rarely venture to introduce into their commentary, — an enthusiastic account of Greek poetry as poetry, and not an analysis of Greek poems into innumerable problems of syntax, attention to which, however indispensable in well-ordered classical study, if too exclusively insisted upon, certainly dulls the appreciation of highest beauty.

In his preface to the American public, Mr. Symonds announces new trans-

lations from the lyric poets and from the Anthology, also an "enlarged" criticism of Euripides. He further adds that "the concluding chapter" has been "in a great measure" rewritten. The chapter entitled Conclusion, however, is absolutely unchanged. It is the chapter on The Genius of Greek Art (the concluding chapter in the volume published in 1873) which has been changed, but changed only by the addition of notes, and by putting what was a long footnote into the body of the text. But the new translations add greatly to the interest of the book. Mr. Symonds's four chapters on the poetry between Homer and the dramatists, as first written, stood alone in their thorough appreciation of what an envious fate has left us of this brilliant phase of Greek poetry; and not the least charm in his treatment of it lies in his many accurate and poetical translations of these beautiful songs. And now the American reader finds added a masterpiece of translation, which fortunately interprets a masterpiece, — Simonides' Lament of Danaë afloat with her boy Perseus upon the waves at night: —

- "When in the carven chest
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, she, not with cheeks un-
wet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
5. And said, 'O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless, brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
10. Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep, —
Lapped in thy purple robes' embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to
me;
15. Therefore I cry, sleep babe, and sea, be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill."

What a piece of good luck that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, writing on Style, remembered these lines and quoted them! This translation is such a miracle that we have been betrayed

¹ Preface to the *Studies of the Greek Poets*. London. 1873.

into speaking as if it were the original. Any single line compared with the original, taking each word separately, makes us think the Greek *transmuted* rather than translated. For this comparison the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth lines will answer:—

... πορφυρέα κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, καλὸν πρόσω-
πον.

Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,
καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπείχες οὖδας.

Another of the poems now first translated by Mr. Symonds is the Hymn of Welcome, sung by the degenerate Athenians to welcome back Demetrius Poliorcestes, who had subdued Ætolia. The following lines give a vivid expression to the pride of Athens, even in those fallen days not gone, but wonderfully tempered by the servile helplessness of second childhood:—

"The Sphinx, who, not on Thebes, but on all Greece,

Swoops to gloat and pasture;
The Ætolian, who sits upon his rock
Like that old disaster;
He feeds upon our flesh and blood, and we
Can no longer labor;
For it was ever thus the Ætolian
Preyed upon his neighbor."

The translations, new and old, made and selected by Mr. Symonds in his chapter on the Greek Anthology, have evidently been to him and his a labor of love. Many of the versions by *Dr. Symonds* are particularly happy. Indeed, there is nowhere else in English so complete an account of these latest Greek poets. They were many of them not Greeks by birth, but all of them were Greeks in their art,—Greeks, to be sure, of late, degenerate days. Mr. Symonds has especially earned thanks for putting into English some of the exquisite work of Meleager of Gadara. Two stanzas of one of his poems, now first translated, must speak for Meleager:—

"Did I not warn you? Now the net
Has tangled you, and in the string
You vainly strive, for love hath set
And bound your pinions wing to wing,

"And placed you on the flames to pine,
And rubbed with myrrh your panting lip,
And when you thirsted given you wine
Of hot and bitter tears to sip."

"Of beauty in decay sufficient splendors," our author well says, may be found in the epigrams of Meleager. Before leaving the Anthology, it should be said that the American printer is responsible for the *pronoun* in the following line of the epitaph on Aristophanes: "Lycambes weeping for *HER* daughters three." What Lycambes would have done if the bitter Archilochus, not content with abusing him as a perjured doctard, had called him a woman, only a Greek could say.

Turning to the "enlarged" criticism of Euripides, it is gratifying to find that the enlargement consists chiefly in a few pages which point out the most serious defects of that great tragedian. Flattering though it may be to every honest Anglo-Saxon soul to join with such champions as Mr. Symonds and Mr. Mahaffy in harassing the defeated army of Euripides's German foes, there was danger that we should lose sight of the undeniable faults which the Germans have pointed out in that great writer. But now Mr. Symonds's account of "sad Electra's poet" is just, and no longer one-sided. No more complete proof that "comparisons are odious" can be found than in the various German criticisms on Euripides. If he is not compared with Æschylus and Sophocles, he cannot escape comparison with Shakespeare; in either case the odds are against him. He has not the sublimity of Æschylus, and he lacks the purity and self-control of Sophocles; others compare him with Shakespeare, and find that he lacks finish in the delineation of minor characters, that his long speeches are unnatural. Still Euripides is so great a poet that no one thinks of comparing him with any but the greatest; the real complaint is that he is not "a second Sophocles or a revived Æschylus."

The characteristics of Mr. Symonds's

Studies are too well known to require detailed statement. The "style" is perhaps too prominent throughout, and, as Mr. Symonds himself admits, there is, especially in the essay upon Aristophanes, too much "fine writing." Still, thought is not wanting, and a full appreciation of the connection between Greek tragedy and Greek sculpture is nowhere expressed so well as in these pages. The chapters on Homer are insufficient, and the somewhat labored and pointless essay upon Greek Mythology could well

be spared to make room for an account of the gods in Homer. Finally, the Conclusion, which is a defense against the critics, rambles into a decidedly unrefreshing attempt to describe the morality of the future, which it appears is to have the accuracy of science. This Mr. Symonds calls the Greek tendency, and yet Aristotle said that an attempt to gain scientific clearness in ethics was like going to mathematics for an appeal to the feelings, or to rhetoric for demonstrative proof.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is as much missed as gained in traveling. Traveling has come to be so conventional a thing that it loses its chief interest as a separate experience for each individual, and the pictures, photographs, and descriptions of places being so easily accessible at present, most places, when seen, give one no sense of surprise. It is hardly true that no picture gives a real notion of a place, as is often unthinkingly said; on the contrary, the impression is usually so vivid as to lessen that of the reality, whenever you happen to come across the latter. The sort of itinerary which is almost a matter of course in traveling also destroys the spontaneity of the supposed pleasure; though no necessity or law obliges you to it, you yet feel compelled to "do" certain places, no matter whether you have an interest in them or not. An American who went to Europe, and neglected Rome or Paris, would feel uncomfortable at the omission; an Englishman who came to the United States, and left New York, Philadelphia, or Boston out of his wanderings, would feel obliged to excuse himself and explain the short-coming. If you take an Oriental tour into your

programme, and leave out Jerusalem or Damascus, people will wonder, and so on, until you feel that not till you have performed the "regulation" pilgrimage will you be free to see and do what you like abroad. The loss of time that regulation sights cost you is serious. Some of them will be blanks to you; some mere impressions, as fleeting and useless as that produced by looking over an album. You probably have some taste prominent among others. Traveling will be a pleasure if you make this taste the guide of your travels; but to assume a general appreciation of everything, however various the things, will fritter away time and make life a burden. It is no use toiling up and down Swiss mountains unless you enjoy the unique scenery they possess, or walking through miles of picture-galleries unless you have a real liking for paintings. The sensible way would be to be sure at the start of what you like best, what interests you most, or what you chiefly wish to learn, and shape your course accordingly. As to learning anything about the people, it is useless to expect doing it by flying visits to any place, and letters of introduction to a few rep-

presentative people. To learn anything of the nation, you must see the average, and see it leisurely; see it in the rural neighborhoods, understand the language, and in fact give yourself to the study of humanity. Even the higher classes, who are easiest to get at and easiest to understand, seldom come within reach of travelers. It is notorious how English and American tourists, herd together in foreign cities, having their own hotels, restaurants, clubs, banks, etc., and spending more time in parties among themselves than on investigations worth remembrance. On the other hand, the Englishman, — he is almost the only tourist who comes here; of course I do not include emigrants, settlers, diplomats, etc., among travelers, — coming to America, generally manages to see a little more of Americans (their common language has much to do with that); but he never stays long enough to study any but chance types. A few men come to hunt, and they at least see a special phase of life, and have more opportunities of understanding it thoroughly. Most men amiably or bitterly — but in either case ignorantly — generalize to an alarming degree. If they come to pursue a certain line of investigation, they are taken in hand by kind entertainers, who show them all the specimen things and people, about which they knew beforehand in their own country, though perhaps vaguely and less in detail. If they belong to a certain set, they see and hear everything which can confirm their opinions, as a free-trader would, or an English abolitionist. A comprehensive and balanced picture of the whole country — I put aside its natural features — they never see, and never go to work the right way to see.

— Several years since, I journeyed by sea from New Orleans to New York in company with a goodly number of clergymen, who were on their way to attend some theological convention. While enjoying an after-dinner novel of

some repute, I fell upon the following quotation: "*He who runs may read.*" Turning to the most convenient clergyman, I inquired the road to the original, for I felt quite sure of its biblical origin. I was promptly referred to Habakkuk ii. 2, and looking up the passage later in the day discovered a "point," which I resolved to turn to account. I believe I have omitted to say that I am a shallow-minded person, fond of airing my superior knowledge when occasion offers, or rather when, by good luck, I happen to stumble upon an item that my betters have overlooked. I never could understand why everybody does n't know what I have known for six weeks, and am intolerant accordingly. Awaiting a favorable opportunity, I expressed surprise to my clerical friend that he should be so ignorant of the Scriptures, and met his assertion that he could not be mistaken, for he had used the passage as a text for a sermon in times past, by coolly handing him the open Bible, and pointing to the words, "*He may run that readeth it.*" Every day thereafter until we reached port I sacrificed a clergyman upon the altar of my vanity, and whenever the weather was bad I sacrificed two, by way of a needed extra stimulant. The supply of clergymen being more than sufficient, I perpetrated a general massacre on the day preceding our arrival at New York. Not one of them survived, nor was any resistance offered after the delivery of my final knock-down blow. Arriving on shore, I proceeded to turn my "point" to more substantial advantage. Betting with clergymen had of course been out of the question, but among my lay brethren I found many ready to wager that they could trace the quotation, and as they invariably brought up short at Habakkuk ii. 2 I was correspondingly happy. I would be ashamed to confess how many dinners I have achieved by means of this valuable "point."

I soon began to find this apparent

misquotation meeting me at every turn ; magazine articles, novels, lectures, and even sermons seemed singularly peppered with the error. I have noticed that any matter attracting one's special attention as being unusual is frequently followed by repetitions, that shortly become common to the verge of monotony. Meet one man in the street with a remarkably large nose, and he will be followed by a dozen more of the same sort. I suppose it is because we recognize promptly only that for which our consciousness is on the alert. At any rate, it seemed to me that never before had I met with a passage so often, and I marveled greatly that out of so many well-informed authors, not one escaped the pitfall in attempting to quote correctly.

I determined to make myself useful by calling upon *The Atlantic* to explode the error, and had mentally sketched an article for the Contributors' Club which was to cover many a well-known author with shame and confusion. But one evening last week, while "browsing" along the shelves of a public library, I turned the leaves of Cowper's *Tirocinium*, and at verse 80 I read, —

"But truth, on which depends our main concern
That 't is our shame and misery not to learn,
Shines by the side of every path we tread,
With such a lustre he that runs may read."

— A writer in the Contributors' Club for February, commenting on the fact that so many heroes and heroines of fiction are motherless, — that "from Richardson to Henry James, Jr., the novel has been little more than a half orphan asylum," — adds, "Who can tell us why?" It seems to me there are two good reasons : in the first place, the fact that a hero or heroine is thus bereaved appeals at once to our tenderest feelings, and bespeaks for him or her our immediate interest and sympathy ; and, secondly, their half orphaned condition enables us easily to excuse, account for, and forgive whatever mental, moral, or

social lack we may observe in them as their histories are unfolded. When we read that "Romola's young but wintry life had inherited nothing but memories of a dead mother," we accept it as a natural consequence that she was "in a state of girlish simplicity and ignorance concerning the world outside of her father's books," and we judge her gently when she wastes the rich treasure of her love upon Tito Melema. When Jane Austen tells us that Emma's mother "died too long ago for her to have more than an indistinct remembrance of her caresses," we readily condone the willfulness, self-confidence, and occasional impertinence of that blooming girl ; and the same is true in regard to delightful Shirley Keeldar. We are sure that Effie Deans, Hetty Sorrel, and little Em'ly would have been less weakly trusting and vain, Di Vernon, Judith Hutter, and Esther Lyon less undisciplined, Dora less babyish, and Lady Glencora less exasperating, had they only had a mother's guidance ; and we give double credit to the blameless ones like Rose Bradwardine, Little Nell, Anne Elliot, Agnes Wickford, John Halifax, Guy of Redclyffe, and Malcolm of Lossie, because they grew up so well without it.

But while thus assenting to and accounting for the absence of the mother in fiction, I cannot agree with the contributor's other statement, that "if she is introduced at all she is always an uncomfortable figure, always in the way." Who does not admire and would not like to know Mary Garth's mother, with her clear, vigorous mind, inflexible honor, and cheerful courage? Or Mrs. Vincy, sweet as a peach ; Mrs. Amos Barton, loveliest and tenderest of all George Eliot's women ; and even Mrs. Transome, a majestic figure in spite of her dark secret?

Of Amyas Leigh's mother it is said, "She was lovely in face and figure, and still more lovely from the divine calm which brooded like the dove of peace

and the Holy Spirit of God (which indeed it was) over every word and look and gesture; a sweetness which had been ripened by storm as well as by sunshine, which this world had not given, and could never take away." In Dickens we do indeed find few mothers who are prominent figures, yet what would Barnaby Rudge be without Mrs. Varden or sad Mrs. Rudge herself? Mrs. Bag-net, Mrs. Kenwigs, Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Nubbles, Mrs. Jiniwin, Mrs. Micawber, Mrs. MacStinger, and Mrs. Bardell are, each in her way, inimitable and never to be forgotten. The writings of Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Craik are full of excellent mothers, both English and Scotch. In Sarah Tytler's stories we have some notably fine women, like Citoyenne Jacqueline's mother-in-law and M. Dupuy's mother; and in her last book, *The Bride's Pass*, Mrs. Macdonald is, it seems to me, the finest and most original sketch in an unusually striking group of characters. Macleod of Dare's mother was made of finer stuff than her son, and Janet, the old shepherd's wife in *Sir Gibbie*, is an exquisite and noble creation. Hannah Dill in *Sarah de Berenger* is absolutely unmatched in life-long, self-effacing devotion to her children, dying at last perfectly satisfied, without recognition or gratitude.

But the procession grows too long, and I forbear.

— A very curious instance of a life-long ghostly guardianship came to my knowledge a few years before leaving France. I had heard many circumstances relating to it freely discussed and commented on long before I knew the parties. At length the introduction of a mutual friend brought me into intimate acquaintance with two of the most delightful people it was ever my lot to know. Madame St. L., the widow of a French gentleman of rank and fortune, and her sister, Miss R., were two elderly ladies, well known to a large circle of friends for their piety, benevo-

lence, and rare accomplishments. They lived in a pretty château with beautiful grounds, the property of the elder lady. They were daughters of an English gentleman, whose extravagance had dissipated a large fortune, but at whose death they each came into possession of a competence, which, having been settled upon themselves, he had been unable to touch. Their acquaintance with their self-constituted guardian began when they were young girls, and residing with their father, Mr. R., at a house close to the "Paul Brique," which lies some miles from Calais on the road to Guisnes, part of that debatable land which during the occupation of Calais by the English had been in turn the battle-field of English, French, and Spaniards. On the site of their house had been in that far-off time a fortress, which had been besieged, taken, and burnt to the ground after the slaughter of all in it, by a mixed army of French and Spaniards. They were often left alone with a younger brother for many weeks and even months at a time, their father preferring the gayeties of Paris to the seclusion of their country home. It was during one of these intervals that their brother was taken very ill, and his sisters were one night so alarmed about him that they agreed to sit up together for the whole night, which they had not done before. A little past midnight they were roused by shrieks and cries for help, coming apparently from the garden below their window. Shortly after their maid-servant rushed into the room half wild with terror, saying that she heard men placing ladders against each side of the house and vociferating loudly. The young ladies distinctly heard the same, but the sick brother never once awoke from his sleep. His sisters dared neither look out of the window nor go outside the hall door to investigate, for they were alone in the house with one servant, and even the gardener lived in a cottage some distance off. Their fears came to

a climax when the windows began to shake violently, and the looking-glass in their room was shivered to atoms. A perfect lull succeeded, and after a time they became aware of the presence of a tall, shadowy figure draped in a long Spanish cloak, evidently an officer. He spoke to them in French, and told them not to be alarmed; that he was a spirit, and not corporeal; that he was a Spanish officer killed hundreds of years ago in the siege of the fortress which had then occupied the site of their house; that his name was Gaspar; and that he would always attend them, and through life be their faithful and devoted friend. He then vanished from their sight, leaving them in a state of utter bewilderment. When I made their acquaintance forty years had gone by since that memorable night, and nobly had Gaspar redeemed his voluntary promise. He accustomed them to hold long conversations with him, and always gave them the soundest advice. He mixed invisibly in all their amusements: played on his guitar to their piano playing; accompanied their voices when they sang, so that many of their friends were astonished at the strength and sweetness of their performance; would take a hand at cards, and be one of any little party they gave. He was rarely visible even to themselves, but many heard his voice joining in the conversation. He rescued them from many an unpleasant dilemma. Once, when they went to a ball, and by some mistake the carriage which brought them, and which ought to have returned to take them back, went home with some other party, they were left quite helpless. A drenching rain was falling, all their friends had left, and it was long past midnight. They were in the greatest perplexity, when suddenly their names were called, a carriage being at the door to convey them home. They were most thankful, but made no inquiry till, on getting out, Miss R. asked the driver how he came to know their names

and where to come, as his was not the carriage they had ordered. The man replied that he had been going home for the night, when an officer in a long cloak stopped him and engaged his vehicle for two ladies, giving their names and telling him where to go for them. Nor did Gaspar, while they were yet girls and unmarried, disdain to join in any harmless freak tending to their amusement. They were once talking in their own drawing-room of a private fancy ball to be given by a friend in Calais, and to which they were specially invited. Speaking of some of their young acquaintances, they mentioned one whose affectation made her generally disagreeable, and who was at the same time so exceedingly plain that it was difficult to find partners for her at any of the parties where they met.

"Would it not be curious," said the elder Miss R., "if Gaspar were to go to the ball in his full dress as a Spanish officer, and with a profusion of bows solicit the honor of dancing with her?"

"Yes!" replied the other sister, "and when the dance was ended take her back to her mamma, with a complimentary speech on the elegance of her daughter's dancing." They then made up a speech for the occasion, and laughed heartily at their own conjectures. The day on which the ball was to be given arrived, and in the afternoon the sisters walked into Calais, as they were to dress, and afterwards sleep, at their friend's house. During their walk they incessantly heard footsteps behind them, yet on looking back no one was in sight. On entering the streets of Calais they distinctly heard the clanking of spurs on the pavement, and made sure that some officer was following them, but could see no one. Having dressed in costume in the evening, they joined the gay circle in the ball-room, and at first sat down with a few young friends, the young lady of whom they had spoken, as well as her mamma, being present. Great was their aston-

ishment when a Spanish officer, masked and in full costume (they knew it was Gaspar), walked up, without once looking at *them*, and asked the young lady to dance! When the dance was finished, he took her back to her mamma, and with a number of courtly bows made a speech, word for word the same that the Misses R. had improvised for him at home.

Years passed on; the elder Miss R. married Monsieur St. L., and inseparable from her sister they all went to the pretty château near Cologne, where they still lived when I knew them. Gaspar went with them, and was much talked of in the neighborhood. The peasants said that he might often be seen, after night-fall, pacing slowly backwards and forwards on a bridge which led to the neighboring town of St. Pierre, and many of them went by choice the lower road by the canal, to avoid the chance of meeting him. Madame St. L. had only two children, both sons, who at the proper age entered the French army. They had hardly attained to manhood when Monsieur St. L. died, rather suddenly, after a long and distressing illness. Soon afterwards, the two ladies had a law-suit in England decided in their favor, but found a vexatious opposition made to their taking possession of the small property which had been in question, as the person inhabiting the house positively refused to give it up. At last Madame St. L.'s English lawyer wrote to advise their coming over to try their personal influence with the opposing party. They went, and on paying a visit to the lady, their opponent, were agreeably surprised to find that all difficulties had been smoothed away by the visit, a few days before, of a Spanish gentleman, who had fully explained every circumstance connected with the property, and had placed in a very clear light the justice of Madame St. L.'s claim. The lady agreed to leave the house in the course of a day or two, and

to send the keys to Madame St. L., which was done.

The two sons of this lady were naturally subjected to much quizzing on the part of their acquaintances, and always strenuously denied having the slightest faith in the family ghost; indeed, were very angry if any allusion were made to it. The elder son, however, being at home on leave, and over-hearing his mother and aunt talking of Gaspar, pondered much on the subject, and, unknown to his family, resolved to watch for one night in the room where his father died, and where Gaspar was said to be continually present, as it was much used by the family; their evenings were also spent there, and supper partaken of in one end of the room. It was always Madame St. L.'s custom to remove the wine decanters and glasses into a large cupboard, which stood at the end of the room nearest the door, and also any dish from supper which would be required for the next day; having done this, she invariably locked the cupboard, and took the keys up with her to bed. On the night in question the young man prepared for his lonely vigil by placing his lamp and book on the table at the far end of the room; he then laid his loaded gun within reach of his hand, and also his drawn sword. Two well-trained dogs, used for sporting, and thoroughly obedient to his voice, were his only companions, and having carefully secured the door and windows he sat down to read, the dogs lying at his feet. When his few preparations were completed, it was about eleven o'clock, and he read quietly for nearly an hour. When the clock was on the stroke of midnight, a strange agitation seemed to pervade the room. The dogs at their master's feet began to howl and whine and crouch to the ground, with every symptom of terror, and at length, quite regardless of his voice, slunk under the table at which he was sitting, the heavy cover of which hid

them from view. As the clock struck twelve, young St. L. distinctly saw Gaspar, as he had always been described to him, enter through the closed door, and stop opposite the cupboard where the wine and supper had been put away. With a bunch of keys, which the young man clearly recognized as his mother's, Gaspar opened the cupboard quite wide, cut a slice of *paté*, and began to eat; then poured out some wine and drank. When he had finished, he turned and looked fiercely at the appalled young man, who tried to rise, but felt chained down by some invisible power. He stretched out his hand for his gun, and pointed it at the figure, but it fell from his hand on to the carpet, without even exploding, and under the mysterious influence of Gaspar's steady gaze he fell back in his chair utterly insensible, and remembered no more till the broad sunlight streaming into the room roused him, to find the gun lying at his feet, the dogs still hardly recovered from their terror, the cupboard locked as usual, and himself alone in the room, where no trace of Gaspar's presence remained; but when the cupboard was opened, there was a remnant of *paté* on one of the plates, and a portion of wine in one of the glasses. On being questioned, Madame St. L. declared that the keys of the cupboard had never left her dressing-table till she brought them down that morning.

This was probably the last time that Gaspar appeared in a visible form to any of the family. A long time before he had told the two ladies that it would be impossible for him to let them see and hear him as they had been accustomed to do; that he would never leave them, and that wherever they went he would go, but that his presence would be manifested only by noises of different kinds; that should any misfortune threaten the family, or any great changes be impending, they should without fail receive timely warning. This promise

was literally fulfilled; for when they took refuge for a time in England, during the Franco-German war, when both Madame St. L.'s sons were engaged in the struggles of the French army, she always received some intimation of the arrival of letters, which indeed reached her safely in the most mysterious manner, when oftentimes the young men had either lost them in the confusion of a camp or been utterly unable to post them. Any loss by death was also communicated in some unmistakable fashion. Both sisters found themselves unable to sleep one night, from a soft, continuous tapping on their window pane, accompanied by a low moaning, which continued for many hours. In a day or two, they heard of the death on that very night of a beloved friend, who had been their school-fellow in early days. Such were a few of the anecdotes of Gaspar which I gathered from the lips of the dear ladies whose guardian angel he undoubtedly proved himself to be. For one of them the enigma of his influence has been solved in another world; two years ago Miss R. died, to the deep regret of an endeared circle of friends. Madame St. L. lives in Paris with her eldest son, who is married and of high rank in the French army.

— The art of letting other people alone is — one of the lost arts.

— A recent communication in the Contributors' Club challenged the United States to produce an epigram on "the art of letting other people alone." I am not sure that I know an epigram when I see one; but here is the plain truth:—

"The art of letting other people alone demands too much wisdom of the benevolent and too much benevolence of the wise."

— To attain an impartial frame of mind is almost the highest aim of intellectual education. It is needless to say that the attainment is very difficult. Almost invariably we make up our minds

beforehand on any subject we approach. Early prejudgments beset us on every hand; an atmosphere of association colors everything, however newly brought into our range of sight; we have rules by which we judge automatically the truth of new facts which may clash with old theories. Or, again, having passionately renounced all such drags on the wheel of progress, we put the same intense partisanship, the same instinct of one-sided devotion, to the service of some new theory, borne out indeed by certain facts, yet not necessarily proved absolute by these. Such is the essence of the present hostility, on the whole quite outspoken and undisguised, between religion and science. Unconscious that in each body there exist, for the most part, two sections with distinguishing shades of opinion on matters of more than detail, each as a unit flings defiance at the other, with many hard words and more misinterpretations of the other's dearest formulas. Blindly they fight,—fighting rather their own fancied estimates of each other than the real entity which those estimates travesty. But outside of that typical and prominent struggle of our time, there are millions of silent personal struggles of the same nature going on wherever men think, believe, or investigate. It is impossible at present to stagnate in one unchallenged faith; what a man believes he must justify to himself through his reason, and to his neighbors through his deeds. Outward forms, conventional practices, official formulas, do not suffice; if the opponents of your belief do not challenge you, your own teachers will vehemently examine you. No party is content unless with an army of willing recruits; the half-hearted, the vacillating, are expelled not only as useless allies, but—a far more dangerous thing—as discreditable blots on the fair fame of the party. No cause at present can afford to stretch its mantle over those who may disgrace it; the enemy's scrutiny is too lynx-eyed to be faced unless

with a bevy of picked representatives. This necessity of an age of vehement questioning is fatal to the cultivation of impartiality, and yet without at least a show of impartiality no individual can hope to become prominent in any party. A century practically intolerant, though with a new kind of intolerance, professes to worship impartiality. It courts those whose smooth periods are like bright scales in which all thought and all knowledge are weighed. In reality the impartiality is but apparent. The most passionless writers are prejudiced; their coldness conceals, if not an opinion, a tendency; and after all, though facts may rain upon them, the old proverb holds good, and convinced against their will they are "of the same opinion still." There are two sides to every argument; only some call them the right side and the wrong, others the inside and the out. Practically there are few historical questions on which it is safe to be dogmatic, and few moral questions on which it is safe to be impartial. Yet the contrary is the rule in our times. Historical and political questions are dissected in a more intolerant and virulent spirit than any moral or spiritual questions; precisely those things that are most beyond the reach of clear explanation and absolute proof are those most willingly handled by contemporary writers. Impartiality is the new name for masked advocacy of any given principle, useful at present to any given cause. The real thing escapes our search, or rather stands by us in the dark, while we pretend to turn our lamp in search of it in the opposite direction. If a man would study for himself, he could scarcely help finding an impartial judgment his best staff, but most men now study and write to uphold a foregone conclusion, and take good care, therefore, not to come across such an inconvenient guide.

—In this time of apple-blossoms, I read over with pathetic interest a note of Bryant's, written little more than a year

before his death, in which, speaking of some pictured clusters sent him, he says: "They do not exactly suit the last days of life's December, but they agree charmingly with that new spring-time of existence, my entrance to which cannot be far off, and where I hope to find the orchards of Paradise in full blossom." When such a lover of woods and fields and flowers, after a life-time of devotional feeling and thought, passes from them all, the fancy comes that Nature herself must feel the loss! When before has the yellow violet bloomed without being remembered by a heart as childish in its love as it was strong in its manhood! In another letter occurs this passage: "The yellow violet of which you sent me a sample is not *my* yellow violet, which I think is never found in your region, though it sprinkled the floor of the forests in the neighborhood in which I was born as soon as the snow melted from the ground." While opposed to Wordsworth's character in its active interest concerning city and state, Bryant's reminds us of his in its intense love of nature. What the daisy and the celandine were to the poet of Rydal Mount, the yellow violet and the fringed gentian were to Bryant, both in his affection and poetic expression. Regarding the latter flower, he writes in the autumn, "I have just returned from Cummington, where I found the fringed gentian, of which you speak as not a common thing, creeping in at places where it was never seen in my boyhood. There is also another species, very pretty, the soapwort gentian, *gentiana saponaria*, which I never saw in my boyhood, now becoming frequent."

The transition from flowers to spirits, from flower life to the spiritual, is surely easy; nor can I forbear, as far as it lies in my power, to improve this opportunity of correcting a not infrequent, although not general, impression regarding the poet's belief. "I answer your

question by saying that I am not a spiritualist, although I am perfectly willing that spiritualism should be true. I have some friends — excellent people — who firmly believe in it, and find in it what is very desirable, an infallible confirmation of the doctrine of a future life. But the evidence I have seen has not convinced me of the reality of their communications with the spirits of the departed." If the heart-felt convictions of our deepest and wisest thinkers were put into words, would they not be these? Not half who are reported as believers in this system *are* such. They are merely "willing to be," if sufficient evidence be attested; but on the other hand they are too just and liberal to condemn without stint a faith some features of which have certainly benefited *individuals*; they are too sensible and charitable to denounce as senseless and knavish those who desire comfort from such a faith. The poet, it is certain, held that sage attitude which characterizes a judgment not based on the mere failure or success of those material arts which lie in the juggler's province. What the poetic and metaphysical mind perceives in this belief is beyond the reach of being affected by wax or paraffine trickery; but at the same time its perceptions are too vague and reed-like to be denominated *faith*, or to be leaned on as such.

— If a prize had been offered for the dullest story, one might suppose the mass of English novelists filled with anxious desire to earn the distinction of having written it. At first sight, this really seems the only way of accounting for the uniform success with which they escape the least liveliness of conversation, or the least variation from the commonly accepted, well-known types of character. Take such a book as Miss Tabor's *Little Miss Primrose*, for instance, and see how you will find yourself disappointed in your most moderate hopes of entertainment. At the first page you

are set down in the cathedral town which furnishes the scene for most of this lady's tales, and already with the first few paragraphs a sense of drowsiness begins to steal over you; but you struggle against it, and read on. The heroine is a nice little thing, and you are glad when the prospect opens for her of seeing something beside the cathedral towers and hearing something else than the chanting of the chorister boys. Little Miss Primrose, who is said to have much taste in such matters, is called into consultation about Nelly's new dresses. The white muslin and blue ribbons for evening wear which she recommends will do, but it seems a pity that she cannot suggest anything better than "stone-colored batiste, with a knot of olive ribbon at the throat," for afternoons. However, perhaps the charms of youth and freshness will tell upon the hero, in spite of the repellent effect of the stone-color and olive combination. She starts upon the path of destiny, and the hero soon appears; a man of thirty, lately returned from India. What would the British novelist do without India? He is quickly successful in winning Nelly's affections, though how he does it is largely left to the reader's imagination to discover, for it may be said without exaggeration that he scarcely opens his lips the book through. The prettiest part of the book, however, is the delicate description of this almost wordless wooing. "They had got a little farther," the author says, "along the wildwood path which leads through the Gate Beautiful into the paradise of actual betrothal; and perhaps there is nothing so sweet in life as going along that path, knowing, and yet seeming not to know, where it will end. Within the gate are the proud queen roses and lilies of the love that has told itself out and need not fear; and there beyond them is the marriage temple, the crown and completion of all. And yet, somehow, when the gate is passed, one looks back with a sort of regret to

the wildwood path that led to it, to the sweet little hidden blossoms which no other eye has seen, and the mossy paths, the leafy shadow, the stillness, and the rest which were for ourselves alone, when as yet no admiring public had been admitted to share the happiness and give its advice as to the best way of reaching the temple. Because, once inside the gate, one may gather queen lilies and roses; but one must at the same time think of table-linen and how many servants one can afford to keep, to say nothing of Queen Anne dadoes and the pattern of the dinner plates." But after straying a little while with the lovers in the pleasant woodland path, we are brought into a world surely too commonplace, prosaic, and uninteresting to be worth depicting. Is social scheming really so prominent a feature of English life, or is it that the novelists lack invention? We are introduced in this quiet tale to no less than three intriguers: there is the vulgar aristocrat, who schemes to marry her scapegrace heir to a plebeian with money, which is to set the impoverished old family up again; there is an under-bred schemer, who toadies the high-bred one; and an under-bred sister, who, after doing all the mischief she can to the hero and heroine, schemes successfully to marry the scapegrace. These people are all unpleasant in the dull, conventional way. There is nothing tragic about the misunderstandings of the lovers, and the hero, who goes off on a journey at the wrong time, when he is wanted at home to explain matters, comes back before his sweetheart has time to grow any gray hairs. And as regards lack of originality in conception and charm of style, this book is a sample of hundreds of novels, whose authors seem to feel entirely irresponsible for their readers' entertainment. They jog calmly on their tedious way, never suspecting that the public are not contentedly accompanying them at this slow regulation pace. In want of a little

good pastime, you recall the names of authors which appear on publishers' lists, and what are they? The names of Miss Mulock, and Mary Cecil Hay, and Mrs. Oliphant, who — more's the pity! — had some talent to start with. Fatally dull they all are; but where else to turn, except to the fast and vulgar society to be met in the novels of Annie Thomas, and Florence Marryatt, and Rhoda Broughton?

Mr. Black has certainly discovered a new set of materials to work with, and is so pleased with his happy finding that he keeps on combining them again and again. He must have a sort of chemical formula for the production of one of his tales, as: fine description of scenery, one fifth; narration of the mildest occurrences, one tenth; conversation of a slight and gently facetious kind, one fifth; remarks by Gaelic characters, one fifth; old ballads sung by the heroine, one fifth; interjectional commentary by the author, one tenth. Perhaps this is not doing justice to Mr. Black's subtlety; it may be that what guides him is not the formula of the practical chemist, but the recipe for a *plat*, which it needs the inspired touch of the culinary artist to put together. We might only make a bungling failure of it if we were to attempt what Mr. Black has succeeded in. The proof that the materials are not badly commingled is that a good many people eat of the pudding. Since the concoction of that lucky dish named the Princess of Thule, which commended itself to the palate of royalty, and has doubtless, therefore, been found relishing by all truly loyal subjects, Mr. Black has followed the discreet example of that *cordons bleu*, Monsieur Alcide Mirobolant (*vide* Pendennis), who, having ascertained what dishes the blonde Miss Amory most frequently partook of, advised himself to serve up such dainty little repasts as should suit the delicate taste and move the heart of his fair mistress above-stairs. Mr. Black's last fin-

ished effort of genius was, I believe, more highly flavored than common, but in the work which he has now in hand he seems to have returned to mixing the same old ingredients in the old, familiar way.

— Should not the dictionaries revise their definitions of the word *tramp*, now that legislation in so many of our States has made the person a criminal? Massachusetts, following her New England sisters, offers the tramp the advantages of her state work-house and houses of correction, but in such a compulsory way as to deprive the boon of the attraction which it might otherwise have for him. For the tramp is too sincere a lover of liberty to be grateful for any act which relieves him of it, even while insuring him those two prime necessities of his life, free board and lodging. The selection of a work-house as his place of confinement is a peculiar indignity to the tramp, whose existence is based on the avoidance of work. Whether his practice in this respect is the result of a thoughtful consideration of labor as the primal or consequential curse, or is based on an intuitive perception of the value of leisure, it is not now necessary to inquire. It is enough to emphasize the rigor of laws which not only assume the criminality of the tramp, but affix to it a punishment which is especially offensive to his sensibilities. And yet we affect sympathy as a means of reforming even the worst offenders!

Perhaps the most serious evil of treating the tramp as a vulgar criminal is the inevitable loss of the poetic element which has long been associated with him. This is due, it seems to me, to his independence of conventional ways, which is strikingly shown in his roving life and his opposition to artificial distinctions, whether of property or cleanliness. He is a perpetual illustration of the economy of nomadism and the picturesqueness of dirt. Lowell touches a true and delicate chord in his

confession of attachment to the "dusty tramp:"—

"I cannot help
Liking this creature, lavish summer's bedesman,
Who from the almshouse steals when nights grow
warm,
Himself his large estate and only charge,
To be the guest of haystack or of hedge,
Nobly superior to the household gear
That forfeits us our privilege of nature.
I bait him with my match-box and my pouch,
Nor grudge the uncostly sympathy of smoke,
His equal now, divinely unemployed.
Some smack of Robin Hood is in the man,
Some secret league with wild-wood wandering
things;
He is our ragged duke, our barefoot earl,
By right of birth exonerate from toil,
Who levies rent from us his tenants all,
And serves the state by merely being."

It is worthy of note that the word *tramp* is of comparatively recent origin. I have looked in such English dictionaries of the eighteenth century as Bailey's, Johnson's, Fenning's, Ash's, Sheridan's, Kenrick's, Lemon's, Barclay's, and Perry's, without finding it either as verb or noun. Coming down to the present century, it is noticeable that the tramp has a better reputation in England than he has in this country. Latham defines *tramper* or *tramp*—the monosyllable, he adds, being the commoner word—as an itinerant workman or hawker of small wares, distinguished both from the mere beggar and from the gypsy. Halliwell, in his Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, sets the tramper above the tramp, the former being styled a traveling mechanic, and the latter a walking beggar. Grose also calls the tramp a beggar, while Richardson, quoting North, defines tramps as strollers, whether beggars or peddlers. When David Copperfield ran away from Murdstone and Grinby's to take refuge with his aunt, Miss Betsy Trotwood, his fears were excited by the vicious looks of the *trampers* whom he passed on the road. But George Eliot, in Felix Holt, speaks of "big, bold, gin-breathing tramps."

In the edition of Webster's Dictionary of 1828, the noun *tramp* does not

appear, but *tramper* figures as a stroller, a vagrant. In later editions, the tramp is set down as simply a foot-traveler. Worcester, however, holds to the definition of tramp, or tramper, as a vagrant. Bartlett, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, 1877, says that while in England a tramp is a foot traveler, here he is a strolling vagabond, and then adds that tramps are "men without employment, strolling about cities and in the country, begging food, unwilling to work, and often ready to steal."

The causes which have affected the character of the tramp and given to the word such a variety of meaning possess historical and social significance. The people who, early in the century, jolted in clumsy, comfortless, slow-going vehicles along the then wretched English roads could not well despise the tramp, for he had the advantage of going on foot. Nor was there anything degrading in the condition of the mechanic who took to the road when the progress of industrial development deprived artisans of their independence by massing them in factories. The tramp, as peddler, was a peculiarly useful member of society when his wares spared the farmer's family a tedious journey to the nearest town or village. It was not till the close of the wars with Napoleon that tramps in England were regarded as rogues and vagabonds. Here, again, it was their misfortune, and not their fault, that these epithets were applied to them. They consisted of disbanded soldiers and sailors, and agricultural laborers out of work, and it was in search of employment that they wandered about the country. By the operation of the absurd law of settlement, every parish was interested in making these poor fellows vagrants. The authorities had them carted about from one work-house to another, instead of permitting them to remain where they could support themselves by their voluntary industry. In like manner, the enforced idleness

which resulted from the close of our civil war, and from the overproductiveness caused by inflation of values, not only increased the number of tramps, but developed in them brutal characteristics, which were happily wanting in

the harmless strollers of earlier days. A continuance of the present improved condition of business will do more than repressive legislation to remedy the evils of which the most degraded tramps are effects rather than causes.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

American News Co., New York: Around the World with General Grant. By John Russell Young. Parts 15-18. — Tales of the Chesapeake. By George Alfred Townsend.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Great Lights in Sculpture and Painting: A Manual for Young Students. By S. D. Doremus. — Progress and Poverty: An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions, and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy. By Henry George. — The Art of Speech. Vol. I. Studies in Poetry and Prose. By L. T. Townsend, D. D. — American Navigation. By Henry Hall. — Great Singers. Faustina Bordoni to Henrietta Sontag. By George T. Ferris. (New Handy-Volume Series.) — Sebastian Strome. By Julian Hawthorne. (Appleton's Library of American Fiction.) — Lord Macaulay. His Life, his Writings. By Charles H. Jones. (New Handy-Volume Series.) — The Pathology of Mind. By Henry Maudsley, M. D. — Erasmus Darwin. By Ernst Krause. Translated by W. S. Dallas. With a Preliminary Notice by Charles Darwin. — The Chemistry of Common Life. By the late James F. W. Johnston, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Durham. A New Edition, revised and brought down to the Present Time, by Arthur Herbert Church, M. A. Oxon. — Mind in the Lower Animals. By W. Lander Lindsay, M. D. Vol. I. Mind in Health. Vol. II. Mind in Disease. — The Financial History of the United States, from 1774 to 1789. Embracing the Period of the American Revolution. By Albert S. Bolles. — The Seamy Side. By Walter Besant and James Rice. — A Breeze from the Woods. By W. C. Bartlett. Author's Private Edition.

Presley Blakiston, Philadelphia: Brain-Work and Overwork. By Dr. H. C. Wood. (American Health Primers.)

J. W. Bouton, New York: Gazette des Beaux-Arts. December, 1879.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Our Indian Wars. By George W. Manypenny.

Glints from over the Water. By P. B. Cogswell, Concord, N. H. Published by the author.

Cott and Hann, Columbus, O.: Paul Reeves; or, Life's Mistakes. By Guy Percival.

Peter F. Cunningham and Son, Philadelphia: Preludes. By Maurice F. Egan.

Davis, Bardeen & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.: Half a Hundred Songs for the Schoolroom and Home. By Hattie Sanford Russell. — Politics and Schools. By Sydney G. Cooke. — The Elements of Education. By Charles J. Buell.

Donnelley, Gassette and Loyd, Chicago: Zachariah, the Congressman. By Gilbert A. Pierce.

Edmonston & Co., Edinburgh: The Hamnet Shakspeare. Part V. The Winter's Tale, according to the First Folio (spelling modernized). With Introduction and Relative Lists. By Allan Park Paton.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: The Perception of Space and Matter. By Rev. Johnston Estep Walter. — The American Art Review. February, 1880.

Ginn and Heath, Boston: A System of Moral Science. By Laurens P. Hickok, D. D., LL. D. Revised with the Coöperation of Julius H. Seelye, D. D., LL. D. — A Brief History of Roman Literature for Schools and Colleges. Translated and edited from the German of Hermann Bender by E. P. Crowell and H. B. Richardson.

Government Printing Office, Washington: Report on the Geology of the Henry Mountains. By G. K. Gilbert. — Report on the Lands of the Arid Region of United States, with a more Detailed Account of the Lands of Utah, with Maps. By J. W. Powell. — Introduction to the Study of Sign Language among the North American Indians as illustrating the Gesture Speech of Mankind. By Garriek Mallery, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Army.

E. J. Hale and Son, New York: The Poetical Works of James De Ruyter Blackwell. Vol. I.

Harper and Brothers, New York: Studies of the Greek Poets. By John Addington Symonds. 2 vols. — Civil Service in Great Britain. A History of Abuses and Reforms, and their Bearing upon American Politics. By Dorman B. Eaton. — Songs from the Published Writings of Alfred Tennyson. Set to Music by Various Composers. Edited by W. G. Cusins. Illustrated. — A History of Our Own Times from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. Vol. I. By Justin McCarthy. — Milton. By Mark Pattison. — Hawthorne. By Henry James, Jr. — Southey. By Edward Dowden. (Morley's English Men of Letters.) — The Greatest Heiress in England. By Mrs. Oliphant. — Queen of the

Meadow. By Charles Gibbon. — Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight. By James Rice and Walter Bessant. — The Munster Circuit: Tales, Trials, and Traditions. By J. R. O'Flanagan. — Nell: On and Off the Stage. By B. H. Buxton. — Sir John. By the author of Anne Dysart. — Mademoiselle de Mersac. By the Author of Heaps of Money. — "Cousin Simon." By the Hon. Mrs. Robert Marsham. — Friend and Lover. By Iza Duffus Hardy. (Half Hour Series.) — Golden-Rod. An Idyl of Mount Desert. — Othello the Second. By F. W. Robinson. — Shakespeare's King John. Edited with Notes by William J. Rolfe, A. M. Illustrated. — The Origin of the Homeric Poems. A Lecture by Dr. Hermann Bonitz. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Lewis R. Packard. — Sporting Adventures in the Far West. By John Mortimer Murphy. Illustrated.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Zoölogy for Students and General Readers. By A. S. Packard, Jr., M. D., Ph. D. With Numerous Illustrations. (American Science Series.) — England. Her People, Polity, and Pursuits. By T. H. S. Escott. — The Child's Catechism of Common Things. By John D. Champlin, Jr. — Sunshine and Storm in the East; or, Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople. By Mrs. Brassey. — Popular Romances of the Middle Ages. By Sir George W. Cox, M. A., Bart., and Eustace Hinton Jones.

Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston: Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. Third Series. (Continued.) — The Manliness of Christ. By Thomas Hughes. — Confidence. By Henry James, Jr. — Labor. With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. (Boston Monday Lectures.) — History of Materialism and Criticism of its Present Importance. By Frederick Albert Lange. Translated by Ernest Chester Thomas. Vol. II.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: Mr. Phillips's Goneness. By James M. Bailey, "The Danbury News Man." — M. Tullii Ciceronis Epistulæ: Recognovit. Reivholdus Cotz. — Taghconic. The Romance and Beauty of the Hills. By Godfrey Greylock. — Poetry for Children. Edited by Samuel Eliot, Superintendent of Schools. — Six Stories from the Arabian Nights. Edited by Samuel Eliot, Superintendent of Schools. — Six Popular Tales. Selected and Arranged by Henry Cabot Lodge. (Authorized for use in the Boston Public Schools.) — About Grant. By John L. Swift. — Kings in Exile. From the French of Alphonse Daudet. By Virginia Champlin.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Memoir of Henry Armitt Brown. Together with Four Historical Orations. Edited by J. M. Hoppin, Professor in Yale College. — The Poems of Frank O. Tieknor, M. D. Edited by K. M. R. With an Introductory Notice of the Author by Paul H. Hayne. — The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories. By the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL. D., Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Loring, Boston: A Bundle of Letters. By Henry James, Jr.

Macmillan & Co., London: The Life and Work

of Mary Carpenter. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M. A. — Reciprocity, Bi-Metallism, and Land-Tenure Reform. By Alexander J. Wilson. — The Life of John Milton. Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, M. A., LL. D. Vol. VI.

Charles H. Marot, Philadelphia: Civilization: Is its Cause Natural or Supernatural? An Inquiry by a Wayfarer in Search of the Truth.

Micrometrical Measurements of Double Stars, 1878-79. (Publications of the Cincinnati Observatory.)

New England Publishing Co., Boston: The Three Pronunciations of Latin. By M. M. Fisher.

J. S. Ogilvie, New York: Limited License in its Relation to the Liquor Traffic. By S. Leamet, Jr.

T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia: Rancý Cotten's Courtship. By Major Joseph Jones. — The Conquest of Plassaus. By Emile Zola. Translated from French by John Stirling. — The Earl of Mayfield. — The Rongon-Macquart Family. By Emile Zola. Translated from French by John Stirling. — How She Won Him; or, The Bride of Charming Valley. By D. A. Moore. — Hyde Park Sketches. By A. R. Western. — The American L'Assommoir. A Parody on Zola's L'Assommoir. By Joseph Sydney.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: The Pre-Historic World. By Elie Berthet. Translated from the French by Mary J. Safford. — All Quiet along the Potomac and other Poems. By Ethel Lynn Beers.

L. Prang & Co., Boston: Illustrations of the History of Art. Series IV. The Industrial Arts among the Oriental Nations and the Nations of Europe, from the Middle Ages down to Modern Times.

Orson Pratt, Sen., 42 Islington, Liverpool: Key to the Universe.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: From Attic to Cellar. By Mrs. Oakey. — Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States. By Charles Godfrey Leland. — The Value of Life. A reply to Mr. Mallock's Essay, Is Life Worth Living? — The Maintenance of Health. By J. Milner Fothergill. — Wayside Leaves. By J. Luella Dowd. — Knickerbocker Novels. A Man's a Man for a' That. — Ethics; or, Science of Duty. By John Bascom. — The Elective Franchise in the United States. By D. C. McMillan. With a preface by Hon. Horatio Seymour. — Free Ships. By John Codman. (Economic Monographs, No. VI.) — The Inter-Oceanic Canal and the Munroe Doctrine.

B. B. Russell & Co., Boston: William Lloyd Garrison and his Times. By Oliver Johnson. With an Introduction by John G. Whittier.

W. C. Wilson & Co., Philadelphia: Scattered Notes of the Text of Shakespeare. By J. G. Herr.

William Wood & Co., New York: A Treatise on Hygiene and Public Health. 2 vols. Edited by Albert H. Buck. — The History of Massage. By Douglas Graham.



HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

*** The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., 47 Franklin Street, Boston. Prices are given on page 8.*

A New Story by Mrs. Whitney is promised immediately, and for a host of readers no more welcome announcement could be made. No American writer has heartier admirers or a more distinct place in American literature than Mrs. Whitney. And the admiration she has won is almost unique in its character. For it is not due primarily to Mrs. Whitney's brightness, though no one fails to recognize this; it is inspired largely by the spirit out of which her stories spring, and which pervades them and surrounds them like an atmosphere. This spirit may fitly be called an active optimism, — a resolute purpose to see and know and do and believe and hope for the best. It is by no means good-natured indifference, or blind benevolent "guessing" that things will come right. It is energetically determined they shall come right, and positive that the order of the universe is such that all helpful words and deeds directly and inevitably tend to bring them right. Mrs. Whitney floods her stories with moral sunshine, and this so warms her readers as to tend to their admiration a fervor and gratitude such as few authors excite. The list of her books given on another page will recall to those who have read them the peculiar blending of humor, sterling sense, and suggestions of the wonderful significance of nature, life, and human relations, which characterize all her stories. The new story, "Odd, or Even?" is sufficiently described by saying that it is one of Mrs. Whitney's best. A host of readers will eagerly welcome it.

History and Traditions of Marblehead.

— Hardly any other old town in America has a more interesting history or more quaint traditions than Marblehead. Everybody who has read Mr. Whittier's ballad of

"Old Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

must have had his curiosity stimulated to learn more of the traditions of a people whose dialect and moral sense were both so irresistible. The good service of collecting these traditions and of narrating the history of this famous town, has been performed by Mr. Samuel Roads, Jr. The book is illustrated with heliotypes of picturesque scenes, historic or interesting buildings, and portraits of persons memorable in Marblehead annals. Altogether, it is a volume which

lovers of our old New England history will prize, as well as those who find a strong fascination in the idiosyncrasies of an original of positive and unconventional modes of thought and life.

American Prose. — The success of "American Poems" has been so marked that a companion volume has been prepared of "American Prose." It contains entire stories or essays selected from the writings of eight eminent American authors, with brief introductory sketches which serve to prepare the reader for an immediate and intelligent appreciation of the author and his contributions; and also with such notes as seem necessary to explain historical and biographical allusions. The selections include, from Hawthorne: "The Snow-Image," "The Great Stone Face," "Drowne's Wooden Image," "Howe's Masquerade;" from Irving: "Rip Van Winkle," "Little Britain;" from Longfellow: "The Valley of the Loire," "Journey into Spain;" from Whittier: "Yankee Gypsies," "The Boy Captives;" from Holmes: "The Gambrel-Roofed House;" from Lowell: "My Garden Acquaintance;" from Thoreau: "Sounds," "Brute Neighbors," "The Highland Light;" from Emerson: "Behavior," "Books." This book, like "American Poems," is primarily intended for use as a reading-book in high and grammar schools, and as a pleasant and profitable introduction to the study of literature in some of its purest and most attractive forms. The former book has proved exceedingly satisfactory and is steadily winning its way into the best schools in all parts of the country. The contents of the latter are so engaging as to assure it equal or greater acceptance. Both of these books, though intended for school use, are of so sterling character, and the editorial additions (biographical sketches, introductions, and explanatory notes) are so judicious and give just the information most persons desire, that general readers will find them peculiarly attractive.

Ballads and Lyrics. — In the line of "The New Departure in Education," described in the March ATLANTIC, with special reference to books for use in reading, is a volume of "Ballads and Lyrics," arranged by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, and just ready for publication. It contains upwards of one hundred and fifty

poems, placed generally in chronological order, beginning with the ballad of "Chevy Chase" and coming down through the long line of English and American poets to the present time. Shakespeare, Scott, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Hood, Browning, Tennyson, Macaulay, Aytoun, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Bryant, Poe,—these are but a small part of the famous names included; yet they indicate the wealth and variety of the contents of the book. It is primarily intended for use in schools, but hosts of intelligent readers will be glad to procure so large and choice a collection of ballads and lyrics in a form so compact.

A Book for All Good Citizens.—When some of the essays contained in the book just issued, entitled "Dangerous Tendencies in American Life, and Other Papers," appeared in the ATLANTIC, certain critics discharged themselves from further consideration of the matter by calling the writer a "pessimist." True, a few of the essays are critical, but hopelessly and sensibly critical. They have no trace of cynicism, superciliousness, or of what is generally understood by the word "pessimism," but are in a remarkable degree manly, frank, and helpful. If all good citizens could read this little book, there could not fail to be a most healthful impulse given to public and private faith and well-doing.

Swedenborg and the New Church is the subject of a little volume, just published, which is so compact, comprehensive, judicious, and attractive a presentation of the religious teachings of Swedenborg and of the faith cherished by the New Church, that it cannot fail of a hearty welcome from thoughtful people of other denominations as well as from those whose views and hopes it states so ably and fairly.

"Confidence."—Mr. James's latest novel, as was to be expected, attracts no little attention from the press. The *Portland Transcript* says of it:—

Mr. James's new novel, "Confidence," is so bewilderingly interesting that one dislikes the very idea of criticism in connection with it. It has a charm beyond anything he has ever written, in that the people are more real flesh-and-blood beings rather than the delightful creatures of the author's imagination which he has before presented to us for inspection. In fact, Mr. James has done nothing better than this, his latest work. The whole story is delicious, exhibiting all of the writer's characteristic cleverness. His pleasing fancy, brilliant dialogue, and keen wit and satire have never been seen to better advantage than in "Confidence"—which we do not hesitate to pronounce a grand success.

The *Hartford Courant* remarks:—

It will satisfy the general reader better than other stories by Mr. James, because the ending is satisfactory. It will please the special admirers of Mr. James, because it is an excellent example of his consummate literary skill.

The Manliness of Christ.—Mr. Hughes's book is attracting attention all over the country, in all denominations of Christians and among thoughtful people outside of churches. Some excellent persons who feared, from its title, that its object was to prove Christ to be a *man*, have discovered—in the words of the *New York Christian Intelligencer*—that it is

A good, strong, healthy book, in which with rare felicity of expression and good judgment, the author sets the personal character of Christ as the highest example of all those virtues which constitute true manliness.

Good Company magazine finds it a noble appeal to young men, and adds:—

After an admirable chapter on "The Tests of Manliness," in which he shows that courage, self-sacrifice, fidelity to truth and devotion to duty are its essential elements, he proceeds with a rapid but careful survey of the principal events of our Saviour's life, showing how all these qualities in their highest manifestation are exemplified by Him. Under this treatment the character of our Lord takes on some aspects of nobility and greatness with which the professional theologians have not always invested it. The environment of his life is well depicted, and the courage and fidelity that was required for such testimonies as He uttered and such deeds as He did, are forcibly suggested.

The two editions of this book (cloth, \$1.00; paper, 25 cents) published by Houghton, Osgood & Co. are the only authorized American editions.

Gilman's Chaucer.—Mr. Arthur Gilman's edition of Chaucer, in three volumes of the popular Riverside edition of the British Poets, has been greeted with very hearty welcome by scholars, critics, and lovers of poetry. Prof. W. W. Skeat, the eminent English scholar, in a recent note to Mr. Gilman, says: "It is a capital book. I congratulate you on accomplishing your laborious task so satisfactorily."

The *Boston Transcript* remarks:—

This edition of Chaucer is by far the best that now exists; it gleams from all preceding labors their excellences; it presents a coherent and popular arrangement; it is illuminated by a candor of treatment and sympathy of understanding that infuse new attractions through tale and poem. That patience and scrutiny, that tentative process, that collaborative talent, that mastership of details, which characterize the Germans, are traits often sought and not often found in our literary workers. It is, therefore, gratifying in the extreme to find in our midst one who slowly builds his structure, trusting that a just constituency, however small or large, will recognize the industry, analysis, comparison, and reconstruction such toil as this involves.

The *St. Louis American Journal of Education* couples its praise of Mr. Gilman's work with a graceful compliment to the publishers:—

The well-known house of Houghton, Osgood & Co. is continually making real additions to the convenience of all lovers of standard literature, and the quality of their work is so uniformly excellent that any remark upon it has grown to be superfluous. But of all their recent additions this three-volume edition of Chaucer is the most needed, and will be warmly welcomed.

The *Satchel Guide* for 1880, which has just been published, has been carefully revised. Since the last issue the editor has been over the ground covered by the "Guide," and has incorporated in this edition a large number of corrections and changes. This makes the "Satchel Guide" yet more worthy of its great popularity with those who go on flying tours through western and southern Europe.

An American physician who has used the "Guide" in a European tour, writes thus to the Cincinnati *Lancet and Clinic*:—

The "Satchel Guide to Europe" has been my constant companion and adviser, and I have been enabled to live comfortably, travel pleasantly, and see very much, at a very moderate expense. This guide has saved me the worry of seeking out hotels, and it points out the good, cheaper grades of hotels as well as the first class.

The *American Architect and Building News*, says *The Congregationalist*, "is a weekly journal which must be of the utmost value to all directly concerned with building and kindred matters. Yet its interest is by no means limited to them. Though but a layman in such things we find ourselves taking real and increasing enjoyment in examining its pages. Its illustrations are practical and admirable. All persons who are proposing to build houses will do well to consult it for a while, and its regular subscribers are certainly treated to some charming pictures, as well as furnished with much vastly useful knowledge."

Specimen copies of *The American Architect* will be sent without cost on application to the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Osgood and Co., Boston.

A Remarkable "Amateur" Novel.—In noticing a story recently published, the Cincinnati *Commercial* alludes as follows to what must certainly be regarded as a remarkable and successful amateur novel:—

"An Earnest Trifler" must, necessarily, as the first work of a hitherto unknown author, be classed as an amateur novel. It has a far less varied background of events than has . . . There are about one sixth the number of characters. There is no attempt at sensation; yet there runs through that book an absorbing interest that holds the reader from the first page to the last. The characters are developed. The subtleties of life are indicated by an artist hand.

Selections from the Koran, made by Mr. E. W. Lane, and now edited by Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, is a book of great interest to students of comparative religion. The portions omitted are such as possess little or no interest for any one who does not regard the Koran as wholly inspired, and therefore entitled in all its parts to equal respect.

The Boston *Advertiser* says:—

For Mr. Lane's introduction, Mr. Poole has substituted a sketch of the early Arabs, the salient points of Islám, and the history of the Kurán. Mr. Poole seems to have succeeded in carrying out the original intention of Mr. Lane, and making a book of general interest. Some of the wilder passages or

poems about heaven, hell, and the resurrection have a striking resemblance to the most poetic and elevated fragments of Walt Whitman, who may have been a faithful reader of the Islam scriptures. The introductory chapter about the early Arabs is as romantic and gallant as imagination can desire; there is no destruction of the old poetic legends about that people, but confirmation of them all, to the last test of that magnificent hospitality which has for centuries been, in song and story, the crowning Arab glory.

Mrs. Clement's Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art has proved, by the many editions it has passed through, that it supplied information which many intelligent persons desire. It treats of "Symbolism in Art," "Legends and Stories illustrated in Art," "Legends of Place," and "Ancient Myths which have been illustrated in Art." *The Christian at Work*, Rev. Dr. Taylor's paper, says:—

All these subjects are treated with a vigor, and freshness, and beauty that unite to make them as entertaining as they are instructive. The numerous plates in illustration of the finest specimens of artistic genius in the galleries of Rome, Munich, Berlin, Florence, Vienna, and the Louvre are invaluable aids in conveying just impressions of the traits of the great masters and their works. At this time of growing interest in art-culture such a book, inexpensive and portable, yet packed with admirably selected and attractive information, will be hailed by many, very many, as a boon.

Mr. Cook's Latest Book, on "Labor," is generally acknowledged to be one of the most useful and instructive volumes he has yet published. The New York *Examiner and Chronicle* speaks of it with marked emphasis, as follows:—

Mr. Cook has done his difficult work in a just and fearless spirit, and done it well. His burning invective, his vehement appeals, his masterly strategic skill in marshalling his facts into solid and invincible phalanx, his clean-cut definitions, never appeared to better advantage than in the present discussion. Our hearts have burned with his own as we have read some of his awful revelations. The lectures on "Sex in Industry" are specially noteworthy. The subjects discussed demand the thoughtful, earnest, prolonged attention of every man and woman in the land.

The Portland *Press* says:—

These lectures have all the force, the rapid and overwhelming eloquence of Mr. Cook's previous addresses; and contain much sound and useful doctrine upon the questions regarding Labor and Capital, which the country is at present called upon to solve. This volume is certainly one of the most valuable of his contributions to the literature of the time, and one which affords much matter for thought and comment.

The *National Baptist*, of Philadelphia, observes:—

These lectures are strong on the right side; on the side of honor, honesty, truth, and virtue. They face present dangers, difficulties, and perils, with a fearless, vigorous, and fervid eloquence that is felt throughout America, and whose echo is heard in England and on the continent.

The Providence *Press* finds this volume "as marked as any of its predecessors," and regards all his lectures as "able, original, bold, and powerful pleas for the truth."

Sealed Orders is a book of so unusual character and interest that the Boston *Journal* felicitously said of it:—

One would need go far and search diligently before finding stories more sweet and tender, more intense in their realism, or exhibiting a keener or more womanly sympathy than the seventeen which are contained in Miss Phelps's latest volume.

A Story to be Read.—The appearance of a story by Mr. Bishop in this month's ATLANTIC naturally calls to mind his "Detmold," which has received very hearty praise from American critics whose praise carries most authority. The New York *Tribune* pointed out its "rare union of perfect naturalness with artistic finish of composition." The Hartford *Courant* pronounced the story "fresh, clean, healthy, and thoroughly enjoyable." And the *Magazine of American History* said:—

"Nothing has ever come from the pen of either Mr. James or Mr. Howells more perfect in style, more exquisite in finish, more tender in sentiment, than "Detmold." (\$1.25.)

Mr. Stedman in England.—The London *Saturday Review* has a long notice of Mr. Stedman's "Lyrics and Idyls," recently published in London. It mentions with admiration several features of the book, commending especially the songs. Of Mr. Stedman's poetical works in general it says:—

An extensive mastery of poetical ideas and language and great skill in versification are guided by a refined taste which is seldom found wanting. Mr. Stedman has made his mark as a careful and judicious critic of modern poetry, and when he comes to write poetry himself his critical faculty stands him in good stead by enabling him to make the best of his materials.

American Fiction.—The following paragraphs from a recent article in the *Cleveland Leader* are on the whole so true that New York and Boston dilettantes will please smother their emotion over the reference to themselves, for the sake of the comfort which a large circle will derive from it:—

Howells, Warner, James, and others of that famous *coterie* have elbowed from the way all less refined and able pretenders to the favor of the reading public. They have not only gratified a taste of the American people; they have created one. Writing with a polish and a minute finish hitherto almost unknown to any literature, they have sent their missionaries of refinement beyond the exclusive circles of New York and Boston dilettanteism, until in a small town in Ohio, scarcely known beyond the borders of the State, it has been possible for a young girl, with no other means of study than that afforded by the works of these masters, to produce a story which the most acute critics have favorably compared with her models.

An American fiction is now a recognized fact, a fiction so imbued with a native flavor that, whether it tells the story of Baddeck or Florence, whether it describes the humorous phases of a border town or a dreamy voyage up the Nile,—whatever it may be in other respects,—it is always American.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Odd, or Even?** By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. 16mo.....\$1.50
- American Prose.** Selections from the Writings of Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Thoreau, and Emerson. With Introductions and Notes. 16mo.....1.25
- Ballads and Lyrics.** Arranged by H. C. LODGE. 16mo.....1.25
- A Graduated Russian Reader.** With a Vocabulary. By HENRY RIOLA. 16mo.....4.00
- A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist** in Europe. Edition for 1880, carefully revised.....2.00
- The Manliness of Christ.** By THOMAS HUGHES, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," etc., 12mo, gilt top, \$1.00; paper......25
- Problems of Life and Mind.** Third Series. By GEORGE H. LEWES. 8vo.....3.00
- Labor.** Seventh volume of Boston Monday Lectures. With Preludes on Current Events. By JOSEPH COOK. 12mo.....1.50
- Confidence.** By HENRY JAMES, JR., 8vo...1.50
- Rocky Mountain Health Resorts.** An Analytical Study of High Altitudes in Relation to the Arrest of Chronic Pulmonary Disease. By CHARLES DENISON, A. M., M. D. With Climatic Map. Cloth, \$1.50; paper.....1.00
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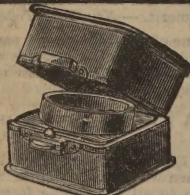


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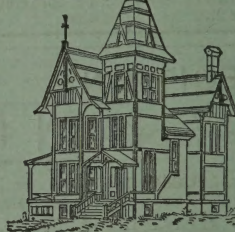
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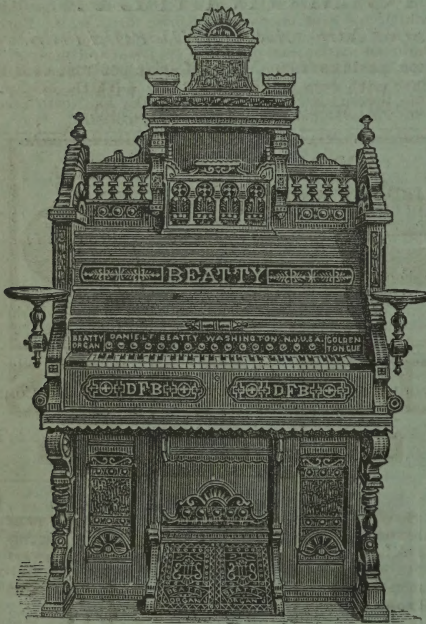
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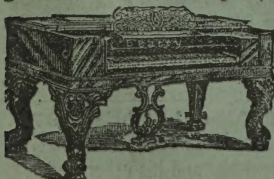


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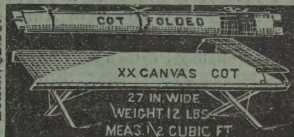
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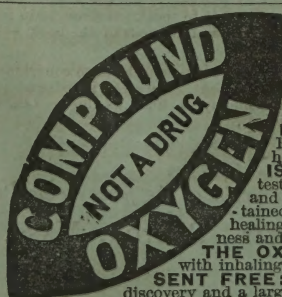
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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

X.

THREE years glided by with Richard Shackford as swiftly as those periods of time which are imagined to elapse between the acts of a play. They were eventless, untroubled years, and have no history. Nevertheless, certain changes had taken place. Little by little Mr. Slocum had relinquished the supervision of the workshops to Richard, until now the affairs of the yard rested chiefly on his shoulders. It was like a dream to him when he looked directly back to his humble beginning, though as he reflected upon it, and retraced his progress step by step, he saw there was nothing illogical or astonishing in his good fortune. He had won it by downright hard work and the faithful exercise of a sufficing talent.

In his relations with Margaret, Richard's attitude had undergone no appreciable change. Her chance visits to the studio through the week and those pleasant, half-idle Saturday afternoons had become to both Richard and Margaret a matter of course, like the sunlight, or the air they breathed.

To Richard, Margaret Slocum at nineteen was simply a charming, frank girl, — a type of gracious young womanhood. He was conscious of her influence; he was very fond of Margaret; but she had

not yet taken on for him that magic individuality which makes a woman the one woman in the world to her lover. Though Richard had scant experience in such matters, he was not wrong in accepting Margaret as the type of a class of New England girls, which, fortunately for New England, is not a small class. These young women for the most part lead quiet and restricted lives so far as the actualities are concerned, but very deep and full lives in the world of books and imagination, to which they make early escapes. They have the high instincts that come of good blood, the physique that naturally fits fine manners; and when chance takes one of these maidens from her inland country home or from some sleepy town on the sea-board, and sets her amid the complications of city existence, she is an unabashed and unassuming lady. If in Paris, she differs from the Parisiennes only in the greater delicacy of her lithe beauty, her innocence which is not ignorance, and her French pronunciation; if in London, she differs from English girls only in the matter of rosy cheeks and the rising inflection. Should none of these fortunate transplantings befall her, she always merits them by adorning with grace and industry and intelligence the narrower sphere to which destiny has assigned her.

Destiny had assigned Margaret Slocum

to a very narrow sphere; it had shut her up in an obscure New England manufacturing village, with no society, strictly speaking, and no outlets whatever to large experiences. To her father's affection, Richard's friendship, and her household duties she was forced to look for her happiness. If life held wider possibilities for her, she had not dreamed of them. She looked up to Richard with respect, — perhaps with a dash of sentiment in the respect; there was something at once gentle and virile in his character which she admired and leaned upon; in his presence the small housekeeping troubles always slipped from her; but her heart, to use a pretty French phrase, had not consciously spoken, — possibly it had murmured a little, incoherently, to itself, but it had not spoken out aloud, as perhaps it would have done long ago if an impediment had been placed in the way of their intimacy. With all her subtle intuitions, Margaret was as far as Richard from suspecting the strength and direction of the current with which they were drifting. Freedom, habit, and the nature of their environment conspired to prolong this mutual lack of perception. The hour had sounded, however, when these two were to see each other in a different light.

One Monday morning in March, at the close of the three years in question, as Richard mounted the outside staircase leading to his studio in the extension, the servant-maid beckoned to him from the kitchen window.

Margaret had failed to come to the studio the previous Saturday afternoon. Richard had worked at cross-purposes and returned to his boarding-house vaguely dissatisfied, as always happened to him on those rare occasions when she missed the appointment; but he had thought little of the circumstance. Nor had he been disturbed on Sunday at seeing the Slocum pew vacant during both services. The heavy snow-storm which

had begun the night before accounted for at least Margaret's absence.

"Mr. Slocum told me to tell you that he should n't be in the yard to-day," said the girl. "Miss Margaret is very sick."

"Sick!" Richard repeated, and the smile with which he had leaned over the rail towards the window went out instantly on his lip.

"Dr. Weld was up with her until five o'clock this morning," said the girl, fingering the corner of her apron. "She's that low."

"What is the matter?"

"It's a fever."

"What kind of fever?"

"I don't mind me what the doctor called it. He thinks it come from something wrong with the drains."

"He did n't say typhoid?"

"Yes, that's the name of it."

Richard ascended the stairs with a slow step, and a moment afterwards stood stupidly in the middle of the workshop. "Margaret is going to die," he said to himself, giving voice to the dark foreboding that had instantly seized upon him, and in a swift vision he saw the end of all that simple, fortunate existence which he had lived without once reflecting it could ever end. He mechanically picked up a tool from the table, and laid it down again. Then he seated himself on the low bench between the windows. It was Margaret's favorite place; it was not four days since she sat there reading to him. Already it appeared long ago, — years and years ago. He could hardly remember when he did not have this heavy weight on his heart. His life of yesterday abruptly presented itself to him as a reminiscence; he saw now how happy that life had been, and how lightly he had accepted it. It took to itself all that precious quality of things irrevocably lost.

The clamor of the bell in the South Church striking noon, and the shrilling of the steam whistles softened by the

thick-falling snow, roused Richard from his abstraction. He was surprised that it was noon. He rose from the bench and went home through the storm, scarcely heeding the sleet that snapped in his face like whip-lashes. Margaret was going to die!

For four or five weeks the world was nearly a blank to Richard Shackford. The insidious fever that came and went, bringing alternate despair and hope to the watchers in the hushed room, was in his veins also. He passed the days between his lonely lodgings in Lime Street and the studio, doing nothing, restless and apathetic by turns, but with always a poignant sense of anxiety. He ceased to take any distinct measurement of time further than to note that an interval of months seemed to separate Monday from Monday. Meanwhile, if new patterns had been required by the men, the work in the carving departments would have come to a dead lock.

At length the shadow lifted, and there fell a day of soft May weather when Margaret, muffled in shawls and as white as death, was seated once more in her accustomed corner by the west window. She had insisted on being brought there the first practicable moment; nowhere else in the house was such sunshine, and Mr Slocum himself had brought her in his arms. She leaned back against the pillows, smiling faintly. Her fingers lay locked on her lap, and the sunlight showed through the narrow transparent palms. It was as if her hands were full of blush-roses.

Richard breathed again, but not with so free a heart as before. What if she had died? He felt an immense pity for himself when he thought of that, and he thought of it continually as the days wore on.

Either a great alteration had wrought itself in Margaret, or Richard beheld her through a clearer medium during the weeks of convalescence that followed. Was this the slight, sharp-faced girl he

used to know? The eyes and the hair were the same; but the smile was deeper, and the pliant figure had lost its extreme slimness without a sacrifice to its delicacy. The spring air was filling her veins with abundant health, and mantling her cheeks with a richer duskiness than they had ever worn. Margaret was positively handsome. Her beauty had come all in a single morning, like the crocuses. This beauty began to awe Richard; it had the effect of seeming to remove her further and further from him. He grew moody and restless when they were together, and was wretched alone. His constraint did not escape Margaret. She watched him, and wondered at his inexplicable depression when every one in the household was rejoicing in her recovery. By and by this depression wounded her, but she was too spirited to show the hurt. She always brought a book with her now, in her visits to the studio; it was less awkward to read than to sit silent and unspoken to over a piece of needle-work.

"How very odd you are!" said Margaret, one afternoon, closing the volume which she had held mutely for several minutes, waiting for Richard to grasp the fact that she had ceased reading aloud.

"I odd!" protested Richard, breaking with a jerk from one of his long reveries. "In what way?"

"As if I could explain — when you put the question suddenly, like that."

"I did n't intend to be abrupt. I was curious to know. And then the charge itself was a trifle unexpected, if you will look at it. But never mind," he added with a smile; "think it over, and tell me to-morrow."

"No, I will tell you now, since you are willing to wait."

"I was n't really willing to wait, but I knew if I did n't pretend to be I should never get it out of you."

"Very well, then; your duplicity is

successful. Richard, I am puzzled where to begin with your oddities."

"Begin at the beginning."

"No, I will take the nearest. When a young lady is affable enough to read aloud to you, the least you can do is to listen to her. That is a deference you owe to the author, when it happens to be Hawthorne, to say nothing of the young lady."

"But I *have* been listening, Margaret. Every word!"

"Where did I leave off?"

"It was where — where the" — and Richard knitted his brows in the vain effort to remember — "where the young daguerreotypist, what's-his-name, took up his residence in the House of the Seven Gables."

"No, sir! You stand convicted. It was ten pages further on. The last words were," — and Margaret read from the book, —

"'Good-night, cousin,' said Phoebe, strangely affected by Hepzibah's manner. 'If you begin to love me, I am glad.'"

"There, sir! what do you say to that?"

Richard did not say anything, but he gave a guilty start, and shot a rapid glance at Margaret coolly enjoying her triumph.

"In the next place," she continued soberly, after a pause, "I think it very odd in you not to reply to me, — oh, not now, for of course you are without a word of justification; but at other times. Frequently, when I speak to you, you look at me so," making a vacant little face, "and then suddenly disappear, — I don't mean bodily, but mentally."

"I am no great talker at best," said Richard with a helpless air. "I seldom speak unless I have something to say."

"But other people do. I, for instance."

"Oh, you, Margaret; that is different. When you talk I don't much mind what you are talking about."

"I like a neat, delicate compliment like that!"

"What a perverse girl you are to-day!" cried Richard. "You won't understand me. I mean that your words and your voice are so pleasant they make anything interesting, whether it's important or not."

"If no one were to speak until he had something important to communicate," observed Margaret, "conversation in this world would come to a general stop." Then she added, with a little ironical smile, "Even you, Richard, would n't be talking all the time."

Formerly Margaret's light sarcasms, even when they struck him point-blank, used to amuse Richard; but now he winced at being merely grazed.

Margaret went on: "But it's not a bit necessary to be oracular or instructive — with me. I am interested in trivial matters, — in the weather, in my spring hat, in what you are going to do next, and the like. One must occupy one's self with something. But you, Richard, nowadays you seem interested in nothing, and have nothing whatever to say."

Poor Richard! He had a great deal to say, but he did not know how, nor if it were wise to breathe it. Just three little words, murmured or whispered, and the whole conditions would be changed. With those fateful words uttered, what would be Margaret's probable attitude, and what Mr. Slocum's? Though the line which formerly drew itself between employer and employee had grown faint with time, it still existed in Richard's mind, and now came to the surface with great distinctness, like a word written in sympathetic ink. If he spoke, and Margaret was startled or offended, then there was an end to their free, unembarrassed intercourse, — perhaps an end to all intercourse. By keeping his secret locked in his breast he at least secured the present. But that was to risk everything. Any day somebody might come and carry Margaret off under his very eyes. As he

reflected on this, the shadow of John Dana, the son of the rich iron-manufacturer, etched itself sharply upon Richard's imagination. Within the week young Dana had declared in the presence of Richard that "Margaret Slocum was an awfully nice little thing," and the Othello in Richard's blood had been set seething. Then his thought glanced from John Dana to Mr. Pinkham and the Rev. Arthur Langly, both of whom were assiduous visitors at the house. The former had lately taken to accompanying Margaret on the piano with his dismal little flute, and the latter was perpetually making a moth of himself about her class at Sunday-school.

Richard stood with the edge of his chisel resting idly upon the plaster mold in front of him, pondering these things. Presently he heard Margaret's voice, as if somewhere in the distance, saying, —

"I have not finished yet, Richard."

"Go on," said Richard, falling to work again with a kind of galvanic action. "Go on, please."

"I have a serious grievance. Frankly, I am hurt by your preoccupation and indifference, your want of openness or cordiality, — I don't know how to name it. You are the only person who seems to be unaware that I escaped a great danger a month ago. I am obliged to remember all the agreeable hours I have spent in the studio to keep off the impression that during my illness you got used to not seeing me, and that now my presence somehow obstructs your work and annoys you."

Richard threw his chisel on the bench, and crossed over to the window where Margaret sat.

"You are as wrong as you can be," he said, looking down on her half-lifted face, from which a quick wave of color was subsiding; for the abruptness of Richard's movement had startled her.

"I am glad if I am wrong."

"It is nearly an unforgivable thing to be as wide of the mark as you are.

Oh, Margaret, if you had died that time!"

"You would have been very sorry?"

"Sorry? No. That does n't express it; one outlives mere sorrow. If anything had happened to you, I should never have got over it. You don't know what those five weeks were to me. It was a kind of death to come to this room day after day, and not find you."

Margaret rested her eyes thoughtfully on the space occupied by Richard rather than on Richard himself, seeming to look through and beyond him, as if he were incorporeal.

"You missed me like that?" she said slowly.

"I missed you like that."

Margaret meditated a moment. "In the first days of my illness I wondered if you didn't miss me a little; afterwards everything was confused in my mind. When I tried to think, I seemed to be somebody else, — I seemed to be *you* waiting for me here in the studio. Was n't that singular? But when I recovered, and returned to my old place, I began to suspect I had been bearing your anxiety, — that I had been distressed by the absence to which you had grown accustomed."

"I never got used to it, Margaret. It became more and more unendurable. This workshop was full of — of your absence. There was n't a sketch or a cast or an object in the room that did n't remind me of you, and seem to mock at me for having let the most precious moments of my life slip away unheeded. That bit of geranium in the glass yonder seemed to say with its dying breath, 'You have cared for neither of us as you ought to have cared; my scent and her goodness have been all one to you, — things to take or to leave. It was for no merit of yours that she was always planning something to make life smoother and brighter for you. What had you done to deserve it? How unselfish and generous and good she has been to you

for years and years! What would have become of you without her? She left me here on purpose,'—it's the geranium leaf that is speaking all the while, Margaret,—'to say this to you, and to tell you that she was not half appreciated; and now you have lost her!'"

As she leaned forward listening, with her lips slightly parted, Margaret gave an unconscious little approbative nod of the head. Richard's fanciful accusation of himself caused her a singular thrill of pleasure. He had never before spoken to her in just this fashion; the subterfuge which his tenderness had employed, the little detour it had made in order to get at her, was a novel species of flattery. She recognized the ring of a distinctly new note in his voice; but, strangely enough, the note lost its unfamiliarity in an instant. Margaret recognized that fact also, and as she swiftly speculated on the phenomenon her pulse went one or two strokes faster.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she said, looking up with a laugh and a flush so inter-fused that they seemed one, "that geranium took a great deal upon itself. It went quite beyond its instructions, which were simply to remind you of me now and then. One day, while you were out,—the day before I was taken ill,—I placed the flowers on the desk there, perhaps with a kind of premonition that I was going away from you for a time."

"What if you had never come back!"

"I would n't think of that if I were you," said Margaret softly.

"But it haunts me,—that thought. Sometimes of a morning, after I unlock the workshop door, I stand hesitating, with my hand on the latch, as one might hesitate a few seconds before stepping into a tomb. There were days last month, Margaret, when this chamber did appear to me like a tomb. All that was happy in my past seemed to lie buried here; it was something visible and

tangible; I used to steal in and look upon it."

"Oh, Richard!"

"If you only knew what a life I led as a boy in my cousin's house, and what a doleful existence for years afterwards, until I found you, perhaps you would understand my despair when I saw everything suddenly slipping away from me. Margaret! the day your father brought you in here, I had all I could do not to kneel down at your feet"—Richard stopped short. "I did n't mean to tell you that," he added, turning towards the work-table. Then he checked himself, and came and stood in front of her again. He had gone too far not to go further. "While you were ill I made a great discovery."

"What was that, Richard?"

"I discovered that I had been blind for two or three years."

"Blind?" repeated Margaret.

"Stone-blind. I discovered it by suddenly seeing—by seeing that I had loved you all the while, Margaret!—Are you offended?"

"No," said Margaret, slowly; she was a moment finding her voice to say it. "I—ought I to be offended?"

"Not if you are not!" said Richard.

"Then I am not. I—I've made little discoveries myself," murmured Margaret, going into full mourning with her eyelashes.

But it was only for an instant. She refused to take her happiness shyly or insincerely; it was something too sacred. She was a trifle appalled by it, if the truth must be told. If Richard had scattered his love-making through the month of her convalescence, or if he had made his avowal in a different mood, perhaps Margaret might have met him with some natural coquetry. But Richard's tone and manner had been such as to suppress any instinct of the kind. His declaration, moreover, had amazed her. Margaret's own feelings had been more or less plain to her that past month,

and she had diligently disciplined herself to accept Richard's friendship, since it seemed all he had to give. Indeed, it had seemed at times as if he had not even that.

When Margaret lifted her eyes to him, a second after her confession, they were full of a sweet seriousness, and she had no slightest thought of withdrawing the hands which Richard had taken, and was holding lightly, that she might withdraw them if she willed. She felt no impulse to do so, though as Margaret looked up she saw her father standing a few paces behind Richard.

With an occult sense of another presence in the room, Richard turned at the same instant.

Mr. Slocum had advanced two steps into the apartment, and had been brought to a dead halt by the surprising tableau in the embrasure of the window. He stood motionless, with an account-book under his arm, while a dozen expressions chased each other over his countenance.

"Mr. Slocum," said Richard, who saw that only one course lay open to him, "I love Margaret, and I have been telling her."

At that the flitting shadows on Mr. Slocum's face settled into one grave look. He did not reply immediately, but let his glance wander from Margaret to Richard, and back again to Margaret, slowly digesting the fact. It was evident he had not relished it. Meanwhile the girl had risen from the chair and was moving towards her father.

"This strikes me as very extraordinary," he said at last. "You have never given any intimation that such a feeling existed. How long has this been going on?"

"I have always been fond of Margaret, sir; but I was not aware of the strength of the attachment until the time of her illness, when I — that is, we — came so near losing her."

"And you, Margaret?"

As Mr. Slocum spoke he instinctively

put one arm around Margaret, who had crept closely to his side.

"I don't know when I began to love Richard," said Margaret simply.

"You don't know!"

"Perhaps it was while I was ill; perhaps it was long before that; may be my liking for him commenced as far back as the time he made the cast of my hand. How can I tell, papa? I don't know."

"There appears to be an amazing diffusion of ignorance here!"

Margaret bit her lip, and kept still. Her father was taking it a great deal more seriously than she had expected. A long, awkward silence ensued. Richard broke it at length by remarking timidly, "Nothing has been or was to be concealed from you, sir. Before going to sleep to-night Margaret would have told you all I've said to her."

"You should have consulted with me before saying anything."

"I intended to do so, but my words got away from me. I hope you will overlook it, sir, and not oppose my loving Margaret, though I see as plainly as you do that I am not worthy of her."

"I have not said that. I base my disapproval on entirely different ground. Margaret is too young. A girl of seventeen or eighteen" —

"Nineteen," said Margaret, parenthetically.

"Of nineteen, then, — has no business to bother her head with such matters. Only yesterday she was a child!"

Richard glanced across at Margaret, and endeavored to recall her as she impressed him that first afternoon, when she knocked defiantly at the workshop door to inquire if he wanted any pans and pails; but he was totally unable to reconstruct that crude little figure with the glossy black head, all eyes and beak, like a young hawk's.

"My objection is impersonal," continued Mr. Slocum. "I object to the idea. I wish this had not happened.

I might not have disliked it — years hence; I don't say; but I dislike it now."

Richard's face brightened. "It will be years hence in a few years!"

Mr. Slocum replied with a slow, grave smile, "I am not going to be unreasonable in a matter where I find Margaret's happiness concerned; and yours, Richard, I care for that, too; but I'll have no entanglements. You and she are to be good friends, and nothing beyond. I prefer that Margaret should not come to the studio so often; you shall see her whenever you like at our fireside, of an evening. I don't think the conditions hard."

Mr. Slocum had dictated terms, but it was virtually a surrender. Margaret listened to him with her cheek resting against his arm, and a warm light nestled down deep under her eyelids.

Mr. Slocum drew a half-pathetic sigh. "I presume I have not done wisely. Every one bullies me. The Marble Workers Association runs my yard for me, and now my daughter is taken off my hands. By the way, Richard," he said, interrupting himself brusquely, and with an air of dismissing the subject, "I forgot what I came for. I've been thinking over Torrini's case, and have concluded that you had better make up his account and discharge him."

"Certainly, sir," replied Richard, with a shadow of dissent in his manner, "if you wish it."

"He causes a deal of trouble in the yard."

"I am afraid he does. Such a clean workman when he's sober!"

"But he is never sober."

"He has been in a bad way lately, I admit."

"His example demoralizes the men. I can see it day by day."

"I wish he were not so necessary at this moment," observed Richard. "I don't know who else could be trusted with the frieze for the soldiers' monu-

ment. I'd like to keep him on a week or ten days longer. Suppose I have a plain talk with Torrini?"

"Surely we have enough good hands to stand the loss of one."

"For a special kind of work there is nobody in the yard like Torrini. That is one reason why I want to hold on to him for a while, and there are other reasons."

"Such as what?"

"Well, I think it would not be wholly politic to break with him just now."

"Why not now as well as any time?"

"He has lately been elected secretary of the Association."

"What of that?"

"He has a great deal of influence there."

"If we put him out of the works it seems to me he would lose his importance, if he really has any to speak of."

"You are mistaken if you doubt it. His position gives him a chance to do much mischief, and he would avail himself of it very adroitly, if he had a personal grievance."

"I believe you are actually afraid of the fellow."

Richard smiled. "No, I am not afraid of him, but I don't underrate him. The men look up to Torrini as a sort of leader; he's an effective speaker, and knows very well how to fan a dissatisfaction. Either he or some other disturbing element has recently been at work among the men. There's considerable grumbling in the yard."

"They are always grumbling, are n't they?"

"Most always, but this is more serious than usual; there appears to be a general stir among the trades in the village. I don't understand it clearly. The marble workers have been holding secret meetings."

"They mean business, you think?"

"They mean increased wages, perhaps."

"But we are now paying from five to

ten per cent. more than any trade in the place. What are they after?"

"So far as I can gather, sir, the finishers and the slab-sawers want an advance, — I don't know how much. Then there's some talk about having the yard closed an hour earlier on Saturdays. All this is merely rumor; but I am sure there is something in it."

"Confound the whole lot! If we can't discharge a drunken hand without raising the pay of all the rest, we had better turn over the entire business to the Association. But do as you like, Richard. You see how I am bullied, Margaret. He runs everything! Come, dear."

And Mr. Slocum quitted the workshop, taking Margaret with him. Richard remained standing awhile by the table, in a deep study, with his eyes fixed on the floor. He thought of his early days in the sepulchral house in Welch's Court, of his wanderings abroad, his long years of toil since then, of this sudden blissful love that had come to him, and Mr. Slocum's generosity. Then he thought of Torrini, and went down into the yard gently to admonish the man, for Richard's heart that hour was full of kindness for all the world.

XI.

In spite of Mr. Slocum's stipulations respecting the frequency of Margaret's visits to the studio, she was free to come and go as she liked. It was easy for him to say, Be good friends, and nothing beyond; but after that day in the workshop it was impossible for Richard and Margaret to be anything but lovers. The hollowness of pretending otherwise was clear even to Mr. Slocum. In the love of a father for a daughter there is always a vague jealousy which refuses to render an account of itself. Mr. Slocum did not escape this, but he managed, nevertheless, to accept the inevita-

ble with very fair grace, and presently to confess to himself that the occurrence which had at first taken him aback was the most natural in the world. That Margaret and Richard, thrown together as they had been, should end by falling in love with each other was not a result to justify much surprise. Indeed, there was a special propriety in their doing so. The Shackfords had always been reputable people in the village, — down to Lemuel Shackford, who of course was an old musk-rat. The family attributes of amiability and honesty had skipped him, but they had reappeared in Richard. It was through his foresight and personal energy that the most lucrative branch of the trade had been established. His services entitled him to a future interest in the business, and Mr. Slocum had intended he should have it. Mr. Slocum had not dreamed of throwing in Margaret also; but since that addition had suggested itself, it seemed to him one of the happy features of the arrangement. Richard would thus be doubly identified with the yard, to which, in fact, he had become more necessary than Mr. Slocum himself.

"He has more backbone with the men than I have," acknowledged Mr. Slocum. "He knows how to manage them, and I don't."

As soft as Slocum was a Stillwater proverb. Richard certainly had plenty of backbone; it was his only capital. In Mr. Slocum's estimation it was sufficient capital. But Lemuel Shackford was a very rich man, and Mr. Slocum could not help seeing that it would be decent in Richard's only surviving relative if, at this juncture, he were to display a little interest in the young fellow's welfare.

"If he would only offer to advance a few thousand dollars for Richard," said Mr. Slocum, one evening, to Margaret, with whom he had been talking over the future, — "the property must all come to him some time, — it would be

a vast satisfaction to me to tell the old man that we can get along without any of his ill-gotten gains. He made the bulk of his fortune during the war, you know. The old sea-serpent," continued Mr. Slocum, with hopeless confusion of metaphor, "had a hand in fitting out more than one blockade-runner. They used to talk of a ship that got away from Charleston with a cargo of cotton that netted the share-holders upwards of two hundred thousand dollars. He denies it now, but everybody knows Shackford. He'd betray his country for fifty cents in postage-stamps."

"Oh, papa! you are too hard on him."

In words dropped cursorily from time to time, Margaret imparted to Richard the substance of her father's speech, and it set Richard reflecting. It was not among the probabilities that Lemuel Shackford would advance a dollar to establish Richard, but if he could induce his cousin even to take the matter into consideration, Richard felt that it would be a kind of moral support to him under the circumstances. His pride revolted at the idea of coming quite unbacked and disowned, as well as empty-handed, to Mr. Slocum.

For the last twelve months there had been a cessation of ordinary courtesies between the two cousins. They now passed each other on the street without recognition. A year previously Mr. Shackford had fallen ill, and Richard, aware of the inefficient domestic arrangements in Welch's Court, had gone to the house out of sheer pity. The old man was in bed, and weak with fever, but at seeing Richard he managed to raise himself on one elbow.

"Oh, it's you!" he exclaimed, mockingly. "When a rich man is sick the anxious heirs crowd around him; but they're twice as honestly anxious when he is perfectly well."

"I came to see if I could do anything for you!" cried Richard, with a ferocious

glare, and in a tone that went curiously with his words, and shook to the foundations his character of Good Samaritan.

"The only thing you can do for me is to go away."

"I'll do that with pleasure," retorted Richard bitterly.

And Richard went, vowing he would never set foot across the threshold again. He could not help having ugly thoughts. Why should all the efforts to bring about a reconciliation and all the forbearance be on his side? Thenceforth the crabbed old man might go to perdition if he wanted to.

And now here was Richard meditating a visit to that same house to beg a favor!

Nothing but his love for Margaret could have dragged him to such a banquet of humble-pie as he knew was spread for his delectation, the morning he passed up the main street of Stillwater and turned into Welch's Court.

As Richard laid his hand on the latch of the gate, Mr. Shackford, who was digging in the front garden, looked up and saw him. Without paying any heed to Richard's amicable salutation, the old man left the shovel sticking in the sod, and walked stiffly into the house. At another moment this would have amused Richard, but now he gravely followed his kinsman, and overtook him at the foot of the staircase.

"Cousin Shackford, can you spare me five or ten minutes?"

"Don't know as I can," said Mr. Shackford, with one foot on the lower stair. "Time is valuable. What do you want? You want something."

"Certainly, or I would n't think of trespassing on your time."

"Has Slocum thrown you over?" inquired the old man, turning quickly. A straw which he held between his thin lips helped to give him a singularly alert expression.

"No; Mr. Slocum and I agree the

best in the world. I want to talk with you briefly on certain matters; I want to be on decent terms with you, if you will let me."

"Decent terms means money, does n't it?" asked Mr. Shackford, with a face as wary and lean as a shark's.

"I do wish to talk about money, among other things," returned Richard, whom this brutal directness disconcerted a little, — "money on satisfactory security."

"You can get it anywhere with that."

"So I might, and be asking no favor; but I would rather get it of you, and consider it an obligation."

"I would rather you would n't."

"Please listen to me a moment."

"Well, I'm listening."

Mr. Shackford stood in an attitude of attention, with his head canted on one side, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and the straw between his teeth tilted up at an angle of forty degrees.

"I have, as you know, worked my way in the marble yard to the position of general manager," began Richard.

"I did n't know," said Mr. Shackford, "but I understand. You're a sort of head grave-stone maker."

"That is taking rather a gloomy view of it," said Richard, smiling, "but no matter. The point is, I hold a responsible position, and I now have a chance to purchase a share in the works."

"Slocum is willing to take you in, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then the concern is hit."

"Hit?"

"Slocum is going into bankruptcy."

"You are wrong there. The yard was never so prosperous; the coming year we shall coin money like a mint."

"You ought to know," said Mr. Shackford, ruminatively. "A thing as good as a mint must be a good thing."

"If I were a partner in the business, I could marry Margaret."

"Who's Margaret?"

"Mr. Slocum's daughter."

"That's where the wind is! Now how much capital would it take to do all that?" inquired Mr. Shackford, with an air of affable speculation.

"Three or four thousand dollars, — perhaps less."

"Well, I would n't give three or four cents to have you marry Slocum's daughter. Richard, you can't pull any chestnuts out of the fire with my paw."

Mr. Shackford's interrogations and his more than usual conciliatory manner had lighted a hope which Richard had not brought with him. Its sudden extinguishment was in consequence doubly aggravating.

"Slocum's daughter!" repeated Mr. Shackford. "I'd as soon you would marry Crazy Nan up at the work-house."

The association of Crazy Nan with Margaret sent a red flush into Richard's cheek. He turned angrily towards the door, and then halted, recollecting the resolves he had made not to lose his temper, come what would. If the interview was to end there it had better not have taken place.

"I had no expectation that you would assist me pecuniarily," said Richard, after a moment. "Let us drop the money question; it should n't have come up between us. I want you to aid me, not by lending me money, but by giving me your countenance as the head of the family, — by showing a natural interest in my affairs, and seeming disposed to promote them."

"By just seeming?"

"That is really all I desire. If you were to propose to put capital into the concern, Mr. Slocum would refuse it."

"Slocum would refuse it! Why in the devil should he refuse it?"

"Because" — Richard hesitated, finding himself unexpectedly on delicate ground — "because he would not care to enter into business relations with you, under the circumstances."

Mr. Shackford removed the straw

from his mouth, and holding it between his thumb and forefinger peered steadily through his half-closed eyelids at Richard.

"I don't understand you."

"The dispute you had long ago, over the piece of meadow land behind the marble yard. Mr. Slocum felt that you bore down on him rather heavily in that matter, and has not quite forgiven you for forcing him to rebuild the sheds."

"Bother Slocum and his sheds! I understand him. What I don't understand is *you*. I am to offer Slocum three or four thousand dollars to set you up, and he is to decline to take it. Is that it?"

"That is not it at all," returned Richard. "My statement was this: If you were to propose purchasing a share for me in the works, Mr. Slocum would not entertain the proposition, thinking — as I don't think — that he would mortify you by the refusal of your money."

"The only way Slocum could mortify me would be by getting hold of it. But what are you driving at, anyhow? In one breath you demand several thousand dollars, and in the next breath you tell me that nobody expects it, or wants it, or could be induced to have it on any terms. Perhaps you will inform me what you are here for."

"That is what you will never discover!" cried Richard. "It is not in you to comprehend the ties of sympathy that ought to hold between two persons situated as we are. In most families this sympathy binds closely at times, — at christenings, or burials, or when some member is about to take an important step in life. Generally speaking, blood is thicker than water; but your blood, cousin Shackford, seems to be a good deal thinner. I came here to consult with you as my sole remaining kinsman, as one authorized by years and position to give me wise counsel and kindly encouragement at the turning-point in my fortune. I did n't wish to go among

those people like a tramp, with neither kith nor kin to say a word for me. Of course you don't understand that. How should you? A sentiment of that kind is something quite beyond your conception."

Richard's words went into one ear and out the other, without seeming for an instant to arrest Mr. Shackford's attention. The idea of Slocum not accepting money — anybody's money — presented itself to Mr. Shackford in so facetious a light as nearly to throw him into good humor. His foot was on the first step of the staircase, which he now began slowly to mount, giving vent, as he ascended, to a series of indescribable chuckles. At the top of the landing he halted, and leaned over the rail.

"To think of Slocum refusing, — that's a good one!"

In the midst of his jocularly a sudden thought seemed to strike Mr. Shackford; his features underwent a swift transformation, and as he grasped the rail in front of him with both hands a malicious cunning writhed and squirmed in every wrinkle of his face.

"Sir!" he shrieked, "it was a trap! Slocum would have taken it! If I had been ass enough to make any such offer, he would have jumped at it. What do you and Slocum take me for? You're a pair of rascals!"

Richard staggered back, bewildered and blinded, as if he had received a blow in the eyes.

"No," continued Mr. Shackford, with a gesture of intense contempt, "you are less than rascals. You are fools. A rascal has to have brains!"

"You shameless old man!" cried Richard, as soon as he could get his voice.

To do Mr. Shackford justice, he was thoroughly convinced that Richard had lent himself to a preposterous attempt to obtain money from him. The absence of ordinary shrewdness in the method stamped it at once as belonging

to Slocum, of whose mental calibre Mr. Shackford entertained no flattering estimate.

"Slocum!" he muttered, grinding the word between his teeth. "Family ties!" he cried, hurling the words scornfully over the banister as he disappeared into one of the upper chambers.

Richard stood with one hand on the newel-post, white at the lip with rage. For a second he had a wild impulse to spring up the staircase, but, controlling this, he turned and hurried out of the house.

At the gate he brushed roughly against a girl, who halted and stared. It was a strange thing to see Mr. Richard Shackford, who always had a pleasant word for a body, go by in that blind, excited fashion, striking one fist into the palm of the other hand, and talking to his own self! Mary Hennessey watched him until he wheeled out of Welch's Court, and then picking up her basket, which she had rested on the fence, went her way.

XII.

At the main entrance to the marble works Richard nearly walked over a man who was coming out, intently mopping his forehead with a very dirty calico handkerchief. It was an English stone-dresser named Denyven. Richard did not recognize him at first.

"That you, Denyven! . . . what has happened?"

"I've 'ad a bit of a scrimmage, sir."

"A scrimmage in the yard, in work hours!"

The man nodded.

"With whom?"

"Torrini, sir,—he's awful bad this day."

"Torrini,—it is always Torrini! It seems odd that one man should be everlastingly at the bottom of everything wrong. How did it happen? Give it to me straight, Denyven; I don't want

a crooked story. This thing has got to stop in Slocum's yard."

"The way of it was this, sir: Torrini was n't at the shop the morning. He'd a day off."

"I know."

"But about one o'clock, sir, he come in the yard. He 'ad been at the public 'ouse, sir, and he was hummin'. First he went among the carvers, talking Hitalian to 'em and making 'em laugh, though he was in a precious bad humor hisself. By and by he come over to where me and my mates was, and began chaffin' us, which we did n't mind it, seeing he was 'eavy in the 'ead. He was as clear as a fog-orn all the same. But when he took to banging the tools on the blocks, I sings out 'Ands off!' and then he fetched me a clip. I was never looking for nothing less than that he'd hit me. I was a smiling at the hinstant."

"He must be drunker than usual."

"Hevidently, sir. I went down between two slabs as soft as you please. When I got on my pins, I was for choking him a bit, but my mates hauled us apart. That's the 'ole of it, sir. They'll tell you the same within."

"Are you hurt, Denyven?"

"Only a bit of a scratch over the heye, sir,—and the nose," and the man began mopping his brow tenderly. "I'd like to 'ave that Hitalian for about ten minutes, some day when he's sober, over yonder on the green."

"I'm afraid he would make the ten minutes seem long to you."

"Well, sir, I'd willingly let him try his 'and."

"How is it, Denyven," inquired Richard, seeing an opportunity to sow some good seed, "that you, and sensible workmen like you, have permitted such a quarrelsome and irresponsible fellow to become a leader in the Association? He's secretary, or something, is n't he?"

"Well, sir, he writes an uncommonly

clean fist, and then he's a born horator. He's up to all the parli'mentary dodges. Must 'ave 'ad no end of hexperience in them sort of things on the other side."

"No doubt,—and that accounts for him being over here."

"As for horganizing a meeting, sir"—

"I know. Torrini has a great deal of that kind of ability; perhaps a trifle too much, for his own good or anybody else's. There was never any trouble to speak of among the trades in Stillwater till he and two or three others came here with foreign grievances. These men get three times the pay they ever received in their own land, and are treated like human beings for the first time in their lives. But what do they do? They squander a quarter of their week's wages at the tavern,—no rich man could afford to put a fourth of his income into drink,—and make windy speeches at the Union. I don't say all of them, but too many of them. The other night, I understand, Torrini compared Mr. Slocum to Nero,—Mr. Slocum, the fairest and gentlest man that ever breathed! What rubbish!"

"It was n't just that way, sir. His words was,—and I 'eard him,—'from Nero down to Slocum.'"

"It amounts to the same thing, and is enough to make one laugh, if it did n't make one want to swear. I hear that that was a very lively meeting the other night. What was that nonsense about 'the privileged class'?"

"Well, there is a privileged class in the States."

"So there is, but it's a large class, Denyvæn. Every soul of us has the privilege of bettering our condition if we have the brain and the industry to do it. Energy and intelligence come to the front, and have the right to be there. A skillful workman gets double the pay of a bungler, and deserves it. Of course there will always be rich and poor, and sick and sound, and I don't see how that

can be changed. But no door is shut against ability, black or white. Before the year 2400 we shall have a chrome-yellow president and a black-and-tan secretary of the treasury. But, seriously, Denyvæn, whoever talks about privileged classes here does it to make mischief. There are certain small politicians who reap their harvest in times of public confusion, just as pickpockets do. Nobody can play the tyrant or the bully in this country,—not even a workingman. Here's the Association dead against an employer who, two years ago, ran his yard full-handed for a twelvemonth at a loss, rather than shut down, as every other mill and factory in Stillwater did. For years and years the Association has prevented this employer from training more than two apprentices annually. The result is, eighty hands find work, instead of a hundred and eighty. Now, that can't last."

"It keeps wages fixed in Stillwater, sir."

"It keeps out a hundred workmen. It sends away capital."

"Torrini says, sir"—

"Steer clear of Torrini and what he says. He's a dangerous fellow—for his friends. It is handsome in you, Denyvæn, to speak up for him—with that eye of yours."

"Oh, I don't love the man, when it comes to that; but there's no denying he's right smart," replied Denyvæn, who occasionally marred his vernacular with Americanisms. "The Association could n't do without him."

"But Slocum's yard can," said Richard, irritated to observe the influence Torrini exerted on even such men as Denyvæn.

"That's between you and him, sir, of course, but"—

"But what?"

"Well, sir, I can't say hexactly; but if I was you I would bide a bit."

"No, I think Torrini's time has come."

"I don't make bold to advise you, sir. I merely throws out the hobobservation."

With that Denyven departed to apply to his bruises such herbs and simples as a long experience had taught him to be efficacious.

He had gone only a few rods, however, when it occurred to him that there were probabilities of a stormy scene in the yard; so he turned on his tracks, and followed Richard Shackford.

Torrini was a Neapolitan, who had come to this country seven or eight years before. He was a man above the average intelligence of his class; a marble worker by trade, but he had been a fisherman, a mountain guide among the Abruzzi, a soldier in the papal guard, and what not, and had contrived to pick up two or three languages, among the rest English, which he spoke with purity. His lingual gift was one of his misfortunes.

Among the exotics in Stillwater, which even boasted a featureless Celestial, who had unobtrusively extinguished himself with a stove-pipe hat, Torrini was the only figure that approached picturesqueness. With his swarthy complexion and large, indolent eyes, in which a southern ferocity slept lightly, he seemed to Richard a piece out of his own foreign experience. To him Torrini was the crystallization of Italy, or so much of that Italy as Richard had caught a glimpse of at Genoa. To the town-folks Torrini perhaps vaguely suggested hand-organs and eleemosynary pennies; but Richard never looked at the straight-limbed, handsome fellow without recalling the Phrygian-capped sailors of the Mediterranean. On this account, and for other reasons, Richard had taken a great fancy to the man. Torrini had worked in the ornamental department from the first, and was a rapid and expert carver when he chose. He had carried himself steadily enough in the beginning, but in these later days,

as Mr. Slocum had stated, he was scarcely ever sober. Richard had stood between him and his discharge on several occasions, partly because he was so skillful a workman, and partly through pity for his wife and children, who were unable to speak a word of English. But Torrini's influence on the men in the yard,—especially on the younger hands, who needed quite other influences,—and his intemperate speeches at the tradesunion, where he had recently gained a kind of ascendancy by his daring, were producing the worst effects.

At another hour Richard might have been inclined to condone this last offense, as he had condoned others; but when he parted from Denyven, Richard's heart was still hot with his cousin's insult. As he turned into the yard, not with his usual swinging gait, but with a quick, wide step, there was an unpleasant dilation about young Shackford's nostrils.

Torrini was seated on a block of granite in front of the upper sheds, flourishing a small chisel in one hand and addressing the men, a number of whom had stopped work to listen to him. At sight of Richard they made a show of handling their tools, but it was so clear something grave was going to happen that the pretense fell through. They remained motionless, resting on their mallets, with their eyes turned towards Richard. Torrini followed the general glance, and paused in his harangue.

"Talk of the devil!" he muttered, and then, apparently continuing the thread of his discourse, broke into a strain of noisy declamation.

Richard walked up to him quietly.

"Torrini," he said, "you can't be allowed to speak here, you know."

"I can speak where I like," replied Torrini gravely. He was drunk, but the intoxication was not in his tongue. His head, as Denyven had asserted, was as clear as a fog-horn.

"When you are sober, you can come

to the desk and get your pay and your kit. You are discharged from the yard."

Richard was standing within two paces of the man, who looked up with an uncertain smile, as if he had not quite taken in the sense of the words. Then, suddenly straightening himself, he exclaimed, —

"Slocum don't dare do it!"

"But I do."

"*You!*"

"When I do a thing Mr. Slocum backs me."

"But who backs Slocum, — the Association, may be?"

"Certainly the Association ought to. I want you to leave the yard now."

"He backs Slocum," said Torrini, settling himself on the block again, "and Slocum backs down," at which there was a laugh among the men.

Richard made a step forward.

"Hands off!" cried a voice from under the sheds.

"Who said that?" demanded Richard, wheeling around. No one answered, but Richard had recognized Durgin's voice. "Torrini, if you don't quit the yard in two minutes by the clock yonder, I shall put you out by the neck. Do you understand?"

Torrini glared about him confusedly for a moment, and broke into voluble Italian; then, without a warning gesture, sprang to his feet and struck at Richard. A straight red line, running vertically the length of his cheek, showed where the chisel had grazed him. The shops were instantly in a tumult, the men dropping their tools and stumbling over the blocks, with cries of "Keep them apart!" "Shame on you!" "Look out, Mr. Shackford!"

"Is it mad ye are, Torrrany!" cried Michael Hennessey, hurrying from the saw-bench. Durgin held him back by the shoulders.

"Let them alone," said Durgin.

The flat steel flashed again in the sunlight, but fell harmlessly, and before the

blow could be repeated Richard had knitted his fingers in Torrini's neckerchief and twisted it so tightly that the man gasped. Holding him by this, Richard dragged Torrini across the yard, and let him drop on the sidewalk outside the gate, where he lay in a heap, inert.

"That was nate," said Michael Hennessey, sententially.

Richard stood leaning on the gatepost to recover his breath. His face was colorless, and the crimson line defined itself sharply against the pallor; but the rage was dead within him. It had been one of his own kind of rages, — like lightning out of a blue sky. As he stood there a smile was slowly gathering on his lip.

A score or two of the men had followed him, and now lounged in a half-circle a few paces in the rear. When Richard was aware of their presence, the glow came into his eyes again.

"Who ordered you to knock off work?"

"That was a foul blow of Torrini's, sir," said Stevens, stepping forward, "and I for one come to see fair play."

"Give us your 'and, mate!" cried Denyven; "there's a pair of us."

"Thanks," said Richard, softening at once, "but there's no need. Every man can go to his job. Denyven may stay, if he likes."

The men lingered a moment, irresolute, and returned to the sheds in silence.

Presently Torrini stretched out one leg, then the other, and slowly rose to his feet, giving a stupid glance at his empty hands as he did so.

"Here's your tool," said Richard, stirring the chisel with the toe of his boot, "if that's what you're looking for."

Torrini advanced a step as if to pick it up, then appeared to alter his mind, hesitated perhaps a dozen seconds, and turning abruptly on his heel walked down the street without a stagger.

"I think his legs is shut off from the rest of his body by water-tight compartments," remarked Denyven, regarding Torrini's steady gait with mingled amusement and envy. "Are you hurt, sir?"

"Only a bit of a scratch over the heye," replied Richard, with a laugh.

"As I hobserved just now to Mr. Stevens, sir, there's a pair of us!"

XIII.

After a turn through the shops to assure himself that order was restored, Richard withdrew in the direction of his studio. Margaret was standing at the head of the stairs, half hidden by the scarlet creeper which draped that end of the veranda.

"What are you doing there?" said Richard, looking up with a bright smile.

"Oh, Richard, I saw it all!"

"You did n't see anything worth having white cheeks about."

"But he struck you . . . with the knife, did he not?" said Margaret, clinging to his arm anxiously.

"He did n't have a knife, dear; only a small chisel, which could n't hurt any one. See for yourself; it is merely a cat-scratch."

Margaret satisfied herself that it was nothing more; but she nevertheless insisted on leading Richard into the workshop, and soothing the slight inflammation with her handkerchief dipped in arnica and water. The elusive faint fragrance of Margaret's hair as she busied herself about him would of itself have consoled Richard for a deep wound. All this pretty solicitude and ministration was new and sweet to him, and when the arnica turned out to be cologne, and scorched his cheek, Margaret's remorse was so delicious that Richard half wished the mixture had been aquafortis.

"You should n't have been looking

into the yard," he said. "If I had known that you were watching us it would have distracted me. When I am thinking of you I cannot think of anything else, and I had need of my wits for a moment."

"I happened to be on the veranda, and was too frightened to go away. Why did you quarrel?"

In giving Margaret an account of the matter, Richard refrained from any mention of his humiliating visit to Welch's Court that morning. He could neither speak of it nor reflect upon it with composure. The cloud which shadowed his features from time to time was attributed by Margaret to the affair in the yard.

"But this is the end of it, is it not?" she asked, with troubled eyes. "You will not have any further words with him?"

"You need n't worry. If Torrini had not been drinking he would never have lifted his hand against me. When he comes out of his present state, he will be heartily ashamed of himself. His tongue is the only malicious part of him. If he had n't a taste for drink and oratory, — if he was not 'a born horator,' as Denyven calls him, — he would do well enough."

"No, Richard, he's a dreadful man. I shall never forget his face, — it was some wild animal's. And you, Richard," added Margaret softly, "it grieved me to see you look like that."

"I was wolfish for a moment, I suppose. Things had gone wrong generally. But if you are going to scold me, Margaret, I would rather have some more — arnica."

"I am not going to scold; but while you stood there, so white and terrible, — so unlike yourself, — I felt that I did not know you, Richard. Of course you had to defend yourself when the man attacked you, but I thought for an instant you would kill him."

"Not I," said Richard uneasily, dread-

ing anything like a rebuke from Margaret. "I am mortified that I gave up to my anger. There was no occasion."

"If an intoxicated person were to wander into the yard, papa would not fight him. Picture papa 'squaring off,' — is that what you call it? He would send for a constable, and have the person removed."

"Your father is an elderly man," returned Richard, not relishing this oblique criticism of his own simpler method. "What would be proper in his case would be considered cowardly in mine. It was my duty to discharge the fellow, and not let him dispute my authority. I ought to have been cooler, of course. But I should have lost caste and influence with the men if I had shown the least personal fear of Torrini, — if, for example, I had summoned somebody else to do what I did n't dare do myself. I was brought up in the yard, remember, and to a certain extent I have to submit to being weighed in the yard's own scales."

"But a thing cannot be weighed in a scale incapable of containing it," answered Margaret quickly. "The judgment of these rough, uninstructed men is too narrow for such as you. They quarrel and fight among themselves, and have their ideas of daring; but there is a higher sort of bravery, the bravery of self-control, which I fancy they do not understand very well; so their opinion of it is not worth considering. However, you know better than I."

"No, I do not," said Richard. "Your instinct is finer than my reason. But you *are* scolding me, Margaret."

"No, I am loving you," she said softly. "How can I do that more faithfully than by being dissatisfied with anything but the best in you?"

"I was n't at my best a while ago?"

"No, Richard."

"I can never hope to be worthy of you."

But Margaret protested against that.

Having forced him to look at his action through her eyes, she outdid him in humility, and then the conversation drifted off into half-breathed nothings, which, though they were satisfactory enough to these two, would have made a third person yawn.

The occurrence at Slocum's yard was hotly discussed that night at the Stillwater hotel. Discussions in that long, low bar-room, where the latest village scandal always came to receive the finishing gloss, were apt to be hot. In their criticism of outside men and measures, as well as in their mutual vivisections, there was an unflinching directness among Mr. Snelling's guests which is not to be found in more artificial grades of society. The popular verdict on young Shackford's conduct was, as might not have been predicted, strongly in his favor. He had displayed pluck, and pluck of the tougher fibre was a quality held in so high esteem in Stillwater that any manifestation of it commanded respect. And young Shackford had shown a great deal; he had made short work of the most formidable man in the yard, and given the rest to understand that he was not to be tampered with. This had taken many by surprise, for hitherto an imperturbable amiability had been the leading characteristic of Slocum's manager.

"I did n't think he had it in him," declared Dexter.

"Well, yer might," replied Michael Hennessey. "Look at the lad's eye, and the muscles of him. He stands on his two legs like a monumint, so he does."

"Never saw a monument with two legs, Mike."

"Did n't ye? Wait till y're layin' at the foot of one. But ye'll wait many a day, me boy. Ye'll be lucky if y're supplid with a head-stone made out of a dale-board."

"Could n't get a wooden head-stone short of Ireland, Mike," retorted Dex-

ter, with a laugh. "You 'd have to import it."

"An' so I will; but it won't be got over in time, if ye go on interruptin' gintlemen when they 're discoorsin'. What was I sayin', any way, when the blackguard chipped in?" said Mr. Hennessey, appealing to the company.

"You was talking of Dick Shackford's muscle," said Durgin, "and you never talked wider of the mark. It does n't take much muscle, or much courage either, to knock a man about when he 's in liquor. The two was n't fairly matched."

"You are right there, Durgin," said Stevens, laying down his newspaper. "They were n't fairly matched. Both men have the same pounds and inches, but Torrini had a weapon and that mad strength that comes to some folks with drink. If Shackford had n't taken a neat twist on the neckcloth, he would n't have got off with a scratch."

"Shackford had no call to lay hands on him."

"There you are wrong, Durgin," replied Stevens. "Torrini had no call in the yard; he was making a nuisance of himself. Shackford spoke to him fair, and told him to go, and when he did n't go Shackford put him out; and he put him out handsomely,—'with neatness and dispatch,' as Slocum's prospectuses has it."

"He was right all the time," said Piggett. "He did n't strike Torrini before or after he was down, and stood at the gate like a gentleman, ready to give Torrini his change if he wanted it."

"Torrini did n't want it," observed Jemmy Willson. "Ther' is n't nothing mean about Torrini."

"But he 'ad a dozen minds about coming back," said Denyven.

"We ought to have got him out of the place quietly," said Jeff Stavers; "that was our end of the mistake. He is not a bad fellow, but he should n't drink."

"He 's mighty fond of the root," remarked Michael Hennessey, emptying the ashes from his pipe by knocking the bowl on the side of his chair.

"The root?" repeated Dexter, lifting his eyebrows.

"What 's that the school-masther wrote in me girl's copy-book?—'Intoxication is the root of all evil.' Begorra, but Torrany is fond of it."

"He was crazy to come to the yard."

"When a man 'as a day off," observed Denyven, "and the beer is n't narsty, he 'ad better stick to the public 'ouse."

"Oh, you!" exclaimed Durgin. "Your opinion don't weigh. You took a black eye of him."

"Yes, I took a black heye,—and I can give one, in a hemergency. Yes, I gives and takes."

"That's where we differ," returned Durgin. "I do a more genteel business; I give, and don't take."

"Unless you 're uncommon careful," said Denyven, pulling away at his pipe, "you 'll find yourself some day henlarging your business."

Durgin pushed back his stool.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" interposed Mr. Snelling, appearing from behind the bar with a lemon-squeezer in his hand, "we 'll have no black eyes here that was n't born so. I am partial to them myself when nature gives them, and I propose the health of Miss Molly Hennessey," with a sly glance at Durgin, who colored, "to be drank at the expense of the house. Name your taps, gentlemen."

"Snelling, me boy, ye 'd win the bird from the bush with yer beguillin' ways. Ye 've brought proud tears to the eyes of an aged parent, and I 'll take a sup out of that high-showldered bottle which you kape under the counter for the gentle-folks in the other room."

A general laugh greeted Mr. Hennessey's selection, and peace was restored; but the majority of those present were workmen from Slocum's, and the event

of the afternoon remained the uppermost theme.

"Shackford is a different build from Slocum," said Piggott.

"I guess the yard will find that out when he gets to be proprietor," rejoined Durgin, clicking his spoon against the empty glass to attract Snelling's attention.

"Going to be proprietor, is he?"

"Some day or other," answered Durgin. "First he'll step into the business, and then into the family. He's had his eye on Slocum's girl these four or five years. Got a cast of her fist up in his workshop. Leave Dick Shackford alone for lining his nest and making it soft all round."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Stevens. "He deserves a good girl, and there's none better. If sickness or any sort of trouble comes to a poor man's door, she's never far off with her kind words and them things the rich have when they are laid up."

"Oh, the girl is well enough."

"You couldn't say less. Before your mother died," — Mrs. Durgin had died the previous autumn, — "I see that angil going to your house many a day with a little basket of comforts tucked under her wing. But she's too good to be praised in such a place as this," added Stevens. After a pause he inquired, "What makes you down on Shackford? He has always been a friend to you."

"One of those friends who walk over your head," replied Durgin. "I was in the yard two years before him, and see where he is."

"Lord love you," said Stevens, leaning back in his chair and contemplating

Durgin thoughtfully, "there is marble and marble; some is Carrara marble, and some is n't. The fine grain takes a polish you can't get on to the other."

"Of course, he is statuary marble, and I'm full of seams and feldspar."

"You are like the most of us, — not the kind that can be worked up into anything very ornamental."

"Thank you for nothing," said Durgin, turning away. "I came from as good a quarry as ever Dick Shackford. Where's Torrini to-night?"

"Nobody has seen him since the difficulty," said Dexter, "except Peters. Torrini sent for him after supper."

As Dexter spoke, the door opened and Peters entered. He went directly to the group composed chiefly of Slocum's men, and without making any remark began to distribute among them certain small blue tickets, which they pocketed in silence. Glancing carelessly at his piece of card-board, Durgin said to Peters, —

"Then it's decided?"

Peters nodded.

"How's Torrini?"

"He's all right."

"What does he say?"

"Nothing in perticular," responded Peters, "and nothing at all about his little skylark with Shackford."

"He's a cool one!" exclaimed Durgin.

Though the slips of blue pasteboard had been delivered and accepted without comment, it was known in a second through the bar-room that a special meeting had been convened for the next night by the officers of The Marble Workers Association.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE LOST GODS.

WANDERING in dreamland once, I found
A woman weeping on the Ægean shore,
Who answered, when I asked, "Why weepest thou?"
"Great is our grief; the Gods are here no more."

"Dost thou lack bread," I said, "or anything
Held precious or in high esteem before?"
"Ah, no! with wealth our garner's overflow.
Didst thou not hear? The Gods have left our shore."

Then, half in anger, I did make reply,
"The Gods! what have they ever done for thee?
Hast thou not suffered sickness, hunger, cold,
And every ill? Rejoice that thou art free."

But still she wept and wrung her hands, her eyes
Upraised in grief my pity to implore,
And answered, "Yes; we count it all as naught.
Alas! alas! the Gods, they are no more."

"What have we now to reverence, worship, love,
Or what for us can ever fill their place?
Not corn, nor wine, nor friends, nor gleaming gold;
The Gods alone can fill the earth with grace."

"They dwelt upon the mountains, in the vales,
They haunted all the groves and running streams;
We labored in their presence through the day,
At night they gave us counsel in our dreams."

"We saw them not, yet all the great wide world
Bear proof and impress of their skill and care.
We hoped the good among us could not die;
What loss is ours, no life but beasts' to share!"

In vain I strove to comfort her, — to prove
The Gods were not, nor ever had been there;
Yet while I spoke, a voice in me arose
And cried, "Thou liest! the Gods are everywhere."

Frances L. Gardner.

THE UNLEARNED PROFESSIONS.

IN the discussion of the labor question we hear much of what are called the claims of labor. These claims are often presented as if a natural antagonism existed between labor and capital, or between laborers and capitalists. It does not appear that any such antagonism is alleged to exist between laborers and doctors, ministers, or lawyers, members of the learned professions; but only as to manufacturers, merchants, tradesmen, railway owners, and the like, members of the unlearned professions, who have necessarily grown rich in the conduct of their business, and who are capitalists.

It is often asserted or implied that their wealth has been gained at the cost of the laborers; hence in order to assure a clear understanding of the problem at issue under the name of "the labor question" it is necessary to present the claims of the capitalists, by whose efforts the great commerce and manufactures of the world are kept in motion, and by whose skill the ample products of the field, the mill, the mine, and the workshop have been brought forth and distributed; who have caused abundance to rule where want and famine would else have spread misery among nations. It is necessary to assert the standing of those whose work in life has made them *rich*; whose honest dollars saved and now enjoyed are not only the measure of their own reward, but the evidence of the services they have rendered to their fellow-men.

It may be said that the pursuit of wealth needs no incentive, it will always have its votaries, but yet may often be an utterly ignoble calling. Too true may be this answer, and for that very reason the more should the real function of the capitalist be defined, the public necessity for the accumulation of wealth

be mastered, and the profession of manufacturer and merchant be provided for in our method of education as a profession of equal dignity, equal rank, and equal usefulness with the profession of the minister, the lawyer, the doctor, or the scientist.

Men must work, and some must become manufacturers and merchants; under the incentive of self-interest they must accumulate capital; it is their most useful function. This capital will constitute not only a part of their own wealth, but a part of the national wealth on which the national welfare greatly depends. Can these be in their nature ignoble pursuits?

It is very true that these pursuits may be ignobly followed, but not more so than many others. The man who spends his life in the pursuit of gain for its own sake, irrespective of the service that he renders, and even ignorant of it, yet saves substance that must be used in order to give it value to him, and in its use others are aided who might else have suffered; but the student who passes his life in the mere pursuit of knowledge for its own sake only, making no effort to spend his work for the good of humanity, leaves naught behind, and has been supported by others, rendering no service in return; the yet more selfish person whose sole care is to look after his own salvation in a future life may so wholly ignore his right service in this one as to become a less useful member of society, a less righteous force, than another, whose hasty impulses make him often a sinner, but whose great, unselfish heart, good-will to his fellow-men, and kindly words and deeds more than atone for his errors.

The capitalist who applies inventions and saves men from noxious or arduous drudgery is the true labor reformer.

The words spoken about the dignity of labor are not apt to be very sincere. The work of the scavenger or the scrub, of the coal-heaver or the mule-spinner, is not dignified, and cannot be made so. Much of the work still requisite to be done is depressing both in a moral and material sense, and it is a proof of the dignity of manhood rather than of labor that men who are forced to toil, as many now are, in noxious, dangerous, and unsavory pursuits are not entirely bad.

Science, invention, and capital combined are gradually but surely removing many of the evils that have beset the common sorts of labor; and one of the inducements that may rightly be considered, in the choice of the profession to be entered upon by educated men, is to be found in the undoubted fact that the more a man has gained in the production or distribution of wholesome goods or wares the more comfort he has assured to his fellow-men, and the more opportunity he has given them to surmount the arduous struggle for existence.

The object aimed at by him who is becoming a capitalist may be only "to make money," as the pursuit of gain is called, but in the process the gain is not confined to him who makes it. In almost every branch of industry the surest road to profit consists in the best conditions of life for those who do the actual work, and the largest gains of capital are best assured when wages are highest and laborers fully employed.

In common speech, money, by which wealth is measured, is used as the synonym for wealth itself; and how often do we hear that "money is the root of all evil;" how seldom do we admit, even to ourselves, that it is the source of most of our blessings in this world, and that there is more danger to our moral and spiritual welfare from its want than from its possession! It has been well said that it gives comfort to our homes, education to our children, opportunity for

our friends; it builds our churches, our school-houses, and our dwellings; it saves us from sordid drudgery; it enures to health; it endows the present, which is our only absolute possession, with better means for righteous living, and thus lends hope to the future both here and hereafter. All this it may do. All this it does accomplish in many happy homes. That money may be potent for evil may not be denied; the more fit is the claim that I shall make in behalf of those who must pursue it, and whose lives it is to make or to mar,—the more need that they should learn its true secret.

Life in this world rests upon a material basis; even the process of intellection itself can only be continued if the waste of the material substance of the brain is constantly resupplied by the assimilation of the food that we eat. In life we must meet life's conditions, and they demand the best material conditions for humanity, in order that the development of the highest mental and spiritual life may become even possible.

It has been said in common words, "It is no great use to preach to men with empty stomachs." Asceticism may have been consistent with a high but one-sided development of life in individual cases; even the urgency of extreme poverty may have been the only means by which some forms of genius could have been brought into light, and made to find their perfect work; but the average man can be kept in a condition of even decent morality only by being sustained in the enjoyment of, or at least the expectation of, a tolerable condition of material welfare.

The false philosophy that pronounces the world, the flesh, and the devil as of necessity synonymous terms; that stigmatizes the pursuit of wealth as in its essence a merely selfish pursuit; that finds in the work that rich men must do to become rich no gain to any but themselves, and declares that gain to be mere dust, is a shallow system of dogmas

that are really but half truths; and half truths are often more mischievous than absolute falsehoods, because they are urged with sincerity by honest men, and cause those who listen to and accept them to look beyond the necessary daily work of their lives for a satisfaction that their present work might give them now and here. For what is wealth? Is it not a little more than enough for present wants? The richest state in the world is always within one year of starvation; the capital of the richest nation or state, its mills, works, ware-houses, dwellings, its tools and implements, its goods and wares of every kind, are but the measure of one, two, or at most three years' production. Nothing is so fleeting as what we name fixed capital; only by constant effort can it be maintained. Neglect the farm for two short years, and weeds will take the place of crops. Leave the house a little longer untended and uncared for, and it will only be a fit dwelling for bats and owls. Let the fire go down in the mill or workshop for a few nights and the dampness enter, and the vast fabric of machinery with its mighty engine can never again spin and weave the cloth that yields comfort to thousands. Neglect the road-bed a single year, or even a single month, and never can the railway train again pass in safety until the way has been reconstructed. Yet more destructive than all the forces of nature is the busy brain of the inventor. In all the arts nothing is constant but change: the machinery that to the boy is a marvel of power and of productive capacity has been broken up for old metal almost before he has become an adult.

Continual effort marks the accumulation; more constant effort is needed to maintain; and yet all the capital of the community for which a price can be charged, or for the use of which any payment can be claimed, is but the sum of one, two, or three years' production.

Is there no intellectual standing re-

quired for this vast work? Is not he a master of arts who masters forces? Is not he a doctor of laws who masters the complex rules that control the relations of men to each other, and who brings the work of the day laborer on the far-off Western prairie to the subsistence of the weary cotton spinner in yet more distant England? Is not he the true physician by whom humanity is kept in health, in vigor, and in strength? Is not he the true minister of spiritual life who feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and shelters the homeless, without debasing them by alms-giving?

It is impossible to think of modern society existing without the services of capital; modern life cannot be conceived of without it. If it were not for the service rendered to the present generation by capital that has been saved from the work of the past, cities would be depopulated, famine would stalk throughout broad lands, and pestilence would work a blessing in removing from the earth those who could not be subsisted upon it.

What are the forces that keep thousands from starving in England to-day? Are they not the forces of capital and commerce? Who are the men that thus feed the hungry? Are they only the philanthropists, the reformers, the advocates of this or that panacea for the ills that afflict humanity? Far from it; they are the Garretts, the Scotts, and the Vanderbilts, the Cunards, the Allans, and the Leylands, and all the less known members of the unlearned professions, who, perhaps aware of, or more or less ignorant of, their true function, are yet the agents by whose work nations are sustained. No benevolence, no alms-giving, could possibly reach the need; and if it could it would pauperize those who received and ruin those who gave; it would work both moral, mental, and material degradation. It is by the use of capital that the vast crops of the great West are produced; it is by the use of

capital that they are moved, and it is the work of commerce, conducted by business men seeking wealth for themselves only, that distributes these vast stores over wider and wider areas, and thus renders the struggle for existence less arduous for each succeeding generation of men. We *are* more nearly a nation of shop-keepers than any other, and we may well be thankful for the distinction.

Some one has well said that the first question a young man should put to himself when entering upon the chosen business of his life should be, "Whose labor do I propose to share?" But to this he must add another question, What service do I propose to render in requital for that labor? He cannot permanently succeed unless he renders service equal to the share of labor that he receives.

The law of commerce, whether between nations or persons, is product for product, and the principle which controls it is service for service; the measure of payment in money is but the term in which both the service rendered and the service received are defined and stated. It therefore follows that the man who chooses to enter upon the business of production will be sustained, if he is successful at all, only in virtue of the fact that he can save those who buy his goods a part of the labor that they would otherwise have been compelled to exert. If in the work of production he employs others beside himself, they serve him because the wages he pays them give them better subsistence than they could otherwise obtain. He who becomes a merchant and enters upon the business of distribution is controlled by the same law: those who buy his wares make the purchase only because it benefits themselves,—because they are saved an effort,—not in order to benefit him. He who becomes a railway manager is sustained only because he moves the crops and manufactures of the country over the widest area at the least cost to the consumer. The measure of the fortune

of each, the farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the railway owner, is but the measure of the labor he has saved men from doing,—not a share of their work that he has compelled them to do for him. He has not profited by their loss, but his own gain has been obtained only because they have gained also.

In a free state, governed by just laws, the more the few increase in wealth the more the many gain in welfare. The two words become truly synonymous, and conflict is impossible. Of course bad men will cheat and ignorant men will be defrauded; immoral men will engage in nefarious traffic, and noxious goods will be bought and sold; but this does not impair the rule, and these aberrations are but exceptions even in the common practice. Some one has said, "The integrity of the many makes the opportunity for the fraud of the few." Society itself could not exist, unless the natural laws which govern the transactions of men accorded in the long run with morality and justice. I do not say that these laws assert themselves, or that these principles control the work of every individual or even of every generation. Their action may be impaired by special circumstances. The issue of irredeemable paper money will promote a vast increase of crime,—will cause fraud and breach of trust to pervade the land, and make men almost hopeless of integrity ever again appearing to be the rule. If the nation legislates a lie, and forces its promise of a dollar under a legal-tender act into use in place of the coined metal that carries its own value in its own substance, the people will follow the example; fraud will prevail more and yet more among them, until bankruptcy or anarchy forces a return to right methods of legislation, and to an honest standard of value by which each man may again truly measure the service that he renders by the service that he receives.

The resumption of specie payments by this nation is not only the greatest

material triumph, but the greatest moral triumph as well. It has been reserved for a democratic republic to be the first among nations to redeem its notes, that had been issued under the force of an act making them a legal tender, without repudiation of any part of the promise. But continued redemption cannot be assured if these notes are reissued. They are bad in their very essence, and are a continual cause of danger to the welfare of the nation.

If the government limits its functions, or rather is limited, to the enforcement of justice, the promotion of education, and the protection of persons and property; if intelligent men are left free in their action, unaffected by vicious legislation, the work of production, distribution, and consumption will proceed under laws that are more potent than any mere statutes can ever be in assuring abundance in the production and equity in the distribution of wealth, and those laws bring moral and material welfare into truest harmony.

But it is said by some of the sincere but misguided advocates of the various sophistries that have of late been rife, Our quarrel is not with capital, but with capitalists. We oppose the "money power;" we affirm that certain changes must be made, because capitalists, by the control of the money power, are enabled to obtain an undue share of the wealth produced, and hence they grow richer, while the poor for that very reason grow poorer.

It is not intended to enter upon a discussion of the currency question, but it is cited as an example of what an enormous factor in moral and spiritual questions the mere instrument used in the distribution of wealth may become. Statutes prescribing the kind and quality of the money that shall be lawful are great forces, upon the right direction of which the very structure of society depends, — that may cause anarchy and confusion, or that may be directed toward

peace, order, and prosperity; that are more potent for good or evil than all the words that can be spoken from the pulpit; more capable of causing disease or health to prevail than all the prescriptions of the physician, and more replete with justice or with wrong than all the decisions of the courts. The most pernicious of all wrong is the decision of a court by which a false statute is sustained.

Pelotiah Webster, a great merchant of Philadelphia, who opposed the issue of continental currency, predicted its malignant effect, and witnessed the disaster and distress that it caused, in 1780 used these words: "Our finances have for five years past been under the management of fifty men of the best abilities and most spotless integrity that could be elected out of the thirteen States; yet they are in a ruined condition. We have suffered more from this than from every other cause of calamity; it has killed more men, perverted and corrupted the choicest interests of our country more, and done more injustice than even the arts and artifices of our enemies."

And when, later, he witnessed the final collapse of this corrupting agency he wrote, —

"Thus fell, ended, and died the continental currency, aged six years. Its circulation was never more brisk and quick than when its exchange was five hundred to one, yet it expired without one groan or struggle; and I believe, of all things that ever suffered dissolution since life was first given to the creation, this mighty monster died the least lamented. If it saved the state, it also polluted the equity of our laws, and turned them into engines of oppression and wrong; destroyed the fortunes of thousands who had most confidence in it; enervated the trade, husbandry, and manufactures of our country, and went far to destroy the morality of our whole people."

Who are to control, guide, and direct forces such as these, — forces whose ef-

fects are as malignant as their action is subtle and concealed?

Yet this continental currency, like our legal-tender note, was but an instrument of distribution. If a fault in distribution could work such adverse effects as Webster pictured and such as we ourselves have lately seen, and may yet see again, because our legal tender notes, although redeemed, are still bad money and are still working evil results, does it not prove the need of a right comprehension of the whole subject? When bad money has such power for evil, no wonder that those who have not mastered the subject should speak of the money power, and impute to money itself and to its possession the evils that ensue from its bad quality or from its misuse. Good money can work no wrong; it is but an instrument, by means of which property is exchanged.

What these men blindly aim at, when they prate of the money power, is the power of capital and the power that accompanies the possession of property. The issue is the issue between communism and property, and the men of property must justify their possession, not merely by statute, but by proving that the possession of property gives the highest power of service, prevents waste, and assures the community against the prevalence of want.

May it not be stated as a scientific proposition, easily demonstrated from the experience of the past, that, while communism can never be reached by the destruction of the institution of property, there is yet a communism that will surely come to which no one can take exception? Not a communism in accumulation and in the possession of capital, but a communism in a substantially equal distribution of the means of subsistence that are the joint product of labor and capital.

Through competition among capitalists, capital itself is every year more effective in production, and tends ever to increasing abundance. Under its

working the commodities that have been the luxuries of one generation become the comforts of the next and the necessities of the third; and with each year the amount of labor required to procure an equitable share of this ever-increasing product is diminished. With the growth of the intelligence of the laborers, both the drudgery and the more arduous or noxious conditions of their work are also more and more abated. The plane of what constitutes a comfortable subsistence is constantly rising, and as the years go by greater and greater numbers attain this plane. Even in Great Britain to-day, despite bad harvests and adverse conditions on every side, subsistence is easier to obtain, and pauperism is less, than at the time of the great agitation for the repeal of the corn laws. The distress of to-day is striking higher up in the social scale than it did then, and is likely to cause more far-reaching changes than the mere repeal of an obnoxious statute.

The railroads of the United States have so reduced the cost of moving the great staple products of corn and meat that little or no rent can hereafter be paid in Great Britain for land devoted to them. For the smaller crops which yield the better profit to the laborer the land must be free. The present system of land tenure is tottering to its fall, and changes have been promoted by the application of capital in the United States to the distribution of food that may cause a greater Britain to arise than we have yet seen, and that shall bring the English-speaking people on the two sides of the great ocean into much closer relations than they ever were before.

The ruling class who would have sustained slavery, and who would have divided this nation had they dared, are now meeting their reward; we have attacked them with the subtle weapons of peace, that could not have been forged had this nation not maintained its life.

We have combined labor and capital with such success that the ship-loads of

food that we ourselves cannot consume have affected the very fabric of English society, and will cause it to be relaid on a more stable and righteous foundation.

Our capital is truly the result of labor saved; our possessions are the wilderness redeemed from waste; our rights to property are based on ability to preserve and capacity to use.

Let us be thankful that no vested wrongs beset us; that we have no class who claim supremacy because of inherited position; more than all, that we have no military caste. Far better a Congress composed, even as ours is now for a little while, so largely of Confederate brigadiers than a Parliament, one half of whose upper and one third of whose lower house are made up of men who are or have been officers in an army.

Property must be held by him who can himself use it, if it is to work its most perfect results.

Liberty to earn, liberty to save, liberty to spend, the utmost freedom to engage in any pursuit that does not harm society, must be the rule. Under this rule the true place of capitalists must become manifest to the commonest understanding; and it is upon the determination of this question of the beneficent function of capital, and of capitalists also, that the welfare of nations for the next century depends.

Are we passing out of the era of war, and entering upon the century of commerce? It surely seems to be so on this continent. If capitalists abuse their power and do not find in wealth an opportunity for service, the worse not only for them, but for the community. If rights are asserted and duties are not fulfilled, the rights may become wrongs, and cannot be maintained.

There is one law that has had freer scope in this land than in any other. It is a rule formulated by Frederick Bastiat in the following terms: "In pro-

portion to the increase of capital, the absolute share of the total product falling to the capitalist is augmented, but his relative share is diminished; while, on the contrary, the laborer's share is increased both absolutely and relatively." This is a necessary law, that once fully comprehended would cause every laborer to do his utmost, not only to save a portion of his own earnings, and to begin to be a capitalist himself, but to take every possible measure to promote the accumulation of capital by others, even by those who already had the most.

Before capital had taken the form of the modern railroad, the men of Massachusetts worked long and arduously to force a scanty subsistence from her sterile soil. Before capital took the form of the modern textile factory, the women of Massachusetts worked yet more arduously in spinning and weaving the insufficient clothing of the family. Now one day's labor will pay the cost of moving a year's supply of meat and flour from the fertile prairies of the West. A thousand miles of distance and a dollar are convertible terms, and a dollar a day is almost the lowest wage of the commonest laborer. Now one woman operating her portion of the machinery in a great factory will clothe many hundreds in comfort.

It has been proved by the admirable census of Massachusetts, taken in 1875 by Carroll D. Wright, that the capital invested in manufactures in the State is equal in value to just one half the value of the annual product of the works in which it is invested. Capital thus applied has of late been able to earn as the share of its owners a proportion not exceeding six per cent. per annum. Assuming this as an average, it follows that where the product is double the capital, three parts of the annual result constitute the share of the capitalist and ninety-seven parts are the share of others. Who are these others? Are they not the laborers who do the work in the

mills and the workshops, or the laborers who produce the commodities that are converted from the crude form of what are called raw materials into the finished forms that are ready for consumption? Trace any art from its inception to the present day, and apply the rule of Bastiat. The cotton manufacture is only a century old; forty years since the product of a cotton-mill was less than one third what it is now, and the value of each spindle and loom was greater; it took three or four times as large a portion of the annual result to compensate capital as it does now. But as capital in cotton-mills has increased, that is, as men have become rich, as the mills have become larger, more numerous, more effective, the annual share of the product of the mills that capital could secure to its own use has diminished year by year. Where forty years since it could secure at least one fifth, it can now take to itself but one fifteenth, or less, of the product; labor receives the rest. Yet the smaller share from the larger product measured in money would come to a vastly greater sum than the larger share of the lesser product used to constitute. The absolute share of capital is greater; its relative share is less.

The laborers, on the other hand, receive from ninety-four to ninety-seven per cent. of the larger product, where they used to receive but eighty per cent. of a much smaller one; their share is far greater both absolutely and relatively. The rule is clearly demonstrated in the history of the cotton factory, and its beneficent working can be traced in every other branch of industry.

This is only the title of one of the chapters that ought to be a part of the instruction of the members of the Unlearned Professions. Would it not help, and not harm, a man to know that the harder and more intelligently he worked in his chosen business, and the more success he achieved in adding to the capital in it, the more drudgery he would save

his fellow-men, and the more leisure he would ultimately give them in their struggle for subsistence? Let it, then, be asked of the college men, professors, instructors, graduates, and members of boards of alumni and of trustees, by whom our institutions of learning are now and are to be hereafter guided and controlled, What have you provided for the instruction of this young man, who is perhaps to be one of the capitalists by whom these great enterprises in manufacturing and in commerce are to be carried on in the next generation? We do not mean, What technical instruction do you intend to give him? (even that was wanting only a few short years ago; but our Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Sheffield School at Yale, the Scientific School at Dartmouth, and many other schools are more or less adequately meeting this need) but, What are you doing for the instruction of this young man, who is to become rich and to furnish the means and direct the employment of those who have been trained in the technical schools and those who labor under them?

Let us take hold of one end of the cotton thread and follow the clue to the other end; perhaps by this method we may indicate what seems to be the need and method of instruction for those who are now or are to become rich. As we untwist the strand it will carry us back to prehistoric times, — to the land in Central Asia, where the woman who first gathered the lint from the boll and learned to spin it upon the distaff laid the foundation of the modern factory. In the records of Assyria upon the stones of Nineveh, and on the walls of the pyramids, one may see the pictures of the loom, of which our finest modern examples are but modifications. Let us follow the strand down through the ages, and before we have untwisted all that is held among its fibres we may have learned a lesson in physical geography and geology, in the chemistry of soils and in mechanics;

have studied how plants grow; have mastered many of the most important chapters in the history of nations; have sounded the depths of moral and political science; and when our own time is reached we shall find the most potent factor in the renewed prosperity upon which we are now congratulating ourselves.

The mechanician who invented the cotton-gin perpetuated slavery for nearly a century, and the despised negro has been the financial power by whom specie payment has now been restored. The last ten free crops of cotton have exceeded the last ten slave crops by six and a half million bales. These last six crops of cotton have been worth nearly or quite three billion dollars in gold coin. With them we have paid our foreign debt and turned the tide of gold this way.

Our success in resuming our place among nations and in taking the lead in paying our debts has been due to our merchants, our men of affairs, to our railway managers and our capitalists, — far more than to our statesmen. While Congress has been vacillating and uncertain in its purpose, and our ministers of finance have been and still are tampering with the currency, great industrial forces have been directed by able men, and most of the obstructions that legislators or administrations could interpose have been surmounted.

It is the work of those who have produced and distributed our great crops of cotton and of corn that has achieved results. It is the instinct of the people rather than the statesmanship of its financial leaders that has kept the nation true; their common sense has been proof against the plausible fraud of the demagogue and the specious sophistries of the sentimentalist and the rhetorician. To them we owe the honorable record of our last few years of financial struggle that will be inscribed in the history of this time.

When the merchant studies history to

find the place that men of affairs have held in its course, he soon perceives that even in war itself, which constitutes so much of the narrative of history, it is the man of affairs that has been the chief actor; without the able commissary the greatest general would have failed.

If he seeks to know the real event that occurred at a given time, or in a given age, he will find it only in a supplementary chapter that seems to be of the least interest. When the enthusiasm for the crusades roused the lords of the land to muster their men at arms and proceed upon their hopeless enterprise, the real event was the sale of their lands to the merchants and men of affairs, from whom the possession of land had before been most jealously guarded; and when these knights and seigneurs died in battle and from disease in the far lands of the East their grand crusade seemed all a failure; but the men at arms, the followers, and the serfs who escaped with life carried back the arts of making steel, of weaving silk, and the seed of maize, and in these and other ways worked a vast change in the industry of Western Europe. When the Moors were driven out of Spain, and there seemed to be a great triumph for Christianity, literature and art and industry went with them; the pursuits of peace, in many of which the Moors far exceeded any other race in Southern Europe, were put back a century, and the greed of gold, as the only kind of wealth worth possessing, became the ruling principle in the Spanish mind, and has since been the chief cause of the ruin of the great empire of Spain.

How many of those who read history as it is taught in the schools and colleges perceive the true force of gunpowder? Who, except the one who finds in commerce and industry the great forces that move society and sooner or later control events, ever thinks that the invention of gunpowder was one of the greatest events, not only in its effect on

the industrial arts, but in the equalization of wealth,—that it destroyed the power of sword and armor, and ultimately changed the entire distribution of wealth, from the ancient mode according to status or condition to the modern method by contract and agreement? What events in the great religious wars were equal in their ultimate effect on the history of the world to the banishment of the Flemish weavers to England and the scattering of the French Huguenots in other lands, to which they carried the industrial arts they had learned at home?

If we could bring this lesson home to our own times and country, witness the great industrial revolution that has occurred in our own land. I have spoken of our great crop of cotton and its value,—what does it mean more than has yet been indicated? The enfranchisement of the negro and his endowment with the right of suffrage of necessity brought many evil results. States were misgoverned for the time being, and much disaster has ensued from this misgovernment. Now, a reaction has occurred which has brought again into temporary power the representatives of a dead past, and for a little time galvanized corpses, who in their life-time attempted to harness pestilence to do the evil work of slavery, may even take their places in the governor's chair of great States, and appear to rule; but let us have patience and look deeper. The organic laws of these States have been mostly framed in accordance with the best constitutions of the Northern States. Under their action the very fabric of society is being changed: old things have partly passed away; new men and new measures are forcing their way into action; the production of wealth is rapidly increasing, and for its opportunity it demands and will have justice and fair treatment for those who do the work. Identity of material interests is riveting the bonds of the union of the States

more surely than any constitution or organic law,—more firmly than any force of arms could rivet it. The war for the Union neither saved nor made it; it removed the cause of disunion that for a century had kept the separate members of an aggregate of States in a condition of passive war with one another, and the slave-stricken sections in passive civil war within their own boundaries. The centrifugal force has been destroyed and the centripetal force is as certain in its action as the law of gravitation. The men who stand in its way will be crushed, and the Southern men soon to represent the forces at present in action are those who now have the sagacity to perceive their nature, and who are setting themselves at work to remove the obstacles that still in some degree prevent their perfect work.

Analyze these new forces, and what is their source? Simply the effort of free men to secure wealth; simply the self-interest of individuals, each more or less blindly struggling to improve his own condition. The illiterate and uninstructed freedman and the yet more illiterate and badly instructed poor white, with more or less of violence, more rather than less of fraud, and under almost hopeless difficulty are yet laying the foundations of order and stability. To him who can look beneath the surface of the political froth that obscures the deep-moving currents it is the opportunity that liberty has given to achieve widely distributed wealth which is the real power destined soon to control events, and once more give to these great States of the South an influence in the councils of the nation that no one need ever dread again.

Witness once more the great industrial revolution that is moving over England with resistless force, and trace its cause. Again you will find a righteous change worked out by the pursuit of wealth under free conditions. Under the feudal system the possession of land,

which constituted the chief element of property, carried with it duties as well as rights; it had grown out of the conditions of a society in which strength gave the power which science has since developed in mechanism.

The orders of knighthood and of nobility were more or less deserved, and in some degree were recognitions of service rendered to society; but when the titles have come down to spendthrifts and imbeciles, and the possessions can only be maintained by bailiffs and trustees, — when the land is covered with restrictions and settlements in favor of those whose lives are passed in luxury or worse, and who perform no service in return for the share of other men's labor which they enjoy, — then, the end cannot be far away. Has it not come? The near future will answer this question. If it has come, what has been the motive? The hardy immigrants seeking to escape the blood tax of compulsory military service in Germany and other continental countries, or seeking to avoid the almost serf-like conditions of Ireland and Scotland, soon to be followed by an unnumbered multitude from England itself, have sought subsistence on our fertile land. Their aim is to accumulate wealth. The railway magnate seconds their attempt, the great merchant promotes it, and by their success each achieves his own special end. The weary toilers of England are sustained, while the power of the privileged classes is being shattered to its foundation. The low cost of our grain and meat forbid the payment of rent to the English landlords.

It is the merchant, the manufacturer, the railway owner, and the other members of the unlearned professions by whom all this work is concentrated and directed. Shall they work blindly on, moved by forces of which they themselves are ignorant? Shall they undervalue their own pursuits? Shall they any longer be held unworthy of the highest rank among men? Rather let us

take a lesson from the Chinese, who have not permitted titles of nobility to pass down from brave and worthy ancestors to a posterity that may have become idle, vicious, and unworthy, but who, in virtue of noble deeds and useful services performed in the present time, grant titles of nobility to the ancestors of him who does the work of to-day.

What kind of instruction would best serve the purpose of him who is to become a man of affairs? Perhaps one who has missed it may hardly dare to answer. May not the ancient languages cease to be taught as classics, but instead be made a part of the teaching of the English language in which they still live? May not history become replete with light and interest if we work *back* from the events of to-day to their source in the distant past? May not every science become pleasant toil when the motive of its study is the right understanding of the cotton, the wool, the leather, and the other commodities in which the merchant is to deal and the manufacturer is to work? And may not all this labor of preparation for what are now untaught and unlearned professions be elevated and dignified when the abstract training of the mind which ought to form a part of every system of instruction is sought in what has been named the most metaphysical of all the sciences, — the science of political economy? We need take no exception to the pursuit of the highest scholarship, to the most abstract training in the classics, the most thorough work in scientific study and research; but how few can spend time and money, — how few have the mental capacity that make it worth their while to attempt these courses of instruction!

Would it not be better to accept the necessary conditions of material life, and not deem ignoble that system of instruction which makes "bread and butter" more abundant? There is a demand for such work, and if the true institutions of learning do not meet it, the commu-

nity will spend their money on the superficial instruction of what are called "business colleges."

When the department of commercial and political instruction is established as a part of the curriculum of our colleges; when our universities offer not merely a miscellaneous list of elective studies, but a carefully prepared system of elective *courses of instruction* for the merchant and the manufacturer, as fitly planned as those which have been provided for the students of law, medicine, and theology, a need will have been met that has become urgent since steam and the telegraph have brought commerce and manufactures within the domain of science, and more and more eliminated the element of chance in their pursuit. In Austria, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Scotland, either in the universities or in separate schools, this need has been admirably and adequately met. Shall New England lag behind? Every man who has been in any manner connected with the use of capital, even though not himself a capitalist, has witnessed a waste of money from misdirection in the last twenty years counted by untold millions. In Massachusetts only, there has been a waste of capital that would not have occurred had even the elementary principles of physical and social science been taught in the schools and universities a generation since, to those who were to become the men of

affairs, sufficient to have founded a commercial, technical, and industrial school upon the broadest foundation in every county and city, if not in every town, in the State.

But while the men of affairs may thus present the claims of those who must be fitted for their work in order that all may live, and while their title to rank and dignity proportioned to the importance of their work may rightly be asserted, no one will defer more fully than they to the higher claim of those to whom it is given to add to the immaterial capital, to increase the sum of knowledge,—not sought for its own sake, but that he who has striven to gain it might add to the priceless treasure which moth and rust cannot corrupt, and which no thief can steal, because it is the common wealth of generations.

It may well be considered by those who guide and control our institutions of learning that the same rule will obtain in this matter as in all the other affairs of life,—service for service. The more fitly the colleges provide for the instruction of those who now constitute the unlearned professions and bring them up to the true dignity of their calling, the more will they sustain the colleges and the learned professions, to the end that all may join together in promoting the material welfare of humanity, thus assuring that mental and spiritual progress that alone makes life worth living.

Edward Atkinson.

RECORDS OF W. M. HUNT.

III.

MR. HUNT was one of the most patient men when patience was really necessary; yet the exercise of this virtue was not pleasant to him. It wore upon his nervous strength and exhausted him.

His patience was admirable, but it was costly, and when all outward manifestations bespoke submission and harmony he was often most restive. The delays incident to the acceptance of the contract for the Albany work, and the subsequent waiting for the room to be got

into condition for him to begin painting, were severely felt. Some extracts from letters dated at his studio and addressed to his assistant, while the latter was at Niagara, will show this: —

“I am glad that everything goes on so well at the Falls; for, among other reasons, it enables me to be patient with my work here, and also to bear with patience the delays necessary where many are interested. Both Mr. Eidlitz and Mr. Dorsheimer have written me that they were unable to be here to meet me to-day, as we had agreed. Eidlitz is to come the last of the week, and Mr. D. on Sunday. In the mean time I have enough to busy myself about. I feel that even in the event of my not undertaking the work it will not have been entirely lost time, as I am thinking over a good many things which I would have slept over, had not an occasion called them up. I regret much not being able to be at the Falls to complete the work there before hot weather. But I don't think it would be well to growl much at my luck. I am pleased that Tom is doing well. Remember me to him, and ask him to write and tell me how the brown mare's legs and feet are. Also, he must be sure not to let the horses go too long without having their feet looked to and shoes placed.”

In another note at this time he says, “I am quite as anxious to be in N. F. as you are to have me, and the time lost in questioning and doubt is very perplexing; but I suppose we must look at it as a good thing. I have been trying some experiments in throwing up large figures in my room from small drawings, and they work pretty well. Will write soon and often, and like to hear from you.”

This letter was sent off without either date or signature. He rarely dated his letters, but usually affixed his signature.

Mr. Hunt was, perhaps, more than most artists impatient of the ordinary incompetent criticism, and being by rea-

son of his temperament an ardent hater for cause naturally disliked a class of talking or writing people who, he felt, misunderstood and misrepresented him. His enmity was notably excited by the kind of simplicity that marched up to a picture painted to be seen at a distance of ten feet, and, putting its nose against the canvas, prated of brush marks and roughness and the lack of finish. I remember hearing Mr. Hunt and Mr. Joseph Jefferson compare opinions upon the effect of looking at pictures from wrong distances. Mr. Jefferson remarked that it was necessary to modify one's representations to suit the distance of the actor from the audience; that good acting in a small auditorium might not be effective in a larger room.

Mr. Hunt was a believer in solid masculine work. He had been a painter long enough to appreciate, in his own productions, the worth of time in mellowing the tone and smoothing the surface of paintings in oil. No complaint was ever heard of a want of finish or smoothness in the painting called *The Prodigal Son*, recently on exhibition at the Art Museum. It appears, indeed, more “finished” or smooth than many a Holbein or a Ribera; yet, two years after it was painted, in 1853, its surface was so coarse and rough that the texture of the sheep-skin on the back of the smaller figure could not be distinguished from the flesh painting except by its color. Mr. Hunt recognized a certain crudeness and roughness as valuable qualities in fresh work, and did not choose to be forced into a way of painting that he did not approve.

Mr. Hunt disliked also a set of admirers who were pleased to praise his early work at the expense of his present, and who spoke of his latest pictures as crude and hurried in execution. I could see, or thought I could see, that, averaging his work, he was painting, on the whole, better and better every year. I once remarked to him that I thought

he had never painted so well as now, and asked him to tell me frankly his own opinion about it. He said, "I think I am painting now better than at any period of my life. I should certainly be very much discouraged if I thought that, with all my trying, I had made no progress for twenty years. Of this I am sure: the things that I did many years ago with difficulty look very easy to me at the present time."

Since Mr. Hunt's death, but never before within my knowledge, he has been spoken of as lacking in originality, and his earlier paintings, done under the supervision of Couture or Millet, or soon after leaving their ateliers, are instanced in supporting this view. But to dispose of this accusation we have only to look at the things done after he had emancipated himself from his pupillary surroundings. I think one finds in his later work a rather aggressive and striking originality both in conception and style. Certainly one would never speak of any of the old masters as lacking in originality because their early works resembled those of their teachers. Such fidelity to teaching is creditable to the pupil. The only thing that gives very early work any value whatever is its close resemblance to that of some artist of reputation.

In the spring of 1877, Mr. Hunt was especially disturbed by an article published in one of the newspapers of New York. It purported to be a notice of the spring exhibition of the Academy of that city, but a chief object of the communication was, apparently, to give vent to some splenetic views concerning Mr. Hunt and his pupils and friends in Boston. As Mr. Hunt had no pictures on exhibition in the New York Academy at this time, one might have supposed it difficult to introduce him and his local surroundings into such an article; but the writer was equal to the occasion. Mr. Duveneck had some pictures there, and these paintings, the writer went on

to say, were "not needed here so much as in Boston;" but they were particularly needed in the latter place "to break up the stagnation that follows monopoly in the art world no less inexorably than it does in the market. We are fortunately free, now, from the one-man power that until a little while ago in Boston had ground down all the young women artists', and many of the young men artists', bones to a pale unanimity, and which, if it had not been checked in time, would have swamped art in our sister city in monotony and mannerism. Mr. Duveneck's appearance in Boston fluttered the dove-cotes there to some purpose, and nothing that we know of in the recent history of our art world seems to me as interesting as the cordial enthusiasm his pictures excited among the younger members of the Art Club,—an enthusiasm which took the practical shape of an invitation to the artist to come and settle in Boston, where, it was hoped, he might give efficient help in the opposition that was making itself felt to certain arrogant and dogmatic claims beginning to be unbearable. Mr. Duveneck did not accept the invitation, but his pictures worked powerfully in the desired direction, and greatly strengthened the hands of the rising school. In Boston the presence of a strong man was needed to temper, not to destroy, the rule of one artist, who, immensely more through social and personal influences,—among them a streaming eloquence of dogmatic assertion, headstrong opinions, and blustering scorn of all opposition,—immensely more through such influences than through his art, had imposed his theories and his practice on a crowd of blind adorers. Of course some good has come of this autocratic rule. It has not enlarged people; that can only be done by teaching them to think for themselves. It has not made them love art; that can only be done by showing them art in its various manifestations; and

Boston people have been crammed, in these later years, with the belief that there is no art but French art, and that Couture and Mr. Wm. Hunt are its prophets. . . . No man in Boston, with any strength of his own, could, however, long endure this state of things. Those who could escape fled to Europe or New York; those who could not escape made the best of it; and we can imagine their delight when, at a certain exhibition of the Art Club, they saw their deliverance dawn in Mr. Duveneck's pictures."

This article Mr. Hunt regarded as a malicious as well as an ignorant representation of his position in Boston, and felt that, in justice to his pupils and friends, and to the status of art here, some correcting statement should be made. He therefore wrote and sent the following reply, which was refused publication. It was addressed to the writer of the criticism. "I am not surprised," writes Mr. Hunt, "at your disgust at the character which you describe; but when one considers that it is your own manufacture, the disgust turns naturally towards the machine which incubates such a production. You present the picture of a being so weak and stupid that he cannot even teach people to 'think for themselves,' and one who has not taught any one to love art; for that can only be done by showing them art in its various manifestations.' This weak creature at the same time holds 'autocratic rule' over a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants for years, grinds everybody to pieces, and those who can escape fly to Europe, — or to New York! To cap the climax, a deliverer arrives, who, by the bye, had been invited by me to share my studio; and in another moment, if it had not been checked in time, this 'one-man power' would have 'swamped art in our sister city in monotony and mannerism.'

"Now, your motive in all this is to create animosity between me and other artists; but you will be unsuccessful.

The sister city, over which I am described as holding such autocratic rule, has always been the first to accept most cordially fresh examples of art. Boston was the first to recognize Millet, Corot, Daubigny, and of our own non-resident artists, Inness, Lafarge, Vedder, Duveneck, and others.

"You tell us that Boston people have been crammed with French art, and that Couture and William Hunt are its prophets. Now it may surprise the reader to learn that you have written the history of my teachings and creed without even asking me an opinion, or being present at any lesson of my class; furthermore, to learn that I have never undertaken to teach M. Couture's method, or any other method, and have endeavored, as all my scholars will say, to develop in each one his individual manner. I would as soon think of teaching a method of writing poetry.

"The words 'French art,' which you put in my mouth, I do not remember ever to have used in my class; for they convey no meaning to the art student further than being suggestive of a class of skillfully painted pictures imported into New York, and sold to amateurs and dealers all over the country. The term is used here generally by what are called 'dealers' assistants,' who drum up purchasers, rope in friends, and pocket commissions.

"Among modern painters I admire Hogarth, Géricault, Constable, Turner, Delacroix, Ingres, Flandrin, Corot, Millet, and others. I have pointed these artists out to my scholars as admirable; and I shall not forget that Géricault, one of the greatest of modern French painters (mind you, not a stickler for French art), went over to England, and wrote to Delacroix to come over, saying that the English had at that time the best painters.

"And when we see the admiration of the French for Bonnington, of Troyon for Constable, artists of each nation

studying and admiring the works of the other; and in visiting the studios of some of the best men in England to-day find on their walls sketches by Daubigny, Diaz, Corot, and Millet, it shows that those who have succeeded in art have always loved and respected one another's work.

"Please to remark that these are not the names whose monograms decorate the corners of pictures generally peddled about this country, or talked of as belonging to 'French art,' or any other art. They are the names of individuals, and as different from one another as are Shakespeare, Goethe, Molière, and Browning; and, moreover, they are names that would never have survived if contemporaneous art criticism could have killed them.

"The idea that fine art was ever confined to a school, or a people, is too idiotic to speak of. To accuse me of upholding such a sentiment is as silly in you as it would be for me to publish that you believe that art criticism can only be written with a quill of the great bald-headed American eagle."

Since Mr. Hunt's death the same critic again writes: "Mr. Hunt was essentially the apostle of a school, and cried aloud in the desert of our American art culture the name of a master. He worshiped the name of the late Thomas Couture, and he taught hundreds of his countrymen to worship it." It would be interesting to learn how this writer obtained his singular knowledge of Mr. Hunt's opinions and teachings. I never heard Mr. Hunt mention the name of Couture but once, and on that occasion he humorously alluded to the circumstance of some young American artists being in Couture's studio, for the purpose of learning his method. "Having got the proper method," said Mr. Hunt, "they can come right home and go to painting."

As an example of Mr. Hunt's manner of teaching by words, the following

outlines of a lecture are interesting. It is elementary, but not too elementary to be of interest.

"To make a copy of an object, and to imitate, if you will, as closely as possible, is an elementary process in learning to paint or draw. Therefore, make the most earnest endeavor, as you do when you first try to copy the letters and words in learning to write. But in order to *say* anything in art, to express as well as may be the impression or emotion which you have felt when you have seen something that has impressed you, or when your imagination has made a combination, and you desire to express this picture to another, — in order to do this, you will find not only that it is not necessary to say all that you can discover in the objects necessary to give the impression, but it will tax your ingenuity and patience to the utmost to keep the different objects needed to make your statement or picture each in its relative position to the other, and to the point you desire to make in your argument or representation.

"The manner of using all objects will necessarily differ in every new subject or statement, and you will find that to paint a plate, or a flower, or a drape, is a very easy matter in comparison with making these objects sing the desired note in the harmony of a composition.

"To have something worth saying is a good deal; to be able to say it is not given to every one. To be eloquent is rare; to have the power to move and convince all hearers requires something more than courage, conviction, and independence. The possibility of this power is inborn, and is developed only through intense love, earnestness, desire unlimited, and the sacrifice of everything to one purpose.

"You cannot be too plain or too direct. You must believe and you must affirm, and let your qualifications and your doubts follow in the baggage train

to look after the wounded; and when in your descriptions you speak of a leaden sky or a golden river, neither be surprised nor discouraged when the scientific realist, the expert, or the critic gravely informs you that even by the test of specific gravity your statement can be proved erroneous. Remember that weights and measures are as much his business as perception and feeling are yours.

"When a spectator, after looking at your work, remarks that he never saw this or that in nature, remember that this may be true; and, moreover, that if he had seen it, it might have said nothing to him. Listen rather to those who have expressed to you clearly something which they *have* seen, and which enables you to see something which you never before thought worth noticing. You may be sure of getting more satisfaction in showing what you have observed to a man like Sir Isaac Newton, who saw the apple fall, than you would from all the apple gatherers from the time of Adam down to the present.

"Why should we feel hurt by the complaints or criticisms of those whose opinions on art, were they for sale, we would not give a cent for? On general rules, should not their praise be discouraging? Let us suppose, now, that we have become capable of drawing and painting various familiar objects, — of rendering the idea of space in the sky, and the distance extending between objects as they recede from one another; that we have learned to give the idea of substance and weight to the objects which we have endeavored to copy, — let us suppose that we have arrived thus far, and can give the general characteristic appearance of these forms and distances. Now it remains to be seen how we are to use this power in the formation of pictures, for it is, thus far, but the power of writing and spelling and learning the definition of the words of a language, — a part, in fact, of the

grammar and the dictionary; we have still to say something which will interest mankind, and to do this we must dare to leave the province of literal imitation to the parrot and the monkey. We are now to *express*, with the little we have learned, the ideas and emotions in which the mind and perceptions and heart of the artist abound."

A young man learning to paint asked Mr. Hunt if he did not think it time that he exhibited something. "Oh, yes, yes," was the reply, "it's quite time you began to exhibit your pictures. You'll never think as much of them as you do now."

Mr. Hunt himself was rarely very eager to exhibit his own productions to the public. I remember that, being urged to send pictures to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, he said, "I don't know why I should take the time and trouble to go about and collect my pictures, and send them off at my own risk. I have nothing in my studio that I care to send. If those who own pictures of mine would send them, I should not object to it, but I don't care enough about the matter to waste time over it." In answer to a letter begging him to exhibit some of his pictures on another occasion, in New York, he wrote:

"MY DEAR MR. —: I have not any picture at present which I care about sending to the exhibition. Exhibitions are generally, I find, anything but encouraging to production, and I believe the healthy habit of production will, in the end, do more for a man than all the praise or blame elicited from the public or the press.

"I would n't paint a picture for an exhibition with any more freedom than I would talk with any freedom in society or at a tea-party. I don't feel inclined to hang myself up, voluntarily, either as a lunatic or an idiot; one of which places being always awarded to one who chooses to think or act for himself. I have peculiar notions about painting, and al-

though I never succeed in doing what I undertake, yet I go on, if I don't exhibit. I always feel like answering invitations to exhibit like invitations to parties, — that I regret that a previous engagement will prevent, etc."

This little anecdote of an occurrence at one of his last public exhibitions in his studio in Park Square Mr. Hunt told one evening with most hearty enjoyment. The exhibition was a large one; there were a good many oil-paintings beside a great number of charcoals, the latter reaching to the ceiling and covering one side of the great studio. A stranger was observed to look the things over earnestly, and finally to make a broad sweep of the eye over the collection as a whole. He then turned to his companion, and asked, "Is the man that did all these pictures here?"

"Yes," said his friend; "that's the artist, there," pointing to Mr. Hunt.

"What! you don't mean to say that old feller in the corner, there, did all these pictures?"

"Yes, that's the artist."

"Wal," said the stranger, giving Mr. Hunt another good look, "he's had time enough to do 'em in."

Mr. Hunt was at this time about fifty-four years old, but looked nearly twenty years older. This aged appearance was due chiefly to his long gray beard, that made him resemble the portraits of Leonardo and Cellini taken when they were very old men.

Mr. Hunt was very amusing about his growing old sight, for which he had per-

mitted me to prescribe proper eye-glasses, that he bought at Thaxter's. One evening, proposing to read us a letter that he had received, he took from his pocket an unpleasantly common-looking pair of glasses, and, anticipating my inquiry, said, "These eye-glasses I bought in the street for twenty-five cents. They seem to be about as good as those you prescribed. The fact is those were a little too good. I broke the spring, and carried them to be mended. They were to be done the next day, which was a week ago, but I don't think I shall call for 'em. I might break 'em if I had 'em, and Thaxter will take good care of 'em." He then, as usual for some weeks at this period, hung the eye-glasses on the end of his prominent nose, wrong side up, so that the spring lay over his mustache, and gravely began to read.

He carried at this time a cheap silver watch. It was "hermetically sealed," as he called it. You could, if you wished, put it in a tub of water over night. There could never be any necessity for opening it, as it was wound and its hands set by the stem. It made a noise in winding like a watchman's rattle, and if the stem were turned the wrong way it made just as much noise, and did the machinery no harm. He was constantly taking this remarkable watch out of his pocket, swinging it around by its chain, and winding it both ways as noisily as possible, remarking that it was "the most amusing watch he ever had; very companionable, too; worth more than its cost as a toy to play with."

Henry C. Angell.

HILLS OF ASHAM.

LIKE the glare of a blood-red furnace the August sun went down
Over the hills of Asham, with the drouth's long-wasting brown,
And, shorn of the grace of twilight, at one step plunged the night
Into the purple vapor that had drunk the day's last light.

Dread fell with the dark on Asham, where teachings, mocked at first,
The slow and cruel summer into ripe belief had nursed;
The trump of Judgment to-morrow was to thrill with its solemn sound
The living amid their labors, the dead in their graves profound!

And so, as the night rushed downward, in his door sat Jasper Lee,
And, borne on its lurid bosom, beheld Eternity.

"'T is thus," to himself he muttered, "that the earth her Judge should meet,
With the clouds of heaven upgathered, to make a path for his feet."

But the calm on his musing forehead broke into an angry flame,
When his fair-haired daughter Alice o'er the threshold faltering came.
Was it Reuben Moore beside her, — her lover of long ago,
At his stern command relinquished, — the son of his bitter foe?

From his chair old Jasper started. "What brings you here?" he cried.
"Be off, ere my patience fails me! And you, girl, there at his side, —
Do you stand in the great doom's shadow, forgetful, undismayed?
There's a curse denounced upon children who have schemed and disobeyed!"

"Oh, father, be kind!" said Alice. "If it be indeed as you say,
And this night, so black and awful, presage the last dread day,
Shall we carry our pride and passions alive to the Judge's bar?
Is there anything unforgiven where the saints and the angels are?"

"Oh, father, dear father, tell me that to-night the old grudge dies!"
She clung to his arm, and pleaded with her sweet dead mother's eyes.
But the heart of Jasper was hardened; he put her roughly by.
"There's a just and right resentment that never was meant to die!"

"His father cheated me basely, — I swear it! Moreover, I know
He slandered me basely to hide it. What if it were years ago?
A wrong is a wrong forever." Then quietly Reuben said,
"I come from him with a message for you, sir, — and he is dead."

"Does a penitent God has pardoned remain the same in your eyes?
Untouched, can you hear him speaking from the far-off grave where he lies?
He bade me entreat you to measure, by your hope of a final grace,
His sin, as your conscience should answer what you would have done in his
place."

The face of Jasper was troubled, and thrice his hard lips stirred
To thrust back the dead man's challenge; but ere he could choose a word
The wrath of the brooding tempest a readier voice had found,
And the mighty heart of the darkness was cloven with flame and sound.

Muttering and menacing harshly, the thunder jarred to rest
In a deep, dead hollow of silence, low down in the shrouded west.
The night seemed listening breathless; and Jasper his gray head bent,
As if he feared to be dazzled by the light of the Lord's descent.

At last, like one awakened from the spell of a dreamful sleep,
He faced his daughter and Reuben, with utterance broken and deep :
"Be ye two witnesses for me, I take back the words I said !
The warning of God is between me and the sin of him who is dead.

"Out of the clouds he has spoken ; in yon brief moment's space,
As plain as the lighted hill-sides, I looked my soul in the face ;
And the dead years rose to judge it, as it stood in its stains alone.
I have done with the deeds of others, I go to plead for my own."

The hand of Reuben a moment he held in a pressure strong, —
How Alice had prayed to behold it, that clasp deferred so long !
He turned from the porch in silence ; and, under a gray old oak,
They saw him stand like a shadow, as the wind with a wail outbroke,

And the crash of the thunder, bursting in a wide, blue, blinding track !
"Father, oh, father !" cried Alice, "come out of the storm, — come back !"
But only an echo answered, for the lips of Jasper were mute.
With the lightning's seal on his forehead, he lay at the seared oak's foot.

The morrow dawned upon Asham in a heaven of pearl and blue,
And the heart of the hills vibrated, as the great sun smote it through ;
The brooks in their channels quivered, the little leaves laughed their fill,
And the sins and sorrows of mortals were rip'ning for Judgment still.

Jean Scofield.

AN OLD WAR HORSE TO A YOUNG POLITICIAN.

MY DEAR NEPHEW, — I was seventy years old yesterday, and although I feel as young as I ever did, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in spite of my feelings I really am an old man. So, since I must soon pass off the stage on which — if I say it who should n't — I have long been a prominent figure, it is only natural that I should desire, in the absence of a son of my own, that my mantle should fall to a son of one of my blood. I believe you have good stuff in you. Your valedictory when you graduated, last summer, although containing too little that was practical to suit my taste, would have done credit to the average cong — I was going to write congressman ; but I can justly go further than that. It would have

done credit to the Washington journalists, who sometimes compose — that is to say, revise — speeches for some of us congressmen. This, however, like the rest of my communication, is strictly between ourselves.

When I left you on Commencement Day I urged you to lose no time in getting into politics, promising that I would help you push your fortunes as occasion offered. Since then I have received a letter from you, in which you write that you have read Story on the Constitution, Benton's Thirty Years in the United States Senate, Greeley's American Conflict, two or three works on Political Economy, and De Tocqueville on America. I suppose there can be no objection to such reading. Likely enough

it has its value. But what I particularly desire, my dear nephew, is that you should become a practical politician, — a thoroughly practical politician. I never remember reading any of the works you have mentioned, or any like them, unless, indeed, you call Barnum's *How to Make Money* a treatise on finance. And yet, cast your eyes over the salient points of my career. I have been alderman, supervisor, mayor, state representative, state senator, and congressman. For many years I have been chairman of our state and county committees. I can hardly remember the time when I did n't carry the vote of my own ward in my vest pocket and of my own city in my trousers pocket, and I've got them there yet. For going on half a century I have had things pretty much my own way in caucuses and primaries, and the like. What has been the secret of my unusual success? I will try — in strict confidence, as you will understand — to give you some plain, blunt, non-partisan hints for your guidance in politics which may serve to answer the question.

I. Never allow yourself to lose sight of the fact that politics, and not poker, is our great American game. If this could be beaten into the heads of some presumably well-meaning but glaringly unpractical people, we should hear less idiotic talk about reform in connection with politics. Nobody ever dreams of organizing a reform movement in poker. How droll it would sound to read that "Hon. John Oakhurst, Hon. William Nye, and Hon. Ah Sin, in connection with other well-known citizens of California, are engaged in endeavoring to reform poker from the inside!" And yet political reform clubs, designed to reform politics from the inside or the outside, are springing up on all sides. Of course, it is just as well not to attempt to argue the masses out of their deeply rooted notion that politics is what Noah Webster defines it to be, "that part of *ethics* which has to do with the regu-

lation and government of a nation or state." Ethics is very good in connection with politics. But then Webster, it must be remembered, was simply a learned lexicographer, and not a practical politician. No, no. Don't try to reason with the masses in this matter. The public has no head for such things. It will not understand.

II. Mr. Lincoln, a very estimable and justly popular, but in some respects an impracticable man, formulated another widely diffused error in regard to politics. He held that ours is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. I maintain, on the contrary, that it is a government of politicians, by politicians, for politicians. If your political career is to be a success, you must understand and respect this distinction with a difference.

III. Not a few capable but unpractical people, when they fall to discussing our governmental system, argue that the existence of parties is necessary to the welfare of our country. But long experience has taught me that the more sensible way for a practical politician to look at it is that the existence of the country is necessary to the welfare of parties. Thank Heaven, my dear nephew, that we have a country!

IV. You have received your commission as postmaster of your village. A post-office is a capital political opening for a young man who has sense enough to discover how to make the right use of it. You will of course leave all matters touching the postal service to your deputy. Never forget that your pivotal duty as postmaster will be to nurse the party in your section. As a practical man, you must see, if you reflect a moment, that postmaster and local party-master must be convertible terms with you if you expect to be approved by the great party leaders, and to become a great leader yourself, some day. To be sure, if you find leisure, there can be nothing indelicate in your appearing

at the post-office now and then and doing a few strokes of purely postal work. But take care that such service does not encroach upon the hours when you ought to be fostering the party boom. In your selection of clerks you will be guided primarily by a determination to have only such men around you as will register your will every time at caucuses and conventions. Should it turn out in any instance that you have been deceived in your man, be nice about the phrase with which you discharge him. I submit a formula which has been repeatedly tried, and generally found to work well. We will suppose the clerk who won't answer is named John Doe. You will call him into your private office and address him substantially as follows: "Mr. Doe, I am compelled with all reluctance, at the call of duty, to dis sever our relations, and must request you to file your resignation forthwith. During your connection with this office as letter-carrier you have displayed an ability and a fidelity, a grace of manner and a strength of character, that have endeared you to all your associates and done not a little to elevate the tone of the entire American postal service. If I have brought myself to part with you, it is solely to the end that there may be greater homogeneousness of view, so to speak, in the office." One of your predecessors used this formula with great satisfaction to himself, and apparently to those whom he decapitated. He always found, he told me, that the first part of it put the clerk to whom it was addressed in capital humor, while the "homogeneousness" dazed him to that extent that he walked out of the office minus his head, not appreciating what had been the matter, but having a nebulous impression that he had been killed by kindness.

V. I sincerely hope it is not necessary that I should counsel you always to vote the regular ticket, the whole regular ticket, and nothing but the reg-

ular ticket. Hold fast, I beseech of you, to the doctrine of the infallibility of your party in convention assembled. Delegates, like kings, "can do no wrong." The voters who scratch ballots or bolt nominations are to be regarded as the bane of politics, just as certain other reformers have been the bane of religion. They all belong in the same category, and all are equally deserving of the execration of every practical man, as exponents of the pestiferous doctrine of the right of private judgment. And just here a word in reply to the familiar question, Would you vote for the devil if he received the party's regular nomination? I have no hesitation in affirming that I certainly would. Let's look at it. If the day ever comes when the devil is nominated, the other side will be pretty sure to run Gabriel against him. Of the two, my choice would be the devil. To be sure, it would not be an ideal nomination,—but then, neither is ours an ideal world. I am aware that the devil has split hoofs, pronounced horns, and a bifurcated tail. But do we choose candidates for their good looks? As to his moral character, I frankly admit it is not all I could desire; but after criticism has exhausted itself, the fact remains, conceded by both parties, that he is not as black as he is painted. On the other hand, he has many qualities that ought to commend him to practical men. He is self-made, he is thoroughly in earnest in all he undertakes, he is an untiring worker, he is one of the shrewdest of wire-pullers, he possesses vast and versatile accomplishments, he is unsurpassed in ability to find and manipulate the springs that move men, he has a positive genius for making friends. Gifted, popular, magnetic, at home in all circles, from the highest to the lowest, he would be certain to make a splendid run. As for Gabriel, I have only to say that, while his intellectual and moral endowments are undoubtedly of the highest order,

there is great reason to fear that he would not succeed in the realm of practical politics. If elected to office, it is more than likely that he would prove more of a botheration than a boon to his party. He would be living up to the promises made during the canvass; he would resolutely decline to let well enough alone. Let me not be misunderstood. I yield to no one in my regard for Gabriel. But, as a practical man, I would feel called upon to vote against him, and do all I could for his opponent. In my own ward, where my influence is most potent and my political theories most approved of, I feel convinced that the devil would have a very large majority. This hypothetical case is of course an extreme one, and is never likely to occur. I have dealt with it simply for the sake of showing you that the position of those who insist upon the invariable support of regular nominations is sound in the last analysis.

VI. How are scratchers and bolters to be dealt with? It is an exceedingly difficult question. I myself am at a loss to determine whether it is better to be extremely tender or awfully rough with them. Each policy is good at times, and in making a choice you must be guided by circumstances. In a sterner age than ours, an age that had less stomach for nonsense, gentlemen who were convicted of the crime of private judgment were burned at the stake. It is not permitted us in these latter, laxer days to make it as warm for scratchers and bolters as it was once made for John Huss; still we can show that we possess the sturdy practical views of those who flung Huss to the fagots, by pelting the scratchers and bolters with jeers, sneers, and innuendoes, by crediting them with the meanest of motives, and insisting that they are either traitorous, inconsequential knaves, or silly, inconsequential fools. As for those upon whom such treatment is lost (and I confess that I suspect it fails with the

majority of scratchers and bolters), try what is known to practical politicians as the postponement treatment. By the skillful use of this treatment I kept Vandyke Podgers from scratching or bolting for thirty-six consecutive years, and then just before the state election he died, and there was an end of that embarrassment. When I began to reason with him there was a presidential canvass on. "Podgers," said I, "as you love your country, do not scratch this year. Consider the far-reaching and vital importance of the issues involved." Podgers concluded to postpone. The following year I accomplished my purpose by reminding him that "this is the first and therefore the most critical year of an administration which upon the whole you indorse, Podgers, and which it is incumbent upon you to make some sacrifices heartily to sustain." He concluded to postpone. The next year my argument took the shape of, "My dear Podgers, let me beg of you to vote a straight ticket this year. Do you realize what year it is, Podgers? Of course you do. I need not remind a gentleman of your exceptional intelligence that this election is but the prelude to the presidential election of next year, with its issues of far-reaching and vital importance." Podgers concluded to postpone. The next year was the presidential year, when I repeated the argument first mentioned. The others in turn again did service, and so on for thirty-six years. And that's the way I kept persuading Podgers to postpone. He never was, but always to be, a scratcher or a bolter. At the elections at which no national or state ticket was run, and only minor local offices were to be filled, I pointed out to Podgers the necessity of keeping the party organization intact; and when all other arguments failed I insisted that of two evils he should always choose the least and that, admitting that our ticket was evil, it was the least of the

two. Even this brief and inadequate account of its application will make sufficiently clear to you, I think, the true inwardness of the postponement treatment. Just one word more about it. Those who employ it with the most gratifying results allow the impression to be produced in the patient's mind at the outset that, although they have never happened to find an election at which scratching or bolting could be indulged in without perfectly harrowing injury to public interests of colossal moment, yet, nevertheless, they heartily and unreservedly approve of scratching and bolting in the abstract. Such an attitude on my part toward poor Podgers won his confidence at our first political conference on this subject, and produced in him a mood hospitable to all my subsequent arguments and admonitions.

This communication has already exceeded reasonable limits, and yet I have only touched upon a few points. But perhaps I have written enough to start you right, to make you understand the nature of our great American game, and

to put you in possession of the clue to the secret of playing it successfully. Be it yours to consult the expedient, leaving it to the purists of the party to consult the highly proper. Beware of those who take sentimental views of unsentimental matters. A man who would "rather be right than be president" by all means ought to decline a presidential nomination, and run for a position in a theological seminary, a Sunday-school, or Vassar College; while he who holds that "one with God is a majority" antagonizes the system of reckoning which has come down to us from the fathers, and which has the approval of every practical inspector of American elections. Be practical in your politics, be practical, ever more be practical.

With fervent hopes and high anticipations of your future, I subscribe myself your affectionate uncle,

To — — —, Esq.

[For obvious reasons these names are withheld from publication. — ED. ATLANTIC.]

FUTURE OF PRECIOUS METAL MINING IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE quickest attained, if not the most permanent, source of national wealth is doubtless to be found in the development of the precious metals of a country where they exist in profitable quantities. All the other exchangeable results of labor have their value much reduced by costs of transportation, or by the state of the markets where they must be sold. If the labor yield corn or cloth, it must bear the tax of distance, the impost of foreign duties, and the variation of demand; if it yield gold beyond the cost of production, none of these drawbacks weigh upon it in an appreciable way.

It is therefore natural and fit that among all the resources of a new country men should first attend to the precious metals, and that the gold and silver hunter should have been the pioneer of civilization, — the greed of gold the very wind in the sails of the explorers who have broken down all the barriers of distance and difficulty that the earth sets against commerce. The nature of his work, giving as it does neither food nor clothing, draws in his train all the firmer elements of society, and so brings about the rapid subjugation of wildernesses. Moreover, as the explorer for gold must com-

bine skill, judgment, and courage with a strong body and determined will, he makes the best possible beginning for civilization. With all his faults he is necessarily the manliest of rough men, — the fittest material to face the difficulties of a wilderness, and to lay therein the strong foundations of states to be.

So the future of the precious metals in this country is interesting not only with reference to the sources of quick and stimulating wealth, but also from the point of view of political development. The immense area of our Cordilleras of North America, nearly one third of the national domain, a region greater than the empire of Germany, is to be shaped into the uses of society by the power of this peculiar branch of human industry. Left to all the other impulses that lead men into infertile lands, this section would have waited for centuries, an untenanted desert, and would have become a refuge for outcast populations, such as tend always to regions where subsistence is too scanty to make the basis of an agricultural community. We have but to see the actual effect of this search for precious metals in this region to become convinced of its great political importance. It is therefore a worthy task to try to foresee the future of the precious-metal production of the United States, and to determine, as far as such determinations are possible, the probable importance of this form of industry in the various parts of the country.

The fields of the precious metals in the United States may be generally divided into two principal areas, that of the Appalachian and that of the Cordilleran range. Besides these there are the smaller regions, which may be termed, in a similar fashion, from their neighboring mountains, the Laurentian, including the region about Lake Superior, and the Ozark region about the mountains of that name in Arkansas and Missouri. There are lead ores in several of the States of the Mississippi Valley, at great

distances from these mountain ranges, that contain a small proportion of silver, but in few cases does this silver exceed about the four or five thousandth part of the ore; nor is there any chance that they will ever produce this metal in quantities of the least commercial importance. The whole of the rich agricultural region of the Mississippi; the whole of the Western plains, through all their extent to the one hundred and second meridian west from Greenwich, and on their northern section to the one hundred and tenth meridian; the whole of the low-lying plains of the Southern States, in all containing a little over one half the total area of the United States, but at least nine tenths of its arable land, is sure never to prove productive of any of the metals now known to the arts, save iron, lead, and aluminium; and of these lead will never be again economically produced there, until the mining industry of the Cordilleran region begins to wane.

This rejection of the larger part of our national area from the list of regions where gold and silver may be found in profitable quantities is based upon actual experience of the generations grown up within the area, as well as the general fact that the experience of other countries shows us that such rocks as underlie this region are always marked by the absence of gold and silver in profitable quantities.

Of late years there has been a great advance towards a clear understanding of the natural processes by which metallic deposits are brought into the shape in which the miner finds them. All the old notions about the outburst of mineral veins, by fiery ejection from the deep interior of the earth, have been cast aside. Geologists now pretty generally recognize the fact that all our metals are deposited in our stratified rocks as they are laid down on the sea-floor, having been separated from the sea-water, as a great part of all the rocks are, by

the action of sea-weeds and marine animals. In this disseminated form, but in varying degrees of richness, all our metals may be said to exist in all our rocks, but in a state so diffused that nothing but the most careful analysis by concentration of a great mass of the rock would enable the chemist to recognize their presence. In the larger laboratory of nature, where work is done more patiently than man can do it, this concentration is readily accomplished. It needs only the application on a large scale, and for a long time, of the same much-heated waters the chemist uses in his processes to strip a bed of limestone of its gold, silver, or other ores, and to bear them to some other part of the neighboring earth crust. In the machinery of our hot springs and geysers, we have at once the whole of the mechanism necessary to remove the metals from their original positions in the rocks, and fill fissures with the material. Recent investigations have shown that the hot springs of the Rocky Mountain region are to-day making deposits of gold-bearing vein-stones in their fissures. The rain-water passes downwards through the rocks of the hills, until it is heated in its course and compressed under the weight of the water above; restrained from passing into steam by this pressure, its heat often becomes much greater than that of boiling water, as is proved by the behavior of the geyser. As it creeps through the rocks it takes up the metallic substances with which it comes in contact, but as its power of holding them depends mainly upon its high temperature, the water must perforce lay them down as soon as in its upward course it has lost a large share of its heat; and this loss of temperature occurs as the water rises through the fissure towards its point of discharge. Some part of its transporting power is given to the water by the various gases it takes up in its course, — gases produced by the decompositions it brings about. These gases

are held in the water by pressure, and escape as it comes to the open air, and to a great extent leave it as soon as it approaches the surface. Thus we see that there are peculiar conditions that limit not only the occurrence of gold and silver in rocks, but the concentration of that which is thus contained into such a shape that it may be profitably won. These conditions are, essentially, that the metals shall first be deposited in the rocks; then that more or less heated waters shall penetrate the rocks for a sufficient time to dissolve out the disseminated minerals and accumulate them in fissures.

The degree of heat necessary to effect this work differs widely in the case of different substances. Water at the ordinary temperature will effect the concentration of lime, and give us veins of calcite or gypsum. At the same or a very little higher temperature, we will have lead carried into fissures, or into the porous parts of rocks. Silver begins, in small quantities, to move towards the veins along with lead in waters that are but slightly thermal. Gold appears to require a higher temperature for its transportation, or at least some conditions that are rather less often presented than those that bring about the concentration of the baser metals.

The result of these conditions is that the area over which we find lead ores in profitable quantities is very much greater than that of silver-bearing rocks, and the area occupied by silver lodes is larger than that of gold ores, — in part, at least; for the reason that the conditions necessary to the concentration of these substances are less and less favorable in the order in which they are named. There is no doubt, also, that the aggregate amount of these substances separated from the sea differs widely, and that the amount of lead obtained by the heated waters in passing through rocks is greater than silver, and the silver is greater in quantity than the gold. This

latter is the most widely distributed of these metals, though the quantity present in rocks is usually very small. Almost any sea-beach or clay bank will probably give a chemical trace of gold, at least on a little concentration; but silver and lead are not so widely distributed, in the metallic form. This more general presence of gold is due to the fact that it is not easily oxidized, and so endures the wear of time that reduces the other ores to atoms and bears them away to the sea.

Another noteworthy feature connected with the distribution of the precious metals is that while they are generally found together in the same districts their relative abundance differs very widely in different regions. As yet there have been few attempts to determine the laws fixing the respective quantities of these substances, and it is likely that they are to a great extent involved in facts that have yet to be ascertained. There are, however, some very general conclusions to which we may come, from overlooking the whole field, which will aid us a good deal in forecasting the future of the mining industries of the different sections of this country. First, as regards the occurrence of gold, we may say that, leaving aside for the moment the gold that occurs in recent deposits of sand and gravel near river-courses, gold deposits are generally found in our older slates, schists, and granitic rocks, while silver more frequently occurs in close relation to limestones, especially when they have been brought in contact with masses of lavas. From this it comes about that the especially gold areas of the United States are separated from the areas that are peculiarly rich in silver. On the eastern side of the continent, in the Appalachian Mountain system, we have an almost uninterrupted gold field from Nova Scotia to Alabama; on the western face of the continent, separated at certain points from the coast by a range of mountains, but yet essen-

tially bordering on the sea, we have an other similar but much richer field. In the middle part of the great Cordilleran system, from the Sierra Nevada eastward to the plains, lies the wonderful silver belt whose stores of wealth are beginning to pour their tide into our markets.

The Eastern field has very little silver mixed with its gold, and this little is grouped in a small region in New England lying between Boston on the south and Mount Desert on the north. In all the rest of the field, though there has often been a clamor about silver-bearing veins, no considerable deposits of this metal have yet been found, or are likely to be discovered hereafter. On the other hand, deposits of gold are wide-spread, and have yielded largely to the most shiftless methods of work at half a dozen local districts within this belt.

In the California coast region the silver element is perhaps more conspicuous; the gold itself is more mingled with silver than in the Atlantic district, but there have never been any profitable silver mines in the region west of the Sierra Nevada, nor are there likely to be. As we come east from California the gold element persists, though in diminished quantity, in the veins, but a larger share of silver is evident as soon as we get east of the Sierra Nevada. The Comstock lode, the most famous mine of the century, and perhaps the most wonderful of all mines, shares equally in the two precious metals. Yet further to the east the silver element in the mines seems steadily to increase in importance, and although the gold maintains its place it is relatively of much less value, and is probably on the whole of less richness, than in the California district. When we come to consider the detrital deposits or placer gold mines of this district, we will have a better basis for conjecturing the future of the gold industry in this region.

The gold mines of North America and the smaller deposits of silver-bear-

ing ores, like those in the Appalachian field, do not differ in any important way from similar deposits in other countries; but when we come to consider the great silver lodes of the Rocky Mountains, we find some conditions that, while they are not without precedent in other lands, are at least so far peculiar that they deserve a place quite by themselves. It was long ago remarked that certain silver lodes were formed near where masses of igneous rocks had been thrown through fissures in the earth in the form usually termed dykes. This was especially the case where ancient lavas were driven through limestone rocks, but in all European experience such veins are of exceptional character and not peculiarly remarkable for their richness or magnitude. When, however, the fields of the Cordilleras began to be studied they gave evidence of the existence of numerous deposits of this character, but on a scale far more gigantic than anything that had been observed on the other side of the sea. The first of them to be discovered was the Comstock lode, a great ore deposit formed at the point of junction or contact of several different kinds of lavas. But none of these lavas are in contact with limestones, as in the case of some of the great lodes we have next to notice. Within three years there have been half a dozen or more similar lodes discovered, of less but still of remarkable richness. At Leadville, after men had mined placer gold about it for nearly twenty years, it was suddenly found that the rusty-looking lumps that had been a well-cursed nuisance in their sluice-boxes were rich silver ore, and that the great lode they came from was on the hill-side just above the stream. A few months' work was sufficient to reveal the most extensive and easily accessible mass of silver ores ever opened on the continent. In the two subsequent years many thousands of shafts were opened in search of the lode, and somewhere between fifty and one hun-

dred of these found their way to the ore. From these workings it is easy to make a general determination of the character of the lode. Although it presents us with an amazing variety of detail, it is pretty clear that we had here, in the first place, a wide, sloping field of bare limestone rock, such as may now be found on many a desert mountain side in this district. The surface of this rock was worn by running water and indented by atmospheric erosion, as is the way with such rocks when long exposed to the air. At length there came down the slope, on a sudden rush, a tide of lava, scores of feet in depth, that filled up all the irregularities of the rock and buried its surface deep beneath the fiery stream. After this flow of lava had ceased, or possibly during its movement, the adjacent surfaces of the limestone and lava moved on each other, so that the faces of both were scratched and scored by the attrition. This movement seems to have resulted in the formation of an irregular crevice separating the two rocks from each other to such an extent that percolating water could pass along the line of contact. There were chambers and fissures of various forms created, and into these cavities the heated waters carried their store of metals. At certain points the fissures were abundant, many great rents being formed in the trap rock; just such as we may now observe in the lavas on the flanks of existing volcanoes. At other points the limestone was penetrated by old cavities worn on its surface while it was in the open air, or excavated by heated water after its burial beneath the lava. Into these various pockets the filling of ore was laid, apparently with great slowness, some qualities of ore being put down at one time and some at another. While the actual point of contact between the limestone and the lava is the place where the most of the ore has been laid down, some of the richest "bonanzas" seem to have been formed at many feet away in the lava, in caverns made

at the time of the eruption or at a later date. Not every part of the contact between the two rocks is mineralized, nor is there anything like a uniformity of the richness of the ore when found. Sometimes the lime rocks lie together, with no "pay ore" between; again, the ore is nothing but an oxide of iron; again, there may be pockets of silver ore containing from ten to twenty thousand ounces of silver to the ton of ore. In this indescribable variety of materials we see the result of many geological periods, during which the heated water crept along this path; now favoring the deposition of one substance, and now another; sometimes taking away the deposits of a former period, and replacing them by other compounds. After all this work had been done, in the later stages of the country's history these rocks were thrown from their original attitudes and rent by rifts and folds; so that it is very hard to tell which way the old lava flowed, or the steepness of its original bed. Nor do we yet know the existing area of the deposit; but it is likely that much of its surface has not yet been discovered. So far, this is, I believe, the only case yet observed of a mine occurring where an extensive sheet of superficial limestone has been overflowed by a lava deposit; but there are a number of other cases in the Cordilleras of North America where limestones have been inclosed within very massive intrusions of lava, and in every such case I believe there have been found similar contact veins. At the Horn silver, the Bassick, the Silver Park, and other mines where lavas come in contact with limestone we find in the plane of contact similar deposits of silver-bearing ores. Mining experts are already using these facts as a basis for prediction of the value of *prospects*, and miners looking for *locations* are now searching along the lines of contact of this description. It is not too much to say that wherever the massive lava intru-

sions or overflows lie in contact with limestones we may expect in most cases to find a mineral-bearing lode.

This determination has an especial importance from the fact that the Rocky Mountains are peculiarly the seat of lava eruptions of this nature. For some reasons mountain ranges differ greatly in the amount of volcanic action that has taken place in them. The Alps and Apennines are almost destitute of lavas, and their continuation in the Caucasus are similarly wanting in these products of internal heat. There is some reason for believing that east and west mountains yield less lavas than those running in meridional directions. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the North American section of the Cordilleras singularly abounds in lavas, and is relatively rich in limestones; so that this combination, which experience has fairly proven to be favorable to the formation of lodes rich in silver, may be expected to occur very often in this vast field.

There is another circumstance that is likely to prove favorable to the rapid extension of the silver-producing industry of this region. Owing to the small rainfall which for geological ages has characterized the Rocky Mountains, the surface of the greater part of the region west of the Sierra Nevada is singularly destitute of soil; the different beds and veins of rock are disclosed almost as clearly as they would be in a stone quarry. In no other country has the prospector such a chance as is given him here; the earth lies open to his inspection; indeed, it invites his eye to its treasures. In other mineral-bearing countries the explorer has to work blindly, taking the chance exposures of the rocks that the streams may give him, or delving beneath the soil for the trace of the lodes. Here nature lays everything where he can easily find it. The result will be that the immediate future will give a very rapid extension of our knowledge of the ore-bearing lodes of the

Rocky Mountains, and this combined with the great business and mechanical skill of the American miners will doubtless lead to a very swift development of their resources. It should also be considered that these lodes are in many cases exceedingly favorable for the rapid mining of their treasures. That at Leadville, for instance, is so nearly horizontal that it can be assailed from hundreds of shafts, and its treasures stripped within a few years; in many other cases the lodes run through high mountains, so that one or more thousand feet of their depth may be approached by a system of tunnels, without the need of hoisting or pumping machinery, those evils that beset most mining. Moreover, in the majority of these mines, the trouble from water is likely to be small. The low rate of rainfall throughout this area, though it is a damage to its best interests by making agriculture almost impossible, is helpful to the miner. There are countervailing evils in these conditions. Timber, which the miner must have for his underground works in large quantities and of the best quality, — for on it his life as well as the safety of his works depends, — is scarce and reproduces itself slowly if at all, so that eventually it will have to be brought from great distances at much cost. The fuel necessary for smelting ores has also to be carried from the world beyond the mountains. That now used at Leadville comes from Pennsylvania, and though there is a chance that coals fit for such uses will be found nearer, there will always be trouble from this cause. Moreover, the fact that this whole region is essentially unfit for agriculture is vastly to its disadvantage. Hay is now worth more than flour in a large part of Rocky Mountain camps; last winter it was sold at about one hundred and fifty dollars per ton in Leadville. The rapid extension of railways will do much to bring this region into connection with the food-raising lands of California and the Mississippi

Valley; but there are now thousands of lodes known in this region which would be exceedingly productive in Europe or the Atlantic States that will not yield a profit, considering the cost of food and fuel on the barren fields where they lie.

We have not considered the vast body of so-called true "fissure" silver-bearing veins of this region, — those where the rents are not in contact with limestones, and thus do not possess the peculiarly favorable conditions that this contact seems to bring. Their name is legion; indeed, they are innumerable. Many of them have established themselves as productive mines, but none of them have yet won a fame comparable to that enjoyed by several of the great contact deposits; yet being much more numerous than the contact deposits, they will doubtless in time come to have at least an equal share in the production of silver. Only a very small part of them have proved profitable ventures for mining, and these probably do not as yet contribute more than ten millions of dollars per annum to the silver supply, despite the fact that they have been the objects of search for a score of years past.

There yet remains another and an obscurer class of veins which is even more peculiar to the Rocky Mountains than the contact deposits. This class includes several very extensive mineral deposits in limestones or limy beds, where the ores are lodged in caverns which have all the complications of structure proper to ordinary caves. So far these caverns containing ores have been found in but three or four localities. The most noteworthy are those at Eureka, Nevada, the Emma mine, of unhappy memory, and those in Southern Utah, near the town of Frisco. These mines have an exceedingly irregular character, and are in a certain respect the most untrustworthy of all mines; yet when, as in all these cases, the chambers are large, the deposits rich, and the bed of rock in which they are excavated is extensive,

the miner may hope to find one after another of these depositaries of ore. There is, as might be expected, always a channel that connects the rooms of the cavern, and by following this the explorer, as in a superficial cavern, may hope to find his way from one enlargement of the cave to another, indefinitely. It is very often difficult to separate this class of mines from certain groups of fissure veins; yet there can be no doubt that it exists, and, though similar structures are found elsewhere, that it is essentially peculiar to the Cordilleras of North America. It is reasonable to suppose that these caverns owe their origin to the streams of heated water coming from the depths towards the surface. If we look about the mouths of many of the hot springs that abound in the Rocky Mountains, we perceive great masses of lime that have been brought up from below. Besides what the spring leaves at its mouth, it bears away a larger share of the same substances to the rivers. In this work it must excavate very extensive caverns. A slight change of conditions would probably lead to the filling of these excavations with ores brought in by the heated waters, and so give us caverns containing a store of gold or silver ores, or perhaps, as in the caves of Frisco, a mixture of the two metals.

If the Rocky Mountains had been worn down to their roots, as have the ridges of the old Appalachian chain, these caverns would have been to a great extent destroyed; for they can be formed only quite near the surface, owing to the pressure of the overlying rocks, which would force their walls together at great depths. To this relative freedom from erosion in the Rocky Mountains is due, also, much of the richness of the contact deposits. The caverning action of heated waters has probably aided in the formation of the great Leadville vein; and the whole deposit as far as yet explored lies so near

the surface that a relatively small amount of wear would have destroyed it altogether. It is reasonable to suppose that there are other deposits of the same nature in this region which have owed their preservation to the small amount of wear that has occurred there.

Between the Sierra Nevada and the eastern front of the Rocky Mountains there are doubtless many gold-bearing lodes; but none of them have proved very remunerative save the exceptional Comstock lode. It is to be noticed, however, that the gold element seems to increase as we come further eastward, and in the Black Hills, a singular outlier of the Cordilleras, rising far out on the plains beyond the main range, there are more profitable gold mines than have yet been found in the great belt of country that makes up the central regions of the Rocky Mountains.

There is still another source of gold supply to which we have not yet turned our attention, namely, the deposits of surface gold formed during the wearing down of the rocks, and deposited in the soil or in the river gravels and sands.

It happens that gold is the least destructible of all our metals, unless its kindred metal, platina, be the more enduring against the agents of decay. So that while the gold-bearing hills have been sinking down under the action of the frost and rain, losing, perhaps, hundreds of feet in their height, the gold escapes the waste, and, being heavier as well as more enduring than all other substances, clings near by its original place, while the other elements of the rocks have traveled to the farthest seas. The gold that occupied the rocks that lay a thousand feet above the level of the present mountains in California and Colorado in greater part lies in the soil or in the river sands between the hills and the sea. To this immovability and imperishability of gold is due its early adoption as a precious metal; for all the gold of early days was obtained from

alluvial deposits by processes of washing analogous to those of modern days.

Every region that has ever produced gold in considerable quantities has given a large share of this superficial gold; and many regions where the lodes have never yielded gold at a profit have produced placer gold in large quantities. A conspicuous case of this nature occurs at Leadville, in Colorado. In the California Gulch, where Leadville lies, over six millions of dollars were taken out in the early days of placer mining, but no one has ever found the lodes whence this treasure came. It is likely that here, as in many other regions, the gold is derived from a great number of small lodes, which individually would not pay for mining, but collectively suffice by their decay to furnish a large amount of gold to the river gravels.

It happens that human wit was never so turned to gold hunting as it has been in California; so we naturally enough have there the most skillful methods of robbing the earth of its gold. California now contributes more placer gold to the world's supply than any other district; we may say, perhaps, than all the others put together. But there are many other regions in the United States where in time the same destructive industry will come to do its work. There is reason to fear that there are some hundreds—if not thousands—of square miles of territory in the Appalachian gold field where the “giant” of the hydraulic miner will soon be making its havoc. The most innocent-looking heap of gravel, wherein the uninstructed may look for years without finding a trace of gold, may still contain the small amount of gold that pays the miner to sweep it away into the rivers. There has been as yet nothing like a search of the Appalachian gravels, and the hydraulic process is in use only at a few points in the Carolinas and Georgia. But there are half a dozen districts on the eastern flanks of that chain where

there is sufficient proof of the existence of placer gold in profitable quantities. The valley of the Chaudière in Canada, and the valleys of the Dead and Sandy rivers in the adjoining district in Maine, and several of the tributaries of the Merrimac and Upper Connecticut, are likely fields for this form of work. Indeed, there would be a certainty of extensive workings in some parts of those districts, were it not for the difficulties which would come from the damage done to the streams by the gravel that would be thrown into their beds. But in time it will doubtless be found profitable to work these places, at the same time protecting the streams from the waste gravel, as can almost always be done.

When we get south of the Potomac, the regions promising the large production of gold by washing are very extensive. I am inclined to believe that a larger amount of gold will hereafter be obtained in this way than has ever been taken from ordinary mines in this Southern gold district. Not only along the borders of the streams may this Southern placer gold be found, but at many points the hill-sides in their slow decay have left the gold beneath the soil, while the rest of the wasted rocks have dissolved out and been carried to the sea. In the northern regions the ice of the last glacial period destroyed the results of this slow accumulation of earlier times, so that it is only near the rivers that we get any stores of superficial gold; but as this work did not extend below Washington, we have in this unglaciated country the slow concentration of gold where gold veins have decayed. Some of these masses of auriferous earths cover hundreds of acres of hill-sides, and are so rich that steam is being used to force up water to wash them away.

In the Rocky Mountains there are many river valleys that have shown a great abundance of placer gravels. All the rivers that head up about the source of the Arkansas are bordered by placer

deposits, that await the systematic mining that large capital alone can give them. The prospectors report gold along the banks of scores of rivers within the Cordilleran chain; but the capital necessary to apply the costly Californian hydraulic system is large, — much larger in most cases than is necessary to open ordinary mines; and there are none of the speculative chances in the venture that lends such a charm to vein deposits. The yield is slow, sure, and definitely measurable; and though often large cannot compare with the chances of bonanza mines. It is only in California, where the conditions are perhaps not more favorable than in many other regions, that hydraulic mining has become a great industry, and has begun to carry the destruction to the rivers and the earth that it will, if unchecked, in time bring to many other lands. Not only are the vigilant gold hunters of the Pacific belt washing away and flooding with waste the borders of their streams, but they are following the beds of the ancient rivers beneath the sheets of lava that have blocked their courses, and finding great deposits of gold that have been stored away in what seemed perfect hiding-places.

Whoever looks over the whole field of American precious-metal mining will be convinced that this industry is cer-

tain to make a very rapid growth in what is left of this century. He will also come to the conclusion that the production of silver is destined to increase very rapidly for a score or so of years to come, provided the demand for this much slandered metal does not fall too far short of the supply. Beyond a brief term this yield of silver will surely diminish, especially if there is any considerable lowering in its price. The observant eye can also see that the production of gold is likely to be extended to many new fields, and that the yield of this metal is in the future likely to be rather more steady than that of its bulkier sharer in the greed of men. North America and the twin continent on the south are doubtless to be the great producers of precious metals in the future; their store of silver must be of greater value at the present price of this metal than their store of gold. If the world continues to use silver in the coming century as it has in the past thirty centuries, there is a fair prospect that our continent will win some thousands of millions from its silver-bearing lodes. Even if we make what seems to me the mistake of using gold alone as a basis of exchange, the production of this metal will no doubt give us a larger mining industry than any other country can expect to gain.

N. S. Shaler.

PRESAGE.

AMIDST the vivid greenness of the spring
 I marked a leaf of deep, impurpled cast;
 Tender, soft-cheeked, already this young thing
 Hinted of ripeness and the autumn blast.

The fabled Grææ from their birth were gray;
 And out of life's gay multitude there peer
 Some fresh and childish faces that to-day
 Wear the strange presage of their latest year.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE BIBLE IN THE NURSERY.

ONE need not go further than the nearest nursery to see *the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God*, wielded with tremendous readiness and force.

The dragons of unbelief and the little foxes of curious inquiry rarely approach that sacred inclosure, but many a speculative philosopher and curious Christian has been put to rout by a child's sturdy faith. No beguiling queries about the priority of manuscripts or the authority of "various readings" and the accuracy of translation have as yet shorn these canonical Samsons of their strength, and the stoutest of Philistines, and even of faithful Israelites, has quailed before the mere shake of a curly little head with its *Thus saith the Lord*.

One of our most distinguished savans was amusing himself, years ago, with that most fascinating and dangerous of all sports, that is, religious skirmishing with a child. His little niece bore and parried his attacks with admirable spirit, until at last the professor fell back upon first principles, and demanded, "What are you made of, Kitty?" "I am made of dust, — and so are you and auntie and everybody," she replied, with orthodox promptness and simplicity. "Oh, no, Kitty, we are all made of water;" and as she disdained response he went on to affirm that everybody also had a big furnace always burning within him. This provoked her to remark, "Now I know you are n't telling the truth; for if we are made of water, it would put the fire right out." But then, not satisfied, apparently, with even this momentary descent to his level, she looked up into the face of the wise man, himself a devout believer, with the heavens, so soon to hide her from us, shining in her eyes, and said simply, "You may be a philos-o-pher, uncle, but I shall have to believe my Bible!"

The Westminster divines were content to declare that "the word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only rule to direct us," etc., but it remained for a Yankee boy of these last days to make the memory of a single text not merely the "rule" of Christian living, but the absolute test of Christian being. The son of a certain high official of our most Puritan State had the dangerous habit of jumping into the back of a tip-cart which frequently passed the house, and as the colored driver was of worse than doubtful character, very decided commands were issued that the offense should not be repeated. Doubtless the badness of the driver was more emphasized by the mother, in her prohibitions and threat, than was the peril to life and limb from the cart, for, to her amazement, she saw her child, the very next day, tumble himself over a "tail-board," and ride triumphantly down the street. When, at last, he returned, his mother met him with a grieved inquiry into his disobedience, preparatory to inflicting the threatened penalty, but found him not only clear in conscience, but able to argue his case irresistibly: "Why, mamma, I did n't disobey you at all! Don't you know, you told me I must n't ride on that cart with the *wicked black man*; but this driver was a *Christian white man*." "How do you know that he was a Christian?" "Why, I asked him was he a Christian, and he said, 'Yes;' and I said, '*Repeat me a text*;' and quick as a wink he said, '*HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER*;' and I tell you, the way I jumped into that cart of his was a caution!"

Literal interpretation is of course to be expected from children, and many alas, find that *the letter killeth* long before they are able to comprehend the

Pauline antithesis, *the Spirit giveth life*. They often, also, "animize the Bible" (to use the very expressive phrase of the child of one of the committee of revision: "My papa has gone to New York to animize the Bible") for their own purposes, with an ingenuity which is appalling when one considers what misconceptions of the simplest truths may be lurking in the soul of the most transparent nature in our households. This is one of the saddest and most inevitable facts of human existence. Who of us, remembering our own childish blunders, can feel sure that our most confiding child, whose clear eyes seem perfectly to reflect our own expression, as we tell the simplest Bible story, is not being warped for all time, if not for eternity, by some misapprehension of its meaning which the exchange of a few words would set right? Think of this possibility, overburdened mothers, when you are tempted to say, "You talk too much!" or, "Don't ask so many questions!" With all our watchfulness and painstaking, it must needs be that our best known child has an innermost heart hiding its own bitterness, and, let us hope, also, with some joy beyond our intermeddling, by way of compensation.

A favorite hymn with my father, versifying precious Scripture, always filled my childish soul with an unspeakable horror, which would seem absurd had it not been so real. As often as he stood in the old high pulpit and said, "Let us unite in singing" that fatal hymn, his loving face always turned toward his own little flock in the "minister's pew" below, in special benediction, so that escape was hopeless. Yet there I sat month after month, never betraying by the least sign, either to the father gazing tenderly down upon me, or the loving mother at my side, the horror of great darkness within me, until long years had passed.

The hymn was about the Good Shepherd, and the harrowing passage was its

tenderest, and the only one I can to-day recall:—

*"For in his arms the lambs he takes,
And in his bosom BEARS!"*

This ante-millennial admixture of the types of innocence and cruelty was more than I could endure, though my beloved father and the Good Shepherd himself stood sponsors for their good behavior. That I was one of the lovingly-embraced "lambs" I of course understood thoroughly, but the too neighborly and terrible "bears" made even the "goats" attractive to my scared little spirit.

A volume of definitions honestly compiled from the authoritative utterances of our nurseries would, I venture to say, be as novel and incredible in its way as is that hitherto unique book, *The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English*.

One of our friends, who, after the custom of American fathers, was wont to devote the leisure of his Sundays to the summary dispatch of all the domestic duties of the round year, was putting his youngest through more pages of her "reader" than she quite liked for the day of rest. But the father knew his duty, and not only prolonged the reading, but bethought him that it would be well to make sure that his patient was benefiting by her privileges. The tale with which they happened to be wrestling at the moment was a thrilling snake story; but the reptile, it was stated, "escaped" before it could be killed. "Do you understand that, Jennie?" asked papa. "What does 'escape' mean?" "Escape? Escape? Lemmesee;" and after rolling her eyes about the room, in vain search of light, she threw her head back for a good refreshing yawn, and luckily caught sight of the chandelier, and exclaimed delightedly, "Oh, yes! Escape—gas escapes—smells bad—pah! Escape means 'smells bad,' papa."

It was from her catechism lesson that another little friend returned home and

announced, "Oh, mamma, I did feel so sorry for Julia Jones, to-day, in Sunday-school! I should have thought that Miss Brewster would have skipped it." "Why so?" "Why, the lesson was about 'pumps,' — sinking her voice to a curdling whisper, — "you know." "Yes; but what has poor Julia Jones to do with 'pumps and vanities' more than the rest of you?" "Why, mamma! how stupid of you! Why, PUMPS, you know — and her father drinks awfully!" "But my dear child, what does 'pumps' mean?" "Why, *get drunk*, of course!"

I have just heard of a young literalist who had at last found courage openly to protest against what he declared he had always felt to be rank injustice ("real mean in the Bible" was his exact phraseology) toward those who had every reason to expect better things. "I can't see, mamma, what they did treat the prophets so awfully for, in the Bible, if they were such good men as it tells about!" "Why, what can the child mean?" "But they hung them all, you know, — every one of 'em! Why, we read it this very morning at prayers: *On this commandment hang all the law and the prophets.*"

"Grandmamma, aunt Maria has n't taken her india rubbers with her!" cried a child, after her aunt's departure for Boston. "Well, she didn't intend to take them; she wore her stout boots instead." "Yes, grandmamma," persisted the little girl, already careful and troubled about many things, — "yes, but what if she should die, while she is gone?" "What has that to do with wearing india rubbers?" asked the puzzled old lady. "Why, grandmamma, have you forgotten about it? She'll have to have her rubbers in heaven, you know. She couldn't get around there without them, because the Bible says the Lord always reigns [rains] there!"

A little kinswoman of our own, living on the shores of a beautiful lake, was

found, one day, after listening to a perhaps too specific exposition of the ten commandments, crouching in a corner of the nursery, in an agony of fear and misery. After long petting and entreaty her mother succeeded in getting possession of her slate, which she was clutching frantically, and which seemed to be in some way accountable for her panic. The dots and scratches which covered it were without form, and void of meaning to the mother's eyes, until little Katie explained between her sobs, "Why — don't you see — mamma? I've — I've — *drawed* the lake!" Fortunately, her natural outspokenness and happy circumstances saved the child from long remorse over the broken commandment, and her mother speedily assured her that her graven image and likeness of the waters under the earth was neither in kind nor degree a breach of the Mosaic law.

It was Sir Isaac Newton, was it not? who, in his childhood, having been promised vaguely "a few apples," provided he learned his task speedily, proceeded to claim the reward in this wise: "I'll take those eight apples now, if you please, father." When his father demurred at this unexpectedly ready reckoning, the boy seemed confounded by his ignorance, and said, "Why, that's the way the Bible counts, any way." And turning to St. Peter's first epistle he read out triumphantly, "*While the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is eight, souls were saved;*" and of course there was no appeal against apostolic arithmetic.

Children often "animate" the Bible, with startling effect upon their audiences; but rarely so felicitously as when a little Binghamton girl, rehearsing her Sunday-school lesson to her pretty, grown-up sister, who happened to be attired in the distracting glory of a new costume, introduced into her recitation of the Sermon on the Mount this "various reading" (all the happier from

its entire innocence of purpose), "*For where your dressing-room is, there will your heart be also.*"

One of my own first Bible scholars (who were committed to my guidance the moment I had attained the ripe wisdom and spiritual depth of fifteen years) electrified not only our special class, but the entire Sunday-school, when, having wrought us and herself up by her very realistic rendering of the parable of the vineyard, as she reached the point where the heir himself comes to the rebellious dressers, only to be rejected, with flaming face and clenched hands, she piped out the climax at the top of her shrill voice: "And they took him and — and — *s-h-o-o-k* him!" — probably the most violent mode of punishment within her range of experience.

A young friend often delights me with the report of her perilous escapes from utter discomfiture at the hands of one of her Sunday-school babes, whose sharpness and agility keep her perpetually on the *qui vive*. Nobody a whit less clever and magnetic in personal attraction than she could stand for one Sunday against this *enfant terrible*.

The latest bulletin related to the results of a critical cross-examination instituted by her in reference to the parable of the ungrateful lepers. She had found it unusually difficult to fix the boy's attention, and when he had answered several questions without meeting her eye she remonstrated, saying, "You should always look at me when I am talking to you."

"I hear every word you say, Miss Susie."

"Possibly; but it is rude not to look at one who addresses you."

"But I've been told it was very rude to stare."

This casuistry being disposed of satisfactorily, she returned to the lepers, and asked, "Don't you suppose that Christ expected all the ten would come back and thank him for having cured them?"

"Oh, no, of course not. He knew all about what they'd do beforehand."

Pretty Susie could only indorse the orthodoxy of this apt scholar. "That is true; but don't you think he must have been very much grieved that only one of them all was willing to thank him for what he had done?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" — this with a crushingly superior air, — "no, indeed! The Bible says you must n't do things to be thanked for 'em, you know."

It was noticed at the outset that doubts of scriptural infallibility rarely invade the nursery, but, alas, rarely is not never.

A clergyman once related to me a childish experience of his own, which involved a total eclipse of faith and an inevitable hour of great darkness following, from which he emerged in later life only by a miracle as great as that which he had vainly attempted, to his own undoing.

His family were of the church of the old Broadway Tabernacle in New York, and were returning home one Sunday from service, having heard one of the lamented Dr. Thompson's most impressive discourses. The subject had been the Omnipotence of Faith, founded upon and frequently quoting the text, *Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.*

As my informant, then "a babe of grace" of but a half dozen years' growth, was capering homeward, before, behind, or between his parents, as his fancy guided, his beloved pastor's fervid eloquence still rung in his ears and stirred his believing heart to its depths. Their way led through business streets, which looked strangely unfamiliar in their stillness, with great warehouses stretching themselves out in the welcome abandon of their long Sunday nap, and it suddenly occurred to our little Christian that

then and there was a favorable opportunity for the exercise of his magical powers. It was not at all by way of experiment, for no shadow of doubt existed; it was simply a little private entertainment that he proposed. To be sure, there was no "mountain" at hand, but that was the poor city's infirmity, and he was no literalist to limit the true significance of the delightful Scripture; and, indeed, what could be more mountainous, to all needful intents and purposes, than these monstrous warehouses? Accordingly, stopping short on the pavement until his unsuspecting parents had gone on so far in advance of him as not to be endangered by the undoubted catastrophe he was about to achieve, he

then fixed his faithful eyes upon the biggest block on the opposite side of the street, and solemnly waved his little paw at it, with the simple command, "*Remove*, and stand upside down on your chimneys!"

The issue, so far as the "mountain" was concerned, it is needless to state; but the poor little believer, after continuing his exhortation all the way home through a rapidly diminishing scale of weights and measures down to a final and crucial trial on the corporeal substance of a small dog on the very doorstep, which also declined to "remove" at his faith's behest (until backed by sundry "works" of his indignant foot), entered into his house a desperate skeptic.

Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker.

MAIDENHAIR.

WHEN deep in some dim glade we pause,
 Perchance we mark how winds caress
 These lowly sprays of quivering gauze,
 Aerial in their slenderness.

The ruffled leaves of vapory green
 Fringe mimic branches, fine as thread,
 Above slim stems whose ebon sheen
 Is always mellowing into red.

Near trees or bushes hardier born,
 They group as fragile, where you pass,
 As though in shreds a mist of morn
 Yet lingered on the balmy grass.

Ah, shadowy ferns, in such frail ways
 Your lightsome, flexuous throngs are wrought,
 I half am tempted, while I gaze,
 To question of my wondering thought

If silvery whispers of the breeze
 Have found, as through the woods they went,
 In your phantasmal delicacies
 Ethereal embodiment!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

XVIII.

THE next morning, while Ford sat, after breakfast, at his writing-table, trying to put his mind upon his work, one of the little Shaker boys came to say that Friend Boynton wished to see him. He obeyed the summons with a stricture at the heart. The boy could not say whether Boynton was better or worse, but Ford conceived that he was called in a final moment. He did not think of refusing to go, and could not have done so if the duty laid upon him had been indefinitely heavier. As it was, it was sore enough. He had never seen any one die, and all through his childhood and his earlier youth the thought of death had been agony to him, probably because it was related to fears of the life after death, which survived in his blood long after they ceased to be any part of his belief. The confirmed health of his adolescence, as well as his accepted theories of existence, had now for years quieted these fears. The sleep and the forgetting which the future had been reasoned so clearly to be could not be terrible to any man of good health, and in the rare moments in which he lifted his mind from the claims of duty here it reposed tranquilly enough in the logical refuge of nullity provided for it. Annihilation was not dreadful, but the instant preceding it, the last breath of consciousness in which his personality should be called to cease, to release its strong clutch upon reality, might contain an essential anguish, to which an eternity of theologically fancied pangs were nothing. He did not shrink from the consequences of his own mental position; there could be no consequences of belief or disbelief; but he was cold with the thought of confronting the image of his own dissolution in another.

Life was not a good, he knew that; but he felt now that it was something, and beyond it there was not even evil. He touched first the swelling muscle of one arm, and then of the other; he laid his hand upon the trunk of a large maple as he passed; he swept the sky with a glance; he smiled to find himself behaving like a man on his way to execution; if he had himself been about to die, he could not have realized more intensely the preciousness of the substance which was slipping into shadow from the grasp of yonder stricken man.

If his face expressed anything of this dark sympathy when he entered the room where Boynton lay, the sick man did not see it. His doctor was there, seated at the bedside, and Boynton lifted one of the limp hands that lay upon the coverlet and gave it to Ford, saying, with his blandness diluted by physical debility, "You'll excuse my sending for you, Mr. Ford; but I fancied that you would like to see that I was not in such bad case as I might be."

"You are very good," said Ford, touching his hand, and then taking the chair which the country doctor set for him. The exchange of civilities relieved the tension of his feelings, and he found it no longer possible to regard Boynton with the solemnity with which he had approached him.

"Dr. Wilson and I," Boynton continued, "are treating my case together. By that means we draw the sting of the old proverb about having a fool for one's patient, and we get the benefit of our combined experience. The doctor is inclined to take an optimistic view of my condition, which I don't find myself able to share. I have spent a summer — I may almost say a year — of intense excitements, and I am sure that an obscure affection of the heart with which I was

once troubled has made rapid progress." He spoke of it with a courteous lightness and haste, as if not to annoy his listener, while Ford gazed at him dumbly. "I have been anxious to say that I regretted the expressions — the exasperation — into which I was betrayed on first meeting you, the other morning." Dr. Wilson rose. "Ah! Going, doctor?" asked Boynton. "Don't let me send you away. Mr. Ford and I have no confidences to make each other. I am only offering him the reparation which is due between gentlemen where there has been a misunderstanding."

"Thank you," said Dr. Wilson, "I must go, now. I will see you again tomorrow."

"And in the mean time we will continue the same treatment? Good-morning, doctor. Dr. Wilson," he added, when the latter had withdrawn, "is a man of uncommon qualifications for his profession. I have been much pleased with the manner in which he has taken hold of my case, though we could not agree in all points of our diagnosis." Boynton's voice was feeble, and from time to time he paused from weakness; but he was careful as ever to round his sentences and polish his diction. "As I was saying," he continued, "I used certain expressions for which I wish to apologize."

"There is no occasion for that," Ford began.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but there is!" retorted the other. "My language, even in view of your possible intention of antagonizing me, was ridiculous and unjustifiable; for I ought to have been only too glad of the solution of a painful mystery which your presence afforded me. The fact is," he explained, "I met you yesterday after the entire failure of an experiment in psychology which I had been making here under conditions more favorable than I could expect to recur if I should live a thousand years. The experiment was by no

means of an advanced character; it was of the simplest character, — the exhibition of a few of the most ordinary phenomena of animal magnetism, in which mere tyros succeed. The failure dumfounded me. At sight of you, my theory of your opposite control, of the necessary antagonism of your sphere, rushed into my mind, and I yielded to an impulse to resent my failure, when I ought, logically, to have hailed your presence as relief, as rescue from an annihilating despair."

"I am very sorry," Ford began again.

"Not at all, not at all!" cried Boynton. "Was I right in supposing that you had spent the previous evening in this vicinity?"

"Mr. Phillips and I had slept at the office — you call it?"

"Is it possible!" Boynton lay quiet for a moment, before he added, musingly, "Yes, that might account for it, *if* my premises were correct. But," he continued sadly, "it is impossible to verify them now. Some one else must take up my work at the very point — You here, and under conditions favorable to the most complete and thorough investigation! This question of antagonization could be settled in a manner absolutely final; and here I lie, fettered and manacled!" He heaved a passionate sigh, and Ford, in spite of the fact that he knew himself regarded for the moment as a mere instrumentality, an impersonal force, felt a sharp regret for the overthrow of this absurd dreamer.

"Is there — is there any way in which I can be of use to you, Dr. Boynton?" he asked presently.

Boynton did not reply at once. He moved his head uneasily on the pillow, and weakly knotted his fingers together. Then he said, "Yes, there is. I would rather you transacted the business than any of our good friends here, for I am afraid that it might get from them to my daughter. In fact, I should not know

how to communicate with them without alarming her."

He looked beseechingly at Ford, who said, "Well?"

"What are your religious beliefs?"

"I have none," said Ford.

"At your age I had none," rejoined Boynton. "Afterward, in circumstances of great sorrow, I embraced the philosophy of spiritualism, because it promised immediate communion and reunion with the wife I had lost. Neither before nor since that time has my theory admitted the necessity of certain — certain — formalities to which the Christian world attaches importance. But the influence of early teachings is very strong, and I cannot resist an inclination — It is entirely illogical, upon either hypothesis, I know! If there is no life hereafter, then it is of no consequence whatever whether any reconciliation takes place. If there is a life hereafter, and it is a mere continuation of this, a progress, a development, under certain new conditions, then the reconciliation can take place there as well as here. This is what my reason tells me, and yet I am not at rest. My dear friend, if you were about to die," — the hand which Boynton unexpectedly laid upon Ford's sent a thrill to his heart, — "and you had parted with some one upon terms of mutual injury, what should you wish?"

"I should wish to see him before I died," answered Ford, gravely.

"And make peace with him, — ask and offer forgiveness. Precisely. There is no doubt an element of superstition in the impulse; it seems childish and unreasonable; and yet I cannot help it. What is it? First, be reconciled to thy brother, . . . agree with thine adversary quickly — I don't remember. My adversary is the father of my child's mother. We quarreled very bitterly, about this — this philosophy of mine. I think he used me harshly; but he is an old man, and doubtless I grieved and thwarted him more than I understood. I don't

justify myself. I would like to see him again, and ask him to forgive. I wish you would be so good, Mr. Ford, as to telegraph him — there's an office at Vardley Station — that I am seriously sick, and would like to see him." Ford could not reply, and Boynton took his silence for reluctance. "I hope I have n't asked too much of you?"

"Oh, no! No. What," he contrived to ask, "is your father-in-law's name?" Boynton gave the name and that of the village in which he lived, and Ford mechanically took them down in his notebook. He remained with this in his hand, seated beside the bed, and not knowing what to do; but he rose at last, and murmured something about not losing time, when Egeria entered. He would have passed her with a bow, but the cheery voice of Boynton turned him motionless.

"Egeria," he said, as the girl went up to his bedside, "I have been asking a favor of Mr. Ford, — something that I intended for a surprise and pleasure to you. But I think that the surprise might be too much, — might alarm you, — and I had better not let it be a surprise. Don't you think that if your grandfather knew that I was so disposed he would like to make up our little quarrel? Mr. Ford is going to telegraph him to come here! There is no occasion for anxiety" —

Egeria turned upon Ford, with swift self-betrayal. "They telegraphed yesterday. Have n't they heard?" Ford glanced at her father in despair, and bent on her a look of compassion that he was conscious became an appeal for her pity. "Oh, what is it?" she cried, quivering under his imploring scrutiny. "Won't he come? Oh, he is harder than I ever believed! Yes, yes! You were right, father; I will never forgive him!"

"I think I had better tell you the truth," Ford said. "Some one must do it. Your grandfather is dead."

A light of relief, almost of joy, shone

in her face. "Oh! I was afraid — I was afraid — Oh, poor grandfather! How could I think it!" She put up her hands to her face, like a child, and wept with sobs that shook the young man's heart.

"When did he die?" she asked at last.

"Two months ago. The telegram was from the minister. He promised to write."

"Do you hear?" cried Egeria. "He would have come, but — he is dead!"

"Oh!" breathed her father, speaking for the first time, "I am very sorry!"

"And now, *now* do you forgive him?" demanded the girl. "Now" —

"Oh, poor soul! I wanted him to forgive *me*," said Boynton. "Well, well! I must wait."

His daughter dropped on her knees beside his bed, and hid her face in the coverlet. "Poor grandfather! Poor grandfather!" she moaned. "How could you think he would n't come?" she said, lifting her face. "Do you think now that he was cruel?"

"We quarreled," answered her father. "I was to blame."

"No, you were not to blame," she retorted, with swift revulsion. "You believed you did right, and you never pretended that you did n't. Oh, if you could only have seen each other again!"

"Yes," answered the sick man; "the wish to see him has been heavy on my soul ever since I came to myself."

The word recalled her, and she looked fondly into her father's face. "Oh, father, have I made you feel badly? I am so sorry for grandfather" —

"No, my poor girl! I know better than that. I can sympathize with your feeling about him; I can understand, it." He smoothed her hair with his gentle, weak, small hand. "I can understand, and I can approve of your feeling. But don't be troubled. Your grandfather and I will be friends when we meet. It will make little difference

there what theories or creeds we hold. They cannot separate us."

"Why, father!" exclaimed the girl. "What do you mean? You are not going to die! The doctor said" —

Boynton smiled in recovering himself. "We are all mortal. Dr. Wilson is very hopeful about me. I am not going to die at once."

He took one of her hands while she bent over him. "I had mentioned to our good friend here," he said, indicating Ford, "in requesting him to notify your grandfather, my special reasons for wishing to see him, and some little statement — explanation — was necessary in regard to the terms of our separation. I was saying that I wished they had been different. But in the light of this new fact, does my part really appear worse to you than it did before? You can speak freely; I can bear — I ought even to court — the truth."

The girl threw her arms about his neck. "Father! You never had one selfish thought in it. I know that, and I always knew it. I did n't mean to blame you; I only wanted you to excuse him. Oh, nobody needs excusing but me! I stood up before them all, that night, and denied you. I am the one to blame!"

"No, no," protested her father, "you were true to yourself. In the long run we could have succeeded upon no other conditions. You did right."

"Oh, I did long so to please you! You can't think how hard I tried! But something kept me" — She rose and looked at Ford, the obstruction of whose involuntary presence no effort of his had sufficed to remove, and panted, as if about to make some appeal to him. But her lips could not shape it; a piteous, formless, low cry broke from them, and she ran from the room, leaving him in a frowning daze.

"I hope, my dear sir," said Boynton, "that you will be able to make allowance for the excitement under which

we have been laboring. My daughter's distress on my account, and her affection for her grandfather — But we don't intend to make you the victim of our unhappiness."

"Oh, not at all," said Ford, not knowing what else to say.

"You were very considerate, with regard to me," said Boynton gratefully. "I thank you for your good feeling relative to the telegram. But it is well that I should know the worst at once. In asking your patience for what has just occurred, I am sure that I am only anticipating my daughter's wish. I am by no means as confident as I have been," he added, "that I was correct in my theory of your influence. But you have somehow been strangely involved in our destiny. It is something that I hardly know how to apologize for."

"There is no necessity," said Ford.

"Thanks." The doctor lifted his hand in gratitude, and Ford took it. "Are you comfortable in your quarters? It was a place that I had sometimes thought, under happier auspices, of devoting to my investigations; but now — My dear sir, I appreciate your kindness, your delicacy, in staying!"

Ford made a murmur of civility, and Sister Frances came in. Then, with a parting pressure of the hand which Boynton had kept in his, he went out. He half dreaded to encounter Egeria again, at the outer threshold; but she was not there.

XIX.

They came to those last fervid days to which August often reverts after the shiver that passes over her at the beginning of her second fortnight. The noons were cloudless, and the nights were lit with a moon that hung lightly, like an airy ball, in the sky, whose unfathomable blue the vision must search for the faint stars. The unbroken splendor of these days and nights would be intolerably si-

lent but for the hissing of the grasshoppers in the sun, and the hollow din in which the notes of the crickets sum themselves under the moon. While Ford was busy in the morning he could resist certain influences at work upon him, but at other times he was the prey of a wild restlessness, which he could not charge to his shaken health, for he had begun to grow strong again. He said to himself, as he lay under the sun-smitten pines, or when he walked beneath the maples that broke the glare of the moon on the village street, that he was waiting here for a man to die, and he tried to quell his restlessness with that cold fact. But he was not able to keep Boynton's danger in his thoughts. There was, indeed, a suspense in Boynton's condition for which neither he nor his fellow physician could account. His mind even grew more vivid under such peril as threatened his body, and in his immunity from pain he was more cheerfully speculative than ever. As the days passed, a curious sort of affectionate confidence grew up between Ford and the fantastic theorist, and the young man listened to his talk with a kindliness which he did not trouble himself to reason. He submitted patiently to the analysis which Boynton made of him and of his metaphysical condition, and heard without a smile certain analogies which he discovered. "Yes," Boynton said, one day, "I find a great similarity of mind and temperament in us. At your age, I thought and felt as you do. There is a fascination, which I can still recognize, in the clean surface which complete negation gives. The refusal of science to believe what it cannot subject to its chemic tests has its sublime side. It is at least absolute devotion to the truth, and it involves martyrdom, like the devotion to any other religion. For it *is* a religion, and you cannot get away from religion. Whether you say, I believe, or whether you say, I do not believe, still you formulate a creed. The question whether we came

from the Clam or the Ancient of Days, whether we shall live forever, or rot forever, remains; you cannot put it aside by saying there is no such question. From this vantage-ground of mine — a sick-bed is a vantage-ground — I can see that when I stood where you are I occupied a position not essentially different from that which I assumed afterwards. Light shone on me from one side, and I cast a shadow in this direction; light shone on me from the other side, and I cast a shadow in that direction. My mistake was to fancy at both times that the shadow was I."

Ford evaded the issue as to the identity of their opinions. He admitted that faith in a second life might nerve a man to greater enterprises here; and that one might not so often flag in the pursuit of truth if the horizon did not shut down so close all round. But he said that we had the comfort of knowing that the work of each was delegated to the whole race, and that whoever failed his work could not fail.

"Ah, don't delude yourself!" cried Boynton. "There is *no* comfort in that. What is the race to you or me? You are the race; I am the race; and no one else of all the myriad atoms of humanity could take up our work and keep it the same work."

"You said just now," said Ford, with a smile, "that you and I were the same."

"I was wrong," promptly admitted Boynton. "We are not the same, and could not be, to all eternity. But if you admit the hypothesis of a second life, in which the objects of this shall remain dear to us, you establish an infrangible, a perpetual, continuity of endeavor. The man with whom a great idea has its inception becomes a disembodied spirit. By influx from the spirit world to which he goes, he becomes the partner of the man to whom his work falls here; and that man dying enlarges the partnership in his turn, and so on *ad infinitum*. It must be in this way

that civilization is advanced, that the world-reforms are accomplished."

Boynton's eyes shone, and Ford listened with kindly neutrality. On some sides he was compelled to respect Boynton's extraordinary alertness. In many things he was grotesquely ignorant; he was a man of very small literature, and he had the limitations of a country-bred person in his conceptions of the world; but his mind, in the speculations on which it habitually dwelt, had a vast and bold sweep, and his theories sprang up fully formed, under his breath, like those plants which the Japanese conjurer fans to flower in the moment after he has put the seed in the ground.

He tossed his head upon the pillow impatiently. "When I think of those things," he said, "I can hardly wait for the slow process of decay to unfold the truth to me. Perhaps I approached the unseen world with too arrogant a confidence," he continued. "At any rate, I have been found unworthy, and my progress on earth has been arrested forever."

Ford could not withhold the expression of the senseless self-accusal in his heart. "I should be very sorry," he said, "if I had been the means of crossing your purposes."

"You never were willfully so," said Boynton. "Besides, as I told you, I have begun to have my misgivings as to my theory of you. I suspect that I may have exaggerated my daughter's powers; that they were of a limited nature, terminable by the lapse of time. What do you think," he asked, after a silence, as if willing to break away from these thoughts, "of our Shaker friends? Does their life strike you as the solution of the great difficulty?"

"No," said Ford; "it strikes me as begging the question."

"Yes, so it is," assented Boynton; "so it is, in some views. It is a life for women rather than men."

An indefinable pang seized Ford. "I

don't quite understand you. Do you think it is a happy life for a woman?"

"There is *no* happy life for a woman — except as she is happy in suffering for those she loves, and in sacrificing herself to their pleasure, their pride and ambition. The advantage that the world offers her — and it does not always offer that — is her choice in self-sacrifice; the Shakers prescribe it for her."

Ford said nothing for a time, while the pain still rankled. Then he asked, "Don't you think the possible power of choosing is a great advantage? I don't know that as a man I expect to be happy; but I like to make my ventures in unhappiness. It saves me from the folly of accusing fate. If I surrendered myself to Shakerism, I should feel myself a prisoner; I should not run the risk of wounds, but I should have no chance of escape."

"A woman does n't like to fight," replied Boynton. "Besides, there are no irrevocable vows in Shakerism. When you do not like it you leave it. It is no bad fate for a woman. For most women it would be a beneficent fate."

An image of Egeria in the Shaker garb, with her soft young throat hidden to the chin, and the tight gauze cap imprisoning her beautiful hair, rose in the young man's thought, and would not pass at his willing. It was with something like the relief of waking from an odious dream that he saw the girl enter the room in her usual dress. He involuntarily rose.

She had a spray of sumac in her hand, and she put it lightly beside her father on the bed. The leaves were already deeply tinged with crimson. "Ah, yes," he said, taking it up and holding it before him, "I am glad you found it. I thought I saw it the last time I walked that way; but it was only partly red, then. I had intended to get it for you. After my daughter was sick here, this spring," he added, turning his eyes upon Ford, "she showed a singular predilection dur-

ing her convalescence for wild flowers. They would n't come fast enough for her; all the family were set to looking for them. Do you remember, Egeria, the day when we got you out under the apple-blossoms? What is the apple-tree like, now? Some yellow leaves on it, here and there?"

"Yes, but the red apples burn like live coals among them," said Egeria.

"Fruition, fruition," murmured her father dreamily. "Not so sweet as hope. But autumn was always my favorite season, — my favorite season. I suppose the long grass is limp and the clover-heads are black in the alleys of the orchard. All those aspects of nature — The sumac is first to feel the fall. Have you seen any other red leaves, Egeria?"

"I saw a young maple in the swamp that was almost as red in places as this," said Egeria. "But they were too high for me to reach."

"Ah," returned her father, "they will soon be red enough everywhere."

"Could n't Miss Boynton tell me where her maple is?" Ford interposed. "I could get you the leaves."

"Oh, no, — no," began the doctor.

"I do a certain amount of walking every day. If Miss Boynton will tell me where the maple is, and begin with the swamp" —

"The swamp," said Egeria, "is just back of the south pasture; but I should have to look for the tree myself."

"Take me with you then," said the young man, with what he thought a great boldness.

"I could do that," returned Egeria, simply. "If Frances were here, I could go with you now. It is n't far."

"I don't need any one, now, my dear," said her father. "You can put the bell here by my pillow, and I can ring."

"Well," said Egeria to Ford. "We will stop at the office, and tell them, father," she added. Frances promised to listen for the bell, and stood at the

office door watching them as they walked away together.

"I think you can easily bend the tree," Egeria said. "It's very slim, and I thought at first I could bend it myself. I should hate to have you break it."

"I will try not to break it," answered Ford.

They crossed the meadow in desultory talk, but before they reached the edge of the swamp she abruptly halted him, and said with a sort of fearful resolution, "Did you know that my father was here when you came?" She searched his face with a piercing intensity of gaze, her lips apart with eagerness and her breathing fluttered.

"No," said Ford, "my coming here was purely accidental." Her eyes studied him a moment longer; then she dropped them, and hurried on again as abruptly as she had stopped. "But I always hoped I might see you again," he continued, "and tell you—I went to tell your father in Boston—that I never dreamt it was you I hurt there, that night. I wanted to tell him that nothing in the world — But we quarreled" —

"I know, I know," interrupted the girl. "There is the tree," she said, hastily, pointing out a young maple with reddened boughs, that stood some yards beyond the wall. "Do you think you can get to it? Do you think you can bend it down?"

Every nerve in him thrilled with the wrench of having half said what had been long in his heart; but he must obey her will. "I think so," he replied, and he got over the wall. He stepped from one quaking bed of mossy decay to another, till he reached the tree. He caught it about the slender stem well up towards the limbs, and, bending it over, began to break them away and fling them on the ground.

"Oh, no!" cried Egeria from where she stood. "Don't!"

"Don't what?" asked Ford, turning half round, without releasing the tree.

"You seemed to tear it so. You have enough. That branch at the top" —

"Shall I break it off?"

"No — no. Let it stay."

"Would you like it?"

"Yes."

Ford took out his knife, and slitted the branch from the tree with a downward stroke, and drove the blade into the thick of the hand with which he held the tree. He gathered up the branches, and putting them into the wounded hand gripped it with the other, and returned to Egeria.

She started at sight of the blood. "I made you cut yourself."

"I don't see how that is," answered Ford. "But I cut myself." He stood holding his hand, while the blood dropped to the ground.

"I will tie it up for you," said Egeria, quelling a shudder. "You ought to have something wet next to it. That will keep it from inflaming."

"Yes?" said Ford.

She made search for her handkerchief, and drew forth the stout square of linen which the kindness of the community had provided for her. She shook out its tough expanse. "That is a Shaker handkerchief," she said.

"It looks rather grandiose for the purpose," Ford remarked. "If you will take mine" — He touched as nearly as he could the breast pocket of his coat with his elbow. She soberly obeyed his gesture, and pulled it out. "Can you tear it?"

"I need n't tear it," she answered, folding it into a narrow strip. "I can wet this end in the water, here, and wrap the rest round it."

She stooped to a little pool near the wall, and dipped the handkerchief into it; then she laid the wet corner over the cut, which he had washed in the same pool, and folded the dry part firmly around it. Her finger-tips, soft and warm, left the sensation of their touch upon his hand.

They walked rapidly away. "Better hold it up," she said, seeing that he let his arm hang at his side.

"Oh," he answered stupidly, and obeyed for a moment, and then dropped his hand again.

"You're forgetting," she said.

"Yes, I was," replied Ford, recollecting himself. "I was thinking that it must have seemed as if some savage beast had torn you."

He looked at the hand on which she wore her ring, and she hid the hand in the folds of her dress, and turned her head away. Then she glanced at him, as if about to answer, but she only said, "When you get home, you must wet the cloth again."

"Thanks," said Ford; "it will have to look after itself when it stops stinging."

She looked troubled. "Does it hurt you very badly?"

"I suppose it's going through the usual formalities."

"You had better show it to father—Oh!" she cried, blushing, "I have forgotten the leaves for him." She almost ran in retracing her steps.

Ford pursued her. "Miss Boynton, let me go and get them."

"No, no, I can get them. You must n't come. I don't wish you to come." She looked over her shoulder, and saw him standing irresolute. "Don't wait for me; I can take them home."

He lingered a moment, looking after her, and then turned and walked away. He did not go back to the infirmary, but kept on towards his own house, and arrived with a vague smile on his lips, which he found had shaped them ever since he left her. He scarcely realized then that she had been quick to avail herself of a chance to be alone with him, and that once with him she had been willing to delay their parting. A jarring sensation of alternate abandon and reserve was what remained of the interview in his nerves.

XX.

In the morning, when he walked up into the village, he found her coming out of the office gate. She faltered at sight of him, and glanced anxiously towards him. He had meant to stop at the office, but now he had a senseless impulse to keep on his way. He hesitated, and then crossed to where she stood. She had a small basket in her hand, and she said that Elder Joseph had given her leave to look over his vines, and see if there were any grapes ripe enough yet for her father to eat. There was an indefinable intention in her manner to detain him, which he felt as inarticulately, and there was something more intangible still, — something between fearful question and utter trust of him; something that chiefly intimated itself in the appeal with which her eyes rested on his when she first looked up. He dropped his own eyes before the gaze which he knew to be unconscious on her part, and she said suddenly, as if recollecting herself, "Oh! Will you show your hand to father? How is it?"

"That's all right," answered Ford, putting it into his pocket. She began to walk towards the garden, and he walked with her. "It isn't my work hand."

"Work?" she asked.

"I keep up my scribbling. I write for the papers," he explained further, at a glance of inquiry from her.

"Some of the brothers and sisters write, too," she said. "The Shakers have a paper."

"Yes, I have seen it," said Ford. "They write for pleasure and from duty. I am sorry to say that my work is mostly for the pay it brings. I'm hoping to do something in another way by and by. In the mean time I write and sell my work. It's what they call pot-boiling."

"I didn't know they *paid* for writing!"

"They do, — a little. You can starve very decently on it."

"Father used to write for the paper at home, but they never paid him anything. He is slow getting well," she added, with a sad inconsequence, "and I suppose he will never be quite so strong again. But it must be a good sign when he has these cravings. It seems as if he couldn't wait till the grapes are ripe; the doctor says he can have all the fruit he wants. Have you ever been in this garden before?" she asked, as they entered the bounds of Brother Joseph's peculiar province.

"No," replied Ford, looking round him with a pleasure for which he could not account. "But I feel as if I might have been here always."

"Yes. I suppose it looks like everybody's garden. It's like our garden at home." He glanced about it with her, as they stood in the planked path together. At one side of the beds of pot-herbs, and apart from the ranks of sweet-corn, the melons, the beans, the faded peas, and the long rows of beets and carrots, was a space allotted to flowers, the simple annuals that have long been driven from our prim parterres. "Our garden ran back of the house down to the river; but it was all neglected and run wild. There was a summer-house on the edge of the terrace, and the floor was rotten; the trellises for the grapes were slanting every which way."

She seemed to be recalling these aspects in a fond reverie, rather than addressing him; but they gave him a vivid sense of her past. He saw her in this old garden by the river-side, before any blight had fallen upon her life. He imagined her a very happy young girl, there; not romantic, but simple and good, and even gay. "I know that sort of a garden," he said.

"Yes," she continued, looking dreamily at Brother Joseph's flower-beds, "here is prince's feather, and coxcomb, that I hated to touch when I was little,

because it seemed like flesh and blood. And here is bachelor's button, and mourning bride, and marigolds, and touch-me-not."

"I had forgotten them," said Ford. "I suppose I used to see them when I was a boy. But it's a long time since I was in the country."

"You must be glad to get back."

"No," replied Ford. "I can't honestly say that I am. I wanted to get away from it too badly for that. The country is for the pleasure of people born in town."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Nothing very definite. When I began to grow up, I found the country in my way. I dare say I should have been uncomfortable anywhere. I was very uncomfortable in the country."

"I have never been much in the city," she said. "But I did n't like it."

He remembered that he had helped to make the city hateful to her, though she seemed to have forgotten it, and he said, in evasion of this recollection, "It's different with a man. I had my way to make, and the city was my chance."

"And didn't you ever feel homesick?" she asked.

"I used to dream about the place after I came away. I used to dream that I had gone back there to live. That was my nightmare. It always woke me up."

"And did you never go back?"

"No. I have never looked on those hills since I left them, and I never will if I can help it. I suppose it's a matter of association," he continued. "My associations of not getting on are with the country; my associations of getting on in some sort are with the city. That is enough to account for my hating the one and liking the other."

"Yes," said Egeria, "that is true." She added after a moment, "Have they ever told you what Joseph's associations with this region are?"

"No. I should like to know."

"He saw it in a dream, years before he came here. When he first visited the Vardley Shakers he recognized it, and took it for a sign that he was to stay."

"That was remarkable," said Ford. Egeria was silent. "Do you believe in such things, Miss Boynton?" he asked.

She turned away, as if she had not heard him, and began to search the vines for ripe grapes. She went down one side of the long trellis, and he followed down the other. Between the leaves and twisting stems he caught glimpses of her yellow hair and her blue eyes.

"Do you find any?" she asked.

"Any what?"

"Grapes."

"I had n't looked."

She sighed. "It's about as well. There don't seem to be any." After a while she stopped, and he saw her glance at him through the leaves. "I don't know whether I believe in those things or not. Do you?"

"No."

"The Shakers do. They all think they have had some sign. But I should n't like to know things beforehand. It would n't help you to bear the bad. Besides, it does n't seem to leave you free, somehow. I think the great thing is to be free."

"It's the first thing."

"Yes; that is what I always felt. It was slavery, even if it was true." He knew what she meant; but he said nothing, though she waited for him to speak. "It was what I tried to say sometimes; but I could n't express it. And I could n't have made him understand." With that screen of vines between them, and each other's faces imperfectly seen through the leaves and tendrils, it was easier to be frank. "It cut us off from everybody in the world. It was what made the quarrel with grandfather."

She waited again, and now Ford said, "Yes, your father said it was that."

"It made everybody suspect us. I did n't care so much for myself after I got away from home, where they did n't know us; but I cared for father. He suffered so from the things he had to bear. You can't think what they were."

"I'm ashamed to think what some of them were," said Ford.

She paused a moment. "You mean what you said to him in Boston?"

"Yes."

"Yes, that hurt him," she said, simply. "He had been very proud of the interest you took the first time you came. He said you were the only man of science that had taken any notice of him. Afterwards—he could n't make it out."

"I don't wonder!" cried Ford. "It was incredible. But I ought to say that I never came to threaten him."

"He was more puzzled when you would n't meet him in that public séance. Why would n't you?"

"Why?" demanded Ford, in dismay.

"Yes, why?"

"I don't know that I can say."

"But you had some reason. Was it because you thought you would fail?"

Ford did not answer directly. "Can you believe that I wanted to consider him in the matter?" he asked, in turn.

"Yes, that is what I did believe." She drew a long breath, and hid herself wholly behind a thick mass of the vine.

"Did you—did you get a letter from me?"

"Yes," said Ford.

"I thought that I ought to write it; I did n't know whether to do it. But I could n't help it. I was glad you refused."

"I was glad you wrote the letter. It was n't always a comfort to me, though. I had no right to any thanks from you. I felt as if I had extorted it."

"Extorted it!" she repeated, with the same eager persistence with which she had pressed him for his reason in refusing to meet her father. "Do you

mean — do you mean that you tried to make me write the letter?"

"How could I try to make you write me a letter?" demanded the young man, stupefied.

"I don't know. I was not sure that I understood. I can't tell you — now. Did you destroy it?"

"Destroy what?"

"The letter."

"No; I kept it."

"Oh — will you give it back to me?"

"Certainly." Ford unfolded a pocket-book, and took out a worn-looking scrap of paper, which he passed through an open space in the trellis. Her hand appeared at the aperture and received it. A hesitation made itself felt through the vines. "Will you give it back to me, Miss Boynton?"

"There's nothing to be ashamed of in it," she said, and her hand reappeared at the open space with the letter.

"Thanks," said Ford.

"They will think I am a long time looking for a few grapes," said Egeria.

"They've no idea how few there are, and how long it takes to find them," answered Ford.

She laughed. "Are they scarce on your side, too?"

"There are no ripe bunches at all. Shall I pick single ones?"

"Oh, yes; any that you can get. It's rather early for them yet."

"Is it? I thought it was about the right time."

"That shows you haven't lived in the country for a good while. You've forgotten."

"Yes," assented Ford. "I haven't seen grapes on the vines for ten years."

"Have n't you been out of the city in that time?"

"Not if I could help it."

"And why can't you help it now?"

"They told me I wasn't well, and I'd better go to the mountains." He sketched in a few words his course in coming to Vardley.

"I thought you looked pale, when you first came," she said. After a little while she added, "You can bear it if you're getting better, I suppose."

He laughed. "Oh, it is n't so disagreeable here. I'm interested in your Shaker friends."

"They think they are living the true life," said the girl.

"Do you?" asked Ford.

"They are very good; but I have seen good people in the world outside," she answered. "I think they are the kind that would be good anywhere. I should n't like having things in common with others. I should like a house of my own. And I should like a world of my own."

"Yes," said Ford, laughing. "I should like the private house, too. But I don't think I could manage a whole world."

"I mean a world that is for the people that live in it. When they die, they have their own world, and they ought n't to try to come back into ours."

"Oh, decidedly, I agree with you there!" cried the young man.

She seemed not to like his light tone. "I know that I don't express it well."

"It could n't be expressed better."

"I meant that I hoped any friend of mine would be too well off to be willing to come back."

"Yes."

They found themselves at the end of the trellis, and face to face. He dropped his grapes into the basket, where some loose berries rolled about. She looked ruefully at the result of their joint labors.

"Well!" she said, and they walked out of the garden together.

At the gate Ford took out his watch, and stopped with a guilty abruptness. "Miss Boynton, I am going away, — I am going to Boston, this afternoon. I" —

"Going away?"

"Yes, I have business in Boston.

Can I do anything for your father or — for you — there?"

"No," she said, looking at him in bewilderment. "Will you come and say good-by to him? Or perhaps you had better not," she faltered.

"I'm coming back this evening!" he cried in astonishment. "Will you lend me this basket?" he asked.

"Why, yes. It belongs to Rebecca."

"Don't tell her I borrowed it. I must go, now. Good-by!"

"Good-by." She stood looking after him till a turn of the road to Vardley Village hid him.

When he reached Boston, he found that the year had turned from summer to autumn with a distinctness which he had not noted in the country. The streets, where his nerves expected the fierce heat in which he had left them, were swept by cool inland airs. The crowds upon the pavement had perceptibly increased; a tide of women, fresh from their sojourn at the sea-side and in the country, was pouring down Winter Street, reanimated for shopping, and with their thoughts set upon ribbons with a vividness that shone in their faces. The third week of the fall season was placarded at the Museum; and in the Public Garden, which he crossed upon an errand to his lodging, there was a blaze of autumnal flowers in place of the summer bloom which he had left. He met here and there groups of public-school children loitering homeward with their books. The great, toiling majority who never go out of town were there, of course; the many whose vacations and purses are short had all returned; it would be some weeks yet before the few who can indulge the luxury of the colored leaves and the peculiar charm of still September days out of town would come home. It was the moment in which Ford had ordinarily the most content in his city. He liked to renew his tacit companionship with all these returning exiles; the promise of winter

snugness brought him almost a domestic joy; the keen sparkle of the early-lighted gas in the street lamps and the shop-windows was a pleasure as distinct as it was inarticulate. But now he felt estranged amid the cheerful spectacle of the September afternoon. The country quiet, which he used to hate, tenderly appealed to him; the quaint life of the Shaker village, of which he had, without knowing it, become a part, reclaimed him; the cry of a jay that strutted down an overhanging branch to defy him as he walked along the road, after parting with Egeria, was still in his ears; his vision was full of the sunny glisten of meadows where the Shakers' hired men were cutting the rowan, and of roadsides fringed with golden-rod and asters. He was impatient till he could be off again, and he made haste back to the fruiterer's where he had left his basket with an order to fill it with grapes. He was vexed to find it standing empty in a corner.

"You didn't say what kind you wanted," explained the fruiterer.

"Put in what you like, — the best kind," said Ford. "You can judge; they're for a sick person."

"All right." The man filled the basket, and Ford went to another counter, and took up a bouquet which he added to his purchase.

He bought two or three newspapers, in the cars, and read them on the way back, throwing those he was not reading over the flowers on the seat beside him, so as to hide them.

He got out of the train at Vardley Station with the sense of having committed a public action. He was rescued from this embarrassment, and curiously restored to his self-possession at sight of Egeria, who came driving the old Shaker horse over from the post-office, as the train halted. He was not alarmed to see her, but he asked formally, "Nothing the matter, I hope, Miss Boynton?"

"Oh, no. I came to get the letters;

and I thought I would wait for you, if you were on this train."

"Thanks," said Ford, putting the basket into the open buggy, and mounting to a place beside her. She looked down at it, but said nothing. He took the reins from her, and drove out of the village before he spoke again. "I have got some grapes for your father."

She laughed, and lifted the basket at once into her lap. "I *thought* you were going for something," she said, "after you were gone; and I guessed with Sister Frances. I guessed it was grapes, and she guessed it was peaches. You thought he would be disappointed at Elder Joseph's vines." She raised the lid of the basket, and after a glance pushed it to again with a quick gesture, and looked gravely at him. "That is too much," she said.

"I hope you don't think so!" he pleaded. "I counted on your being pleased."

"So I am pleased," she returned. She opened the basket-lid again, and looked within.

"You must have hated to come back to the country," she said, after a silence, "if you like the city so much."

"No. For once I was willing to come back. If the country had n't threatened to keep me, I should n't have hated it. I never hated the country about here. What have you been doing this afternoon? It seems a great while."

"Does it? Yes, it does! I suppose there's such a sameness here that anything that breaks it up makes the time longer. Sister Frances says that it's so when any of them are gone. After you went I came in and stayed with father. He did n't know that I had been trying to get him some grapes. Your going away seemed to fret him, and that made me a little anxious to — to — see if you *had* come."

"I never thought of not coming back."

"Yes, I know. Silas went down to

the post-office with me; but Humphrey came along in his buggy, and Silas went back with him. He could n't wait for you, and I said I would."

"Thanks. But you took too much trouble. I expected to walk up from the station."

"I did n't believe you'd want to carry the basket."

"Yes, I should. But what would you have done if you had had to drive home alone in the dusk?"

"Oh, I knew you would be there."

The lamps were lit in the office, and the window was red with cheerful light where the doctor lay in the infirmary, when they drew up before the gate, and Ford helped Egeria down. Then he took the paper in which the bouquet was wrapped, and handed it to her. "There are a few flowers, too."

"I *thought* it must be flowers," she said. "I'll put them round the grapes."

"The flowers are for you," said Ford, with dogged resolution.

Laban came across the street from the office, and took the horse by the bridle. "The sisters want you should take your tea at the office, to-night. They've got it ready for you, and they've sent word to Friend Williams not to be expectin' you."

While Ford waited a few moments in the office parlor, Egeria came, and he heard her talking with Rebecca and Diantha in the sitting-room. When the latter came to tell him that tea was ready, he perceived that his gift was already a matter of family approval. He sat down at the table, and Egeria came out of the kitchen adjoining with the polished tin tea-pot in her hand. Then he saw that the table was set for two. Her face was flushed, as if she had been near the heat; but she sat down quietly, saying, "He was asleep, and Frances was with him. I must run back in a minute, for I want him to have them as soon as he wakes." He knew that she meant the grapes. When she

was handing him his cup, she half drew it back. "I did n't ask you whether you like cream and sugar both, and I've put them in."

"I like it so," said Ford.

She ate with more appetite than he, and was gayer than he had seen her before. A happy light was in her eyes, and when they met his this light seemed to suffuse her face. She talked, and he listened dreamily. It was very strange to a man of his solitary life. He did not remember to have ever seen any one pour tea. At the boarding-house they came and asked if you would have tea or coffee, and brought it to you in a cup; at the restaurant they set it before you in a pot, and you helped yourself, or the waiter reached over your shoulder and poured it out. Ford looked round the sincerely bare dining-room; the windows were shut to keep out the evening chill, and the curtains were snugly drawn. The door to the kitchen was open, and he could hear Diantha moving about there; now and then she made a little rattling at the stove; once she came in with a plate of rice-cakes, and offered to wait upon them; but Egeria passed the plate to Ford herself, and then gave him the butter and syrup. He tried to make her one with the frightened and joyless creature whom he had first seen in Boston; then he perceived that she had fallen silent under his silent scrutiny.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "is anything the matter?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. "But I must go back to father. Will you come over and see him?"

"Yes."

He walked across the road with her under the stars, keen as points of steel in the moonless sky; but at the gate he said, "No, I won't go in, to-night. I will come to see your father to-morrow."

She said "Well," as if she understood that he wished to delay being thanked.

As he lingered, she faltered too, and they stood confronted without speaking. Then he said, "Good-night," and made an offer of offering his hand. She saw it, and stretched hers towards him; but by this time he had let his hand fall, thinking it unnoticed. The manœuvre was reciprocally repeated; by a common impulse they both broke into a low, nervous laugh, and their hands met in a quick clasp.

"Thank you for the flowers," she said, when she had got a few paces away.

A little farther off, he glanced back. She seemed to be standing yet at the door; but the light was uncertain, and it might have been a shadow. He delayed a little, and then went back; but she was now gone, and he saw her head reflected against the curtain within.

XXI.

Ford expected that they would meet next in the mood of their parting; but she received him with a sort of defensive scrutiny that puzzled him and estranged her from him. He fancied that she avoided being alone with him, and made haste to shelter herself from him in her father's presence, where she sat and knitted while they talked. If he glanced at her, he found her eye leaving him with a look of anxious quest. He went away feeling that she was capricious. Other days followed when she was different, and met him with simple and eager welcome; but then he did not think her capricious, and he forgot from time to time the inquisition that vexed him with her, and that seemed to weary and distress her.

He commonly wrote in the morning and came in the afternoon. She sat on the threshold of the infirmary, and if her father was awake she invited him in-doors; if Boynton was asleep, she drew Ford off a little way into the orchard. There had been a change in

Boynton. He never spoke hopefully of his condition to Ford; but although he still showed a great feebleness, there were often days when he left his bed and sat up in a rocking-chair to receive his visitor. He did not remain long afoot, and he never showed any wish to go out-of-doors. Sometimes Egeria and Frances, in their zeal for his convalescence, urged him in the mild fall weather to go out for the air; but after a glance at the landscape he said, "Yes, yes, to-morrow, if it's fair. I'm hardly equal to it to-day." When Ford was not with him, or some of the more metaphysical of the Shakers, he read or mused in his chair. At first he had wished to talk of the questions that perplexed him with Egeria, but she had fondly evaded them; later, when she showed herself willing to afford him this resource, he had no longer the wish for it, and did not respond to her promptings.

His mind must have been dwelling upon this change in himself and her, one afternoon, when Ford came in and sat down with him. "You see," he said, "how they have tricked out my room for me?" and he indicated the boughs of colored leaves, varied with bunches of wild asters and tops of golden-rod, in which the Shakers had carried him the autumn. "There isn't healing in my leaves, as there was in the flowers which they brought Egeria this spring," he added, with a slight sigh, "but there is sympathy, — sympathy." Ford left him to the pleasure he evidently found in the analogy and contrast, and Boynton presently resumed: "There is an experiment which I should have liked to try, if she had continued the same. I should have liked to see if we could not change places, and she exert upon me that influence which I once had over her. There is no telling how sanative it might be in a case like mine, in which there is a certain obscurity of origin and character. But I am convinced that it would

be useless to attempt the experiment. I see now that the psychic force must have left her entirely during her sickness. Not a trace of it remains. The fact is a very interesting one, which I should hope to investigate with important results, if I could live to do so. It may be that we approach the other world only through some abnormal condition here. You have observed this remarkable change in my daughter?"

"You know I only saw Miss Boynton two or three times before I came here," said Ford. "She seems very much better."

"That *is* the change. Her power has escaped in this return to health. I saw it, — I almost noted its flight. Day by day, after the crisis of her fever, when convalescence began, I perceived that she grew more and more rebellious to my influence, without knowing it. If I had obeyed my intuitions, I should never have put her powers to the final test. I see now that you had nothing to do with our failure here, whatever the effect of your sphere was in Boston. Her gift, rare and wonderful as it was, was the perishable efflorescence of a nervous morbidity. I might have known this before, — perhaps I *did* know it, and refused to accept it as a fact. It was hard, it was impossible, to relinquish my belief in her continued powers just when I had brought them to the most favorable conditions for their exercise. But I don't give up my belief in what has been. I know that once she possessed the power that has been withdrawn, if ever it existed on earth. You will get out of the matter very easily by saying that it never did exist," added Boynton bitterly. "I should once have said so; but now I say, whoever keeps it or loses it, this power has never ceased to exist. Has my daughter ever spoken to you of this matter?" he demanded abruptly.

"Yes," said Ford.

"It would be intolerable if she knew how great her loss was. But she never

realized the preciousness of her gift while she possessed it."

The color of superiority, of censure, which tinged these words irritated the young man. "As far as I could understand, she seemed to dislike ghosts."

"Yes, I know that. I had that to contend with in her."

"It seemed to me that she had a terror of them, and that your researches had cost her" — Ford stopped.

"What?" asked Boynton.

"She has never complained," answered the other. "I could only conjecture" —

"Oh, I can believe that she never complained!" cried Boynton; and now he lay a long space silent. At last, "Yes," he groaned, with an indescribable intensity of contrition in his tone, "I see what you mean! I seized upon a simple, loving nature, good and sweet in its earthliness, and sacred in it, and alienated it from all its possible happiness to the uses of my ambition. I have played the vampire!"

Ford rose in alarm at the effect of his words, and essayed what reparation he could. "No," he protested. "The harm is less than you think. I don't believe that any one but ourselves can do us essential injury here. We may make others unhappy, but we can't destroy the possibility of happiness in them; we can only do that in ourselves. Your conscience has to do with your motives; it judges you by them, and God — if we suppose Him — will not judge you by anything else. The effect of misguided actions belongs to the great mass of impersonal evil."

It was the second time that he had presumed to distinguish between Boynton and Egeria, and he had again committed a cruel impertinence. He continued with a sort of remorseful rage to launch upon Boynton such fragments of consolation as came into his head; and he hurried from him without knowing that his phrases about impersonal evil had already floated that buoyant spirit

beyond the regrets in which he had plunged it.

Still heated and ashamed, he issued from the infirmary, and, as if it were strange that she should be there, he started at sight of Egeria under one of the orchard trees. But in that fascination which makes us hover about the victim of some wrong or the witness of some folly of ours, he pressed towards her. She was leaning against the trunk of the tree, with some knitting in her hand, and he flung himself on the grass at her feet. He thought that he meant to confess to her what had just passed, but he made no attempt to do so. "Are you so very tired?" she asked, smiling down at him.

"Not very," he answered, "but I know no reason why I should n't sit down, — except one."

"What's that?"

"That you're standing."

It was pretty, and she was a girl, and she softly laughed as she began to knit.

"That's work in real earnest," he said, looking at the substantial gray sock mounted on her needles.

"Yes; the Shakers sell them," she explained. "I suppose you've got through your work for the day."

"I've got through my writing, if you call that work. It must be work. It's so dull it can't be play." Again he thought he would speak of what had passed between him and her father, but he did not.

"Do you write stories?" she asked, with her eyes on her knitting.

"Oh, not so bad as that! I do what they call social topics, — perhaps because I never go into society; and I do them with difficulty, as I deserve, for I'm only making literature a means. I understand that if you want to be treated well by it you must make it an end, and be very serious and respectful with it."

"Oh, yes," said the girl, as if she did not understand.

"I'm serious enough," he continued, "but I don't respect my writing as it goes on. It's as good as most; but it ought to be as good as the least."

"What are social topics?" she asked presently.

"I suppose I'm treating a social topic now. I'm writing about some traits of New England country life. I began it — do you care to hear?"

"Yes, I should like to hear about it if you will tell me."

"It's nothing. I was telling you the other day of our start from Boston. I could n't help noticing some things on the way; my ten years in town had made me a sort of foreigner in the country, and I noticed the people and their way of living; and after I got here I sent a letter to a newspaper about it. You might think that would end it; but you don't know the economies of a hack-writer. I've taken my letter for a text, and I'm working it over into an article for a magazine. If I were a real literary man I should turn it into a lecture afterwards, and then expand it into a little book." Egeria knitted on in silence, as if her mind were away, or had not strength to deal with these abstractions. "Who is that?" asked Ford, as a young Shakeress with a gentle face looked out of a window of the nearest family house, and nodded in pleasant salutation to Egeria.

"That is the school-teacher."

"They all look alike to me, — the sisters. I don't see how you tell them apart, so far off."

"Yes, they all have the same expression, — the Shaker look. But they're very different."

"Why, of course. And the Shaker look is a very good look. It's peaceful. I suppose they have their bickerings, though."

"Not often. They're what they seem. That's their great ambition."

"It's an immense comfort. You must be quite at home among them."

"Yes," said the girl.

"Do you mean no?"

"They do everything they can to make me; but they have their own world, and I don't belong to it. They feel that as well as I do; but they can't help it."

"Of course not. That's the nature of worlds, big and little. You can't be at home *near* them; you have to be *in* them to be comfortable. I have a world in my own neighborhood that I don't belong to. I like to abuse it; but it's quite as good a neighbor as I deserve, and it would be civil if I made an effort to fit into it. But I suppose I was a sort of born outcast."

"Does Mr. Phillips write, too?" asked the girl.

The abruptness of the transition was a little bewildering; but Ford answered, "My Phillips? No; he talks."

"But has n't he any business?"

"None of his own. Did he amuse you?"

"I don't think I understood him," said Egeria.

"He would be charmed with your further acquaintance. He would tell you that he could meet you on common ground, — that he did n't understand himself."

She left Phillips by another zigzag. "I suppose," said she, "you like the influence that a writer has. It must be a pleasure to feel your power over people."

"No," said Ford, "I don't care anything about the influence. It shocks me to think of people being turned this way or that by my stuff."

"Then you believe," she said, with that recurrent intensity, "that we can have power over others without knowing it, and even without wishing it?"

"Oh," he answered carelessly, "we all control one another in the absurdest way."

"Yes." She turned quite pale, and looked away, passing her hand over her

forehead as if she were giddy. Then she rose quickly, and hurried down the path to the infirmary. The young man followed.

"Did you think you heard your father's bell?"

"I'd better see if he rang." She went into the little house, but came out directly. "No; he's trying to sleep."

"Then we must go back, so as not to disturb him."

"Yes," she said, but with an accent of interrogation and reluctance. "I don't believe I ought to leave him."

"We shall be near enough," he rejoined with a kind of willfulness. "Here comes Sister Frances; she will stay with him."

"I might speak to her," murmured Egeria, hesitating, as Frances came across the road.

"It is n't worth while. She will find him alone, and will naturally stay till you come in." Ford glanced about him. "Which is the apple-tree they call yours?"

"The one they brought me out under the first day I was well enough?"

"Yes; I have heard a great deal of that tree. It is famous in the community annals."

"Oh, it does n't look the least now as it did then." She led the way far up the orchard slope. But when they came to the tree, and she said, putting her hand on the trunk, "This is it," neither of them spoke of it. She glanced at the hill on the brow of which some chestnut-trees stood.

"We could get a better view from that place," he suggested.

"Do you think so?" She climbed half up the wall that divided the orchard from a meagre pasture above, and looked back. He passed her and helped her over the wall. "I forgot that this meadow was so wet," she said, hesitating near the wall.

"But nature never does things by halves," said Ford. "Where she makes

a sopping meadow, she puts plenty of stones to step on; and where you are doubtful of your footing she puts me to lend you a helping hand." He extended his hand to her as he spoke, and drew her lightly to the sloping bowlder on which he stood, and on which she must cling to him for support.

"Oh, I could get on well enough alone," she said, laughing nervously.

"You can get on better with help."

"Yes."

She followed him, springing from stone to stone, staying herself now by his hand and now by his arm, till they reached the hard, dry top, where the tangled low blackberry vines overran the bowlder heads thickly crusted with lichens.

"I did n't suppose it was so bad," she said, shaking out her skirts.

"I don't think it so very bad," he returned. "It was n't a great way across."

"No. There are some chestnuts. It must be too soon for them."

"Let us see," said Ford. He advanced leisurely, and with a club knocked off some burs. Returning with them to the rock, where she had stood watching him, he hammered the nuts from their cells. They were scarcely in the milk yet. "These trees are too old," he said. "The nuts ripen first on the young trees that stand apart in the meadows. There are some in the rye-field just beyond these pine woods, here," he said, pointing to the growth on their left.

"That would be too far," she answered, following his gesture with a glance. "We had better go back."

"We can go back that way. It's good walking."

She did not answer, but he led on again, and she followed. "How still and warm it is!" she cried, with a luxurious surrender to the charm of the place. The slanting sun struck through the slender boles of the trees, and burnished the golden needles under their feet. There was no sound of life save their steps, and their voices which took

a lower key; the air was rich with the balsam of the trees. She deeply inhaled it. "Yes, yes," she murmured. "It all comes back. I was afraid," she said, in answer to the look with which he turned upon her, "that I had lost the feeling which I had when I first got well. But I have n't."

"What was it?"

"I don't know if I can tell. Something as if I belonged in such places — as if they missed me when I came away — I don't know. It was something very silly" — She stopped.

"Don't grieve the woodland by hurrying through it, then," said Ford, with a playfulness which, now that he indulged it, seemed natural to him. "Wait a moment. This rock is a new feature, — I don't remember this." A vast boulder rose at the side of their path, and he walked round it and clambered to the top, from which he bent over to speak to her again. "Would you like to come up? It's quite easy on this side."

"What can you see?"

"Nearly the whole earth."

She found the opposite side of the rock a slope, broken by some natural steps. He came half-way down, and, reaching her his hand, pulled her strongly up.

The top was scarcely wide enough for them both; and while he stood she sat at his feet, and looked out at the landscape which a break in the woods revealed at that height. It was the valley in which the village and farms of the Shakers lay; but it stretched wider than they had ever seen it, and on the other side, beyond the river, the hills rose steeper. The red sunset bathed it in a misty light, through which shone the scarlet of the maples, the gold of the elms by the river, the tender crimson of the young growths in the swamp lands. On the hill-side some of the farm windows had caught the sun, and blazed and flickered with mimic fire. Along a lower slope ran a

silent train, marking its course with puffs of white steam.

"I can confess, now," said Ford, "that if I had n't climbed this rock I should n't have known just where we were. But here are all the landmarks." He pointed to the familiar barns and family houses below.

"How near we are!" she cried, looking down. "I felt as if we were miles away. These woods are not large enough to get lost in, are they?"

"Not now. They were, a minute ago." He sat down beside her, and they looked at the landscape together. "It's rather sightly, as Joseph says."

"We had better go down," she murmured. But neither of them made a movement to go. They sat looking at the valley. "Now the fire has caught the windows higher up," she said. They watched the glittering panes as they darkened and kindled. The windows of the highest farm-house flashed intensely, and then slowly blackened. A light blue haze hovered over the valley.

"The curtain is down," said Ford.

She started to her feet, and looked round. "Why, the sun has set!"

"Did n't you know that?" he asked.

"No," she said, sadly. "It seemed as if it would last longer. But nothing lasts."

"No, nothing lasts," he repeated. "But generally things last long enough. I could have stood another hour or two of sunset, however. And sometimes I've known days that I would have been willing to have last forever, if I could have had out my eternity in this world."

"Is that — is *that* the way you feel, too?" she asked, turning swiftly upon him that strange, searching glance.

"Why, not always. What is the matter?"

"Nothing — nothing. Let us go down." She took his hand, and clung to it, in descending, as if eager to escape to him from some fear of him.

They went on in the direction they had

first taken. She walked at his side, and when his pace fell to a slow saunter she did not attempt to hasten it. A red squirrel took shape and motion out of the russet needles, and raced up one of the pines, whose feathery tops he bent in his long leaps from tree to tree; a partridge suddenly whirled up from the path before them; the life was like shadow, the shadow was like life, as the twilight thickened round them. "Are you tired?" he asked. "Am I making you walk too far?"

"I am not tired," she answered, but stopping as he stopped.

"I am. I'm out of breath," he said. "Do you know this place?"

She glanced round. "I believe I should know it if I were here alone. It looks familiar. It looks like the place where Laban found us that morning when we were trying to walk to Vardley Station. The brook ought to be running along in the hollow, here. Once he asked me if I knew the place; but I did n't. Do you think it's the place?"

"How should I know? You never told me of it before."

"Then the fever must have begun," she mused aloud. "I thought—I must have thought you—were there! I ought n't"—

"Oh," laughed Ford, "we put people in all sorts of places in dreams, feverish or otherwise. But I think the place you mean is lower down. I was in hopes you knew better where we were. I don't know."

Egeria laughed also. "Then we are lost!"

"Yes. Are you frightened?"

"I should hate to be lost here alone."

"I shall go presently and look up our whereabouts. Shall I go now?"

"If we keep walking we shall get through the woods in a few minutes. Which way are your chestnuts?"

"I don't know that, now, either. Do you care to look them up?"

"No. I thought you wanted them."

"I think it's better to stay here. No," he added, capriciously, "it's better to go home."

"Well," she responded, with the same trusting content in which she had let all his impulses sway her.

A thrill, very wild and sweet, played through his nerves. "I—I"—he began; then suddenly, "Wait here!" he cried, and ran down to the brow of the hill along which the woodland stretched. "It's all right!" he called back, and he turned to retrace his steps. But she was no longer where he had left her. He disliked to call out to her; they were very near the house in which he lodged, and he did not wish to make an alarm. He pushed hither and thither through the gathering dusk, but he could not find her; and he blamed himself for having brought her into this embarrassment. He had once seen tramps in those woods; and now it would be almost dark when they reached home. All at once he came upon her at the foot of a tree, against which she quietly leaned. "What are you doing here?" he demanded impatiently. "Why did you go away?" He thought he had spoken harshly; but she only seemed amused.

"I have n't moved. This is where you left me."

They both laughed at that. "I have been running everywhere,—round and round, as lost people do in the Adirondacks, when they are going to write about it afterwards. It's absurd to be lost here. It's like being drowned in a saucer. Were you afraid?"

"No. What should I be afraid of?"

"Certainly not bears,—till I came up. Will you take my arm? I must n't lose you again. Will they be uneasy about you?"

"Oh, they will know that I went away with you, and some of them will see us coming back together."

"Yes," said the young man.

"Besides, I can tell them that we missed the way."

"I'm afraid if you do that they won't let you come with me again."

"I'm afraid they won't believe me if I tell them *where* we got lost," she said. When they came to open ground, it was much lighter. "It is n't so late as I thought."

"No," he answered; "we were actually lost in that boundless forest by daylight. But it is n't so remarkable in my case as it is in yours, Miss Boynton. I don't know what mysterious influence you are going to say bewildered you."

"Influence?" she repeated, with a start.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing!" She withdrew her hand from his arm.

He looked round, and saw that they had reached the great stone bowl of the wayside fountain. A sense of hideous anomaly possessed him. "Did I become intolerable just here?" he demanded, bitterly. "Why do you endure me? You and your father ought to hate me. I have done you nothing but harm. Why do you ever speak to me? I ought to be abominable to you!"

"I don't know," she answered vaguely. "Do you think it is?"

He laughed harshly. "Inexplicable! You don't forget anything?"

"No," she reluctantly admitted. "I don't forget."

"I can understand your father's position. He suffers me upon some theory of his. But you,—you are a woman, and women don't forgive very easily. Come, Miss Boynton," he cried, beginning to mix his wonted self-banter with his pain, "confess that I am some malignant enchanter, and that I have the power of casting an ugly spell over you, that deprives you of the wholesome satisfaction of telling me that I'm detestable."

"A spell," she began; but her voice died weakly away, and she stood looking into his face with puzzled entreaty.

"If you would tell me once for all

that I am the greatest ruffian in the world, with neither pity nor decency, it might break the charm, and then I could go away to-morrow morning. I've been waiting for that. Will you try?"

"I can't say that," she murmured.

"But you believe it?"

"No" —

"That's part of the sorcery. You must have often tried to believe it."

She was silent, and he felt that her silence was full of distress. She turned away with a sort of helplessness; he followed her, trying to retrieve himself. But he could not find anything to say, and they scarcely spoke as they walked back through the village. At the gate of the office her parting with him was almost a flight.

XXII.

The next day Ford came, and found Egeria on the threshold, where she often met him. At first glance he thought he read in her face something like an impulse to run from him; but she quelled the impulse, if she had it, and greeted him with a resolute coldness, which he would not recognize. He had a broad yellow hickory leaf in one hand, and on this lay a little heap of blackberries; they were long and narrow like mulberries, and they had hung on the canes, hoarding the last sweetness of the year. "Perhaps your father will like these," he said; and he told her of the hollow beside the road in which he had found them. "They've got all that was left of the summer in them," he added. "Will you have them?"

"I don't believe they would be good for him," she said.

Ford tossed them away. "How is the doctor to-day?" he asked.

"He's better. Will you come in?"

"No, thank you. I am going to the post-office. Good-by."

"Good-by," she said, and they ex-

changed a look of mutual dismay, which hardened into pride before their eyes dropped.

At the post-office Ford found a letter for Egeria, and carried it to Humphrey, who put it away in his desk, and said he would give it to her when she came in.

"It don't seem the same handwritin', as the other. I don't know," he said, shutting his desk-lid, "as you heard that they got a letter this mornin' from a lawyer down t' their place. As I understood from Frances, — Egery read it to her, — the gran'father's left Egery what prop'ty there was. The' wa'n't no great, I guess."

The fact jarred upon Ford. Against all sense he connected it with her changed manner, for which, till then, he had found reason enough in the terms of their parting the day before. This legacy seemed the world thrusting in between them; it was as if it crossed some purpose, broke some hope, of his.

He stopped mechanically, on his way home, in the hollow of the roadside where he had found the blackberries, and looked idly at the canes. Presently he saw that there were no berries left on them. He was turning away, when a sound like suppressed laughter caught his ear. There was a rustle in a thicket near, and Egeria and one of the youngest Shakeresses came out.

"We have got them all," said the former; she blushed appealingly, while the latter still giggled. "I did n't suppose you would come again. When we saw you looking so, Susan could n't help laughing." Ford reddened with embarrassment. "It seems greedy to take them. I did n't suppose — I never thought of your wanting them. Will you — will you — take some?" She offered him her basket.

"Thanks," he said, awkwardly refusing, "I don't care for them."

He turned and walked off, leaving her where she stood, with her basket

still extended towards him. She watched him out of sight, and then made a few paces after him. On a sudden she dropped her basket, and sinking down hid her face on her knees. The Shakeress picked up the basket and the berries which were jostled out of it, and stood passively near, looking at Egeria for what seemed a long time.

There came a sound of wheels. "Is that you, Susan?" called Elihu from the road.

"Yee," promptly answered the Shakeress.

Egeria sprang to her feet, and seized the basket from her. "Come! come!" she whispered, and fled farther into the woods.

But the girl did not follow her. She went out into the road, where Elihu sat in his buggy, and stood demurely waiting his question.

"Was that Egeria?"

"Yee."

"Why did she run away?"

"She was crying."

"What made her cry?"

The girl was silent.

"What made her cry?" repeated Elihu.

"She had got all the berries, when Friend Ford came, and he seemed kind of put out."

"Get in with me," said Elihu. "You should not be here alone."

In the evening Elihu went to the office, and joined the office sisters in their sitting-room. One of them took his hat and cane, and the other pulled a rocking-chair towards the air-tight stove, in which a new fire was softly roaring.

"The evenings begin to be chilly, now," he said.

"Yee," answered Rebecca, "the days are shortening. Did you find the folks all well at Harshire?"

"Yee," he said; and then he sat rocking himself absently and somewhat sadly to and fro, while the sisters, with their hands in their laps, passively waited for

him to speak farther. Humphrey, hearing his voice, came in from his room, and Laban followed. Sister Frances, with her pale cheeks a little brightened by her walk across from the infirmary, entered the other door. Elihu lifted his voice. "But I did n't find all the folks here so well."

"Why, what do you mean, Elihu?" cried Diantha. "Is anybody sick with you?"

"Is Friend Boynton worse?" Humphrey asked, turning his head up towards Frances, who was still on foot, while he was seated.

"Nay," answered Frances, fluttered with anxiety and curiosity; "he is uncommon bright and well, to-night."

"It is no sickness of the body that I mean, and yet it is a disease of this life only. I hardly know how to say what I suspect, — or rather feel sure of." His listeners did not interrupt him, but waited in resignation for his next word. He looked round at their faces. "Egeria is getting foolish about Friend Ford."

"For shame, Elihu!" exclaimed Frances, with an indignant impulse. The rest stirred uneasily in their chairs, but did not speak.

Elihu looked kindly at Frances, but he did not address her directly in adding, "As I was coming home this afternoon, I met Friend Ford down at the turn of the road, looking strange and excited. He did n't seem to see me, and he went on without speaking. I thought I saw Susan among the bushes, and I called to her."

"I sent her!" Frances broke in. "I sent her in my place, because I could n't leave Friend Boynton, and Egeria wanted to go and get some late blackberries for him that Friend Edward had told her about." Frances, by right of her special tenderness for the Boyntons, always spoke of Ford by his first name.

"Yee," replied Elihu gently, "so Susan told me, — she is a good child. She told me that Friend Ford had found

them there, and because he had seemed vexed Egeria had shed tears."

"It was because they had got all the berries, and she thought it would look selfish and greedy to him," Frances interposed a second time.

"Yee," Elihu again consented, "so Susan told me. It is not the only time that I feared she had got to feeling foolish about him."

"Foolish about him!" Frances could not contain herself. "She would *never* feel foolish about a young man! And if she felt foolish about him he would feel foolish about her, too!"

"Yee," said Elihu. "They have been driving and walking together, — picking leaves and grapes and berries. He stops in the orchard in the afternoon, and talks with her by the hour."

"It's while her father's asleep," explained Frances. "Whenever Friend Boynton's awake, Edward talks with him. You would n't want him waked up out of his sleep to talk, would you?"

"Nay," said Elihu, while the faintest smile moved his lips, in kindly derision of the inefficiency of Frances' defense. "Friend Ford writes in the morning, and Friend Boynton sleeps in the afternoon."

"Elihu!" cried Frances, angrily.

"Frances," returned Elihu, with re-established gravity, "will you tell me yourself that you have never thought they were foolish about each other, — what they call being in love?"

Frances wiped the tears from her eyes with her stout handkerchief, which she had knotted into a ball. "You are too bad, Elihu. You have no right to ask such a question. You had n't ought to put me on trial."

"You put yourself on trial, Frances," said Elihu, affectionately. "You began to talk while I was speaking. But I withdraw the question. I never meant to hurt your feelings. I know you have always done for the best."

"I have often heard you say," Fran-

ces quavered reproachfully, "that the worst thing about our young people, when they get to foolin', is that they run away. You said that if they would only tell us honestly how they felt we would let them go and be married, and we would be friends with them afterwards. Now, when there are two young folks here that don't think of runnin' away, or hidin' anything, you're not satisfied. Do you want Egery and Edward to run away?"

"Nay," replied Elihu; "do you want them to be courting each other here, right under our noses?"

"It *is* n't under our noses!" cried Frances, resenting the phrase.

"Well, our eyes, then," said Elihu, patiently. "Do you think it is a good example to the rest of our young folks?"

"They're not of our family! They've never been gathered in!"

"Nay, I know that," admitted Elihu. "But does that help the matter, as far as the example goes? We all know by bitter experience how hard it is for the young to tread the path that leads to the angelic life; how cruelly it is beset with flints and shards, and how the flesh bleeds with the sting of its brambles. Do you want them mocked with the sight of flowers that tempt them to the earthly pastures? Egery is a good girl" —

"Oh, she is, she *is*!" sobbed Frances.

"And I don't believe she understands herself that she's foolish about him" —

"I *know* she does n't! It would kill her!"

"Nay, I'm not sure of that," said Elihu, with another flicker of a smile. "But that makes the case easier to deal with. We need not speak to her at all. We can speak to the young man."

"Speak to the young man!" cried Frances. "Tell him that Egery is in love with him before he has ever asked her" — She stopped in horror.

"We do not gloss this thing among ourselves," said Elihu coldly, "and we need not care for the feints and pretenses used in the world outside. But we can tell him that he's foolish about her. I have talked the matter over with Joseph and the ministers, and we have agreed that Friend Ford should be spoken to." Frances went out of the room, turning her back upon the meditated outrage. "The only question now is," continued Elihu, without regarding her withdrawal, "who shall speak to him."

A perceptible sensation passed through the others, but no one answered. After a moment, Laban said from the corner where he sat, "Some like bellin' the cat." The sisters relieved the tension of their nerves in a low titter, but Elihu and Humphrey remained grave; and it is doubtful if Laban really intended a joke, though his face relaxed at the merriment of the sisters.

"The ministers," resumed Elihu, "were not sure whether it was the province of the elders or the trustees, and I came to consider that point with you, Humphrey."

Humphrey rose, with his face twisted by an expression as of severe bodily pain. He moved his arms haplessly about, and took off and then put on his spectacles. He tried in vain to smile. "I d' know," he said, "as I'm a very good hand at speakin' to folks. I don't seem to have any command o' language. I should think, myself, it was for the elders, some on 'em, to speak."

"You have transacted all the business with the young man," said Elihu. "You have had frequent interviews with him, and you go a good deal into the world, on business. We thought, perhaps, that you would best know how to approach him."

"I ain't one to get acquainted easy," replied Humphrey, "and I never felt no ways at home with Friend Ford. He seems to be of a kind of offish disposition." He sat down again, and hang-

ing his head began to tilt the chair in front of him on its hind legs. "I should n't want to intrude no ways into the province of the elders. I don't seem to feel that it's so much of a business question as what it is a question of family discipline."

"You may be right," admitted Elihu.

"If I could see it as my duty, I should n't be one to shirk it. But it's like this." He paused unsuccessfully for a comparison, and then added, "It's a question of family discipline. I should ha' thought it was for the ministers to speak."

"We should only have recourse to the ministers in extreme cases," said Elihu. "Besides, you thought just now it was for the elders to speak."

"Well, the elders *or* the ministers," returned Humphrey, without looking up.

Elihu compassionated his futility with a moment's silence. Then he sighed slightly, and said, "I agree with you, Humphrey. But I thought that I ought to give you the opportunity, and if you saw your duty in it I ought to yield to you. I did not want to have the appearance of forth-putting, in such a case, and I certainly don't covet the task of speaking to Friend Ford. He appears to me a person subject to sudden gusts of anger, and there is no telling how he may take the interference."

"That is so," admitted one of the sisters.

"There ain't no question about forth-puttin', Elihu," said Humphrey, with the cordiality of a great relief. "Every one 'd know 't you did n't seek such a duty. But Friend Ford 'll take it all right; you 'll see. He 'll look at it in the same light you do."

Elihu rose, and took his hat and stick. "I shall probably find him in his room, now, I suppose."

Humphrey stood as much aghast as it was in his power to do. "Was you — you wa' n't goin' to speak to him right away?"

"Yee. Why should I put it off? He cannot take it any better to-morrow or next week than he would to-night. And the trouble would n't grow less if we waited till doomsday." Elihu went out; the closing of the hall door upon him was like an earthquake to those within.

"I declare for it," said Laban, "I 'most feel like goin' along down to Friend Ford's, and waitin' outside."

"Well," observed Rebecca, slighting the bold proposition, "Elihu never *was* one to be afraid."

"That is so, Rebecca," said Diantha.

Humphrey said nothing. The accumulation and complication of evils brought upon the family by the Boyntons had long passed his control.

W. D. Howells.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
 The fruit to the tree ;
 As the wind comes to the pine,
 And the tide to the sea ;

As come the white sails of ships
 O'er the ocean's verge ;
 As comes the smile to the lips,
 The foam to the surge ;

So come to the Poet his songs,
 All hitherward blown
 From the misty land, that belongs
 To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
 He sings ; — and their fame
 Is his, and not his ; — and the praise
 And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
 And haunt him by night,
 And he listens, and needs must obey,
 When the Angel says : " Write ! "

Henry W. Longfellow.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

IV.

THE JACKSON ADMINISTRATION, 1829-1837.

THE rejection of Martin Van Buren as minister to Great Britain, by the senate, was an act of retributive justice, carried out on the very spot where, five years before, he had formed the combination which overthrew the administration of John Quincy Adams. John C. Calhoun, who was the organizer of the rejection of Mr. Van Buren, thought that he had obtained pledges of a sufficient number of votes ; but just before the ayes and noes were called, Mr. Webster left the senate chamber, and going down into the supreme court room re-

mained there until the vote had been taken. Mr. Calhoun consequently found himself one vote short, and had to give the casting vote, as president of the senate, which rejected the nomination of his rival, who was already in England, where he had been received with marked attention.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Van Buren was warmly welcomed at the White House as a victim to Mr. Calhoun's opposition to the president, and he was soon recognized by the democratic party as their heir apparent to the presidency. His appearance at that time was impressive. He was short, solidly built, with a bald head, and with bushy side-whiskers which framed his florid features. He added the grace and polish of

aristocratic English society to his natural courtesy, and it was his evident aim never to provoke a controversy, while he used every exertion to win new friends and to retain old ones. After he had been elected vice-president, he sat day after day in the chair of the senate, apparently indifferent alike to the keen thrusts of Calhoun, the savage blows of Webster, and the gibes of Clay. He well knew that General Jackson would regard every assault on him as aimed at the administration, and that his chances for the succession would thereby be strengthened. Charges of political chicanery were brought against him in shapes more varied than those of Proteus, and thick as the leaves that strew the vale of Vallambrosa; but he invariably extricated himself by artifice and choice management, earning the sobriquet of "the Little Magician." He could not be provoked into a loss of temper, and he would not say a word while in the chair except as connected with his duties as presiding officer, when he spoke in gentle but persuasive tones, singularly effective from the clearness of his enunciation and his well-chosen emphasis.

Mr. Van Buren, who was then a widower, kept house on Pennsylvania Avenue, about half-way between the White House and Georgetown, where he not only gave dinner-parties to his political friends, but entertained their wives and daughters at evening whist-parties. Gentlemen and ladies were alike used for the advancement of his schemes for the succession, and for retaining his position in the estimation of General Jackson. On one occasion he said to Mrs. Eaton that he had been reading much and thinking deeply on the characters of great men, and had come to the conclusion that General Jackson was the greatest man that had ever lived, — the only man among them all who was without a fault. "But," he added, "don't tell General Jackson what I have said. I would not have him know it for the world." Of course, it

was not long before Mrs. Eaton repeated the conversation to General Jackson. "Ah, madam!" said Old Hickory, the tears starting in his eyes, "that man loves me; he tries to conceal it, but there is always some way fixed by which I can tell my friends from my enemies."

To ingratiate himself further with General Jackson, and to strengthen the democratic party, whose votes he relied upon to elevate him to the presidency, Mr. Van Buren organized the war against the United States Bank. General Jackson was opposed to this institution before he became president, and it was not a difficult task to impress upon his mind that the bank was an unconstitutional monopoly, which defied the legislative acts of sovereign States, which was suborning the leading newspapers and public men of the country, and which was using every means that wealth, political chicanery, and legal cunning could devise to perpetuate its existence. All this the honest old soldier in time believed, and it was then not difficult to impress him with a desire to combat this "monster," as he called the bank, and to act as the champion of the people in killing the dragon which was endeavoring to consume their fortunes.

The democratic politicians and presses heartily seconded their chieftain in this war, promising the people "Benton mint-drops instead of rag-money." Jackson clubs were everywhere organized, having opposite to the tavern or hall used as their head-quarters a hickory-tree, trimmed of all its foliage except a tuft at the top. Torch-light processions, then organized for the first time, used to march through the streets of the city or village where they belonged, halting in front of the houses of prominent Jackson men to cheer, while before the residences of leading whigs they would often tarry long enough to give six or nine groans. Editors of newspapers which supported the administration were forced to advocate its most ultra measures, and to de-

nounce its opponents, or they were arraigned as traitors, and if satisfactory excuses could not be made they were read out of the party. Among those thus excommunicated was Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who had edited the *Philadelphia Pennsylvanian*, but who was unceremoniously ousted from that post for his lack of pliability of conscience, he having refused to obey the written orders of Mr. Amos Kendall to abuse and misrepresent the supporters of the United States Bank.

Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia, who as the president of the United States Bank became the antagonist of General Jackson, was a gentleman of rare ability as a statesman, a financier, and a scholar. He was at that time in the prime of life, of medium height, well proportioned, and somewhat stout. He had a large head, a full face, a high forehead, dark hazel eyes, and a mouth and chin that indicated great firmness. One secret of the power which he then possessed was his perfect imperturbability; his feelings had either been well schooled, or nature had given him an entire control over them. "Calm as a summer's morn," no thought or excitement was ever permitted to ruffle the placid exterior of Mr. Biddle's face, or to give sign of what was passing within; and by the invariable cheerfulness of his temper he baffled his opponents and sustained his friends. For several successive years torrents of bitter and malignant calumny were poured out on him by the democratic orators and newspapers, who endeavored to make it appear that he was personally responsible for the financial difficulties into which the country had been plunged. Year after year he tried to counteract the evils growing out of the various experiments tried upon the currency, and it is now admitted by financiers that he managed the affairs of the Bank of the United States with consummate ability. His trials in the bitter contest waged against him and the institution which he

represented were almost as manifold as those that tested the patience of Job; and he bore them with equal meekness so far as temper was concerned, but when duty required he never failed to meet his opponents with decision and effect.

The debates in the senate on the bank and attendant financial questions were very interesting, but the audiences were necessarily small. The circumscribed accommodations of the senate chamber were insufficient, and while the ladies generally managed to secure seats, either in the galleries or on the floor, the gentlemen had to content themselves with uncomfortable positions, leaning against pillars or peeping through door-ways.

Mr. Clay was the recognized leader of the whig senators in debate, for he would recognize no leader. His oratory was persuasive and spirit-stirring. The fire of his bright eyes, the sunny smile which lighted up his countenance, the compass and variety of tone of his musical voice, his perfect articulation, and the graceful gesticulations of his long arms all added to the attractions of his able arguments. But he was not a good listener, and he would often sit, while other senators were speaking, eating sticks of striped peppermint candy, and occasionally taking a pinch of snuff from a silver box that he carried, or from one that graced the table of the senate. Mr. Clay was fond of a joke, and often indulged, in an under-tone, in humorous comments on the remarks by other senators.

Daniel Webster was a grim humorist. On one occasion, when a senator who was jeering another for some pedantry said, "The honorable gentleman may proceed to quote from Crabbe's Synonyms, from Walker and Webster"—"Not from Walker and Webster," exclaimed the senator from Massachusetts, "for the authorities may disagree!" At another time, when he was speaking on the New York fire bill, the senate clock suddenly began to strike, and after it had

struck continuously for about fourteen or fifteen times Mr. Webster stopped, and said to the presiding officer, "The clock is out of order, sir, — I have the floor." The occupant of the chair looked rebukingly at the refractory time-piece, but in defiance of the officers and rules of the house it struck about forty before the sergeant-at-arms could stop it; Mr. Webster standing silent, while every one else was laughing.

On another occasion, while Mr. Webster was addressing the senate in presenting a memorial, a clerical-looking person in one of the galleries arose, and shouted, "My friends, the country is on the brink of destruction! Be sure that you act on correct principles. I warn you to act as your consciences may approve. God is looking down upon you, and if you act on correct principles you will get safely through." He then deliberately stepped back, and retired from the gallery before the officers of the senate could reach him. Mr. Webster was of course surprised at this extraordinary interruption; but when the shrill voice of the enthusiast had ceased, he coolly resumed his remarks, saying, "As the gentleman in the gallery has concluded, I will proceed."

Colonel Benton, of Missouri, familiarly called "Sir Boreas" by his associates, was the champion of General Jackson's administration in the senate. When a young man, Colonel Benton and his brother had a personal conflict with General Jackson and some of his friends in a tavern, when pistols and dirks were freely used; but they became friends when they sat next to each other in the United States senate, and were both members of its committee on military affairs. It was not, however, until near the close of General Jackson's administration that a bullet was extracted from his arm, which he had received in his tavern brawl with the Bentons, many years before.

Colonel Benton was a large, heavily

framed man, with prominent features, black curly hair and whiskers, and a very loud voice. He wore the high black silk neck-stock and double-breasted frock-coat of his youth through his congressional career, varying the materials of which his garments were made, but never the fashion in which they were cut. He was an industrious student, but he lacked the faculty of condensing the masses of facts and figures which he laboriously obtained. Representing what was then the far West, he professed an earnest sympathy with the pioneers and the plowmen, and he was ever ready to denounce the aristocrats and the capitalists, as he called them, of the Eastern cities. When the editor of a newspaper at St. Louis, before he entered the senate, in expatiating on the future growth of the region watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries, he spoke of the whole tier of the thirteen original States as "an appendant slope" to the future seat of empire, — and he lived to see his prediction realized.

Mr. Benton did not stay for nice phraseology, as he stood in debate, launching thunder-bolts of hatred, jealousy, or rage, or floundering along in metaphorical illustrations, in which he often became terribly entangled. Outraging every customary propriety of language, wrestling and struggling in fierce attempts to vindicate his assertions, he would rush forward with blind fury upon every obstacle, like the huge wild buffaloes of the Missouri prairies, whose paths, he used to assert, would show the way through the passes of the Rocky Mountains. He was not a popular speaker, and when he took the floor the occupants of the galleries invariably began to leave, while many senators devoted themselves to their correspondence. Now, however, he who was regarded in his life-time as a blatant scavenger is read and respected as the faithful parliamentary chronicler of thirty important years of the history of his country.

Mr. Benton's great triumph during the Jackson administration was the passage of a resolution expunging from the journal of the senate a resolution censuring General Jackson for the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States. This expunging resolution was kept before the senate for nearly three years, and was then passed by only five majority. The closing debate was able and exhaustive, Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, Thomas Ewing, William C. Rives, William Hendricks, John M. Niles, Richard H. Bayard, and other distinguished men participating, while Daniel Webster read, with characteristic earnestness, a protest signed by himself and his colleague, John Davis. The democrats had provided a bountiful supply of refreshments in the room of the committee on finance, and several senators showed by their actions that they were not members of the then newly organized Congressional Temperance Society, before which Mr. Webster had delivered a brief address. After the final vote—twenty-four yeas and nineteen nays—had been taken, Mr. Benton moved that the secretary carry into effect the order of the senate. Then the secretary, Mr. Asbury Dickens, opening the manuscript journal of 1834, drew broad black lines around the obnoxious resolution, and wrote across its face, "Expunged by order of the senate, this 16th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1837."

No sooner had he concluded than hisses were heard, and Mr. King, of Alabama, who occupied the chair, ordered the galleries to be cleared, while Mr. Benton, in a towering rage, denounced the offenders, and demanded their arrest. "Here is one," said he, "just above me, that may easily be identified,—the bank-ruffian." Mr. King revoked his order to clear the galleries, but directed the arrest of the person pointed out by Mr. Benton, who was soon brought before the bar of the senate. It was Mr. Lloyd, a practicing lawyer at Cleveland,

Ohio, who was not permitted to say a word in his own defense, but was soon discharged, after which the senate adjourned.

John C. Calhoun, who resigned the position of vice-president that he might be elected a senator from South Carolina, differed from his great contemporaries in the possession of a private character above reproach. Whether this arose from the preponderance of the intellectual over the animal in his nature, or the subjection of his passions by discipline, was never determined by those who knew the gifted South Carolinian best; but such was the fact. His enemies could find no opprobrious appellation for him but "Catiline," which was his middle name,—no crime but ambition. He disregarded the unwritten laws of the senate, which required senators to appear in dress suits of black broadcloth, and asserted his state pride and his state independence by wearing, when the weather was warm, a suit of nankeen, made from nankeen cotton grown in South Carolina. Mr. Calhoun had a pale and attenuated look, as if in bad health; his long black hair was combed up from his forehead and fell over the back of his head, and his thin lips increased the effect of the acute look with which he always regarded those around him. His personal intercourse with friends was characterized by great gentleness of manner; he was an affectionate and a devoted husband and father, and Webster truly remarked of him that "he had no recreations, and never seemed to feel the necessity of amusement."

In the house of representatives, during the Jackson administration, sectional topics were rife, sectional jealousies were high, and partisan warfare was unrelenting. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, who was triumphantly reelected as speaker for four successive terms, understood well how to keep down the boiling caldron, and to exercise stern authority, tempered with dignity and

courtesy, over heated passions of the fiercest conflicting character. When he was transferred from the speaker's chair to the court of St. James, John Bell, of Tennessee, an old supporter of General Jackson, became his successor for the remainder of that session; but at the commencement of the next Congress, Mr. Van Buren secured the election of James K. Polk. Mr. Bell, on his next visit to Nashville, threw down the gauntlet in an able speech, and nominated Judge White. This was the foundation of the White party, which had as its editorial henchman the Rev. Mr. Brownlow, known as "the fighting parson," who soon acquired a national reputation by his defiant personalities in debate, and by his trenchant editorial articles in the newspapers of East Tennessee. Mr. Brownlow was at that time a tall, spare man, with long black hair, black eyes, and a sallow complexion. He was devoted to the Methodist church and to the White — afterwards the whig — party, while the doctrine of immersion and the emancipation of slavery were objects of his intense hatred.

While Mr. Stevenson was speaker, General Samuel Houston, who had been residing among the Indians for several years, came to Washington to organize an expedition for the conquest of Texas, thereby extending the area of slavery. Taking offense at some remarks made in debate by Mr. Vance, a representative from Ohio, Houston assaulted and severely pounded him. The house voted that Houston should be brought before its bar and reprimanded by the speaker, which was done, although Mr. Stevenson's reprimand was really complimentary. That night, a friend of General Houston attacked Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, who had been active in securing the reprimand, with a bludgeon and a pistol, but the latter had the best of the encounter.

The most prominent member of the house of representatives in the closing

years of the Jackson administration was the venerable John Quincy Adams. Having found himself an exile amid the rural quiet of Quincy, the ex-president returned to Washington as representative from that congressional district. He resided in his own house on F Street, where he hospitably entertained his friends and those of his constituents who visited the metropolis, and he occupied his leisure moments in writing verses for ladies' albums, or in adding to his autobiography, which is not a sketch of his times in which every one appears in the best light, but a daguerreotype with heavy shadows. He was prompt and punctual in his attendance at committee meetings and the sessions of the house, where he would sit in his faded frock-coat, ink-spotted waistcoat and pantaloons, white woolen stockings, and low shoes, apparently paying little attention to what was going on. But let any question come up which afforded an opportunity for gladiatorial display, and he was at once in the arena. His polished bald head would become scarlet, tears would stream from his enrheumed eyes, his body would sway to and fro, his voice would be so highly pitched that it would at times break, and his agitated index finger would quiver in gesticulation, as he would sarcastically and provokingly take part in the debate. His profound acquaintance with the political history of the country, his wonderful ability for comprehending and reasoning, and his faculty for analyzing a subject to its elements gave him great power in debate, and made him a dreaded adversary. Cold and unsympathetic in his manner, and exhibiting no warmth of feeling in his intercourse even with his most intimate friends, his passions were really violent; and sometimes, when he was discussing some unimportant matter, they would burst forth like a volcano, as if beyond his control.

Mr. Adams's most uncompromising opponent in the house was Robert Barn-

well Rhett; and there was an intense sectional animosity between the two, although they were cousins. Mr. Rhett's name was originally Smith, he having taken the name of Rhett in 1836, and his father's own cousin, Abigail Smith, was the mother of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Rhett was the champion "fire-eater" of those days, and after Mr. Calhoun had agreed to support the compromise act he said at a public meeting in South Carolina, "Before accepting that compromise, I would be shattered into bloody fragments on the battlefield." He did, however, submit, and when the war between the States finally came he was not a combatant.

Mr. Adams had at one time an able coadjutor in Caleb Cushing, who had returned from extensive travels in Europe, where he had stored his mind with rare acquisitions of knowledge and with much intellectual bricabrac, to take a seat in the house after a protracted contest. He finally secured his election by leaving his bed, after he had retired, and writing a letter to John G. Whittier, in which he pledged himself to the support of anti-slavery measures. At first, he stood boldly forward in the house in the preliminary parliamentary picket fights of the "irrepressible conflict," and his defense of New England, in reply to an attack by Mr. Ben. Hardin, of Kentucky, was eloquent and noble. Had he continued as he commenced, Mr. Cushing would have become a leader in the movement afterwards so triumphantly crowned with success. He was then a handsome man, with bright dark eyes and long black hair; and he was a very effective speaker, using a profusion of words to illustrate a harmonious succession of brilliant metaphors. The decease of his wife, to whom he had been devotedly attached, rendered him somewhat misanthropic, and he preferred rooming alone to joining any of the "messes." Even at that time, his company at dinner-parties was much sought,

as his remarkable memory and his graphic powers of description made him a fascinating talker.

Another prominent representative at that time was Henry A. Wise, from the Accomac district of tide-water, Virginia. Although then a young man, Mr. Wise dressed like a gentleman of the old school; his long-skirted blue coat hung loosely about his tall, gaunt figure, while a large white cravat added to the sallow pallor of his thin features, which had masses of long, disheveled black hair as a background. He rarely sat in his seat, but he used to stride to and fro in the lobby behind the speaker's chair, or stop to chat with the groups around the fire-places at either end of it. Possessing brilliant talents, a volatile yet well-informed mind, and an attractive address, he was remarkably popular among his many friends in the house, and was apparently more interested in conversing with them than in the subject under consideration. But if a democrat — especially a Northern democrat — stepped purposely or accidentally on whig corns, or if any disparaging allusion was made to Virginia, or to its "peculiar institution," Mr. Wise was at once on the floor, pouring forth, as if discharged from a catapult, terse, snapping sarcasms, hard sayings, and almost insulting queries, while he pointed out the object of his attack.

Edward Everett was one of the wheel-horses of the house. As a chairman of committees his reports were able, and were never attacked except upon absolute differences of political opinion; for all could understand precisely what he intended to say. So with his speeches on the leading questions of the day: there was no equivocal phraseology or disguised opinions, but he expressed his sentiments in debate with the same sincerity as he had previously in the pulpit or in the professor's chair, and many respected his course who could not follow it. His appearance was classical,

and he had the pallid look of the hard student, with the courteous manners of the polished gentleman.

There were several other able men in the house, among them Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, a stalwart old gentleman with snow-white hair and a Roman nose, who was called "the bald eagle." Gulian C. Verplanck and Thomas J. Oakley, two members of the New York bar who represented that city, were statesmen rather than politicians. John Chambers, of Kentucky, a gigantic economist, was ever ready to reform small expenditures and willing to overlook large ones. And then there was David Crockett, of Tennessee, who could "whip his weight in wild-cats," and who, when defeated as a candidate for reelection, went to Texas, where his gallant death roused a spirit of revenge which swept the Mexicans back across the Rio Grande.

The centennial birthday of George Washington was duly honored in the city which he had founded and which bore his name. Divine services were performed at the Capitol, and later in the day there was a dinner at Brown's Hotel, at which Daniel Webster prefaced the first toast in honor of the Father of his Country by an eloquent speech of an hour in length. In the evening there were two public balls,—one for the gentry at Camis's saloon, and the other for mechanics and tradesmen at the Masonic Temple.

Congress had proposed to pay signal homage to the memory of Washington on the centennial anniversary of his birth by removing his remains to the crypt beneath the dome of the Capitol. Mr. Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington, gave his assent; but Mr. John A. Washington, then the owner of Mount Vernon, declined to permit the removal of the remains, on the ground that Virginia did not wish to part with them, but prompted, undoubtedly, by a desire to dispose of Mount Vernon, to which

they gave additional value, at a high price.

Congress purchased Rembrandt Peale's portrait of Washington, and the house ordered a full-length picture of him from Vanderlyn, a celebrated New York artist. A commission was also given to Horatio Greenough for a colossal statue of Washington in a sitting posture, to be placed on a high pedestal in the centre of the rotunda of the Capitol. The Washington National Monument Association, after consultation with men of acknowledged artistic taste, selected from among the numerous designs submitted a simple obelisk, five hundred feet in height, for the erection of which the American people began at once to contribute.

Mr. Silas Burrows, a wealthy New York merchant, offered to defray the expenses attendant on the erection of an imposing white marble monument to the memory of Mrs. Mary Washington, the mother of George, at the spot near Fredericksburg where her remains had probably been interred. While General Jackson was on his way to witness the laying of the corner-stone, the steamboat stopped for a few moments at Alexandria, and a Virginian named Randolph, who had just been ignominiously dismissed from the navy because he would not aid in concealing the defalcations of Purser Timberlake, Mrs. Eaton's first husband, came on board. Making his way into the cabin, where the general sat smoking his pipe, he advanced towards him, attempting at the same time to pull off his right glove. General Jackson, supposing that the stranger wished to shake hands with him, said, "Never mind your glove, sir! Excuse my not rising, for my side pains me," and he extended his hand. Randolph had by this time got his glove off, and he struck General Jackson on one cheek; but before he could repeat the blow he was seized, a scuffle ensued, and he was escorted on shore.

General Jackson's blood was up, but he could not get at his adversary before he was hurried away. "Had I been apprised," said he, "that Randolph stood before me, I should have been ready for him, and I could have defended myself."

"Sir," said a citizen of Alexandria, who had come into the cabin, "promise to pardon me in case I am tried and convicted, and I will kill Randolph in less than fifteen minutes."

"No, sir!" replied General Jackson. "I want no man to stand between me and my assailants, nor none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly villain's approach, I can assure you that he would never have the temerity to undertake such a thing again."

No attempt was made to arrest Randolph, and he escaped on a horse which was in readiness. General Jackson proceeded to Fredericksburg, where he was cordially welcomed, and the corner-stone of the monument was duly laid. Soon after the structure was commenced, however, Mr. Burrows experienced pecuniary reverses, and the work on the monument was arrested. It remains to-day in an unfinished condition.

Another attack was made on General Jackson one afternoon as he was leaving the Capitol, where he had been to attend the funeral of a representative, by a journeyman painter named Richard Lawrence. Stepping in front of the general, Lawrence snapped two loaded pistols at him, in rapid succession, the percussion-cap of each exploding without igniting the charge. An investigation proved beyond a doubt that Lawrence was insane, but General Jackson was tempted to believe that the friends of the United States Bank had prompted his assassination.

Personal government was the bane of the Jackson administration, and an overweening idea of his own importance was the foundation of the old soldier's errors. It should be borne in mind, however,

that he was surrounded by flatterers, and that even the government of Harvard College paid homage to him, when he visited Cambridge, by creating him a Doctor of Laws, although he could not write a letter which did not contain errors in orthography and punctuation. "By the Eternal" was a favorite phrase with him when he desired to give emphasis to an expression, and he became very profane when he lost his temper; yet he was a sincere believer in revealed religion, and a constant attendant on the services at the Presbyterian church wherever he happened to be. So far as his prejudices and his narrowness of judgment permitted he was a kind-hearted man, nor was he averse to some of the pleasures which he had enjoyed in his younger days.

The general always liked the physical excitement of a horse-race, where a large assemblage thrills with but one thought from the word "Go!" until the winning horse reaches the goal, and he was always to be seen at the spring and fall races over the National Course, just north of Washington city. Delegations of sporting-men from the Atlantic cities crowded into the metropolis during the race weeks; there were jockey-club dinners and jockey-club balls; and the course resounded to the footfalls of noted horses, especially Boston, Sir Charles, Emily, and Blue Dick. In 1836 General Jackson had a filly of his own raising brought from the Hermitage and entered for a race by Major Donelson, his private secretary. Nor did he conceal his chagrin when the filly was beaten by an imported Irish colt named Langford, owned by Captain Stockton of the navy, and he had to pay lost wagers amounting to nearly a thousand dollars, while Mr. Van Buren and other devoted adherents who had bet on the filly were also losers.

Baillie Peyton, of Tennessee, used to narrate an amusing account of a visit which he made to the National Race-

course with General Jackson and a few others, to witness the training of some horses for an approaching race. They went on horseback, General Jackson riding his favorite gray horse, and wearing his white fur hat with a broad band of black crape, which towered above the whole group. The general greatly enjoyed the trials of speed, until a horse named Busiris began to rear and plunge. This stirred old Hickory's mettle, and he rode forward to give some energetic advice to the jockey, but just then saw that the vice-president was ambling along at his side on an easy-going nag. "Mr. Van Buren," he exclaimed, "get behind me, sir! They will run over you, sir!" and the Little Magician gracefully retired to the rear of his chief, which, Mr. Peyton used to say, was his place.

Cock-fighting had been one of General Jackson's favorite home amusements, and he had become the possessor of a breed of fowl that was invincible in Tennessee. He had some of these pugnacious birds brought to Washington, and one spring morning he rode out towards Bladensburg, with a select party of friends, to see "a main" fought between the Hermitage and the Annapolis cocks. The birds were not only trained to fight, but were equipped for their bloody work. Their heads and necks were plucked, their tail feathers were closely trimmed, and their natural spurs were cut off and replaced by "gaffs," or sharp blades of finely tempered steel. Each bird had his trainer, ready to administer stimulants and to sponge the blood from the wounds inflicted by the gaffs. General Jackson was very confident that his favorites would again be victorious; but there was no fight, to the great disappointment of all present, who doubtless possessed what has been called "the devil's nerve," which thrills with base enjoyment in the visible pain of man, beast, or bird. The long confinement in coops on the stages, or

some other unknown cause, appeared to have deprived the Hermitage birds of their wonted pluck, and the Annapolis cocks crowed in triumph.

The social life at the White House, during the administration of General Jackson, was not distinguished for fashion or etiquette. The Nimrod Wildfires from the backwoods of Tennessee, the bear-hunters from the valley of the Big Muddy, and the alumni of Tammany Hall were always welcome guests. Politics was the staple topic of conversation, and the distribution of Federal offices was the great study of an administration which had spared neither age, nor fitness, nor long experience, nor even revolutionary service, and which, to use the words of Daniel Webster, had even "gone down to low-water mark to make an ousting of the tide-waiters."

General Jackson was not fond of theatrical performances, but he went—as did nearly every one else at Washington—to witness the widely heralded performances of Miss Fanny Kemble. The niece of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, and the daughter of Charles Kemble, she had been trained from early childhood to sustain the reputation of her distinguished theatrical family. A good-looking young woman, with large dark eyes, a profusion of dark hair, a low forehead, and strawberry-and-cream complexion, she was personally attractive, and gave evidence of a careful stage training which was wonderfully effective. Every movement, gesture, and inflection of voice had been carefully studied, and when making an ordinary remark in conversation, she could deliver her words with a deliberate attempt at stage effect. Her Juliet with her father's Romeo was her best character, but they failed signally as Lady Teazle and Charles Surface in the *School for Scandal*.

Gentlemen would often go from dinner-parties to the theatre in an intoxicated condition, and one night the Hon. James Blair, then a representative in

Congress from South Carolina, who was on what was denominated "a spree," took offense at a remark by one of the actors which he imagined was meant for him, and drawing a pistol fired at the unconscious offender. The ball passed just above Miss Jefferson's head, and the actors left the stage without ceremony. Mr. Blair was persuaded by his friends to leave the house, and then Mr. Ingersoll, the stage manager, appeared, looking very pale. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "if there is to be shooting at the actors on the stage, it will be impossible for the performance to go on." About three weeks afterwards Mr. Blair, in a fit of delirium tremens, blew out his own brains with a pistol, at his lodgings on Capitol Hill.

The first "society letters," as they are called, written from Washington, were by Nathaniel P. Willis, to the *New York Mirror*. Willis was at that time a foppish, slender young man, with a profusion of long light hair, who always dressed in the height of fashion. He had, while traveling in Europe, mingled with the aristocratic classes, and he affected to look down upon the masses; but with all his snobbishness he had a wonderful faculty for endowing trifling occurrences with interest, and his letters have never been surpassed. He possessed a sunny nature, full of poetry, enthusiasm, and cheerfulness, — always willing to say a pleasant word for those who treated him kindly, and never seeking to retaliate on those who sneered at and maligned him.

Willis first introduced steel pens at Washington, having brought over from England some of those made by Joseph Gillott at Birmingham. Before this, goose-quill pens had been exclusively used, and there was in each house of Congress and in each department a pen-maker, who knew what degree of flexibility and breadth of point each writer desired. Every gentleman had to carry a pen-knife, and to have in his desk a

hone to sharpen it on, giving the finishing touches on one of his boots. Another new invention of that epoch was the lucifer match-box, which superseded the large tin tinder-box, with its flint and steel. The matches were in the upper portion of a pasteboard case about an inch in diameter and six inches in length, and in a compartment beneath them was a bottle containing a chemical preparation, into which the brimstone-coated end of the match was dipped and thus ignited.

The mayor of Washington, during the closing years of the Jackson administration, was Peter Force, a noble specimen of those who — before the existence of trades unions — used to serve an apprenticeship to the "art preservative of arts," and graduate from the printing-office qualified to fill any political position. Fond of American history, Mr. Force, while printing the *Biennial Register*, better known as the *Blue Book*, from the color of its binding, began to collect manuscripts, books, and pamphlets, many of which had been thrown away in the executive departments as rubbish, and were purchased by him from the dealers in waste paper. In 1833 he originated the idea of compiling and publishing a documentary history of the country, under the title of the *American Archives*, and issued a number of large folio volumes, the profits going to the politicians who secured the necessary appropriations from Congress. He was emphatically a gentleman, — tall, stalwart, with bushy black hair and large, expressive eyes, which would beam with joy whenever a friend brought him a rare autograph or pamphlet.

When Jefferson was president, his democratic admirers in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, under the guidance of Rev. John Leland, made and sent to the White House, as a gift, the biggest cheese that had ever been seen. Just prior to the expiration of General Jackson's presidential term, one of his New

York admirers, named Meacham, who desired to attract attention to the products of his dairy, sent to the White House a cheese which eclipsed that bestowed upon Jefferson. It was larger in circumference than a hogshead, and about a yard thick, and on the massive box in which it was brought from the Meacham dairy to Washington was a portrait of General Jackson, surmounted by the American eagle.

On the twenty-second day of February, 1837, eleven days before the administration of General Jackson expired, he held a farewell reception, at which the mammoth cheese was cut and distributed in the ante-room of the White House as a parting gift. Two men, with immense knives made from saw

blades, cut into the unsavory mass, giving each applicant a piece weighing two or three pounds. Some had provided themselves with paper in which to wrap their portions, but many carried them away in their hands without any covering, and upwards of fourteen hundred pounds was thus distributed, or trodden under foot. After getting past the cheese, thousands of visitors, of high and low degree, elbowed their way into the blue parlor, where they were presented to General Jackson, whose health was so feeble that he remained sitting in his chair. His niece, Mrs. Donelson, stood at his side, while behind him, with a smile for every one of the passing throng, was the president elect, Martin Van Buren.

THE POLITICAL ATTITUDE OF THE SOUTH.

WE are now at the beginning of the fourth presidential canvass since the close of the rebellion. It is fifteen years since the surrender at Appomattox; it is twelve years since the country affirmed the validity and justice of the settlements of the war by the election of General Grant by an overwhelming majority in 1868. And yet the issue of the present campaign is practically one that connects itself directly with the war. It is whether the people who rebelled against the United States government shall obtain full possession of that government, and thus escape the political consequences of their rebellion. I am aware that this statement will have an extravagant sound to many, and will recall the bitter partisan conflicts of the past, from which they think we ought to have advanced by this time to higher levels of statesmanship; but the facts warrant it. The South continues to be a separate political entity, and is not a mere geograph-

ical term, like the East or the West. The highest idea of patriotism entertained by Southern politicians is loyalty to their section. When they speak of the interests or wishes of "our people," they always mean the people of the South. They conceive of the nation as a sort of dual affair, like the monarchy of Austria-Hungary, and look at a national election as a contest to settle whether the North or the South shall rule. Holding such views, it is natural that their policy should be to keep their own section riveted together by the bolts of old war memories, state-rights theories, and local pride and prejudice, while seeking at the same time to divide the North. This idea has been the key to Southern politics ever since reconstruction. The weaker section can hope to triumph only by its own solidity and by the division of the stronger. Therefore it is that as we get further away from the reconstruction period

the South grows more and more solid from year to year. Its leaders have blown the bellows of sectional feeling and hammered on the hot iron until at last they have got it welded into a compact mass. In 1868, the republicans elected a majority of the members of Congress from the Southern States; in 1870, the democrats gained heavily upon them; in 1872, their numbers were further reduced; in 1874, the democrats predominated in the ratio of nearly three to one; in 1876, the republican representation was again cut down; and in 1878, when the present Congress was chosen, but three republicans were returned from the States that went into the rebellion, and but four from all the old slave-holding States. With the exception of two greenbackers, one independent democrat, and two so-called greenback democrats, all the rest of the Southern members belong to the regular democratic party. The republicans have two members of the senate, Mr. Kellogg, of Louisiana, and Mr. Bruce, of Mississippi; but Mr. Bruce will be replaced by a democrat when his term expires next year, and Mr. Kellogg will probably be voted out before the end of this session. There is no prospect that the new house, to be chosen this year, and to begin its official life in 1881, will contain a single Southern republican, and the only chance for a republican vote in the senate from beyond Mason's and Dixon's line lies in the possibility that the democrats will refrain from laying violent hands upon Mr. Kellogg's seat. All opposition to the party which represents the ideas of the rebellion has thus been steadily and surely extinguished in the South, until the States which seceded, and the border States which wanted to secede, but did not dare, are prepared to give a solid vote next November for the democratic nominee for president.

In a country having a strong centralized government the unity of a group of

states or provinces in hostility to the laws and constitution of the country, or even to the settled policy of administration, would be regarded as a dangerous thing. It is doubly dangerous in a country like ours, possessing a federative form of government, and beset with many undetermined questions as to the extent and location of power. The attitude of the South is therefore one which demands serious thought. It is not accidental; it is not transitory; it is not destitute of motive. Its causes lie deeply imbedded in Southern sentiment, prejudice, and ambition. To trace them out and endeavor to eradicate them is a work worthy of the highest order of statesmanship. From Southern men themselves it is not easy to get a plausible reason for their persistent adherence to a single party. They often say, "We are solid in our section because you are trying to rule us by means of a solid North." This is not true. Nobody wants a solid North in the sense that the South is solid. Nobody proposes to make it unpatriotic and immoral for a man to belong to an opposition party. The North never was solid. Even in the midst of the war, the party sympathizing with the South elected a large number of members of Congress in the Northern States. "If you will break up, we will," is a common Southern saying. But we are broken up; in fact, we have never been united. In 1874 we went to pieces to such an extent that the democrats carried our old strongholds of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Did the South divide when those republican States sent a troop of democratic members up to Congress? Not at all; on the contrary, the Southern leaders went to work with fresh zeal to exterminate what little was left of the republican party in their section. "Take away your soldiers and give us home rule," they told us in 1876, "and we will give all parties a fair show." President Grant had been tak-

ing away the soldiers during his second term, and President Hayes finished the work. What happened then? At the next congressional election the republicans were permitted to elect one representative in Virginia, one in North Carolina, and one in the mountains of East Tennessee, and that was all. In districts like the Beaufort, Charleston, and Georgetown districts of South Carolina, the Mississippi coast districts of Louisiana, and the "shoe-string" district of Mississippi, where the republicans have a majority of over three to one, democrats were elected by terrorism and fraud. Thus it seems to be established that the division of the North only increases the solidity of the South. And now, when fifteen years have gone by since the war ended, matters have come to such a pass that the republican party is scarcely allowed to exist in the eleven States of this Union which went into the rebellion, and has no chance of success in the five other States which sympathized with the rebellion because of the institution of slavery. In all the sixteen States which once held slaves the republican candidate for president this year will not receive a solitary electoral vote. I know there are sanguine republicans who believe that Virginia and Tennessee can be taken away from the democrats on the debt question, and who are so very unsophisticated in Southern election laws and methods as to cherish hopes of carrying Florida and Louisiana; but they will be undeceived long before November. When the campaign is fairly under way, the solidity of the South will be manifested.

The extraordinary fidelity of the white element in the South to the democratic party and its intolerance of opposition have secondary causes in the lingering fear of a restoration of the negro and carpet-bag rule, in the poverty of the South, its lack of educational facilities, and in jealousy of the wealth and prosperity of the republican States of the

North; but its chief cause is undoubtedly a feeling that to vote any other than a democratic ticket is in some sort to condemn the rebellion. The democratic party upheld slavery, apologized for or openly justified secession, opposed the coercion of the rebellious States, resisted the emancipation of the slaves and their elevation to citizenship, and fought all the reconstruction measures. To act with that party is therefore the most natural line of conduct for all who believe secession was justifiable, and hold that the destruction of slavery and the suppression of the rebellion was a triumph of brute force, and not of right. The political leaders at the South sedulously stimulate this feeling, and seek to prevent it from dying out as time advances. They have definite purposes in view which can be accomplished only by perpetuating it. Those purposes we may reasonably suppose to be:—

First. To obtain the vast power that attaches to the control of both the legislative and executive departments of the government. This is not an unreasonable ambition, and we cannot complain of it *per se*.

Second. To justify the rebellion on the pages of history. Of this we in the North do complain, and against it we do most earnestly protest. The men who dragged the South into war cherish an absorbing and passionate desire to have their conduct vindicated. This can be done in one way only, and that is by the people putting the government into their hands. If they can obtain control of the executive, as they now have of Congress, by triumphing at a presidential election, they think that history will be rewritten, and that the whole world will say, "The Americans were wrong in fighting down secession; the same generation which waged the war against the South has taken a sober second thought, and sees its error, and now it makes amends by placing the Southern leaders in power."

Third. To wipe out in the public mind every distinction between loyalty and disloyalty so far as the terms refer to the behavior of men during the war, and to make it recognized as just as great an honor to have fought on one side as on the other. This involves the pensioning of rebel soldiers, their admission to the national asylums, and the repeal of the laws which keep them out of the regular army. There is nothing inconsistent or unreasonable in this purpose from a Southern point of view. If an ex-Confederate general can sit in Congress and make laws, why should not his comrade command a regiment or draw a pension for his wounds?

Fourth. To reestablish the state-sovereignty theory as the orthodox constitutional interpretation. To accomplish this object the supreme court must be reconstructed by a law retiring several of the old judges, and enlarging the tribunal through the appointment by a democratic president of new democratic judges enough to make a majority with the two already on the bench. This scheme will be perfectly practicable if the democrats can hold Congress and secure the executive.

Fifth. To repeal all laws authorizing the government to supervise elections, in order that the negro vote may be handled by the whites of the South without interference. By poll-tax qualifications and ingenious restrictions of state law, this vote will be practically wiped out, as far as its power to carry elections is concerned.

Sixth. To offset the growth of the Northwest by making three States of Texas and annexing Cuba and a part of Mexico, so as to gain for the South a reinforcement of political power.

It may be said that these purposes are not avowed in the speeches of Southern statesmen, or the editorials of Southern newspapers, with the exception of a few frantic sheets of merely local importance. No one who has lived in the

South, or traveled much there, with advantages for mingling in the social life of the people, will, however, deny that they are very generally entertained; and if any one who is wholly strange to that section will reflect for a moment, he will see that it is entirely natural that they should be entertained. Is it an unreasonable ambition — can we even call it an unworthy ambition — in the men who threw themselves with heart and hand into the rebellion to desire to justify a cause for which thousands of their brave comrades lost their lives? Is it strange that they should want history rewritten, so as to sanction their theories and wash from their conduct the stain of treason? Is it to be wondered at that they should strive to remove from the national statute-books the distinctions made between the men who fought for the South and those who fought for the Union? Ought we to be surprised that, believing negro suffrage to be an evil, they should seek to remove the protecting hand of the nation, and place its control with themselves in their own States? Can we as much as say they are visionary, and are reaching out after the impracticable, when we see how successful they have been in solidifying their own section, and realize that nothing is wanting to their full triumph but a democratic victory in the States of New York and Indiana next fall?

Apart from political ambition, the passionate desire to justify the rebellion, and the determination to escape from the consequences of negro suffrage, there are some of the causes for the solidity of the South mentioned above which are of importance, because they are likely to be lasting. One is the comparative poverty of that section of the country. A great deal of nonsense has been written about the sunny, fertile fields of the South. The Southern States are poor in agricultural resources. They have a great deal of good land, but it lies in streaks and patches, in-

terspersed with tracts of pine barrens, swamps, and sterile ridges. Nowhere, save in Texas, are there great continuous stretches of good soil; and even in Texas the fertile belt adapted to staple crops is only about one hundred and fifty miles wide, extending from the Red River to the Gulf. The pine barrens on the east and the semi-arid pasture-lands on the west hem it in. In the older States the traveler everywhere observes that a large proportion of the surface is uncultivated, and is disposed to ascribe to the shiftlessness of the people what is owing to the natural defects of the soil. The South is producing more agricultural wealth, however, than before the war. The negroes are working almost as industriously as in the days of slavery, and large numbers of whites who used to live in idleness are tilling their own acres. Nevertheless the country seems poor, because the money for the crops no longer goes into few hands, but is distributed among the laborers, leaving the land-holder a much smaller share than he used to get. To understand how the new system works as compared with the old, take the case of a plantation employing thirty hands. In the old times the yearly cash outlay of the planter, on account of his labor, was perhaps one hundred dollars per hand, or three thousand dollars in all. Now, with rations to supply, as before, and wages to pay, it is at least two hundred dollars per hand, or six thousand dollars in all. He therefore has three thousand dollars less income than before, and instead of living freely, with money to invest in banks, or railroads, or buildings, he is closely pinched to meet his expenses. The whole section is thus without surplus capital to make improvements, and wears a shabby and forlorn look. But there is as much money coming into the country as before; where does it go? Mainly into the pockets of the Jew traders, who have established little stores at every cross-road to sell cheap goods and gaudy gimcracks to the

negroes at exorbitant prices. The men of enterprise and character are without means to educate their children well, to keep their places in order, or to engage in movements for the development of the resources of their States, and from this condition arises a chronic discontent. The people who ought to be energetically engaged in the work of to-day, with thoughts fixed on the achievements of the present and the promises of the future, are too often listlessly brooding over the ruined splendors of the past; and they blame the North for their lack of prosperity, because the North overturned their labor system, desolated their fields with the scourge of war, and forced them to abandon their scheme of a great slave empire. Their hostility to the republican party is a natural outgrowth of their feeling towards the section where that party has its strength.

The want of a broad, liberal education for the young men of the influential classes in the South is another cause of the political attitude of that section. In the course of the fifteen years that have passed since the war closed, a great change has taken place in the voting population; but the young men that have come into its ranks have had but scanty educational advantages. Their parents were too poor to send them to Northern schools, and the Southern colleges are, as a rule, mere academies, without libraries or scientific apparatus. These institutions have done more towards perpetuating the memories and prejudices of the rebellion than towards inculcating patriotism or disseminating valuable knowledge. Their pupils learn very little of the real condition of the country they live in, and are too often led to suppose that the South is the most civilized part of it, and that it is their duty to maintain as something sacred its traditions and ways of living and thinking. They are thus poorly qualified to deal in a liberal spirit with the political problems of the day, and to

aid in the regeneration of their States. A little lower in the social scale than the young men who attend the schools at the country towns, or the larger institutions ambitiously styled universities, to be found here and there in the South, is another and larger class, getting almost no education at all, and full of ignorance and prejudice. Thus it comes that as years go by, and the old politicians die off and younger ones come to the front, whose memories hardly extend back to the times of slavery, no healthful change is produced in public sentiment and political action.

It would be hazardous to make any prediction as to the future political course of the South. It is a section peculiar and apart, and as long as it remains so its politics will not be governed by the laws of mind which divide the people of the North into two nearly evenly balanced parties. In two ways, however, a pretty formidable opposition to the democratic party may arise in the old slave States. The election of a president and the control of all departments of the national government by the democrats would soon produce so much disappointment among Southern politicians eager for office that, under some name or other, an opposition organization would get a foot-hold. The determination to hold the prize they had gained long enough at least to accomplish the purposes mentioned above would cause the present leaders of Southern opinion to use all the old weapons of intolerance and prejudice against such an organization, and they would doubtless succeed in keeping it in a minority in all the Southern States until after 1884. But the remedy of a period of Southern rule for the disease of Southern solidity is one that will scarcely commend itself to the Northern mind. The mischief that might be done in eight years would hardly be compensated for by the ultimate breaking up of Southern politics.

The other way is to continue the re-

publican party in power until the South loses all hope of realizing its purposes, and falls apart at last from sheer despair of accomplishing anything by keeping together. One more republican victory at a presidential election may be sufficient to effect this, but it may require two. The new census will transfer to the strong republican States of the West much of the power in Congress and the electoral college now possessed by the South. Its effect will be shown first in the house of representatives chosen in 1882 and organized in December, 1883, and then in the presidential election of 1884. If the republicans succeed this year, and there ensues no immediate change in the attitude of the South, the congressional elections of 1882 can hardly fail to start a process of disintegration which will be accelerated by the results of the presidential contest two years later. In the mean time a tide of immigration will probably set in, which will exercise an influence in the direction of liberalizing Southern opinion. The intelligent classes in the South sincerely desire immigration, and fully appreciate its benefits. They have made efforts, through the medium of their state governments, to attract settlers from the North and from Europe; but thus far with very inadequate results. Two influences have operated against them: the superior natural advantages offered by the prairies of the West, and the bad reputation of the South for intolerance of differences of political opinion and for insecurity of life and property. The West will soon be settled clear out to the verge of the great central plateau, which from its elevation and lack of rain is not fitted for cultivation. Thousands of square miles will be filled up by the remarkable emigration from Europe which has begun this spring. When there begins to be a scarcity of government land for free homesteads beyond the Mississippi, the migratory current will set towards the

South, where there is an immense quantity of worn-out and abandoned lands that can be brought up by skillful treatment to a condition for profitable culture, and a still larger quantity of forest land, not good enough for Southern methods of tillage, but capable of supporting careful German and English farmers. The objectionable features in the political and social condition of the South are not serious enough of themselves to act as an absolute barrier to immigration, when that section becomes the only portion of the country where cheap land can be obtained.

The chief danger apprehended by thoughtful men outside of the whirlpool of politics from the present attitude of the South lies in a disputed result of the approaching presidential election. How close the country was brought to the abyss of civil war in the winter of 1876-77, few people who were not in Washington at the time fully realize. Then the Southern delegation in Congress was not nearly as strong in numbers or leadership as it is now; then it controlled but one house, — now it has both. The almost universal belief of the Southern leaders is that Mr. Tilden was elected in 1876, and was defrauded of his just rights; and they are strongly disposed to apply the *lex talionis* next winter, and count out the republican candidate. They often say to republicans, "You cheated us out of the presidency before, and we mean to get even with you this time. Afterwards we will cry quits, and agree to fair elections and a fair count." But if the republican nominee should be elected, and Congress should reject the returns from one or two republican States on some technicality or some groundless charge of fraud, and attempt to inaugurate his opponent, the peace of the country would be placed in the gravest peril. This danger once passed, we may look to the influences of time, softening the bitterness remaining from the rebellion, the removal by death of

most of the prominent actors in that struggle, the spread of Northern enterprise and ideas, and the effects of immigration to bring about a more healthful condition of politics in the South.

If one regards the Southern situation without the green glasses of partisanship and sectional feeling, he will see nothing to occasion surprise, or to arouse animosity. No people of intelligence and spirit ever submitted to a crushing defeat after a long war without displaying as much discontent and bitterness as the Southern people have displayed. No people ever had such difficult problems to contend with. They came out of the rebellion broken and impoverished, with their labor system suddenly and arbitrarily changed, their slaves made their equals before the law by decree of the government against which they had vainly fought, and with the heavy load of the barbarizing influences of slavery to carry in their struggle for existence. An ignorant and brutal mass of blacks, and an equally ignorant and far more brutal mass of poor whites, constitute the bulk of the population in the Southern States. We ought not to forget that the people who compose the intelligent classes are of our own blood and lineage, and that their faults grow naturally out of their experiences, their inherited ideas, and the many clogs the past has put upon them. It may take a long time for them to attain to that tolerance which is one of the finest fruits of a high civilization. Meanwhile, we must have patience and lend a helpful hand. We are not called upon, however, no matter how broad our charity and how deep our sympathy may be, to shut our eyes and fold our hands while our Southern brethren try to drag the nation down from the heights of liberty and law it has climbed to during the past twenty years, with so much travail of thought and conscience, and such an appalling expenditure of precious human blood.

KING LEAR.¹

FIRST ARTICLE: THE TEXT.

MR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS — who, although he is doubly a doctor, can afford to be spoken of as if he were only a gentleman — has added a fourth play and a fifth volume to the new variorum edition of Shakespeare's works which he has begun, and which it is to be hoped that he will have the health, the endurance, and the perseverance to complete. The plays which he has heretofore given us are *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. The scale on which he works is so grand that the first and the second of these plays fill, each of them, with their various readings, notes, and commentaries, a large octavo volume, while for *Hamlet* two such volumes are required. The fifth volume, now before us, contains *King Lear*.

A variorum edition of a great writer is so called, as most of the readers of *The Atlantic* probably know, because it presents, with his text, all of the work of his various editors and commentators which in the judgment of the variorum editor are necessary to a critical study of that text, and all the various readings of all previous editions which are of any authority or interest. Thus, as Mr. Furness remarks in his preface to the present volume, "the attempt is here made to present on the same page with the text all the various readings of the different editions of *King Lear*, from the earliest quarto to the latest critical edition of the play, together with all the notes and comments thereon which the editor has thought worthy of preservation, not only for the purpose of elucidating

the text, but at times as illustrations of the history of Shakespearian criticism;" and yet to this there is added, in the appendix, essays on the text, the date of the composition of the play, the source of the plot, the duration of the action, the insanity of *Lear*, the great actors of the principal part, the costume of the play, Tate's version of it, selections from English and German criticisms of it, and its bibliography, — a work, the magnitude, we might almost say the enormity, of which can be appreciated only by those who have some practical acquaintance with such labors.²

There have been several variorum editions of Shakespeare's plays. Indeed, as every editor has almost of necessity availed himself of the labors of all of his predecessors and quoted them, every critical edition has been more or less a variorum; but the only editions which have really this character in any approach to completeness are those known as Johnson and Steevens's, 1785, in ten volumes; Malone's, 1790, in ten volumes; Reid and Steevens's, 1813, in twenty-one volumes; and Boswell's Malone, 1821, also in twenty-one volumes. The great Cambridge edition, by William George Clark and W. Aldis Wright, in nine volumes, is a complete variorum as to readings, but not as to notes and comments. Of these Boswell's Malone is the standard variorum, and is always meant by editors and commentators when they cite "the Variorum." That of Reid and Steevens is sometimes cited as "the variorum of 1813." But even the former of these does not approach Mr. Furness's work in the vastness of

¹ *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*. Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph. D., LL. D. Vol. V. *King Lear*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

² This reminds me of the speech of a Wall Street man, who was more familiar with the value

of stocks than with that of words, and who was boasting of the largeness of his operations. "Indeed," he said, "I don't believe that any one suspects the enormity of some of my transactions." Not improbably he spoke better than he knew.

its plan, or in its systematic arrangement, or in the thoroughness of its execution. And the activity of Shakespearian criticism between 1821 and 1880, and the searching and almost scientific study of the English language and its literature during the last twenty-five years, have resulted in the accumulation of a mass of critical material upon this subject since Malone's time which makes a new variorum edition of Shakespeare almost a literary necessity of the day. It is to the honor of the American branch of English literature that the labor of supplying this need has been undertaken by one of our scholars and critics; and still more to its honor that this labor has been performed thus far with the wide range of knowledge, the acumen, the judgment, the taste, and, it may well be added, the invariable good temper which are displayed by Mr. Furness.

To the general reader it may seem that the poet is editorially overlaid in this great edition. The text of *Hamlet* may be printed in large type on sixty or seventy duodecimo pages; and indeed it was originally published in a small quarto pamphlet of that volume. In the new variorum, *Hamlet* fills two ponderous octavo volumes. But it is to be remembered that the purpose of a variorum editor is not to produce a pocket edition of his author for popular use. It is not supposed that any one who wishes to take *Hamlet* with him on a summer excursion will put the new variorum edition into his traveling-bag, — or the old variorum, for that matter. Boswell's Malone's Shakespeare was quite as much overlaid for its time as Furness's is; and even more so, for it is filled with rubbish which subsequent editors have swept into the dust-bin. A variorum edition professes to give what is necessary for the critical study of its author, and even, as Mr. Furness says, to illustrate the history of the critical literature of which he is the source and the subject. The doing of this involves

the preservation of much which is, in the judgment of the variorum editor himself, of little intrinsic value.

It is easy to laugh and sneer at the editors and commentators of Shakespeare; and some of them, in their dullness of apprehension no less than in the voluminous superfluity and feeble triviality of their criticism, are indeed "fixed figures for the time of scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at." But not a little of the scoffing to which they as a class have been subjected is the mere effervescence of the ignorance of the scoffers, which with some folk is a very sparkling quality. Many even of those who read and enjoy Shakespeare talk of being content with the text itself without note or comment. But what text? Such objections to editorial labor on Shakespeare can be made by candid and intelligent persons only in utter ignorance of the state in which the text of Shakespeare's plays has come down to us. The "text of Shakespeare," when thus spoken of, means merely the text which the speakers have been in the habit of reading. But that very text, they may be sure, is the result of the painful labors, through many generations, of the very editors of whom they speak so slightly. Shakespeare did not publish his plays himself and read the proofs with the assistance of a good corrector of the press. Would that he had done so! They were some of them obtained by their first publishers surreptitiously; they were printed from imperfect manuscripts, or from mutilated stage copies; and then they were printed with less care than is now given to the printing of a handbill. The very edition issued by his fellow-actors after his death, the great First Folio, 1623, a perfect copy of which is worth twenty-five hundred dollars and upwards, is incomplete and full of errors. The first edition of *Hamlet*, 1603, is in many passages absolutely unreadable, and is in fact an absurd jumble of what Shakespeare wrote.

The "authentic" edition of 1623, besides being full of perplexing errors of the press, is very incomplete. If the text of Shakespeare were put before these captious amateur critics uncorrected by editorial labor and without comment, they would not recognize it in numberless passages; they would not believe that it was "Shakespeare," — and they would be right; and besides this, in numberless passages in which they would really have "Shakespeare," they would be unable to understand him. The truth is that the text of Shakespeare's plays has come down to us from his own time with such imperfection and such variety of presentation that to form it into a self-consistent whole requires a degree of scholarship and of critical acumen beyond that required by the text of any other great poet of the past, excepting Homer, whose poems lived only in the mouths of rhapsodists and in the memory of hearers for hundreds of years before they were put upon paper. As to Shakespeare's writings, there is such variety of authority in regard to them, and the authority is so conflicting in many cases, they are so lame and mutilated in every "authoritative" form, that they are just in the condition to need and to provoke the most careful critical recension of the most capable scholarship. If their condition had been contrived by some malicious spirit for this very purpose, it could not have been better adapted to that end. And then, the writings which exist in this deplorable state are the crown of all literature and the glory of the English race. What wonder that Shakespeare has editors and commentators! That some of these have been men whose feebleness of intellect has been equaled in degree only by their presumption does not essentially affect this question.

Let us look at a few passages of King

Lear in the light of these remarks, which may seem trite to persons who have a moderate acquaintance at first hand with the subject.

In the very first scene, and in the fifth and sixth lines of that scene, we find this discrepancy between the "authorities." One of them has, "for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in *nature* can make choice of either's moiety;" while the other reads, "that curiosity in *neither* can make choice," etc. Which of these is the text of Shakespeare? The latter, which is the reading of the folio of 1623, has been generally and finally accepted; but much might be said in favor of "curiosity in *nature*." And then what does "*curiosity* in *neither*" mean? It might puzzle some of the carpenter at Shakespearian editing to tell. This, merely by way of showing how soon we come upon a stumbling-block in "the text of Shakespeare." And it may be not without interest to my readers for me to point out what I believe to be the origin of this particular variation between the texts of the two old editions, which has never been done. It is due, I am sure, to what is called a misprint by the ear. Except in extraordinary cases, compositors put in type words, not letters; and a skillful and practiced compositor will sometimes set up a phrase of a dozen words, or of a score, without referring to his copy. Manifestly, therefore, he spells with his type the *sound* that he has in his mind. Now in Shakespeare's time the sounds of *nature* and *neither* were almost identical. The first syllable of *neither* was pronounced *nay*, and *th* had the sound of *dth* (and sometimes even of *d* and *t*), as we now hear it sounded by Irish speakers of English.¹ Whether, therefore, the compositor in this instance had *nature* or *neither* before his eyes, he had in his mind's ear the one, or nearly one, sound with which

¹ See my Memorandums of English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era, vol. xii. of my edition of Shakespeare; also the Irish Pronunciation in

Chap. V. of Every-Day English, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

an Irishman utters both words. This cause of confusion was aggravated if the text of the quarto in which "nature" appears was taken down, as it may have been, from a recital of the scene. Misprints and miswritings by the ear were the cause of not a little confusion in the old texts of Shakespeare.

And what does Regan mean when, according to the text of 1623, which Mr. Furness adopts, she says to her father,

"I profess

Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense professes" ?

What is a precious square ? What is a square of sense ? How can a square of sense profess ? As to the last point, it seems to me clear that the text of the Folio, 1623, here furnishes an example of another sort of misprint, — the misprint by repetition. If a man has spoken or written a word once, such is the action of the mind that he is likely, even without reason, to repeat it ; and this likelihood is much greater if the word is suggested by kindred thought or a like form in another word. Hence compositors sometimes repeat words which they have just put in type ; and hence in this case I am sure the compositor repeated *profess*, although he had *possesses* before his eyes. The quarto has, "Which the most precious square of sense *possesses*." But this still leaves us with the precious square of sense upon our hands. What can it mean ? Let us see how some of the ablest of Shakespeare's editors and commentators have explained it. Warburton said that "*square of sense*" refers to "the *four* nobler senses, sight, hearing, taste, and smell." Dr. Johnson said, "Perhaps *square* means only compass, comprehension." Hudson accepts the whole phrase as meaning "fullness or wealth of sensibility or capacity of joy." Aldis Wright's explanation is "that which the most delicately sensitive point of my nature is capable of enjoying." The German Schmidt, who has under-

taken to teach men of English blood and speech what Shakespeare's words mean, says that the phrase means "choicest symmetry of reason, the most normal and intelligent mode of thinking ;" thus producing the most extravagant and far-fetched and would-be-profound-seeming of all these somewhat over-subtle and very unlike explanations. Certainly the variety of sense extracted from these four words is remarkable. But does any one of these paraphrases satisfy the intelligent Shakespeare lover whose mind is clear and unclouded by the study of various readings, — the most distracting and bewildering of all mental occupations, one which tends to idiocy ? I will venture to say that it does not. Hence it has been supposed to be corrupted, and "precious *sphere* of sense," "*spacious sphere* of sense," "*spacious square* of sense," and even "precious *treasure* of sense" have been proposed as readings. I fear that it must be left as it stands, with the humble confession that it is a dark saying.

And what are we to make of Cordelia's entreaty to her father when she says, according to both the old authorities, "I beseech you

— that you make known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor" ?

Were young princesses then so apt to commit murder that it was enumerated as a matter of course among the slips to which they were liable ? Or was the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing Cordelia an exception in this respect in the eyes of her doting father, — a murderess by distinction ? The case is very perplexing. Hence the corrector of the Collier folio read "no vicious blot *nor other* foulness," Mr. Collier remarking that "the copyist or the compositor miswrote or misread *no other* 'murder ;'" and the change was accepted by some editors with great expression of relief and satisfaction. Walker, that much overrated

commentator, — overrated because of the impression which a formal, systematic arrangement produces on many minds, — declared without hesitation that we should read, “It is no vicious blot, *umber*, or foulness;” an emendation so feeble, far-fetched, and foolish that it might have been made by Zachary Jackson. Keightly would read, “no vicious blot, *misdeed*, or foulness,” which is well enough in itself; but why not read anything else with an *m* in it as well as *misdeed*? Against the Collier reading, “nor other foulness,” it is to be objected, first, that the suggestion of a misprint of *murther* for *no other*, although plausible as to the folio, does not touch the quarto, where we not only also have *murder*, but find it spelled with a *d*; next, and more important, vicious blot and foulness are so nearly the same in meaning, so absolutely the same in turpitude, that even a writer far inferior to Shakespeare would not make the latter alternative to the former. But finally comes Hudson, and says with that fine insight which he often shows, “I suspect that Cordelia purposely uses *murder* out of place, as a glance at the hyperbolical absurdity of denouncing her as ‘a wretch whom nature is ashamed to acknowledge.’” Cordelia has a touch of demure satire in her composition, and this is the only explanation which seems to me at all satisfactory.

In the second scene of Act II., Kent, according to the earliest authority, the quarto, says of Oswald, the fopling villain whom he instinctively so hates, —

“Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too *intrench* t’ unloose;”

but the folio reads, “Which are t’ *intrence* t’ unloose.” Which is the text of Shakespeare, and what does either reading mean? No one could answer either question until it occurred to a learned and acute commentator of the last century, named Upton, that *intrence* of the folio was a misprint for *intrinsic*, a short

form of *intrinsic*, like *reverb* for *reverberate*; *intrinsic* being an Anglicized form of the Italian *intrinsecare*, to entangle, which was used by a few writers of the Elizabethan age. And here again I suggest, and indeed am sure, that we have an example of the misleading influence of pronunciation upon the printer’s art. For the *intrench* of the quarto is merely a phonetic spelling of *intrinsic*.¹ We have still a remnant of this pronunciation. Not uncommonly provincial people, and Mr. Lincoln’s “plain people,” talk of “renching [for rinsing] clothes,” or say “rench [for rinse] those glasses.” Just so *intrinsic* was pronounced *intrench*. The pronunciation *rench* for *rinse* is but the survival of an old fashion. As to the word *intrinsic*, it means merely entangled, knotted; but what would have become of this passage were it not for Shakespearian editors?

Lear, consciously deceiving himself, I think (I can indicate his state of mind with brevity no otherwise), says to Regan, when, cursing Goneril, he flies to his second daughter (Act II., Scene 4),
“No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o’er to harshness.”

This is the folio reading; the quarto reading in the second line is “tender-*hested*.” The word is spelled with the old-fashioned long *f*, which might easily be a misprint for *f*; but it is to be remarked that both of the quarto impressions, although they differ here typographically, have “tender-*hested*.” In any case, however, what will the advocate of an unedited text of Shakespeare do here? Is either reading “the text of Shakespeare”? What does either a tender-hefted nature or a tender-*hested* nature mean? It is said that as *heft* means handle, tender-hefted “means smooth or soft handled, and is here put for gentleness of disposition.” Another explanation is that tender-hefted means “del-

¹ See Memorandums, etc., before cited, under *S*, which was often pronounced *sh*.

icately housed, daintily bodied, finely sheathed." The latter is given in the Edinburgh Review, and also by Aldis Wright, the Cambridge editor, who adds, "Regan was less masculine than Goneril." Was she? She assists at the most frightful and revolting scene in all tragedy, — introduced by Shakespeare, I believe, partly to show the savage nature of the times he was depicting, — the tearing out of Gloster's eyes; and she, with her own "tender-hefted" hand, kills the servant who assists her husband in the act. She seems to me rather the worse of the two elder sisters. But whether she is so or not, can we accept any one of these explanations of this strange compound word? I think that they are all not only much too far-fetched, but entirely from the purpose. Rowe, Shakespeare's first editor, read "tender-hearted nature," a very plausible emendation, which other editors have adopted. But how came this simple and hardly-to-be-mistaken phrase to be misprinted in both the old impressions, which were separated by a space of fifteen years, and which were put in type from different "copy"? This question is one of a sort that Shakespeare's editors have not unfrequently to pass upon. "Tender-hefted" is inexplicable consistently with common sense and Shakespeare's use of language. "Tender-hearted" is inadmissible against the reading of both quarto and folio. After all, is it not the *f* in the folio that is the misprint, and is not the quarto right? Did not Shakespeare write tender-hested nature; that is, tenderly commanded, tenderly ruled, tenderly ordered nature? If he did not, I, for one, give up the passage as inexplicable and hopelessly corrupt.

When Regan urges Lear to return to Goneril and live with her with half his stipulated train, he breaks out, —

"Return to her? and fifty men dismissed?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' th' air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch. Return with her!"

The old copies agree in this reading. The meaning of the phrase "necessity's sharp pinch" is plain enough; but what does *Lear* mean by it? What is its connection? The Collier folio has "and *howl* necessity's sharp pinch," which I am sorry to see that Mr. Furness adopts. Lear surely did not mean to speak of howling the sharp pinch of necessity. The first line of Regan's speech, to which this of Lear is a reply, seems to make the passage clear. She says to him, —

"I pray you, father, being weak, seem so;" that is, submit to the hard necessity of your condition. To this Lear, choleric, proud, and kingly, replies, [Shall I yield to] necessity's sharp pinch [and] return with her! The phrase is merely an elliptical interrogative exclamation. It seems to me that to a reader who is in sympathy with the scene it hardly needs explanation, and that the Collier folio reading is insufferable.

But I must bring this consideration of particular passages to a close; and I shall remark upon only one more, which, as it stands in both the quarto impressions and in all subsequent editions, is certainly one of the most incomprehensible in all Shakespeare's plays. In the scene in which Gloster loses his eyes, he, referring to the driving of old Lear out into the storm, says boldly to Regan, as the passage appears in the quartos, in the variorum of 1821, in the Cambridge edition, in the Globe, and in my own: —

"If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time
Thou shouldst have said: Good porter, turn the
key,
All cruels else subscrib'd: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children."

The folio has, "All cruels else *sub-*scribe." But whether we read *subscribe* or *subscribed*, what is the meaning of this phrase? Its obscurity is so great that the notes upon it fill, in small type, the whole of one of Mr. Furness's ample pages. How it was that I came to pass it without remark in my own edition I

cannot undertake to say. It was a strange oversight. Dr. Johnson says that *subscrib'd* means "yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion;" but what help does that give? Aldis Wright says that "all cruels else subscrib'd" means "all other cruelties being yielded or forgiven." Moberly, the able editor of the Rugby edition, says that it means "all harshness, otherwise natural, being forborne or yielded from the necessity of the case." Schmidt, whom it is the fashion now to regard as an "authority" of weight on Shakespeare's words, because he has made an alphabetical catalogue of them with explanations, says, "'All cruels' can mean nothing else but all cruel creatures," and that the passage means, "everything which is at other times cruel shows feeling or regard; you alone have not done so." Mr. Furness, in desperation, it would seem, makes this phrase a part of the supposed instructions to the porter, and reads, —

"Thou shouldst have said: 'Good porter, turn the key,

All cruels else subscribe.' But I shall see," etc.

with this paraphrase: "Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, open the gates; acknowledge the claims of all creatures, however cruel they may be at other times.'"

It is not necessary to quote or to remark upon any other of the explanations; and I feel that I cannot err in saying that none of these is at all satisfactory, and that among them Schmidt's is the least acceptable. But it seems to me also that after all there is little difficulty in the passage, except in the word "cruels," and that that is far from being inexplicable. It means, I believe, all cruelties, all occasions of cruelty, — a use of language quite in Shakespeare's manner. The folio gives the true reading with the proper punctuation according to the fashion of the time. There is a full stop after "Good porter turn the key," and a colon after "subscribe," thus: —

"Thou shouldst have said, Good Porter turne the key.

All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance overtake such Children."

Now in such passages in old books a colon has the power which in more modern punctuation is expressed by a comma, and merely marks off the subject of an assertion. "Subscribe" is here used in the sense of attest, guaranty, a use common with Shakespeare, and not uncommon nowadays, and *but* in a sense which it also has at present, — that. The construction of the passage (which really should not require all this explanation) is, then, this: After Gloster has told Regan that she should have told the porter to open the door, he utters the solemn asseveration, — All other such cruelties attest that I shall see swift vengeance overtake such children. So Albany says (Act IV., Scene 2): —

"This shows you are above,

You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge."

Let the passage be printed just as it is in the folio, with the mere (and usual) substitution of a comma for the old colon: —

"Thou shouldst have said, Good porter turn the key.

All cruels else subscribe, but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children."

Mr. Furness's perception of the supreme difficulty of this passage as it is usually printed is only an indication of his fitness for the great work that he has undertaken. In his apprehension of Shakespeare's thought he shows generally that combination of sensitiveness and common sense which goes to the making of a first-rate editor of a great poet, and which most of all is required in the editor of Shakespeare. Dyce, for example, had great learning and good judgment; but he lacked that power of apprehension which comes from a condition of the mind sympathetic with the moods of a great poet, and consequently, with all his learning and his ability, he produced a second or third rate critical edition of this author.

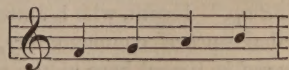
I hope that in quoting several notes upon the passage,

"Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea monster,"

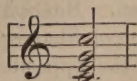
the object of which is to show what particular swimming beast the sea monster is, Mr. Furness was, as he says in his preface, merely illustrating the history of Shakespearian criticism. For surely never was critical conjecture more wasted than in attempting to remove the vagueness of that image by giving the sea monster a specific name. For vagueness not only excites terror, but enhances horror, and is indeed a constant element in the awful and in all the exciting causes of the great apprehensive emotions. To give Lear's sea monster a name and a form is to drag him down from the higher regions of poetry into the plain prose of natural history. He becomes at once a possible inmate of an aquarium, or an item in the Greatest Show on Earth. Who thanks Upton for suggesting that Shakespeare made Lear compare ingratitude to a "hippopotamus," or another commentator for deciding sagely that it was "a whale" that Shakespeare had in mind? Hudson objects that a hippopotamus is not a sea monster, but a river monster (indeed, have we not the famous showman's assurance that the name "is derived from *hippo*, a river, and *potamos*, a horse"?), and he might have added with equal propriety that a whale, although it is the largest of post-diluvian animals, is not at all hideous. But, O gentle critic, it is not because the hippopotamus is a river haunter, or because the whale is not repulsive, that these suggestions are injurious to the passage, but because they belittle it. You do, as might be expected of you, much better when you say, "If the poet had any particular animal in view, I suspect it was the one that behaved so ungently at old Troy." For what was that particular Trojan animal? The poets did not know themselves any more than Shakespeare did. It was simply a

sea monster. Your "if" is a very potent and pertinent little word. Shakespeare, be sure, had no particular animal even in his own mind's eye. The sea has always been in the popular mind the home of monsters, huge, horrible, shapeless, and pitiless; and to excite the vague dread which is born of ignorance and fancy was the poet's purpose. His end was mystery; why endeavor to reduce his mystery to certainty? Must we in all things be so "scientific" as to substitute positive knowledge for an undefined loathing? Must we classify and pigeon-hole the very causes of our emotions?

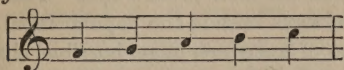
The poet worked in a way directly converse to this, having a directly opposite end in view, when he made Edmund (Act I., Scene 2) say, "My cue is villainous melancholy," etc., and end his speech "*fa, sol, la, mi.*" It has been pointed out by two musicians, who are among Shakespeare's commentators, that this succession of notes is "unnatural and offensive" and "distracting." But Aldis Wright says that Mr. Chappell informed him that "there is not the slightest foundation" for this view of the passage, and that "Edmund is merely singing to himself, in order to seem not to observe Edgar's approach." Mr. Chappell is a very accomplished musician; and he is none the less so because he has, in my judgment, misapprehended this passage. True, a desire to seem not to observe Edgar's approach is the *occasion* of his singing to himself; but why does he sing as he does? Why does he not begin, as a singer naturally would (not singing an air), on the tonic? The notes which he sings are these:—



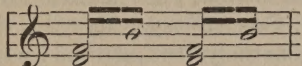
Now to any musical ear this succession of notes suggests a discord that must be resolved by the chord of the tonic:—



This resolution would have been implied if Edmund had gone on, as he naturally would have done, and sung *fa, sol, la, mi, fa*:—



But, beginning on the sub-dominant, he stops short of the tonic upon the leading note of the scale; and this when he has just said, "These eclipses do portend these divisions,"—*divisions* being used in a double sense, that of distraction, and the musical sense—in which Shakespeare often uses it—of a rapid succession of notes. Surely it could not have been by chance that Shakespeare, a musician, did this. It is as if this chord



were played and not resolved; a discipline to which Mr. Chappell, because he is an accomplished musician, would, I suspect, not like to be subjected.

In a speech of Gloster's (Act III., Scene 7), the close of which has already been commented upon, he, speaking of the storm which plays such an important part in this tragedy that it may almost be numbered among the *dramatis personæ*, says of it,—

"The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires."

This is the reading of the folio and of the quartos; but is "buoy'd up" to be accepted without question? Mr. Furness and all the best editors leave it undisturbed; but in both the Collier folio and the Quincy folio "*buoy'd up*" is changed to "*boil'd up*." Heath, who is among the good Shakespeare commentators, says that *buoyed* is "used here as the middle voice in Greek, signifying to buoy or lift itself up;" and if the word is to be retained this doubtless is the sense in which it must be taken. But Schmidt, the new German light upon Shakespeare's words, takes exactly the opposite view of the

word, and says that the verb is "used here *transitively*, and the phrase means, the sea would have lifted up the fixed fires and extinguished them." Now *buoy* is a strange word. It has come to mean in English just what it does not mean etymologically. A buoy (Dutch *boei*) is a chain, a fetter; and a buoy is so called not because it floats, but because it is chained to its place. But because it does float its name has been understood and used to mean a float, and has also been made a verb meaning to float or lift up; and *buoyant*, instead of meaning chained down, as by rights it should, has come to mean light and ready to move freely about and above. I'll warrant that many persons have thought that *buoyant* in its sound suggested lightness and mobility, and that there was some connection between this and its meaning. Such notions are generally mere fancies. The word came into the English language, with other of our maritime phrases, in the sixteenth century. But did the change in its meaning take place so early as the sixteenth century, or even as the early part of the seventeenth century, when *King Lear* was written? I doubt that it did. I doubt that any evidence can be produced even that *buoy* was used as a verb at all at that period. None, at least, has been recorded in any publication known to me. We have it as a noun meaning a fixed mark upon the water, but with no other meaning. These facts point to the improbability of the word's being used in the extraordinary sense in which it must be used in this passage, and give a seeming strong support to the reading "would have *boil'd up*," which presents a natural, although a hyperbolic, picture of the foaming sea, raised as high as heaven by the storm.

But there is one consideration that destroys the force of all these facts. It is this: that *buoy*, being unknown as a verb in Shakespeare's time, *buoyed* could not have been put in type by a compositor, or written by a copyist, who had

boiled before his eyes. Neither would or could thus have changed a well-known word into one that was unknown. The very fact that *buoy* as a verb was unknown, or almost unknown, in Shakespeare's time shows that Shakespeare must have written *buoyed*. Besides, it would be like a poet, and like Shakespeare among poets, to see in a buoy not its fixed position, but its floating and apparently self-sustaining power. If, therefore, it was, as I am inclined to think it will be found to be, that Shakespeare, in his free and no-verbal-critic-fearing use of language, was the first to make *buoy* a verb, his use of it as a reciprocal verb, making the sea buoy up (Heath's middle voice), is explained. He was not using a word which already had an established meaning. The old reading "would have buoy'd up" must be retained, with the sense that the sea rose so high that it would have extinguished the stars. For Schmidt's notion that it buoyed up the stars and also put them out is not only absurd in itself, but lacks support in the sense in which the word was used in Shakespeare's day.

The remarks made above upon the influence of the pronunciation of Shakespeare's time upon his text lead to some others upon the same subject. First, this play which we call *King Lear* was known to Shakespeare and his contemporaries as *King Lare*. This is not only certain from the general pronunciation of the combination *ea* as *ay* at that time,¹ but from the spelling of the name in the old play which preceded Shakespeare's, and in the old chronicles in prose and in verse. This is invariably *Leir*; and the combination *ei* then indicated the same sound which it still indicates in *weight*, *freight*, *obaisance*, etc.

One of the Fool's little rhyming speeches (Act I., Scene 4) is remarkable on the score of pronunciation:—

"Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take the fool with thee:

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after."

As to the rhymes of the first three lines, there is of course no difficulty; and when it is taken into consideration that the *l* in such words as *halter*, *falter*, *falcon*, etc., was silent in Shakespeare's time,² almost the whole of the apparent difficulty has disappeared. For no one at all familiar with the rustic, that is the old fashioned, pronunciation of *daughter*, *slaughter*, and *after* will then fail to see that the Fool pronounced these rhyming words thus:—

"A fox, when one has cart her,
And such a darter,
Should sure to the starter,
If my cap would buy a ha'ter:
So the fool follows arter."

Upon the passage usually printed,—

"Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, — dreadful
trade!"

Mr. Furness has a sound and sensible note. The old copies spell "samphire" *sampire*, and Mr. Furness says, "I think that the old spelling should be retained; it shows the old pronunciation and the derivation; thus spelled, and pronounced *sampeer*, all who are familiar with the sandy beaches of New Jersey will recognize in it an old friend." He is right beyond a doubt.

That Shakespeare wrote the rhyming speech of the Fool remarked upon just above I am not sure. It is not at all equal to the other rhymes vented by the same personage in the same scene; and not only so, it is of a different sort. A similar speech, unquotable here, of this wonderful personage, at the end of the first act, has been under the gravest suspicion as to its authenticity since Steevens's time. I expressed the opinion, in my own edition, that the Merlin prophecy uttered by the Fool at the end of Scene 2 of Act III. is also spurious, and gave my reasons therefor. Critical

¹ See the Memorandums, etc., cited above.

² See Chapter XV. in *Every-Day English*.

opinion seems to be settling itself in favor of this view of the passage.

The Cambridge editors (Clark and Aldis Wright) throw suspicion also upon the soliloquy beginning, —

“When we our betters see bearing our woes,”
with which Edgar closes Scene 6 of Act III. They say, referring to its having been retained by all previous editors, “In deference to this consensus of authority we have retained it, though, as it seems to us, internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition that the lines were written by Shakespeare.”

It is in favor of this opinion, and also of a like judgment upon the two passages mentioned before, that in each case the suspected speech comes at the end of a scene, and is spoken by a personage who remains while the others go out. This is just the place in which to look for interpolations. They are, in the first place, easily made in such situations, because the writer of them is freed from the necessity of harmonizing them with anything immediately succeeding; and, next, because of a stage demand for them. For if there is anything dear to an actor's soul it is to be left alone upon the stage to occupy the attention of an already excited audience, and to have the curtain fall or the scene shut upon his soliloquy and his solitary figure. I have no doubt that it was a common thing on the easy-going stage of Shakespeare's time for an actor to beg some one of the many playwrights who were always hanging about the theatres, hungry for shillings and thirsty for sack, to write a few lines for him, — just a little bit for him to close the scene with. Hamlet's instructions to the players show that Shakespeare had suffered in this way, especially at the hands of those who played his Fools.

As to this soliloquy of Edgar's, it must be admitted by every considerate and appreciative reader that both in thought and in rhythm it is wholly unlike the scene which it closes, and, with

a few exceptions which I shall point out, unlike the rest of the play. It is hardly more than a succession of almost trite moral reflections put in a sententious form, and written in verse as weak, as constrained, and as formal as that of a French tragedy. I quote it, not only that this may be seen, but for the purposes of a comparison to be made hereafter : —

“When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' th' mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind.
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-
skip
When grief hath mates, and bearing, fellow-
ship.
How light and portable my pain seems now
When that which makes me bend makes the
king bow : —
He chided as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought de-
files thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the
king!
Lurk, lurk!”

What have these piping couplets to do with the grand, deep diapason of the blank verse of King Lear! A reader with an ear and a brain will be likely to say, — Nothing. But let us pause a while before we make a final decision, and, turning to the first scene, look at a speech of Kent's, who is just banished : —

“Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly thinks and hast most rightly said!
And your large speeches may your deeds ap-
prove
That good effects may spring from words of
love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.”

And these prim platitudes are uttered by the man who only a few lines before speaks in this style : —

“Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart! Be Kent unmanly
When Lear is mad! What wouldst thou do, old
man?
Thinks't thou that duty shall have dread to
speak

When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honor 's bound

When majesty falls to folly. . . .

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow

Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;

Or whilst I can vent clamor from my throat

I'll tell thee thou dost evil."

Not only would it seem that the speeches were written by different poets, but that they were written for different personages. And there is a trace of the same weakness, consciousness, and constraint in these rhymed speeches by Goneril and by Cordelia toward the end of this scene:—

"Gon.

Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scantied,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning
hides;

Who cover faults, at last them shame derides."

And this brings us to the point that such is always the style of the rhymed soliloquies in these plays. If Shakespeare wrote them all, we must infer that the production of didactic poetry in rhyme crippled his mind and fettered his pen. Compare Edmund's speech, quoted above, which is the occasion of these remarks, with Friar Laurence's soliloquy in the third scene of Act II. of *Romeo and Juliet*. I quote a few lines for present convenience:—

"Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live

But to the earth some special good doth give;

Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair

use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice being misapplied;

And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and medicine, power;

For this being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart."

This is precisely the style of thought and of verse that we find in Edmund's speech in question. The rhythm, the very sound of the lines, in the two passages is almost the same. What could be more like these lines from Edmund's speech,—

"But then the mind much suffering doth o'erskip
When grief hath mates, and bearing, fellow-
ship,"—

than these from the friar's:—

"Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and medicine, power?"

Plainly, it seems to me, if upon evidence of style and structure we refuse to accept one of these speeches as of Shakespeare's writing, we must also refuse to accept the other. Their metal is not only out of the same mine, but is minted with the same die. But may we be sure that Shakespeare wrote either of them? If we once begin to suspect and to reject, where are we to stop? And in his day play-writing was such a mere trade, such a mere manufacture of material for the use of the theatre, and playwrights were so constantly at work together upon great jobs and small jobs, — and Shakespeare in his own day was only one of these,—that we can accept nothing as absolutely his that does not bear plainly upon it the royal image and superscription.

The one point to be constantly kept in mind in the critical consideration of Shakespeare's dramas is that they were written by a second-rate actor, who, much against his will, was compelled to live by the stage in some way, and whose first object was money,—to get on in life. He wrote what he wrote merely to fill the theatre and his own pockets; he wrote as he wrote, because he was born the poet of poets, the dramatist of dramatists, the philosopher of philosophers, the most world-knowing of all men of the world. There was as much deliberate purpose in his breathing as in his play-writing.

In Edmund's speech in question there is a single word which makes much against its authenticity. He, alone and supposed to be merely thinking aloud, calls himself Tom. This naturally he would not do; this he does not do in any other instance when he is alone. He reserves that name for company, and,

to use his own phrase in regard to his assumed character, "daubs it" only for their benefit. This one consideration is almost conclusive against the authenticity of the speech.

I have considered only a few of the

questions in regard to the text of this tragedy which are suggested by Mr. Furness's thorough and discriminating edition of it, the study of which must hereafter be a prime object with every critical reader of Shakespeare.

Richard Grant White.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA, AND OTHER POETRY.

POSSIBLY it is due to a sense of its mass and antiquity, and its value to later ages as a record of the human mind, that primitive poetry gives the impression of weight and durability commonly attaching to it. But, whatever be the cause, it seems to share in the permanence of its themes — religion, the universe, war, love, and the other human passions. Modern poetry, on the other hand, illustrates, either consciously or unconsciously, the transient aspect of these things. The Vedas, the Hebraic poems, and the Iliad may be said to have been laid out on the scale of the solar system; as the sun itself was the centre of so many myths of faith subsequently entangled with actual events. Much of our poetry of the present is gauged to the scale of a single day. If the author of *The Light of Asia*¹ does not at once succumb to this charge, it will be largely because his subject comes freshly to readers of English, and because of the curious relation he has given it to the story of Jesus Christ, as well as the nobility of the human career ascribed to his hero. High merits of art must be acknowledged in Mr. Arnold's arrangement and execution, and such acknowledgment is an easy duty to perform towards a writer so richly endowed with power of expression, with musical instinct, and with fullness of special knowledge as this

hitherto but little known author appears to be. More than all these, too, Mr. Arnold is possessed of a strong and persuasive enthusiasm, which easily carries conviction of his right to a hearing and commands one's allegiance. But that omnipresent, accusing hastiness which to-day confronts the critic upon every hand is here, also, and compels us to regret that the man who was capable of composing so noble a book within a single year, while editing the London Daily Telegraph, should not have matured his work before giving it to the world.

The position of Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, is by no means so well defined as the majority of Mr. Arnold's readers would be led, from his presentation of this great figure, to suppose. What his precise doctrines were it has not been an easy matter for the erudite to determine. The scheme which Mr. Arnold sets forth will, we dare say, meet with much acceptance as a satisfactory statement of Gautama's philosophy, because it appeals to the highest instincts and ideas of fitness; but we cannot attempt to pronounce on its critical value, because this is a matter of which few among Mr. Arnold's reviewers can be as competent to judge as himself.

The lines in which he sets forth the nature of Nirvana not only have a keen

¹ *The Light of Asia; or, The Great Renunciation.* Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of India, as told in

verse by an Indian Buddhist. By EDWIN ARNOLD, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

intellectual edge, but are also occasionally beautiful.

"Only when life dies like a white flame spent,
Death dies along with it.

Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly.

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage*; purged and pure
Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen
To love all living things in perfect peace."

And of the man who has reached Nirvana it is said:—

"Him the Gods envy from their lower seats;
Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not
shake;
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;
Karma¹ will no more make

"New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;
Foregoing self, the Universe grows 'I.'
If any teach Nirvana is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.

"If any teach Nirvana is to live,
Say unto such they err; not knowing this,
Nor what light shines beyond their broken
lamps,
Nor lifeless, timeless bliss."

Here is certainly a wonderful apprehension of the mystic state which is neither life nor death. The attaining to it depends, as the teacher shows, wholly on human nature and its own voluntary choice of the good. Man's deliverance is in himself.

But exegesis is not poetry, and, whatever may be said of the culminating sermon from which these excerpts are made, the chief pleasure to be had from *The Light of Asia* and its worth as a deep and touching poetic utterance are included in the superb narration of Gautama's career, his gradual advance to a world-embracing wisdom and holiness. This is carried out with great mastery of detail. In description, the poem has a lustrous and finished texture; it abounds in color and picturing force; and there is a rich, slumbering under-current of sensuousness in it, which carries the reader along through many obstructions

of local and special allusion. But Mr. Arnold has something better than these qualities, and something even better than art, when it is united with art: he has feeling, he embraces the race in a noble and intimate sympathy. By means of this he invests the progress of Siddhartha and the lot of his wife Yasôdhara with a solemn tenderness, and excites in us a responsive sense of the mingled pathos and wretchedness and nobility of human existence, together with a moving appreciation of that universal love which Siddhartha inculcates.

Uniting, as it does, so many excellences, it is not strange that the poem has been dwelt upon as to its beauties, and that its short-comings have been suppressed, with an effect of over-praise. It has, in fact, some distinct faults. It lacks the epic variety and swiftness of action which one insensibly demands in a performance of this scope; the style, though vigorous and charming, is sown with Tennysonian and Miltonic suggestions; and the blank verse, which is in general monotonously handled, exhibits many weak places that might easily have been improved by more polishing. In the interspersing of short scraps of Sanskrit verse, Mr. Arnold must be held to have committed a literary folly, which seriously injures the dignity of his book.

A kinship not altogether fanciful may be traced between Mr. Arnold and Bayard Taylor, whose poetical works—leaving out *The Prophet*, *The Masque of the Gods*, *Prince Deukalion*, and the translation of *Faust*—have lately been reissued in a compact and agreeable form.²

"And the Poet knew the Land of the East, —
His soul was native there."

So Taylor wrote of himself long ago, in the *Poems of the Orient*, and in his warm responsiveness to the genius of the East it is that we detect a kinship with Mr. Arnold. Bayard Taylor was

Household Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

¹ Transmigration.

² *The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor.*

also, like Mr. Arnold, a busy journalist. To combine the functions of poet and journalist, however, must always remain an undertaking hazardous to the last degree. In looking over the crowded pages of this collection, one feels that the hazard sometimes went against the writer. His creations were so varied as to demand the sole devotion of a life to them; wanting which, they suffered from the absence of that long, unforced maturing which imparts a nameless quality indispensable to the finest results, although their many beauties and nice workmanship may freely be acknowledged.

In reading the Eastern poems, too, one feels what one does not in Edwin Arnold, that the imagery and sentiments of the scene are borrowed, not spontaneous, and have something conventional about them; always excepting the famous Bedouin Song, every line of which throbs artlessly and passionately with the fervor of a true Arabian dusk. Taylor, nevertheless, is at his best when he resumes the American. His California poems — early flowers from a then untrodden field — retain their freshness; and the Pennsylvania ballads, which first appeared in *The Atlantic*, have hardly been surpassed in this country for realistic power and a homely truth suffused with genuine sentiment. A steady growth in strength and skill may be traced from *The Poet's Journal* up to *Lars*, the Norway pastoral, and the later odes. Taylor's cultivation of poetry under adverse circumstances sometimes ran the risk of becoming consciousness, and the taste which he always had for the academical style induced in these odes a species of dryness. But, taking his work as a whole, one has the satisfaction of discovering under all its merits or defects, and sustaining its numerous charms of feeling, or of thought and workmanship, a robust and candid personality, full of manliness and of a straightforward poetic vigor.

That diurnal scope of current poetry,

which we began with noticing, is much more manifest in some half dozen other volumes, not long dropped from the press, than in the two just examined. Mrs. Dorr, however, has been fortunate in having for one of the subjects embraced in her new book ¹ a native theme full of strength. We are a little surprised, indeed, that she should not have given this ode, written for the Vermont centennial celebration, the first place on her table of contents, thus associating the volume with her native State by its title. The initial piece, *Friar Anselmo*, is a pretty enough little incident of monkish life, pleasantly related, — the sort of thing which would have attracted Leigh Hunt or Adelaide Procter. But we see no very good reason why an American writer of verse, at this date, should concern herself with topics of this kind, unless, indeed, she be minded to put some fresh meaning into them. Mrs. Dorr's ballad and narrative poems are chiefly founded on foreign suggestions; but the poem called *Christus* is a notable exception. It tells how a dead Spanish sailor is found in a New England town, on a night of winter storm, with a parrot nestling in his breast, and repeating the sailor's last-spoken word. This is a spirited and striking ballad, to which we could wish the authoress would give us some companion pieces. For the rest, there are many pretty lyrics within these covers, breathing true and gentle womanly sentiment and sorrow and hope; and in the verses entitled *What Need?* a warm plea for the singers of to-day is gracefully urged: —

"What need, do you ask me? Each day
Hath a song and a prayer of its own,
As each June hath its crown of fresh roses, each
May
Its bright emerald throne!"

In the second strophe of the Vermont ode, there is a curious correspondence

¹ *Friar Anselmo, and other Poems.* By JULIA C. R. DORR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

with the refrain of Taylor's Bedouin Song in the lines, —

"Oh, let the Earth grow old,
And the burning stars grow cold!"

When writers of verse begin to talk about "the Long Ago" (with capitals), we suffer a slight depression, due to a conviction that we are descending to lower levels and a more commonplace atmosphere than should be associated with Parnassus. Mrs. Dorr does it, and so does Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge in her generally pleasing volume of songs, new and old.¹ An interesting and useful chapter might be written on what we shall call "poetic slang;" under which heading "the Long Ago," "birdies," and many like phrases that presume upon the reader's having seen them before, and that have no other point or merit, would be included. But this slang is far from being the chief characteristic of Mrs. Dodge's productions. They are often exquisitely wrought, and so reverently and sweetly do they re-translate the lessons and the poetry of blossom, grass, sunlight, shower, and breeze that *Along the Way* might aptly be described as a collection of flower hymns. The poems are peaceful and simple, as the things of which they tell demand that they should be. There's a Wedding in the Orchard is one of the freshest and most dulcet of these strains: —

"The air is in a mist, I think,
And scarce knows which to be, —
Whether all fragrance, clinging close,
Or bird-song, wild and free."

Shadow-Evidence and Emerson may be mentioned as exemplifying the poetess's rare and delicate ingenuity in seizing vague, subtle moods and elusive fancies. Perhaps the most captivating of anything in this direction is the arch and musical conceit entitled *Secrets*, which is rife with a sentiment resembling that

¹ *Along the Way*. By MARY MAPES DODGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

² *Midsummer Dreams*. By LATHAM C. STRONG, Author of *Castle Windows*, and *Poke o' Moonshine*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

of Uhland and Heine in their cheerful moments, or of Goethe's *Heiden-Röslein*. The contributions to this anthology, as we might call the book, by a stretch of the word, are so short as to present a fragmentary appearance; none the less it is undeniable that the authoress has a distinct, if limited, vein of originality.

Mr. Latham C. Strong also has something to say about the "long ago" (without capitals, this time) and "the days of long ago" and "the far beyond." He has much to say about other things, as well, in his latest publication;² but, unfortunately, we discern in his effusions very little trace of a redeeming force or of unworn fancy. Poetic predisposition he undoubtedly has, and an alluring facility in the stringing of rhymes; but beyond a gleam of observation like this, —

"Under the garden-hedge the spider
Crosses his bridge with his rain-drop lamps," —
and a dash of mild collegiate humor in some lines describing Homer and Euripides as bewildered by the explanatory labors of commentators, there is almost nothing that is his own in this volume; or that, being his own, is worth the having. The *Children of Roxburghshire*, *Our Breton Bride*, *The Banshee*, *The Inquisition*, and similar titles sufficiently disclose the source of his imaginative activity in exhausted materials. He substitutes for original perception and independent choice softly tinted but faded copies of something which has been done before.

All Quiet Along the Potomac is the name very properly bestowed by Ethel Lynn Beers on the collection of her poems,³ including the war lyric which bears that title and was long ago given the high place in popular estimation that it deserves. A lyric catching to perfection the tone of Campbell's *Soldier's Dream*, very aptly taking for its text the

³ *All Quiet Along the Potomac, and other Poems*. By ETHEL LYNN BEERS. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

familiar head-line of newspapers eighteen years ago, it is full of pathos and a keen human interest, which will appeal to readers born since the war almost as strongly as it did to readers at that time. The note so fortunately struck at the right moment, and so warmly responded to by popular appreciation, was followed by the authoress with a few other songs of the war, by no means up to the level of her first effort; and it now appears, from this somewhat tardily gathering in of her poetic offspring, that she has written a large amount of fugitive verse of other kinds. It is questionable whether *All Quiet Along the Potomac* has floating capacity enough to keep the rest of the collection above water. Mrs. Beers has a decided predilection for the homely pathetic, as may be seen in some of the names given to these short pieces: such as *Dinners and Darns*, *The Baggage-Wagon*, *John Gray Junior*, *Don't Wake the Baby*, and *The Old Doorstone*. She is not appalled by the most commonplace material. She tells us how "from the ferry's pulsing door" the summer baggage comes home, and enumerates its contents, concluding thus:—

"But oh, there's baggage coming home
In yonder jostled pile,
Packed outward bound, not long ago,
With jest and happy smile;

"Seeking out now a stricken heart," etc.

The most remarkable example of mingled bathos and sincerity of this sort will be found in a composition called *The Carpet of Life*, wherein heaven is referred to as "an upper room." There is much sentimentality and not a little Moody and Sankey twang in the volume, but now and then—as in *Floating*, which is addressed to a porcelain sailor used as a mantel ornament—we are suddenly refreshed by well-balanced excellence.

¹ *Idylls and Poems*. By ANNA MARIA FAY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

Anna Maria Fay's *Idylls and Poems*¹ take their place at the opposite pole of culture without strength, and of utterance frequently rounded and flowing, but unencumbered with ideas. The *Pilgrim Fair*, with which we begin, is a pale and spiritless allegory. Like most verse-makers of the time who have pretensions to knowledge of what is correct, Miss Fay indulges in a variety of measures, and follows the lead of Austin Dobson, and his co-disciples of old French balladists, with some rondeaus. In a song comprised in a series of these pieces occurs the following stanza, —

"I'd skirt the walls of Paradise;
The angels would look over,
But at the sight of her rare guise,
Their breath they'd scarce recover," —

which, it is useless to conceal, has a strong kinship with rural epitaphs.

Another volunteer in verse says in his preface, "I now commit my little book, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, to the critics and the public." We doubt whether the public concerns itself much about either the hopes or the fears; but the honest critic, unless he be very young, and caparisoned in that ferociousness with which young critics conceal their own tremulous ignorance, experiences a sharp twinge in thinking of the effect his words may have in such a case. Accordingly, he approaches Mr. Johnes's occasional poems² with more than common apprehension, and a vain wish that Mr. Johnes had not prejudiced his case by dedicating these leaves to Mr. Longfellow, and publishing his own letter in which permission was asked for the dedication. This conscientious melancholy is rewarded by the discovery of sundry gleams of talent in the "briefs" here collected. They do not come to light in the serious attempts, the most ambitious of which are *The Masquerade* and *Fountain Abbey*, nor in those reduplicated studies which the author makes of senti-

² *Briefs by a Barrister*. Occasional Verses by EDWARD R. JOHNES. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

ment at evening parties. Where he is serious, he tells us things which neither he nor we can believe: for example, that God gives to every one at birth a star. He talks about Phœbus, and says that on a certain night brownies and fays were dancing about him in the moonlight, and stopped to observe how sadly he gazed, and so on. Such statements are of the kind which Mr. Carlyle tersely denominates the lies of modern poetry. But Mr. Johnes appends some college verses, among which is a Geological Romance, that is clever and witty; and in this and one or two album stanzas we detect a latent capacity for light and bright composition, with an epigrammatic turn, which might have yielded a very readable book, had the author understood his talent better.

If this necessity for understanding one's own talent were more generally appreciated, we should never be called upon to mention so dismally worthless a publication as a little book by one Mrs. Prindle,¹ which contains outpourings of this sort:—

"Don't forget me, O my Saviour:
Call me early from my clay."

It need not be even mentioned here, except as a wholesome reminder of the

dreadful depths into which the graduated scale of human expression in verse can descend. Southey, in prefacing the collected edition of his poetical works, speaks of having, during the revision, passed in review "the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which by the usages of this world is permitted to us in poetry, and in poetry alone." One is tempted to say that it is a very injurious usage, — as injurious as it is illogical. To express sentiment and emotion with much fervor in social intercourse is held to make a person ridiculous; but no matter how vapid or inherently absurd the substance of miscellaneous versification, it is admitted to be quite right that it should take on the permanence of print.

From the Himalayan heights of Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* to the modest dingles or modern drawing-rooms occupied by the other writers whom we have noticed (excepting Bayard Taylor) is a huge distance; and there could hardly be a better discipline for each one of these writers than to go over the ground with a careful measure, reading the productions of the rest, and drawing conclusions as sincere and impartial as the critic must.

A TELEPHONIC CONVERSATION.

I CONSIDER that a conversation by telephone — when you are simply sitting by and not taking any part in that conversation — is one of the solemnest curiosities of this modern life. Yesterday I was writing a deep article on a sublime philosophical subject while such a conversation was going on in the room. I notice that one can always write best

when somebody is talking through a telephone close by. Well, the thing began in this way. A member of our household came in and asked me to have our house put into communication with Mr. Bagley's, down town. I have observed, in many cities, that the sex always shrink from calling up the central office themselves. I don't know why, but they do. So I touched the bell, and this talk ensued:—

Central Office. [Gruffly.] Hello!

¹ *Alpine Flowers, and other Poems.* By AUGUSTA CLEVELAND PRINDLE. Springfield, Mass.: The Clark W. Bryan Company. 1879.

I. Is it the Central Office?

C. O. Of course it is. What do you want?

I. Will you switch me on to the Bagleys, please?

C. O. All right. Just keep your ear to the telephone.

Then I heard, *k-look, k-look, k'look — klook-klook-klook-look-look!* then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and finally a piping female voice: *Y-es?* [Rising inflection.] Did you wish to speak to me?"

Without answering, I handed the telephone to the applicant, and sat down. Then followed that queerest of all the queer things in this world, — a conversation with only one end to it. You hear questions asked; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamations of glad surprise, or sorrow, or dismay. You can't make head or tail of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following remarkable series of observations, all from the one tongue, and all shouted, — for you can't ever persuade the sex to speak gently into a telephone: —

Yes? Why, how did *that* happen?

Pause.

What did you say?

Pause.

Oh, no, I don't think it was.

Pause.

No! Oh, no, I did n't mean *that*. I meant, put it in while it is still boiling, — or just before it *comes* to a boil.

Pause.

WHAT?

Pause.

I turned it over with a back stitch on the selvage edge.

Pause.

Yes, I like that way, too; but I think it's better to baste it on with Valen-

ciennes or bombazine, or something of that sort. It gives it such an air, — and attracts so much notice.

Pause.

It's forty-ninth Deuteronomy, sixty-fourth to ninety-seventh inclusive. I think we ought all to read it often.

Pause.

Perhaps so; I generally use a hair-pin.

Pause.

What did you say? [*Aside*] Children, do be quiet!

Pause.

Oh! B flat! Dear me, I thought you said it was the cat!

Pause.

Since *when*?

Pause.

Why, I never heard of it.

Pause.

You astound me! It seems utterly impossible!

Pause.

Who did?

Pause.

Good-ness gracious!

Pause.

Well, what *is* this world coming to? Was it right in *church*?

Pause.

And was her *mother* there?

Pause.

Why, Mrs. Bagley, I should have died of humiliation! What did they *do*?

Long pause.

I can't be perfectly sure, because I have n't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this: *te-rolly-loll-loll, loll lolly-loll-loll, O tolly-loll-loll-lee-ly-li-i-do!* And then *repeat*, you know.

Pause.

Yes, I think it *is* very sweet, — and very solemn and impressive, if you get the andantino and the pianissimo right.

Pause.

Oh, gum-drops, gum-drops! But I never allow them to eat striped candy. And of course they *can't*, till they get their teeth, any way.

Pause.

What?

Pause.

Oh, not in the least, — go right on. He's here writing, — it does n't bother him.

Pause.

Very well, I'll come if I can. [*Aside.*] Dear me, how it does tire a person's arm to hold this thing up so long! I wish she'd —

Pause.

Oh, no, not at all; I *like* to talk, — but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your affairs.

Pause.

Visitors?

Pause.

No, we never use butter on them.

Pause.

Yes, that is a very good way; but all the cook-books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And *he* does n't like them, any way, — especially canned.

Pause.

Oh, I think that is too high for them; we have never paid over fifty cents a bunch.

Pause.

Must you go? Well, *good-by.*

Pause.

Yes, I think so. *Good-by.*

Pause.

Four o'clock, then — I'll be ready. *Good-by.*

Pause.

Thank you ever so much. *Good-by.*

Pause.

Oh, not at all! — just as fresh — *Which?* Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that. *Good-by.*

[Hangs up the telephone and says, "Oh, it *does* tire a person's arm so!"]

A man delivers a single brutal "Good-by," and that is the end of it. Not so with the gentle sex, — I say it in their praise; they cannot abide abruptness.

Mark Twain.

ELIHU VEDDER'S PICTURES.

THERE is as much difference between painting for painting's sake and the use of brush and colors to express some idea as there is between constructing verses for the perfection of the rhythm and writing poetry in order to convey in the noblest manner some sentiment worth the utterance. It is from the marked absence of any expression of ideas in most modern works of art that our picture exhibitions are such barren and desolate wastes of colored canvases. With all the monotony of subject found in a collection of old masters, with the endless succession of holy families and saints and martyrs, there is enough earnestness of purpose and sincerity of expression to give to these worn-out stories a kind of

human interest which rarely flags, even though the eye be wearied by the repetition of compositions on the same theme. In the present stage of art there is a reaction against the idealism of the past, and the demand is for execution; for a degree of technical skill which few of the old masters attained, and which for the last two centuries has never been equaled. The natural result of this reaction is a poverty of ideas in painting; not that there are fewer subjects at the command of the artist than in the days when the Bible was his sole inspiration, but because he is preoccupied with the use of his material, and finds that after he has gained satisfactory skill both the demands of the public and his own ac-

quired taste prevent him from painting what is really in his heart. The academic training of the present day contrasted with that of the studio system of two or three centuries ago shows how the conditions of apprenticeship have changed. There are arguments enough in favor of either scheme, but the result proves that our modern rigid system of art education, comprehensive and intelligent as it is, has accomplished nothing more notable than the suffocation of individual impulse.

Mr. Elihu Vedder, whose pictures have been recently exhibited in Boston, has had an artistic career, distinguished less by his popular success than by his vigorous and consistent protest against the modern limitations of the profession. The collection embraced a large part of the work produced by the artist during the past decade, and readily divided itself into two parts: the one decidedly realistic, the other dependent for its interest on the subject illustrated more than on the execution. Without bearing evidence of a deliberate scheme of argument, the collection showed at a glance the condition of mind which made the variety of execution and the difference of motives not only a possibility but a necessity to the artist. Mr. Vedder as he is seen in his pictures has a strong literary taste; he is overwhelmed by the profusion of subjects. The rush of his ideas can find but inadequate expression in the limited number of pictures which he, with all his diligence, can produce. From the beginning he has been moved by two faiths: the one, and the stronger, a conscious belief that the purpose of art is to express something that will add to the high enjoyment of mankind; and the other an intelligent appreciation of the value of a skillful means of expression, which will make the artistic language not only intelligible, but attractive. With most men one or the other of these beliefs would have been a sufficient impulse to direct the whole course

of their career. Mr. Vedder has been loyal to them both. In his earliest pictures there were peculiar and strong qualities of tone and color, an originality of arrangement and composition, and a skill with the brush that might almost have been called extraordinary. To find such elements of technical skill in the illustration of the ideas which are commonly associated with carelessness, or total ignorance of the methods of execution, was as gratifying as it was rare, and Mr. Vedder went abroad to continue his studies with a unique reputation and a small but devoted circle of appreciators. Italy, with its museums of masterpieces of painting and sculpture, and its moral atmosphere in the highest degree stimulating to the imagination, furnished just the conditions most congenial to the growth and perfection of the branch of art Mr. Vedder had chosen as his own. There, nourished by the traditions of the sympathetic art of the past, he had the impulse to conceive and the courage to produce the pictures which are the expression of his intimate convictions and of the cherished creations of his imagination. Naturally enough, he found that in the fervor of his zeal to put down on canvas the ideas that came to him he often forgot the tricks of the handicraft, and again and again the eloquence of the story was marred by incomplete and unsatisfactory execution. Then, with the humility of a beginner, he sat down before a still-life or a model, and copied it with the patience and persistence of a man who knows what he has to accomplish and is sure of his result. Whatever he did in this way — whatever, indeed, he achieved in matter-of-fact, simple execution — was more or less a relief to him, satisfying him that he was able to keep up a reasonable skill with the brush, and bringing him nearer all the time to the accomplishment of his purpose, namely, to the combination of the two great elements of his art, which were each a power in them-

selves. In the presence of his pictures this experience is related by the unmis-takable testimony of the canvases. Here is a still-life, composed of a few objects of bricabrac, a vase or two, backed by rich draperies thrown carelessly down, making a composition full of contrasting colors, textures, and forms. Every detail is studied with conscientious care, and the textures are imitated with almost the skill of a Gerard Dow. With the eye full of the elaborate finish and mechanical completeness of the still-life canvas, turn to a small, square panel with two figures in white floating through murky space. The wide eyes and vacant expression of one and the searching gaze of the other are haunting in their intensity. The vision of the earth-ball below and the sombre sky stretching away into horizonless distance is a fitting background to the weird figures. The story is too well told to need a quotation to show that these are the "hurrying shapes" from Mr. Aldrich's poem of Identity. It is but a rapid and incomplete sketch; no more suggestive of mechanical skill than some of Blake's hurried notes, which, indeed, in general idea, the picture strongly suggests. Beside the elaborate and painstaking completeness of the still-life, this little panel is, from one point of view, a childish performance. It is the nobility of the conception that puts out of sight the feeble execution, and makes the spectator forget that only paint and canvas are before him. The two examples just quoted are, to be sure, the furthest extremes in the collection, but similar contrasts were everywhere noticeable. With the instincts of a painter quite as strong as the impulses of an artist, Mr. Vedder shows in these safety-valves of realistic work a scheme of color quite his own, and remarkable more for the exquisite harmony of the parts than for the particular and prosaic truth of the whole.

The Young Marsyas and the Cumæan Sibyl, the two most important works

in the exhibition, are undoubtedly well known to the public through the numerous descriptions of them which were published at the time of Mr. Vedder's controversy with *L'Art*, the French illustrated journal of art, and scarcely need more than a brief review. They gave the artist the broadest field for the exercise of his skill, and may be considered as in some respects the climax of his endeavors and the highest result of his studies and long practice. The young Marsyas is seated in a wintry landscape, playing on a pipe. Around him wild rabbits are gathered to listen to the enticing music of their sylvan prince. In every attitude of attention the little creatures pause in their nervous motions, and are spell-bound by the notes of the pipe. There are few similar landscapes more impressive in their aspect than the one which forms the background of this little group. It is painted with no attempt at finish further than is necessary to give the character of the scene. The figure of Marsyas, with his nude torso and goat legs, is drawn with knowledge and modeled with a firm touch, though it be a trifle lacking in mobility. But the triumph of painting in this picture is seen in the rabbits, where the character and variety of individual position is given with unusual power and a skill that painters of animals might well be proud of. The Cumæan Sibyl is seen hurrying away, after she has burned one of the books of fate, to offer the remaining ones to Tarquin. The landscape is rigid and weird, the figure of the old woman full of action and swing, and the general tone of a mellow richness like the landscapes of the old masters. It is somewhat stringy in execution, a fault that — to be precise even at the risk of being trivial in criticism — is due to the prominent texture of the twilled canvas, which gives the picture somewhat the appearance of a tapestry. The story is told with a force and vigor that cannot be too highly commended.

A subject quite in harmony with the spirit of life in Italy is *In Memoriam*, a single draped figure standing in the midst of dry and withered trifles, a skull on a pedestal and shriveled stalks of flowers forming a dreary but suggestive group of accessories to the figure, and adding by contrast to its grace and classical dignity. The Sphinx of the Seashore carries still further the grim notions of which *In Memoriam* is but a mild utterance. The cruel woman-tiger crouching on a flat rock in the midst of whirling waters, watches for new victims, the very spirit of destruction. Skulls and other relics of the dead surround her, and the landscape, with its foreboding aspect, seems only fit for the habitation of such creatures as she. Whether it be a picture which the average connoisseur would care to hang in his collection, or whether, indeed, there be sufficient excuse for its production, is scarcely worth while to discuss. It is a good example of one of the vagaries of imaginative painting, to which it seems as if a certain element of the awful and the weird was as necessary as salt is to food.

Whenever Mr. Vedder has attempted religious subjects he has invested them with the full strength of his appreciation of the wonderful beauties which a study of the theme has opened to him. The *Star of Bethlehem* he has treated in such an original way that the spectator almost feels as if he sees it illustrated for the first time. The landscape, broad and simple in the foreground, stretches away to a distant valley, where a dark strip, upon which descends a single ray from a luminous spot in the heavens, shows the situation of the Saviour's birthplace. The three wise men, almost lost in the immensity of the landscape, march steadily toward the guiding ray of light. In the heavens a great bank of cumulous clouds, reaching from the distant horizon, sweeps up and encircles the brilliant luminary. The cloud-forms, lighted by the star, take

the shapes of adoring angels. The idea is worthy a poem, and Mr. Vedder has failed in his illustration of it only in the rigidity of the execution. The sky is dense, the clouds hard and heavy, and the forms too vigorous and pronounced. There is no mystery in the angelic rank; the light defines them as if they were of marble, motionless and solid. But the landscape, illumined by the reflected light of the heavenly glory, is full of impressive mystery and in thorough sympathy with the spirit of the scene. One of the most famous of the artist's religious pictures is a small and exceedingly classical sketch of part of the crowd on the hill-side at the crucifixion. It is full of intimations of the awful grandeur of the tragedy, and the violence of the conflicting emotions that possessed the spectators. Still another is a sketch of the group at the foot of the cross, suggestive of a noble composition.

Some of the single heads in the collection have a rare charm of expression, which, like the *Identity*, overbalanced all questions of drawing or painting. The *Young Medusa*, unfinished and almost meagre in color, is very fascinating in the peculiar intensity of expression; and in the same way the head of an Italian girl, not altogether well drawn, but excellent in tone, is sure to make the spectator pause and reflect on the wonderful charm of the face. In simple flesh painting Mr. Vedder has had either too little practice, or he is too much preoccupied with the inviting beauties of the accessories to do justice to the charm of the color and the texture of the skin. His study of a girl posing half nude, however attractive in general tone and however perfect in arrangement, is neither pleasing as an imitation of the characteristic quality of flesh modeling, nor does it possess the unique charms of delicate gradations of color found in the human figure. This picture must be put in the same class with the still-life subjects, since it is ap-

parently painted for the same purpose. It shows at least one thing, — that Mr. Vedder has better mastery of the technique than most painters of a literary turn of mind; and doubtless it was to prove this to himself that he made the study. He had done nothing more entirely his own than the Questioner of the Sphinx, a small study, the painting from which is owned by Martin Brimmer, Esq. An Arab in an attitude of reverential expectancy places his ear at the mouth of the Sphinx. Alone in the desert, oppressed by the weight of the mystery of past ages, the native seeks to discover the secrets which the stony lips alone seem able to disclose. The picture is an intense and powerful suggestion of the great and lasting mystery that surrounds Egyptian history. The story told on that small canvas is to each spectator satisfying and complete, in proportion as his imagination brings him into sympathy with the idea of the artist. To one it may be little more than a simple study of the Sphinx and a figure; to another it is a whole poem. This is one of the disappointments which every painter of imaginative and literary subjects must continually meet with. A picture which appeals with great force to one class of minds has no weight and brings no suggestion to another class. The artist often finds that his choicest idea has failed to hit its mark, or meet a response in the public appreciation. Mr. Vedder's own experience is a good example of this. He has had but a small audience even in his native country. Abroad he has had as meagre encouragement as any artist who ever studied seriously. But with a singleness of purpose that is itself the best assurance of ultimate success, he has painted away in his own direction, and, unmindful of critics, has gone on in his own way. The result, it is needless to say, is encouraging enough to make the trials of the past seem but trifles.

There were among the multitude of pictures in the exhibition a number of direct studies from nature, which, considering the fact that Mr. Vedder had never made a show of his devotion to open-air study, were a surprise even to those who knew his work best. Various little street scenes, views in olive groves, some with figures and some without, a peasant lighting his pipe, — all of them were delicate and truthful representations of nature. It was curious to notice how in several instances he could not help telling his story even in the matter-of-fact imitation of architectural grouping or atmospheric effect. A street in sunlight, deserted by human beings at noonday, as all Italian streets are in summer time, is filled by the pomposity of a strutting goose who waddles up the middle of the pavement, monarch of the thoroughfare. Again, in a bit of landscape he has put so much of the mysterious and the uncanny as to suggest the scene of a murder. A fresh and delightful study from nature is a sea-shore view, with the shallow water turbid with the light sand, and on the distant sea horizon a strip of intense blue water. The large landscape of Central Italy is a severely conscientious study, but too full of the influence of the old masters to be pleasing.

Occasionally taken with a decorative fever, Mr. Vedder indulges in a sketch, like the one illustrating a verse from Omar Khayyam, for example, in which a group of carousing figures in rich costumes makes a bouquet of rich color. A painting of a mediæval net-weaver, not shown at the beginning of the exhibition, is a graceful and highly decorative figure. Something of the richness of his invention is seen in two bronze cups, very original and elaborate in design and quaint in character. The sketches from which the artist intends to paint pictures in the future are full of rich promise.

A NEW OBSERVER.

It is hardly necessary to recall to the reader familiar with these pages that series of clear, penetrating studies of American life,¹ at once so dispassionate and so sympathetic, which began with the impressive paper giving its title to the articles in their collected form. Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life; The Nationals, their Origin and their Aim; Three Typical Workingmen; Workingmen's Wives; The Career of a Capitalist; Study of a New England Factory Town; Preaching; Sincere Demagogy, — no one can have forgotten their unsparing reality, their humane temper, and their fine and rare intellectual quality. Those interested in the growth of a literature which shall embody our national life must have felt that here was a man with the artist's eye for seeing as perhaps no other American had seen our conditions; and those who believe that life is above literature — is not to be treated as mere material from which characters and situations are to be quarried — must have been glad of the self-sacrifice which presented the rich results of the writer's observation uncolored and almost uncommented. Nothing is further from him than the novelist's purpose or the novelist's method of using the facts which he sees with all a novelist's keenness, and more than the keenness of any novelist who has yet looked at the same aspects of our civilization. Sometimes, almost against his will, as it seems, the matter takes a picturesque shape, as in certain descriptions of the New England Factory Town; but his sympathetic earnestness is felt through the things that make us smile, and we know that he wishes us to think rather than smile. Some of these pas-

sages are worthy the great masters who have set down simply the things they have seen; that account of the "first-class" entertainment, where the girl in spangled tights sang her comic song to an audience unalloyed by factory people, and that sketch of an evening in the musical beer-hall at Fall River, are worthy of Thackeray's "Spec." In all the papers the characters are studied to such strong and serious purpose that they need but a touch of drama to make them move in artistic sequence and effect.

It is best, however, to have them as they are. We would be apt to lose sense of their need of help in a fiction, or of our own relation to them; and this we are not likely to do here, except as we imagine their case already become historical. Events move so rapidly with us, and superficially conditions change so suddenly, that with the present return of prosperity we shall be in danger of regarding the tendencies and characteristics of American life which this writer deploras as merely traits of the long period of adversity which is passing away. But what this essayist strives to do throughout is to persuade his reader that the relief which may come from better times is temporary and delusive; that hard times will return in their course, and then all the dangerous tendencies of two years ago will beset us again. He does not feel himself to be dealing with casual errors, but faults of character and mind not radical but well-nigh inveterate, and his remedy for them is simpler and honester life, resulting from the diffusion of real intelligence concerning its problems, from habits of frugality in spending and closeness in thinking, from home-training in unselfishness and benevolence, from a better understanding between the different stations and condi-

¹ *Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life, and other Papers.* Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

tions of society. We state in generals what he states in particulars; for he does not shrink from that hard part of his task which consists in specifying the means that people should take to help themselves. He differs from many other philosophers, who have taught us of late, in prescribing work, and a great deal of it, for all classes as the prime agent in the purification of public and private morals. He has very little to say about the amusement of the people, and much about their edification,—about giving them good reading and good preaching; no doubt he thinks they may be trusted to take all the play they need. He does nothing new, perhaps, in prescribing this regimen for the poor, but he is refreshing in suggesting it for the rich also: he would not have stupid and idle rich people any more than ignorant paupers, and would doubtless think the one class as mischievous as the other.

More than once during the magazine publication of these essays we found the charge of pessimism brought against their author. The phrase probably recommended itself to his critics by its cheapness; certainly nothing could be more inexact, unless pessimism consists in the recognition of needlessly deplorable conditions, and the expression of a belief that the sufferers have the cure in their own hands. If it is pessimism to show the rich what excellent types of character exist among workingmen and

their wives, and to teach the poor how a capitalist may be necessarily their friend, by all means let us have nothing but pessimism hereafter. We shall come to a better conception of each other, and learn to bear and forbear through that desperate doctrine. The essays really most discouraging are those on *The Nationals* and *Sincere Demagoguery*, from which it appears that those who do most of our voting are not ready to do our thinking to advantage. Yet they are not so much corrupted as stupefied by the leaders who repeat to their credulity the thrice-exploded delusions of the past concerning the inherent virtue and wisdom of the people, the injustice of society to the poor, and the tyranny of capital; who preach their rights and say nothing of their duties. These studies are discouraging, because they show us how low the capacity of the masses—the public-schooled masses—still is for right thinking. The writer does not deny their capacity, and perhaps even his distrust of their intelligence may seem refuted just now, when returning prosperity has put us all in good humor with one another, and every one has apparently come to a clearer perception of things. But very possibly he might insist that this was a transitory and illusory appearance; and that the supine acquiescence of those who confide in it was material for a still more discouraging paper than any he had yet written.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THIS note comes to me from the home of culture:—

DEAR MR —: Your writings interest me very much; but I cannot help wishing you would not place adverbs between the particle and verb in the In-

finite. For example: "to *even* realize," "to *mysteriously* disappear" "to *wholly* do away." You should say, *even* to realize; to disappear mysteriously, etc. "rose up" is another mistake—tautology, you know. Yours truly

A BOSTON GIRL.

I print the note just as it was written, for one or two reasons: (1.) It flatters a superstition of mine that a person may learn to excel in only such details of an art as take a particularly strong hold upon his native predilections or instincts. (2.) It flatters another superstition of mine that whilst all the details of that art may be of equal importance *he* cannot be made to feel that it is so. Possibly he may be made to *see* it, through argument and illustration; but that will be of small value to him except he *feel* it, also. Culture would be able to make him feel it by and by, no doubt, but never very sharply, I think. Now I have certain instincts, and I wholly lack certain others. (Is that "wholly" in the right place?) For instance, I am dead to adverbs; they cannot excite me. To misplace an adverb is a thing which I am able to do with frozen indifference; it can never give me a pang. But when my young lady puts no point after "Mr.;" when she begins "adverb," "verb," and "particle" with the small letter, and aggrandizes "Infinitive" with a capital; and when she puts no comma after "to mysteriously disappear," etc., I am troubled; and when she begins a sentence with a small letter I even *suffer*. Or I suffer, *even*, — I do not know which it is; but she will, because the adverb is in her line, whereas only those minor matters are in mine. Mark these prophetic words: though this young lady's grammar be as the drifted snow for purity, she will never, never, never learn to punctuate while she lives; this is her demon, the adverb is mine. I thank her, honestly and kindly, for her lesson, but I know thoroughly well that I shall never be able to get it into my head. Mind, I do not say I shall not be able to make it *stay* there; I say and mean that I am not capable of *getting it into* my head. There are subtleties which I cannot master at all, — they confuse me, they mean absolutely nothing to me, — and this adverb plague is one of them.

We all have our limitations in the matter of grammar, I suppose. I have never seen a book which had no grammatical defects in it. This leads me to believe that all people have my infirmity, and are afflicted with an inborn inability to feel or mind certain sorts of grammatical particularities. There are people who were not born to spell; these can never be taught to spell correctly. The enviable ones among them are those who do not take the trouble to care whether they spell well or not, — though in truth these latter are absurdly scarce. I have been a correct speller, always; but it is a low accomplishment, and not a thing to be vain of. Why should one take pride in spelling a word rightly when he knows he is spelling it wrongly? *Though* is the right way to spell "though," but it is not *the* right way to spell it. Do I make myself understood?

Some people were not born to punctuate; these cannot learn the art. They can learn only a rude fashion of it; they cannot attain to its niceties, for these must be *felt*; they cannot be reasoned out. Cast-iron rules will not answer, here, any way; what is one man's comma is another man's colon. One man can't punctuate another man's manuscript any more than one person can make the gestures for another person's speech.

What is known as "dialect" writing looks simple and easy, but it is not. It is exceedingly difficult; it has rarely been done well. A man not born to write dialect cannot learn how to write it correctly. It is a gift. Mr. Harte can write a delightful story; he can *reproduce* Californian scenery so that you see it before you, and hear the sounds and smell the fragrances and feel the influences that go with it and belong to it; he can describe the miner and the gambler perfectly, — as to gait and look and garb; but no human being, living or dead, ever had experience of the dialect which he puts into his people's

months. Mr. Harte's originality is not questioned; but if it ever shall be, the cavalier will have to keep his hands off that dialect, for that is original. Mind, I am not objecting to its use; I am not saying its inaccuracy is a fatal blemish. No, it is Mr. Harte's adverb; let him do as he pleases with it; he can no more mend it than I can mine; neither will any but Boston Girls ever be likely to find us out.

Yes, there are things which we cannot learn, and there is no use in fretting about it. I cannot learn adverbs; and what is more I won't. If I try to seat a person at my right hand, I have no trouble, provided I am facing north at the time; but if I am facing south, I get him on my left, sure. As this thing was born in me, and cannot be educated out of me, I do not worry over it or care about it. A gentleman picked me up, last week, and brought me home in his buggy; he drove past the door, and as he approached the circular turn I saw he meant to go around to the left; I was on his left,—that is, I *think* I was, but I have got it all mixed up again in my head; at any rate, I halted him, and asked him to go round the circle the other way. He backed his horse a length or two, put his helm down and "slew" him to the right, then "came ahead on him," and made the trip. As I got out at the door, he looked puzzled, and asked why I had particularly wanted to pass to the right around the circle. I said, "Because that would bring me next the door coming back, and I would n't have to crowd past your knees." He came near laughing his store teeth out, and said it was all the same whether we drove to the right or to the left in going around the circle; either would bring me back to the house on the side the door was on, since I was on the opposite side when I first approached the circle. I regarded this as false. He was willing to illustrate: so he drove me down to the gate and into the street,

turned and drove back past the house, moved leftward around the circle, and brought me back to the door; and as sure as I am sitting here I *was* on the side next the door. I did not believe he could do it again, but he did. He did it eleven times hand running. Was I convinced? No. I was not *capable* of being convinced — *all through*. My sight and intellect (to call it by that name) were convinced, but not my *feeling*. It is simply another case of adverb. It is a piece of dead-corpsy knowledge, which is of no use to me, because I merely *know* it, but do not *understand* it.

The fact is, as the poet has said, we are all fools. The difference is simply in the degree. The mercury in some of the fool-thermometers stands at ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, and so on; in some it gets up to seventy-five; in some it soars to ninety-nine. I never examine mine, — take no interest in it.

Now as to "rose up." That strikes me as quite a good form; I will use it some more, — that is, when I speak of a person, and wish to signify the full upright position. If I mean less, I will qualify, by saying he rose partly up. It is a form that will answer for the moon sometimes, too. I think it is Bingen on the Rhine who says —

"The pale moon rose up slowly, and calmly she
looked down,
On the red sands," etc.

But tautology cannot scare me, any way. Conversation would be intolerably stiff and formal without it; and a mild form of it can limber up even printed matter without doing it serious damage. Some folks are so afraid of a little repetition that they make their meaning vague, when they could just as well make it clear, if only their ogre were out of the way.

Talking of Unlearnable Things, would it be genteel, would it be polite, to ask members of this Club to confess what freightage of this sort they carry? Some

of the revelations would be curious and instructive, I think. I am acquainted with one member of it who has never been able to learn nine times eight; he always says, "Nine times seven are sixty-three,"—then counts the rest on his fingers. He is at home in the balance of the multiplication-table. I am acquainted with another member, who, although he has known for many years that when Monday is the first of the month the following Monday will be the eighth, has never been able to *feel* the fact; so he cannot trust it, but always counts on his fingers, to make sure. I have known people who could spell all words correctly but one. They never could get the upper hand of that one; yet as a rule it was some simple, common affair, such as a cat could spell, if a cat could spell at all. I have a friend who has kept his razors in the top drawer and his strop in the bottom drawer for years; when he wants his razors, he always pulls out the bottom drawer—and swears. Change? Could one imagine he never thought of that? He did change; he has changed a dozen times. It didn't do any good; his afflicted mind was able to keep up with the changes and make the proper mistake every time. I knew a man—

—What are we going to do about finding healthy, natural, improving, but interesting books for young people? They are so few that if any of the Club can recommend one it will be a blessing. In search of a volume proper for a gift to a young girl, I took up a certain publication the other day, and when I had read it through laid it down with a sigh of despair: first, for the dishonest reviewers who had recommended it; next, for the deluded "party" who wrote it.

It was in the mode of autobiography, and the heroine, beside being the most insufferable prig possible to manufacture, calmly records all her own Christian graces, her vast superiority to the

rest of women, her exquisite beauty and lovely manners, with a coolness that is refreshing to the critical mind, but calculated to afford the worst example for other girls to follow. Precocity, piety, and propriety are the natural breath of this fair being's existence; she falls in love, is disappointed, and chronicles it all with a minute vivisection impossible to a modest girl, or a well-bred one. She is inveigled into society, and goes through its ordeal preaching perpetually; she is beguiled to the opera, and instead of turning her back on the stage when she does n't like it, and behaving like a lady, she rushes out into the city street, beholds—of course—her beloved passing at the right moment, chases him a long way (Qu.: Where were the Philadelphia police?), and at last reaches him and gets home safely. She survives housework, sick-nursing, poverty, the moral care of a whole village, several spasms of mental agony, and arrives at the age of thirty more beautiful than ever (oh, how does she do it?), to have her sister die opportunely and leave the man of the maiden's heart free to marry again. This man—as ineffable a prig, by the way, as his "soul-mate"—comes to the rescue, offers himself at breakfast, marries her the next day, and, having bought her any amount of lovely clothes, carries her off to Europe. Now this book is readable: the author has a nice taste in millinery, cooking, and trinkets, as well as a keen eye for natural beauty and a complicated love story always has charms for youth. It is possible, too—indeed probable—that this author has never seen gentlemen and gentlewomen, and naturally cannot depict them; but was it therefore needful to apotheosize furious self-conceit and rampant Pharisaism? Cannot a girl be religious and lovely without telling it all abroad, and snipping and sniffing at her neighbors continuously? It is really quite as bad as if it were wicked, and calculated to do more harm. Who is

there that will "fall to," as the fathers used to say, and write us some good, simple, agreeable books for girls or boys, — books in which religion is lived, not talked about, and heroines are not prigs or angels, but real mortal girls?

— Last autumn I visited France, partly with the intention of seeing the country, and partly with a desire to look up certain rather near relatives who resided in Brittany and had corresponded, for a long time past, with my own family. I found my French kindred all very attractive and hospitable; among them was a gentleman of advanced years who had acquired a fair position in the world of letters. He was a tremendously provincial old gentleman, but on occasions when we discussed together the manners and customs of my native country M. Pierre M—— had it in his power keenly to amuse me by many of his earnest and well-meant questions. A month or two after my return to New York, I received a manuscript tale of American life from M. M——'s pen, which he courteously requested me to translate and publish on these shores. My kinsman declared that he had drawn the local coloring of his story half from books and half from general hearsay regarding the society of which it treated. He seemed immensely sure of its exact fidelity to existing facts. The following fragmentary translation, made by myself, will serve as an example of the work:—

"Some years ago, a young American gentleman, who was by profession a carpenter, stood in the most fashionable and elegant portion of Canal Street, New York, with an expression of profound disappointment on his manly, handsome face. The name of this gentleman was George Jones. His dress was what in Europe would have been called somewhat shabby, but it was necessary that he should appear during the day-time in clothes whose texture would resist the wear and tear of his arduous manual occupation. He was not rich,

and of course this fact stood against him; but the liberal social laws of his country nevertheless permitted him to occupy a good position among people far his superiors in worldly wealth, since he was known to be sober, honest, and of pains-taking industry.

"To-day, as we have said, he was not at work, and indeed he seemed in no mood for anything save gloomy meditations. The most luxurious and spacious private hotels of which Canal Street can boast surrounded him on every side. Sumptuous carriages were constantly passing, and occasionally the occupants of these would bow to him with friendly recognition, while the young carpenter lifted his cap in polite acknowledgment.

"At length he slowly ascended the high flight of stone stairs which led to the main entrance of one very imposing hotel. He then rang the bell, and his summons was soon answered by a large negress in a picturesque turban of red and yellow silk, with massive gold earrings. Instead of requesting to see the master or mistress of the house, he boldly asked for a young unmarried lady, whom he mentioned as 'Miss Louisiana.' The servant at once replied that Miss Louisiana was at home, and led the visitor through a spacious hall, where a marble fountain was playing, whose base was curiously adorned with bas-relief sculptures taken from scenes in the history of California and other American provinces. From this hall Jones was conducted into a broad saloon, furnished in many gaudy colors, and hung with paintings whose subjects, all more ambitious than their execution, were extremely patriotic in character. One picture dealt with the famous assassination of President Jeremiah Lincoln in the *loge* of a theatre at Maryland, Delaware. Another showed the defeat of Lord Cornwallis at the Battle of Bunker Hill, while a third exhibited General Washington, surrounded by his favorite marshals, crossing

the ice-blocked Mississippi in the midst of January.

"Jones did not wait long in this finely embellished apartment. A young lady presently entered, and extended toward him both hands in delighted welcome, while her visitor stole a kiss from her smiling, upraised lips. The lady was Miss Louisiana Smith. She did not look more than eighteen years old, and was dressed with great richness. You saw at once that her well-cut garments were of foreign importation. In person she was slender and graceful, and though her figure lacked the rounded symmetry of our own countrywomen, her face was fresh and blooming to a delicious degree.

"*'My dear Louisiana,'* said George Jones, when the lovers had seated themselves, *'I have called to tell you that I can no longer endure this suspense. You know, my dearest, the custom of our country. When, after a sufficient number of private visits upon a young girl, an admirer has offered her his hand in marriage, and she has decided that he is the man of her choice, it is her duty to acquaint her parents with this fact, and to ask that they will sanction her betrothal. As you possess but a single parent, tell me, my love, whether you have yet informed your father that we desire to marry.'*

"*'I have spoken to my father,'* replied Louisiana, in fond yet melancholy tones, *'and he answered me rather sternly, George, that he desired to see you when you next called here.'*

"*'Your father is at home now?'*

"*'Yes. He will appear presently. I tremble for the result of the interview. I greatly fear that he will oppose our marriage.'*

"Shortly afterward Mr. Jonathan S. Smith entered the room. He was a gentleman not much over forty years old; for it is well known that in America marriages are made at a very early age by both sexes. He was dressed with pros-

perous nicety, but his face bore signs of past exposure to wind and weather, and his coarse hands indicated that they had seen active work. Mr. Smith's early youth had been passed as a daily laborer, but by diligence and perseverance he had amassed a small sum which he had afterwards invested in railroad stocks, ultimately reaping a golden harvest from this lucky step. He now controlled a railroad which extended from the neighboring State of Maine to a portion of Southern America known as Chili. In Chili, where the climate is delightfully genial, Mr. Smith owned a fine estate, to which, during the winter season, he often made brief trips. In common with many Northerners, he was fond of visiting these salubrious latitudes.

"Mr. Smith now greeted Jones with a demeanor of marked coldness. A few moments after he had seated himself, however, the gaudy-turbaned negress whom we have before seen appeared with refreshments, consisting of dried maize and a liquor called De Bourbon Whiskie, of which himself, his daughter, and his guest partook with an equal relish.

"After this invariable custom of hospitality was completed, Mr. Smith addressed Louisiana's suitor in tones of solemn decision.

"*'My daughter has told me,'* he said, *'that you have made her a proposition of marriage. But I cannot consent to any such arrangement. I have recently received a proposal for Louisiana's hand from Mr. Powhatan L. Brown.'*

"*'Powhatan Brown!'* exclaimed Jones. *'Why, he's over fifty years old!'*

"Mr. Smith slightly frowned. *'He is more suited as a match for my daughter,'* was the immediate reply, *'than any one else in New York. He owns the Massachusetts and Sacramento railroad, besides being descended from one of our oldest Indian families. The marriage contract is to be signed to-morrow*

I am sorry to inform you of this fact, sir, but it is my painful duty.'

"Jones rose to his feet, with an indignant flush on his honest face. 'And yet this is called a country,' he bitterly exclaimed, 'where a perfect equality of classes is said to exist!'

"He soon afterward took an agitated departure from the house, leaving Louisiana in hysterical tears. But he felt certain that their last meeting had not yet arrived; nor was he mistaken. He received a note that same evening from Miss Smith, in which she avowed her desire to meet him, between the hours of ten and eleven, on a beautiful esplanade jutting into the waters of the Hudson River, and known as the Battery. This intention on Louisiana's part by no means shocked Jones; for it is the custom of the most elegant and refined American ladies to walk the streets of their native cities at all hours of the day and night, wholly unattended, running no danger of insult, on such occasions, from those whom they chance to encounter.

"Jones of course appeared at the place of rendezvous. One of those sudden and well-known changes in the American climate had recently sprung up, and as the lovers met face to face each shivered beneath the breath of an almost arctic wind, which was sweeping across the river straight from the icy regions of Labrador and British America.

"*'I shall never become the wife of Powhatan L. Brown!'* exclaimed Louisiana, in passionate tones, after her lover had greeted her. *'I would far rather appeal, dear George, to the Congress of my country against this unfatherly piece of tyranny! And I shall certainly do so, unless you are willing that I elope with you this very night and become your wife at once!'*"

The story now grows even more wonderful, though perhaps less pungently interesting to any resident of New York

who may read it for its photographic realism in the description of local metropolitan life. The lovers are secretly married that same night, and soon afterward take voyage on a sailing vessel for Cuba, where, after "a delightful trip of two days" (!), they prepare to spend the honeymoon. Here a most remarkable circumstance occurs. At Havana they fall in with an "elderly Indian lady," whose face and demeanor suggest a melancholy past. This lady originally belonged to one of the "semi-civilized Utah tribes," but with the exception of a feather head-dress and a quaint bead necklace she shows no traces of barbaric origin. Becoming greatly attached to Louisiana, she tells Jones's young bride the story of her previous life. The result is a perfect bomb-shell of discovery for both George and Louisiana! Their new friend was wooed and won, years ago, by a gentleman who had visited the remote settlement where she dwelt. After their marriage, the happy pair lived for several years in various portions of the country, and at length her husband wearied of her and shamelessly deserted her. She bore with the injustice, however, and refrained from exposing it among her husband's relatives in New York. Assuming her family name, she had ever since been known as "Mrs. Iroquois" (!), and had lived a restless, wandering life, being possessed of a sufficient inheritance to support herself in moderate comfort. Mrs. Iroquois still loves her faithless spouse, though she has resigned all hope of being reclaimed as his wife. At the end of her mournful narration, this ill-fated lady confides to Louisiana the name of her heartless spouse. He is none other than Powhatan L. Brown!

A letter is immediately forwarded to Mr. Jonathan S. Smith, who extends a gracious pardon to his daughter and his new son-in-law, on learning these facts concerning the man whom he had so tyrannically commanded Louisiana to

marry. The happy couple return to New York, and are received by Mr. Smith with open arms. Brown's unprincipled behavior is exposed, and he is forthwith socially disgraced. This unique tale now ends with the following delicious paragraph:—

"Mr. Smith soon afterward issued cards for a grand *soirée* in honor of his reconciliation with George and Louisiana. The mansion in Canal Street was made the scene of splendid festivity. The rooms were thronged with smiling guests, among whom were the president of the republic and many distinguished deputies from surrounding departments. All the wealthiest shop-keepers and speculators were present, besides the most prominent senators and notaries. George almost wept tears of joy, as he watched his wife move here and there amid the brilliant assemblage, on this eventful and commemorative evening. Louisiana was the centre of a congratulatory group of friends, and George himself was frequently embraced with effusion by many of his fellow-craftsmen, to whom Mr. Smith had graciously extended invitations. The company was of a sort which America alone could have gathered together. Here the banker was found in conference with the wine-seller, the tailor in close companionship with the bishop or *curé*. And as for George and Louisiana, it would be difficult to say whether the future of bride or bridegroom was more envied by those who had met to wish them joy on their altered fortunes."

—What a curious likeness there is between people and the numeral Arabic figures. I know some one whom 7 represents to my mind far better than his photograph, and a woman who recalls 2 to my consciousness; 3 is a child with an unchild-like character, well known to me also; and 4 a good deacon, once my neighbor. I have n't an idea why this is thus, but I should like any one else's ideas on the subject, much.

—As an experienced Yankee, to the manner born, I can throw light on the use of "likely" as a term of praise in the rustic dialect of New England forty or fifty years ago. It came home vividly to my small-boyhood in hearing my own father (who had died young) eulogized among mine honest neighbors as "the *likeliest* — that ever was raised." I took their meaning perfectly at once, from the proper sense of the word, that is *probable* (future); whence, *promising*. That the latter was their intent, in this absolute use of the word, is evident from the fact that they applied it almost, if not quite, always to beings with a future implied. A likely girl, a likely calf, etc., were stereotyped phrases of commendation. A likely woman or cow came in with vague transition, by force of habit and poverty of verbiage; but a likely old woman would have been a solecism or a pleasantry.

—Are "gents" who wear "pants" really sinners above all the Galileans? They are cordially hated, it is plain, by certain writers; but this hatred commonly manifests itself in intellectual spasms, and spasms are so apt to be irrational and unnecessary that they do not prove much. When a word presents itself as a plain abridgment of an unquestioned older form, comes into wide commercial and colloquial use, is not innately vulgar, and does not violate any recognized law of word-making, why need one shudder at its introduction into literature? Language was made for man, not man for language; and philology and spelling reform will strive in vain for the introduction of "reforms" whose usefulness and convenience cannot be made evident to the mass of those who write and read the language for practical purposes; but serviceable and reasonable modifications will be made in the future, as they have been made in the past, without reference to the theories of specialists, or even in opposition to them. Nothing would induce us, for

instance, to restore the silent letters which have been dropped already, and doubtless we shall go on dropping other useless characters. No one now writes *to day* or *to morrow*, and few people write *some thing* or *some body*; instead, we use *to-day*, *to-morrow*, *something*, *somebody*, and that we shall eventually come to use *today* and *tomorrow* is clear from the increasing frequency with which those forms are even now seen in carefully conducted journals. This process of combining and condensing has taken place in many words. Similar in character is the suppression of the period signifying abbreviation. *Per cent* is now common, and such forms as *Mr*, *Dr*, and *Rev* are receiving the sanction of use by writers who cannot be accused of either ignorance or carelessness.

A poet may safely, even creditably, call a gentleman a "gentle." "Gent." is a satisfactory term for genealogical purposes; why may we not go a step further, and omit the period?

—How could the Atlantic "draw it so mild" about Young Mrs. Jardine, and how dare you call it a "truly feminine book?" Do you think any woman of even ordinary sense would not abhor that nauseous and sloppy fellow who is the hero, or despise the female prig he marries?

The book is like a dish of boiled greens, or a suet pudding,—slippery, tasteless, sweetish, and unwholesome. There is not a lady in its pages, nor yet a man, and the sickly sentiment, the weakness, the general idiocy of the whole atmosphere, makes one fairly angry at a criticism that only

"Damus with faint praise."

—I too must try for the epigram, in a converse sort of way:—

Mind your own business, and you quickly find
You've all the business that you well can mind.

—It seems to me that the word *gent*, which is criticised by a contributor to the March Atlantic, has two distinct applications. One is its use by shop-keepers

and others as a convenient abbreviation of gentleman, and the other its characterization of a particular class of men. However much we may regret to see "the fine old name of gentleman" ruthlessly razed, it is the fate of all words that prove too long for the rapid requirements of business. These having long ago abbreviated cabriolet into *cab* and caravan into *van*, it is no wonder that in the increased mercantile value of time and breath the gentleman should dwindle into the *gent*. Doubtless the average shop-keeper does not realize the violence which such a change does to the significance of words and the sensitiveness of the lover of English undefiled. But business is business, and word-clipping may be essential to success in it, in these hurried days.

Mr. Bartlett, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, gives *gent* as an abbreviation of gentleman, but it has been reserved for the Slang Dictionary to define its precise position in the scale of descent. *Gent* is said by this authority to be "a contraction of gentleman in more senses than one,—a dressy, showy, foppish man, with a little mind, who vulgarizes the prevailing fashion." As the *gent* is thus a product and representative of certain social conditions, there is a certain fitness in the word which characterizes him. Being only a nominal part of a gentleman, it is well to have his name bear witness to that fact. Language, even in its corruptions, thus becomes the guardian and vehicle of truth. Lord Campbell, in his little book on Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements, calls *lay gents* "all except lawyers." Unless the chancellor intended, in this use of the word, to abbreviate the gentleman, or to rival the humor of the comic Blackstone, he must have had a strange misconception of the nature of the superiority of the legal fraternity to the rest of mankind.

A witticism of Count d'Orsay illustrates the significance of the word *gent*

better than some graver expositions. The story is that he and Tom Allen went to dine at the house of a Hebrew millionaire, and on their arrival overheard one of the host's flunkeys saying to another, "The gents are come." "Gents!" echoed Allen. "What a wretched low fellow! It's only worthy a public-house." "I beg your pardon," replied the count, "it is quite correct. The man is a Jew. He means to say the Gentiles have arrived; gent is short for Gentile." This *Jew d'esprit*, as the narrator wickedly calls it, had truth as well as wit, for Gentile, from the Latin *gens*, has the same origin as gentleman.

The word *gent* formerly did duty as an adjective, old English writers using it to express the softer qualities of the female sex. A "lady gent," instead of being a lady's man or coxcomb, was an elegant or gentle lady. Doubtless, an element of softness is associated with *gent* as a noun, but, being connected with the head rather than the heart, the perpetuation of the quality can hardly be considered desirable.

— There is a reward of literary labor which seems to me so great that I must mention it. Let me give an illustration: A boy was at work in a lumber mill in the backwoods. Two other boys were his comrades. At night it was their amusement, in the shanty where they had their rations, to read the magazines. A *Moosehead Journal*, Have we a *Bourbon* among us? and *Bartleby the Scrivener* were just out then. These and other articles were read with that interest, curiosity, and wonder which they are calculated to inspire in youthful minds. The men who could write such articles were regarded with a degree of respect which belongs properly to beings who are above our common humanity.

The inspiration of these readings and the influence of the articles were felt by others who borrowed the magazines. The history of the various writers and their peculiarities were inquired into by

the boys. It came to be the prevailing ambition to excel in literature. There were in this particular instance some queer things done in the way of writing stories, essays, and poems, and making speeches at a school-house not far away. But the seeds of true culture were none the less sown, and have sprung up, and are now bearing fruit to some extent in that neighborhood and elsewhere.

And now in respect to the particular kind of reward which I have in mind: the boy in the lumber camp or shanty first mentioned made his way to college, and then to a good business, continuing all the while as a recreation to write for the newspapers and minor periodicals; and at last, in middle life, he reached the glory of some four or five sketches in the leading literary magazine of his time and country. When he was first admitted to the pages which he had from boyhood regarded with such profound respect, his reward, I venture to say, was, in kind, the greatest that literary success ever confers. His own immediate and intense satisfaction was a part of the benefit. The skill he had gained with his pen was a grace and ornament and crown to his business life. This crown may seem trifling to a literary man, but it is not to be lightly regarded by those who know the value of the combination of business and literature here set forth.

In looking over the index of a leading literary magazine for a dozen years, many names will be found of those who have written three or four articles, — and that is all we know about them. The articles are *good* and worthy of the place given them. It is, I think, safe to say that the real rewards of literature have been gained by the unknown persons who are the authors of these articles. Each of them probably seemed to himself to walk upon the atmosphere for a week or two when first accepted; each of them had a following of personal friends, and perhaps relatives, who valued the authorship of these articles very highly.

The boy above mentioned, who received his first literary impulse from hearing the magazines read in the lumber shanty, is one of the "unknowns;" but his business acquaintances in the city and his backwoods friends all regard the fact that he is the author of a few simple sketches which reached so high a place as the brightest success of his life. Years of hard and prosperous work in an honorable calling are overlooked, or taken as a matter of course, while this trifling literary success is regarded as somehow a remarkable achievement. On visiting his college, after an absence of years, he found that the college officers and his old friends returning on Commencement Day knew nothing of his business life, but were well aware of the sketches, and congratulated him upon their success. The amusing side of this friendly following was seen when a comrade of the old magazine days in the lumber shanty sincerely hesitated to claim acquaintance with one who had "grown so great" with his pen.

There may be literary people who will scoff at these things; but I am persuaded that those who bear the really great names in letters will always look with kind and tender interest upon these little reputations of which I am writing. Doubtless the great writers remember the time when their own hopes budded, and their literary labor was inspired with a grand enthusiasm. I think they fondly remember the freedom of being an "unknown." To be chained to a *reputation* may have some disadvantages. Those who give their *lives* to literary labor realize that they are paying a large price for something, whatever it is. Success as well as failure has its drawbacks if literature is made a profession. Only last week Fenimore Cooper's son was telling me that his father's interest in novel-writing had ceased long before he ceased to write novels. He had adopted that work as his calling, and continued it simply because it was his business, and

perhaps because it was expected of him. He would probably have preferred other work.

I think a pretty good case is made out by these facts in support of the claim that the little reputations in literature confer the greater amount, and perhaps an equal degree, of happiness. Of course we, "the unknowns," would be quite willing at any time to accept the disadvantages of becoming famous; but that does not change the fact that our present reward is very great,—and there are so many of us that our felicity in the aggregate probably exceeds that of the great writers.

—To mention dreams seems to threaten the Club reader with the garrulous relation of visions more or less common to all experience, and consequently more or less uninteresting to all; but I have no dreams to narrate which I fancy at all remarkable; only an inquiry to make, to which I should be glad of an answer. Whether there be any answer to be given, even by those who have studied the phenomena of dreaming, is, however, quite doubtful. The question is simply, What causes the recurrence of a certain kind of dream during a period, it may be, of some years, to the exclusion of almost every other form of dreaming, more especially when there is nothing in the circumstances of the dreamer's life to impress this particular shape upon his "unconscious cerebration," which I believe is the scientific term for dreaming. I do not know whether this recurrence of a special style of dream for a long time is a common experience or not; I have never heard any one mention it as a familiar one; but it is a noticeable characteristic of my own dreaming habits. I seldom dream pleasantly, and as far as I can remember my bad dreams have been mostly confined to some three or four forms of disagreeability; one form prevailing for a term of years, to be succeeded by another form which seemed to drive out the earlier from possession of

the brain. The first vision I can recall was not strictly that of dreaming, but the remarkable thing was its continual recurrence. As a child, living in a place where I was subjected to malarial influences, I had occasional attacks of fever and ague, when I was always "light-headed." In that condition I invariably suffered in a way impossible to describe further than by saying that I shrank in horror from the inevitable oncoming of a vast, impalpable something that seemed to be rolling toward me to surround and swallow me up in enormous airy billows. I used to flee to my parents for refuge from this airy nothing, and vainly try to tell them what it was like. I was interested to find, long after, in Kinglake's *Eothen* an account of an almost precisely similar vision of horror he became familiar with during the delirium of a fever. I doubt if any one not acquainted with the experience would make much out of the author's attempt to describe something too vague to be well describable. But I have sometimes thought my vision and Kinglake's would have been congenial material for De Quincey's imagination to work upon, its very vagueness leaving him free to dilate the theme to the most wondrous and terrific proportions.

In childhood, the dream that nightly disturbed me was a quite commonplace one, — the apparition of a tall, white-clothed figure encountered suddenly at the turning of long corridors, the glimpse of whose shadowy shape at a distance thrilled me with ghostly terror. This figure, having predominated in my dreams for years, finally vanished, and for a long period the tormentors of my repose were the more palpable, but none the less alarming, shapes of armed men, who, sometimes heralded by martial noises, sometimes approaching with awful, silent tread, passed in procession to the house where I was concealed, prone upon the

floor or crouched cowering in corners, in the frenzied endeavor to keep out of the range of sight of the windows through which the death shot was to strike me. Since the departure of these threatening personages who for so long had made the night a veritable reign of terror, the troubles I have undergone have been of a more every-day sort, the pressure and perversity of circumstance; but worse than any such practical difficulties could possibly be in actual life, because of the absence of the reasoning faculty, the judgment which with the trouble often points the way of escape. In the dream, too, there is always that mixture of the improbable and unnatural which sometimes relieves, but quite as often complicates, the situation of affairs. I habitually take journeys now o' nights on railroad trains which are so oddly constructed and conducted as to place me in most distressing and perilous positions; they move in extraordinary ways, cause unforeseen and unprovided-for emergencies, and perplex me continually by their behavior. I also go through a great deal in preparing for these journeys, — trunks waiting to be packed, while I search in vain for the contents that should fill them, etc.

These three types of dream have been the prominent ones with me since childhood; and not until one form of distress was become long familiar to me did it pass away for another to take its room. The first two evidently had no relation to experience, and were not suggested by anything in the daily course of events. With regard to the present-prevailing dream, my actual travels have been neither so extensive nor so adventurous as to account for the dream travels.

I am curious to know whether this recurrence of the same dream, or the same class of dream, for long periods is a common experience, or an idiosyncrasy of mine.

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In the mean time they may be found at No. 126 Pearl Street, Boston, where all letters should be addressed.

BOSTON, May 1, 1880.

JAMES R. OSGOOD.
JOHN H. AMMON.
EDWARD L. OSGOOD.



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LAWSON VALENTINE.

47 Franklin St., Boston, May 1, 1880.

This change of firm involves no essential change in the list of books which on one side began so auspiciously under Mr. W. D. Ticknor, and grew into so large proportions under the successive firms of Ticknor, Reed & Fields; Ticknor & Fields; Fields, Osgood & Co.; and James R. Osgood & Co.;—and on the other side, under Hurd & Houghton and the Riverside Press, formed an admirable collection of standard English and popular American literature; both blending in the list for the last two years published and augmented by Houghton, Osgood & Co. This list is continued under Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It embraces the works of many of the most famous writers in America and England,—Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Cooper, Agassiz, Taylor, Whipple, Mrs. Stowe, Aldrich, Howells, Stedman, Henry James, Jr., Hay, Harte, Saxe, Alice and Phoebe Cary, James Freeman Clarke, James T. Fields, Joseph Cook, Starr King, Miss Larcum, John Fiske, Greene, Miss Jewett, Parton, Miss Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Piatt, Scudder, Mrs. Thaxter, George Ticknor, Waring, Warner, Mrs. Whitney, and many other Americans; the British Poets from Chaucer to Browning, Bacon, Carlyle, Dickens, De Quincey, Dr. John Brown, Thomas Hughes, Mrs. Jameson, Lewes, Macaulay, Owen Meredith, Adelaide Procter, Scott, Shairp, Tennyson, and scores

of other eminent English names; Hans Christian Andersen, De Staël, Fénelon, Goethe, Montaigne, Pascal, and others from Continental Europe.

New volumes are promised from some of the most illustrious living authors here named; new editions of the works of others are in preparation; new books of importance in the departments of law and medicine are in press. It is the purpose of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., equipped with the amplest resources and with the proved facilities and skill of the Riverside Press, to maintain the high literary and artistic character of the publications of the several houses to which it succeeds, and in both respects to make such advance as is possible; and that the republic of letters shall suffer no detriment at their hands.

New Edition of Macaulay.—A new, Riverside edition of the complete works of Lord Macaulay is just ready, comprising the unsurpassed History of England, in four volumes: the Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, in three volumes; and his Speeches and Poems, in one volume. These books are printed on tinted paper, from large type, and are in every respect excellent books for public and private libraries. Of their contents, there is little need to speak. Everybody who reads any good books is quite sure to have read more or less of Macaulay. As the *London Saturday Review* says:—

Whatever may be the faults or defects of Lord Macaulay's books, it is impossible to read them without feeling that, though the author had more rhetoric and more imagination in his composition than almost any one of his contemporaries, he is neither a poet nor a rhetorician, but a sober and experienced statesman.

And Mr. Alison observes:—

It is hard to say whether his poetry, his speeches in parliament, or his more brilliant essays are the most charming.

Adirondack Stories.—Readers of the ATLANTIC a few years ago will recall a series of tales by Mr. P. Deming, describing life and experience in the Adirondack Wilderness. They were written with great directness and simplicity, without any effort at fine writing or any sensational effect. "Willie," "John's Trial," "Lida Ann," and other stories, were unusually touching; and as related with charming manliness by Mr. Deming they excited a kind and degree of

interest in thoughtful readers not often produced by magazine stories. The tales above named, and others of like character, have just appeared in a little book entitled "*Adirondack Stories*," which is altogether worthy of the attention of all good readers, and has special attractions for those who have ever been or are going to the Adirondacks.

"**A Wise and Timely Book.**" — The little volume "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life" attracts very general attention for its pungent statements, its abundant facts, and its simple sincerity. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "For many reasons the book ought to have a wide circulation, it is so square-headed and full of clear common-sense."

The *Golden Rule* remarks: —

The book is full of valuable suggestions bearing upon some of the most deep-lying problems of our politics and social condition; and is written in a clear, forceful, and restrained style worthy of the highest praise.

The New York *Christian Intelligencer* finds most of the eight essays in the book of permanent value, notably that from which the book is named, and that on "Preaching," and adds: —

The oftener they are read, the more thoroughly will they impress themselves upon the thought of the writer's countrymen.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* observes: —

The book has wise words for all American citizens. It cannot offend the prejudices of any readers, and it will stir up the thoughts and the consciences of men in every rank in life.

The *Congregationalist* discusses the volume quite at length, and ends by saying: "We hope the book may be read generally and carefully."

Mrs. Whitney's "*Odd, or Even?*" may not escape the point of the critic's pen, but it is so manifestly a story with the best kind of purpose, and calls forth the reader's respect both for its motive and the luminous spirit of the writer, that criticism changes to commendation of the kind authors most covet.

The Chicago *Tribune* says: —

It is very pleasant to turn from the meretricious French novel to a clean, pleasant story, such as Mrs. Whitney has given us in this the last product of her pen. It is a simple story, much of it of American farmer life, but full of interest and in marked contrast to the trash with which the market is flooded. A good novel may be a medium of genuine pleasure, — a poor one affords but a slight excuse for wasted time. "*Odd, or Even?*" is an excellent novel. We live with Frances Etheridge in the pure air of Fellaiden; we make friends of the generous, large-hearted Heywoods, and everything is so naturally yet so eloquently and admirably told that we ourselves for the time form one of Miss Ammah's circle of country friends; join with the others in their cross-country rambles; live and grow strong in the quaint New England home. Mrs. Whitney is a strong writer, and in this book has given us some of her very best work.

The *Episcopal Register*, of Philadelphia, remarks: —

Mrs. Whitney is one of America's best storytellers. Her writings are pure, bright, entertaining, and improving. Her present book, "*Odd, or Even?*" is one of her best, sweet, tender, and humorous throughout. It will increase her fame, and add largely to the number of her readers.

The Boston *Journal* not only describes this new book very aptly, but also touches the secret of Mrs. Whitney's strong hold on the regard of so many thousands of readers, in saying: —

"*Odd, or Even?*" is not for those who choose to hurry through French novels, dazzled by the brilliancy of their wickedness; but for those who like simplicity and beauty, who prefer to encounter in books such people as they would be glad to meet in real life, and who can gaze with delight upon sweet and sunny pictures of New England life and scenery in their freshest types, the book has a restfulness and charm not easily forgotten. One turns over its pages with a delicious sense of witnessing the incidents and the unfoldings of character described in them, and it is a very pleasant and wholesome company into which he is brought. Lessons of truth and duty, of faith and love and sacrifice are taught in a winning and sunny way, which does not make them less impressive.

"**The Golden Legend,**" although incorporated in "*Christus*," is desired by itself so frequently that a new edition has just been brought out in an inexpensive but attractive form. The faith and superstition of the Middle Ages have never been portrayed more picturesquely and effectively than in this dramatic poem, which has been read and admired wherever English literature and the name of Mr. Longfellow are known.

The "*Tales of a Wayside Inn*," which have never been published in a volume by themselves, are now to be brought out in a book which cannot fail to be acceptable to many readers. The "*Wayside Inn*" of Sudbury town has become one of the classic structures of literary history, somewhat like the "*Tabard Inn*," from which the Canterbury Pilgrims sallied forth through the sunlight of Chaucer's imagination. The interlocutors in Mr. Longfellow's "*Tales*" sing various songs, but the marvelous charm of Mr. Longfellow's own tone pervades them all. The landlord, the student, the Spanish Jew, the Sicilian, the musician, the theologian, and the poet have been identified; but however interesting their stories, no reader forgets who reports them for us.

"**A Manly and Thoroughly Wholesome Book.**" *Scribner's Monthly* calls Mr. Hughes' "*Manliness of Christ*," and adds: —

Without any attempt at such narrative as gave fascination to "*Tom Brown*," it has to the full the same moral qualities which made the high value of that charming story — the simplicity and earnestness, the high ideal brought home to the common intelligence, the sympathetic understanding of the life of the young, the genuine Christianity. . . . Mr. Hughes comes down, in very plain language, to the homely virtues, and talks in a strong and effective way against the extravagance and self-indulgence of boys, out of which grow the sins that ruin nations. It is a good book to be in the hands of every young American.

"American Prose" is heartily welcomed as a most successful attempt "to set before the readers some of the higher forms of prose art as interpreted by American writers, and to cultivate a taste for the enduring elements of literature."

The *Boston Transcript* says:—

No better or more judicious collection from American authors has yet been made, or one better calculated to inspire a love for standard literature.

The *Troy Times* pronounces it an admirable work to place in the hands of the young as a means of culture.

The *New York Express* remarks:—

Each selection in the volume is complete, and sets before the reader a specimen of the higher forms of prose literary art as illustrated by American writers. Apart from the intrinsic interest of the volume, it is happily calculated to cultivate a taste for the best literature. Each of the selections is prefaced by a brief account of the author. Some of these essays, particularly the one on Emerson, are admirably done.

All agree that the book is excellently adapted for use in the higher schools as an introduction to the study of the best literature and as a reading book of unusual interest.

Roads's History and Traditions of Marblehead commemorates with excellent fidelity and spirit the noteworthy facts and interesting legends connected with this ancient town. Those who are competent to judge pronounce his work done admirably well. A writer in the *Boston Herald*, who evidently knows all about Marblehead, says:—

It is rarely the case that our town histories are written by men who know how to tell a story. It is not often given to scribes of this class to put flesh upon the skeletons which they dig out of musty records. But Mr. Samuel Roads, Jr., with the powers of a genuine Dryasdust in patiently collecting facts, has also shown exceptional ability in presenting a clear, flowing, and graphic narrative to his readers. The Marbleheaders have abundant reasons for being proud of their young townsman. He has not only written an interesting and fascinating book, but kept his pen always within the limits of moderation. He had a good story to tell, and he has told it so well that the writer is lost in his work.

It is estimated that one thousand persons a year visit old St. Michael's church in Marblehead in order to have the sight of real American antiquity, and Mr. Roads has accomplished the rare feat, as extracts from his chapters will show, of imparting the genuine flavor of antiquity to his book.

The *Boston Advertiser* remarks:—

The annals of this sturdy town are of themselves worthy of attention, and their close identification with the history of the Commonwealth and the country gives them a rank altogether out of proportion to the slender size of the rocky town or the number of its inhabitants. And no American historian will consult the work of Mr. Roads without interest or without satisfaction. He deserves recognition far beyond the immediate circle whose history and traditions he recounts so modestly and so well.

Gleanings from Pontresina and the Upper Engadine is a new book of travel by Mr. Howard P. Arnold. As it treats places not de-

scribed in all the ordinary travel volumes it has a freshness and value which many more pretentious volumes lack. Mr. Arnold will lure not a few readers into following him through the picturesque scenes and among the curious people that he describes.

Mr. James's "**Confidence**," according to the *Portland Press*, "is entertaining and easy reading." The *Louisville Courier-Journal* finds the story "charmingly told and the dialogue particularly crisp and clever." The *Syracuse Journal* regards it as "a powerful and attractive romance; the delineation of character, the portrayal of passion's conflicts, and the word-pictures of scenes and occurrences are remarkable, attesting anew the genius of the accomplished author." The *Churchman* says:—

We know by this time what to expect when a new story by Mr. James is announced. In a certain sense there is a sameness in his novels, but since it is a highly agreeable one, we have no cause to make demand for variety. As regards plot merely, "**Confidence**" is a particularly pleasant and satisfactory story, which, it is needless to say, is developed with all the author's customary skill and taste. As in all the best novels, the interest lies, not in the events alone, or chiefly, but in the persons who take part in them and are influenced by them. The writer's talent for clever conversation seems to us to shine with especial brilliancy in "**Confidence**."

Dr. Denison's Rocky Mountain Health Resorts attracts the attention of many who would be glad to find in this country some place of refuge from pulmonary disease, which should be as helpful and secure as any European resort, and obviate the necessity of crossing the Atlantic. The *New York Observer* says:—

Doubtless many more lives would be prolonged if climatic changes were made with more thorough knowledge of the influences prevailing in different regions. This treatise presents a large amount of carefully considered information, so prepared and arranged that it may be perfectly appreciated by the general reader. Those who are not specially interested in the treatment of invalids will find much to interest them in regard to the resources of our own land as they are set forth in this volume.

The *Chicago Tribune* remarks:—

The idea and purpose of the book—to seek, through the aid of thorough investigation and study of the attributes of climate, the generally most successful climatic home for the victims of chronic pulmonary disease—appears to have been well and faithfully carried out, and the volume before us treats of a topic of especial interest to Americans, with whom the dreaded consumption makes such havoc, and whose victims are numbered by the tens of thousands annually.

Mr. Cook's Lectures on "Labor" are generally regarded as among the best and practically the most useful of all his volumes. The *New York Churchman* says:—

This is decidedly the best of the series of "**Boston Monday Lectures**." It is taken up mainly with questions of sociology. The rights of labor, the

evils to which female operatives are exposed in our great manufacturing towns, the hardships of children, the problem of sex in industry, and that of wages are here presented with boldness and great power. We find in these pages scarcely anything to criticise, but very much to commend.

The *Illustrated Christian Weekly* remarks:—

The labor question is one of the burning questions of the day. It calls for the wisest consideration, and will exercise the strongest mind. While others discuss it more thoroughly than is possible in a course of lectures, while there are books in no small number that one who would master the subject must read, Mr. Cook's lectures are excellently fitted to stir the popular mind and to set the average man thinking. It is impossible to read these lectures in cool blood. There are in them statements of facts that make one's blood to boil.

Of the series of Mr. Cook's Lectures the *New York Christian Intelligencer* says:—

The Boston "Monday Lectures" are beginning to form quite a collection of books, this being the seventh volume of the series. And apart from some faults arising from very necessity, what an excellent series it is? Questions are discussed which are moving the world. They are set forth in the clear and forcible style of a master of language. We follow no man blindly, but we must confess that these Boston lectures strike us as being the finest presentation of great fundamental truths which we have seen for the last thirty years by any lecturer occupying the so-called scientific position. The grasp on facts is strong, the method of reasoning is clear, as it rises from simple inductions to the more profound, and the illustration and analogies employed are chosen with rarest skill.

Mr. Cook's lectures on "Socialism" will shortly appear in a volume.

The Atlantic.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* has a very hearty paragraph about the magazine, which its readers will certainly pardon us for reproducing:—

The usual excellence of the ATLANTIC for April is continued in the May number. It is an especial literary number of a literary magazine. We have nothing that takes the place or forms any substitute for the ATLANTIC. Its quiet thought, its brilliant power, and its paying the reader the compliment to believe him capable of appreciating an intellectual entertainment without needing to be amused with illustrations, as a child is with a picture book, is, *per se*, a matter of refreshment in these decorative days.

Hawthorne's Genius.—In an interesting little book on Nathaniel Hawthorne, recently published in the series "English Men of Letters," Mr. Henry James says:—

Hawthorne is the most valuable example of the American genius. That genius has not, as a whole, been literary; but Hawthorne was, on his limited scale, a master of expression. He is the writer to whom his countrymen most confidently point when they wish to make a claim to have enriched the mother tongue; and, judging from present appearance, he will long occupy this honorable position. Three or four beautiful talents of Transatlantic growth are the sum of what the world usually recognizes, and in this modest nosegay the genius of Hawthorne is admitted to have the rarest and sweetest fragrance.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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- Gleanings from Pontresina and the Upper Engadine.** By HOWARD P. ARNOLD. 16mo. 1.25
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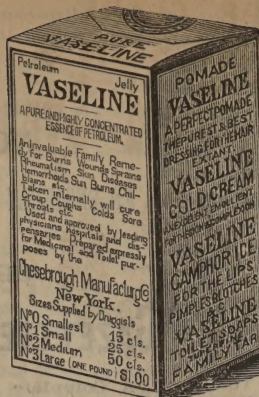
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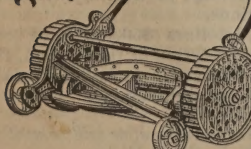
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TESTIMONIALS.

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Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia.

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Biliousness and Dropsy for Thirty Years.

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JAMES S. HOWARD

Liver Complaint.

GROTON, N. H., March 1, 1879.
DEAR SIR: I have been using your **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP** for the Liver Complaint, with highly beneficial results.

N. B. HUNKINS.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

MANCHESTER, Hillsborough County, N. H.

DEAR SIR: I have used your excellent **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP** for Dyspepsia and Constipation, and have been greatly benefited thereby.

T. K. CHANDLER,

City Missionary.

An Astonishing Cure.

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DEAR SIR: I have used your reliable **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP** for rheumatism, neuralgia, and liver complaint, and have never been troubled since. I never knew a well day before I took your medicine.

Mrs. H. KNOWLTON.

For Kidney Diseases.

EAST LEMPSTER, Sullivan County, N. H.

DEAR SIR: I have used your excellent **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP** for kidney complaint and headache, with very beneficial results, and can therefore recommend it highly.

C. E. DAVIS.

Dyspepsia Cured.

ASHAWAT, Washington County, R. I.

DEAR SIR: Having been a sufferer with Dyspepsia, I took your **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP**, and can truly say it is the best medicine I ever used for that disease, and would recommend it to all sufferers.

ENOCH GOULD.

For Kidney Diseases.

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GEORGE B. COOK.

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DEAR SIR: Being troubled with Catarrh, I commenced the use of your **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP**, and, after a fair trial, I find myself entirely cured.

C. F. BISHOP.

TESTIMONIALS.

Disease of the Kidneys.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Valley Falls, March 11, 1879.

DEAR SIR: I have used your most excellent **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP** for Kidney Complaint, and my son has taken it for weakness, and it has helped us the most of anything we ever tried.

WM. V. BAGLEY

Liver Complaint.

WOONSOCKET, Providence County, R. I.

DEAR SIR: I have used your excellent **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP** for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia with the most beneficial results. I recommend its use to suffering humanity.

H. BAXTER

Cure for Heart Disease.

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For Neuralgia.

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Mrs. JOHN CASSADY

Liver Complaint.

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DEAR SIR: I was troubled for a long time with liver complaint, pain in the side, and loss of appetite, and was unable to get anything to relieve me until I tried your **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP**, which made a permanent cure.

CHAS. A. PARLIN.

Disease of the Stomach and Liver.

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DEAR SIR: I have used your **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP** for disease of the stomach and liver, and can say I never found anything to equal it.

Mrs. MARY BURN

Cure Piles.

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WILLARD H. HANFORD

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99 W. Houston St., N. Y. City

SIR: Your **INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP** has cured me entirely of the distress in my head, and relieved every difficulty of my bowels. I must say that it is the best medicine that any person can take for sick headache.

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A Great Blood Purifier.

22 Desbrosses St., New York

Dr. Clark Johnson:

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Yours, with many thanks,
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